

Tuesday, Before Noon

by xTx!

I tell him, Do not think you are special. He is 14. As are his friends. I remind him because I know how teenage boys elbow each other and boast afterwards. Predictable like how it was a given that every husband I'd ever had would leave the seat up after a piss.

It came up heads so he is going first. He puts on a condom and gets in. It doesn't last long. By the time they are all done I could've microwaved and eaten a steak and cheese burrito.

I stare at the sag of their pants as they leave and catch myself before I tell them to pull that shit up. If the boys wore their pants like that back when my son was growing up, I never would've let him leave the trailer.

I turn the volume back up on Maury. I count the money one more time.

