

What have you been doing with your life?

by Ryder Collins

Of all her boyfriends or pseudo-boyfriends or even friends, Homegirl liked to hang at Punkboy's house the most. For a dirty punk rock boy covered in tats who didn't like deodorant and who could smell either surprisingly sexy or really really bad when sweaty, Punkboy's house was extremely well-maintained. Punkboy's dirty little secret was that he was a domestic punk rocker; he didn't let many people over. If he was stoned/drunk enough, though, he'd make Homegirl breakfast or even every now and then a late dinner. She'd watch him cook and wish she had a long flowy gauzy skirt on so she could reenact that scene from *Sid and Nancy*.

I look like fucking Stevie Nicks!

Homegirl wanted someone to love her so much they could suicide together. She wanted love that was crazy and fucked up. Love that would travel all the way across the country hopping trains just to be with her. Love that would steal baby rabbits from pet stores and then brain them for attention, and love that would leave French bread and brie or Tofutti and tampons on her doorstep. Love that would hide books written just for her in her drawers for her to find later. Love that would actually hide in her drawers and spy on her or just fondle her panties because love couldn't be far from her, but didn't want to scare her too much.

She wanted to die fucking; it would be the only way to go.

But, all Homegirl had at the moment was the laissez-faire Punkboy and the laissez-fairer Richboy, and neither of them left anything on her doorstep.

One night Punkboy and she'd come back to his house from the dive bar; Punkboy lived conveniently down the street and didn't drive at all, didn't even have a license and got around on fixies and skateboards and his own two feet, so it was also good for Homegirl

cos then she didn't have to drive drunk; although she'd drive drunk if there was even the hint of a hard cock at the end. She'd sat at his 50s resale formica kitchen table as he made some primavera with fresh veggies even. He served it with tallboys of PBR, of course, and they ate it all up, smacking drunkenly.

Usually, Homegirl tried very hard not to eat around people she was fucking or even people she was fucking attracted to. She felt like it took some of her mystery away. Made her more real and less desirable. It made her vulnerable, more vulnerable than giving head, which also made her feel vulnerable and self-conscious, and she'd hide this by deep-throating any guy she wanted and some she didn't. Homegirl also didn't like to eat in public. She didn't care around Punkboy; she felt like she could do pretty much anything around him. She even let him watch her shit every now and then. It turned him on. He liked to give rim jobs.

She'd never eaten let alone shat around Richboy.

After the primavera, Punkboy'd served cheesecake with cherry pie filling on top. Cos Homegirl was still so drunk, she tipped the plate onto herself as she tried to grab it from Punkboy's tattooed hands. She was always always turned on by tattooed hands, but you've probably all guessed that already. She wiped the cake off with the paper towel she'd used as a napkin. Then she got up, clutching her stomach over the big red stain.

I'm dying; they got me, she kept saying and giggling. She thought it was pretty fucking hi-larious. She backed herself up against the wall and slid down it. Avenge me, she gasped and then convulsed, long legs splayed out in a vee.

Punkboy stared into her vee, snorted and then said, If you're dead, I get the last Pabst.

Homegirl got her ass up right quick and said, I'll fight ya for it. Then they were wrestling and you know what drunken wrestling often leads to.

At least I hope you do.

& if you don't, I feel sorry for you, that you've lived a life so far and you're getting older older older and never engaged in drunken

wrestling or, worse, the glimmer of drunken wrestling's never even shone in your eye. That no punker's let you into their home and made you drunken pasta or sexted you or rubbed you raw with tatted fingers. That you've never smelled food service sweat and got turned on or that you never wanted to wear gauze or be around someone wearing gauze ironically or that you've never grabbed and tousled and then licked that food service sex sweat away all night into morning and back to the darkness again.

