

How I Was Sex-Starved and Got a Scrap of Skin Called 'Shrug' Tossed Me—Not Unlike an Orange Rind When You're Hungry

by Smiley McGrouchpants

"Well, the K-Mart™ bra's a buzzkill, even slightly, I didn't think that was *possible* . . . but, I have to feed her martyrdom complex along with those of the two car wrecks who are her parental units — she's got to *have* something to define herself with, it's *not fair* I'm at Penn or Georgetown or something, the other 1599 in my class just *got to!* as well — so, I'll try to wring some feeling out of this crushed rag who can't stop saying 'Meh!' [HISTORICAL INACCURACY; TRY TO ADJUST FOR THAT IN NEXT RE-WRITE — ed.] and seems resigned herself to the 'he had a good time . . . ' worldview . . . where have I heard that before . . . oh well, she's into cheating and betrayal and the corporation obligation I was born into — not unlike a Japanese conglomerate — has the motto 'WE'LL DECIDE *AROUND* WHATEVER YOU DO, ANYWAY! WE HAD TO WALK 10 MILES IN THE SNOW TO SCHOOL, AND GOT BEATEN UP AND RAPED A LOT, AT HOME!' so it's kinda hard to tell when a 'dull roar' is going to come . . . affects my concentration even still, it's a small miracle I got this far with all the inapt platitudes and stifled screaming beyond every emotional beat of conversation and TV shows with commercial breaks . . . oh look, she's going pouty-worldly, flick a cigarette ash, roll eyes, seen it all before . . . hope I'm not defamed for this . . . they deeply resent me finding a peer, or

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even someone who has a *parity* with me, so, tied to a place to sleep, they switch the boxes and switches and train trestles on me, like a pointsman gone blinky who twitches at significance so he sends major segments of cars the wrong way on purpose, out of nervousness, out of haywire and gone-wrong self-preservation . . . (*sigh*) . . . and of course it hurts their feelings if I refer to this maze as something I have to circumvent . . . oh look, she's learned to wash herself! What a turn-on."

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