

Equality

by XXXX

J., W., and W.'s girlfriend were exploring the nature and mores of homosexual conduct by discussing whether W. would be willing to suck J.'s cock.

"There is," said W.'s girlfriend, "no difference between a cock and my chair anyway, if we speak at the sub-atomic level? I read in a book it has to do with strings, and they play like violins, and their notes determine the arrangement of atoms. Everything is strings. That cock is a string and my pussy is a string."

"Said like that," said J., "it is as if you have sucked cock yourself when you ate her out or chewed on some gum."

"Monist scum," said W. "There is a fundamental difference between cock and pussy and you all know it."

J. let out a wave of smoke from pursed lips, put out his cigarette, and looked inside his fake Prada bag to look for more. "Sounds fascist."

"Yuck," said W.'s girlfriend. "I'll have you know I only date egalitarians."

W. and J. exchanged a high five that celebrated their mutual admiration for civil efforts for equality.

"The Right ain't got no right to this," said W.'s girlfriend as she motioned to her crotch.

"Baby don't do this," said W. "What if I like it?"

J. lit another cigarette.

W.'s girlfriend was looking at him with slight concern.

J. said: "I'm not that good. Don't worry, honey. I'm not that good."

