

19. MEMOIR

I hate talking about myself. It is painful to be reminded of my past. That is why I am so active in trying to create my future. I don't want to appear weak. That simply is not how things are. But I admit that I am vulnerable.

I guess if I talk about the present in the most positive light possible, it can shed a favorable light on my past. I cast my fate to the wind.

Everyone knows me around town. I think that I have a magic that makes me memorable. It's hard to imagine how other people see us. I just feel sexy. I think that's how people see me. Guys want to be with me. And I have great girl friends. But I think that a lot of women are a little jealous of me. That's just how it is. I'm not vain. But I am an honest girl.

I want to be loyal. But I hate to be bored. Even though you might really like a guy, he can show his true colors. And then it's time to move on. I don't want to get hurt. I hate to hurt guys. But I'm not going to be the one who gets dumped by a loser.

I try to be careful. Sometimes it's hard. I meet a guy who just seems so nice. And hot. I get turned on just looking at him. I don't want to say that I'm easy. I try to be careful. But I like to have sex. And once I've committed to getting it, watch out.

I know that I can have practically any guy that I want. So there is a risk of really messing things up. I know that when I'm with a guy that I have a tendency to let my mind wander. If my mind is wandering, you have to know that my eyes are wandering too. And there are so many other guys just waiting to take me for a ride.

With such tastes as mine, I know that it would be easy to get a reputation. I do everything that I can to stay committed to one guy at a time. But it can get difficult. Some of these guys are just so needy. If I'm out with my girls, I don't need someone calling me at 3 in the morning for a booty call. Enough said.

I may not be the most beautiful girl in the world. But I do have a great smile and a nice-looking body. After a few drinks, a guy would do anything to get a look up my skirt. I do have fantastic looking legs. So I pretty much get the pick of the litter.

It would be nice if he just said no once in a while. That just puts all the pressure in me. Let's just say it can get pretty hot at closing time. I'm not just looking for the door; I'm looking for a party where I can wind down. I really need to let loose before I commit to going home with some stranger.

I try to never fly solo. My girls back me up. And if things get a little tricky, they can help bail me out. I have to thank them for sending many a guy packing. Otherwise, I'd really be screwed up.

There are times when they know to leave me alone. I've got to make it happen then and there. Really I think it's best just to get a guy's number. If he really wants me, he can at least spring for a dinner. I don't want to spend my time with losers. And I see enough of them. It's better to go home alone, then end up the next morning with some kind of psycho. And I'm always changing my number because I have the habit of giving it to some unsavory types. Maybe I get a little near-sighted at night.

Sometimes, it is hard tearing myself away. I'm cornered in a booth. And he's been caressing my arm all night. I admit it; I'm a sucker for a little affection. I hate being lonely at

night. But it's worse waking up to someone that you really hate. And it's so hard sending them on their way after sex. Even I love to pretend. Those gentle hugs afterwards offer me such an illusion on the future. I wish that it was that easy to find a lover that I could be faithful to. I just let it happen as it comes.

I can see how hard it is to keep myself from going under. I just don't let my emotions run away on themselves. There's a trick to dumping a guy before he dumps you. It's not like having a dog. I know how one of those little things can be so affectionate that it just breaks your heart to see him go. But a guy is different. I just remind myself that every guy has that mean side. And when I doubt my course, I just concentrate on that evil that men do. It then becomes so easy to say good by.

Some guys just cling. They know that it's over, but they want to hang on. It's not as if it was just a one night stand. And maybe we did make plans. But we're grown ups. That is where it begins and ends. The door is that way, honey.

It's tough. I'll see old lovers and wish that they'd take me home again. I need to remind myself that it was my decision to send them on their way. I need to be good at this.

I'm driving home after a long night of partying, and there's this cute guy running in nothing but jogging shorts. Boy is his ass tight. Kisses all around.

I try to restrain myself when I first meet a guy. I maintain a little bit of an air. You might want to call it hard to get. That only adds to the fun. I'm not going to go home with someone just because he whistles at me. I have to be careful.

At times, it just means having a guy hang on me all night long. I'm not going to take him home, but I need to have that possibility floating around just to make me sane. Often, I'll leave him at the table watching our drinks and my purse, while I scout out another couple of other candidates. Guys like that are perfect little lap dogs. He's never going to look in my purse. I know that for a fact. I do know how to pick them.

"We're not going to go back to your place."

"No, honey. I'm bored, and I'm getting a headache."

"I could help you get rid of that headache."

"If I'm looking for a headache remedy, I can take care of that on my own. Maybe another night."

Both of us know that there will be no other night.

There is an art in getting away. You can't let him think that you really want it. Just show him that he doesn't even exist. I know that makes me sound cold. I have to be. Otherwise, experience would count for nothing.

On a bleak night, I wonder if I really know how to pick them. The bad boy has his charm. He know what he wants, and pretends that he can get it to me.

"I know how to satisfy a woman."

"This woman needs a drink."

I wonder is this all that I need. But I let him hang for the moment. He tries to pet me like his cocker spaniel. I bark and whimper on cue.

"Let's hope there's more of that to come."

I joke, "I'm not a screamer if that's what you're implying."

"Maybe we could test the theory here and now."

“I’m not going to let you feel me up in a crowded bar.”

“How about in an empty apartment?”

“That’s not what I’m talking about.”

He has to show me what he feels are his evident skills.

“No girl ever complained when I gave them what they need.”

“Here’s our contest: I’ll slide my hand down your pants, and if you get hard, I’ll go home with you.”

“I’ve got a variation on that. If I get hard, you’ll go down on me in the bathroom.”

This girl is not about to get on her knees in the dirty men’s room. I finish my beer and head over to another table.

“Bye bye, baby!”

“I knew that you didn’t have it in you.”

“I knew that you did. That was what I was afraid of.”

His laugh sounded like a sick puppy. Come and get it!

When I was seventeen, I used to sneak into bars with my girlfriends. The doormen knew us and gave us a free pass. It was such a kick. We’d meet all these older guys who would buy us drinks. We knew how to work it back then. Show a little leg and the guy was willing to give us the world.

We seldom went home with these guys. But there was one who turned my world around. It was just crazy. His name was Carl. He had a lot of money. A speed boat. A nice sport car. The whole deal. He loved to have a beautiful woman on his arm. I seemed like the perfect candidate. I thought that I was set for life.

“Have you ever had sex while at full throttle?”

I gave him the strangest look. What the hell was he talking about? I was a little inexperienced and thought he was describing some strange sex position.

He needed to explain to me, “Going all out with the engines full speed.”

“Oh, yeah,” I nodded. I thought that I now understand. Where did he get this boat. It was as if he was trying to outrun the Coast Guard or the DEA. Maybe he was running drugs. This all added to the mystery.

My mother tried to dissuade me from hanging out with him.

“He’s a terrible influence.” I’m sure that she would have said that about anyone.

“What does he ever want with a girl your age? Don’t you know that he’s using you. What’s going to happen when he’s finished with you. Then where will you be.”

She thought that I was destroying my future. I didn’t believe her. I was on the ride of my life. I just thought that she was envious of me. Down deep, I figured she was happy to get rid of me. She had always seen me as a burden. Since I was fifteen, she realized that she could no longer control. She would just try to use road blocks in my way in the hope that it might slow me down. It only made me want to go faster.

I think that’s why I was so fascinated with Carl. He would let any obstacle get in his way. It was all getting so crazy. I was living my fantasy. And I had trouble distinguishing fact from fiction. I felt as if I was in a movie.

I knew once I got that high that I didn’t want to come down. If he had drugs, I really didn’t care where they came from. I just used them so I wouldn’t have to face coming down. He

kept telling me that it was OK. And if he went fast, I told him to go faster. There was no tomorrow. The lights were always on.

He'd tease me about using too much. But he seemed to take way more than I did. I tried to cut back. I told myself that it was to keep my weight down. There was this pressure to look great around him. He could have had another girl. So I just gave in.

"Maybe you're looking a little too thin."

"I'm just trying to go full throttle all the time. Maybe it's wearing me out."

We both laughed. I started to suspect that he might have another girl on the side. There was hardly time. But I never knew for sure.

I felt that I never slept. I just needed to get off the treadmill. But I liked feeling that I was somebody. It reminded me that there was real worth to my self. All the doubts that I had before dissipated.

Or course, I was doing so much junk that I really believed my own hype. If it got a little shaky, I could boost it up to the next level. And the grey skies would turn clear again.

"I want to go for a ride on the boat."

"I've got work to do."

"Maybe your cousin doesn't have work."

He swore that if he caught me with another man that he'd kill both of us. I thought that he was joking, just trying to sound like a mobster. But there was this mad look in his eyes.

"Maybe we should just end this."

"I really love you."

"You're a kid. You're in Disneyland. This isn't love."

When he'd get mad, he'd spit at me. He'd call me a coke whore. Then he'd apologize, and we'd make love. I'd forget all about it.

Not really. There was this air of sadness everywhere. It only made me party more. I started to feel like an old woman. I wasn't even out of my teens.

I remember one time got really ugly. He brought another girl up to our place. I thought that she had drugs with her. But he had sex with her right in front of me. He wanted me to join in. I just stared at them while I was doing lines. I hardly remember anything else. I just blacked out.

The next day, he told me that it was all a dream. And I wanted to believe him. I did everything that I could to go along.

When I found some of her jewelry in the room, it added to my anger. But I shut my mouth. I didn't want a good thing to end.

"You are acting like a coke whore all the time now."

"I haven't used any in almost a month. Not after that night."

I took it all as a sign. But I could see what was coming. I didn't want to get surprised. So I did what has become a habit for me. When the time came to get out, I bundled all my clothes in a bag and took off. I even took some money with me. Nothing that he would really miss. Nothing that I wasn't owed for my services. And I just hit the road.

When I got back home, my mother treated it as a blessing and a curse.

"I'm going to finish school, and go back to college."

Within in a year, I actually had a plan and I was in college.

I don't want to pretend that I didn't miss the fast life. Every so often I would meet a guy who played to that side of me. Just a taste, and I would start to relive the fast life.

"Are you going home with him?"

"Not tonight."

I knew where to draw the line. But I was tempted. It was really good luck which brought me back. After getting everything that I wanted on a whim, it was hard to settle down. I was smoking then. And I started to smoke more. My friends teased me how on edge I was. I really had nothing to distract. I was facing my reality head on. But I did everything that I did to keep on. I felt that I had learned a lesson. So I was committed to the new self.

There were times when 4 in the morning would just roll into 5. I felt that I should get a little blow just to make it all come alive. None of that was really working. But it didn't hurt to think about it.

I'd wake up the next day with a hangover. That was just enough to take me back to reality. And I'd go back to the books. It was working.

Through it all, I kept my wits about me. I was always a clever girl. Just good at what I did. I had a thirst for learning. I knew that there was no alternative. Even though I studied, it was mostly a breeze. The hardest part was fighting my desire to go back to the old ways. I felt that my mother wanted me to fail. That only inspired me to do better.

In my junior year, I met a guy. Richard. I was at the library. He looked into my eyes and gave me the biggest smile.

"I'm in pre-med." I was at the time. He needed help in a general ed bio class. I did what I could to help him through.

"Let's get a drink."

I admitted, "I had a rough weekend. Maybe one two many. A coffee would suit me fine."

He flashed those baby blues at me again. It helped me to forget all the sordid past. He made me feel innocent again. It was wonderful.

We talked about his studies. "I didn't want to do English lit at first. My parents pressured me to do something practical. I just wanted to discover who I really was."

For me, self-discovery was long in my past.

"I guess if I wanted to help people, I'd work with children. I'm just not that type."

"What type?"

"A do-gooder. I'm not out to save the world. I've done my share of suffering."

"You sound like a hard woman."

"It's not that. I don't like to dwell on other people's problems."

"You helped me with bio."

He was so perfect. None of the aggressiveness of Carl. It was refreshing. I had become so callous that I felt that there had to be something wrong with him.

"That was an exception."

"But you want to be a doctor."

"I'm in it for the money."

After we had been hanging out a bunch, I suddenly stopped taking his calls. He even wrote me notes that I somehow happened to miss.

“Are you avoiding me? Did I say something wrong?”

It was worse than that. He had said everything right. It had been so easy getting along with Carl. I never really had to give him anything of myself. And I got everything that I wanted. Richard seemed like work. Was it really worth it if I was only going to leave him in the end?

The cold shoulder routine seemed to be working. Try as he may, he was unable to get a word in edgewise. I thought I had succeeded in eliminating him from my life.

The worse part of it all was the affect that he started to have on me. I was in complete denial. But I wasn't sleeping and had really no doubt about its actual cause. I wouldn't admit to actually being in love. But the boy was having some kind of affect on me. We had barely even kissed so what was it. I wasn't all that old. But I prided myself on being an expert of affairs of the heart. I was even better at that than any of my classes in bio. Here I was failing in what I knew best.

If I broke down and called him, I knew that I would be like a jellyfish. And if he had me on the line, I'd only be weakling trying to swim upstream and all prepared to get washed out to sea. What was a poor girl to do under the effects of a boy like that?

I could feel my resistance cracking. I wouldn't let on as I felt his persistence would soon fade. I only had a little while to hold out.

The pressures of school made the transition easier. Exam after exam took up my time. I acted as if was getting slammed by it all. But I was coming out smelling like a rose. It wasn't fair to him. But I couldn't let him know that I was succeeding at my quest, all the while without him.

Things got tense as vacation approached. If he didn't make his move, he might never succeed. A week off would prove deadly to his plan.

“I might have to come visit you at your mother's place.”

“Whatever you do, don't do that.”

“Are you ashamed of her?”

“It's not that. It's just that some things need to remain private.”

I was feeling a little sick as I could feel his new strategy was succeeding.

“OK, I'll do what you want. I'll go get a cup of coffee with you.”

At the café, I felt the need to explain myself.

“I just don't want to get involved with someone and then break it off at graduation.”

“That's more than a year away.”

“You know what I mean. We get along pretty good. But you have no idea what I'm like. I don't want to be mean to you Richard, but you just can't keep up.”

“I think that I've done a great job up to this point.”

“That's not what I'm talking about. You're just a boy.”

“I'm older than you.”

“In years, maybe. But not in the ways of the world.”

I felt as if I was the Ancient Mariner warning the young sailor not to head out on the treacherous sea.

“I didn't know that you came with a curse.”

“I don't. I just can't open myself the way that you expect.”

“You already are.”

“If you think that this is being open with you, then we’d have an even rockier time than I expect.”

“We could try.”

“I’m not going to sleep with you because you get all sentimental on me.”

But his plan seemed to be making its mark. Even though I got away clean that night, he seemed to haunt my nights. I really did want him in bed next to me. Carl had created this need that I could hardly satisfy on my own. I just put it out of my head.

Our first few times together were a little clumsy. I wouldn’t even stay over. When I was on my own, I tried to put him out of my head. I loved his curls and his blue eyes. It just wasn’t enough to help me get over his naivete.

As we settled into our senior year, we continued the masquerade. I still refused to call the feeling love. I felt that I was always looking for something better. I’d let guys flirt with me. He caught me at it to no avail. He did little to defend himself. He said nothing to attack me. It almost felt that he gave me licence. I quickly realized that I was wrong.

One night I just broke down and apologized for everything. I didn’t think that I had it in me. I needed to do it. But things were never the same after that. I had lost my will to escape him. But he finally saw me in another light. Once the darkness had crept in his head, he was no longer the pleasant little Richard who I had come to love. I did say love at the time. That was to be my downfall. He seemed to take my avowal as a sign of weakness.

At first, he became more physical than before. I was a little shocked by his new frankness. There was more to it than that. I almost noticed a cruel streak in his love-making. He was even more aggressive in seeking his own satisfaction. It all felt so cold like an athletic contest.

What had we become? I soon realized the source of the transformation. I had become a bad girl for him. His whore. And he treated me like that. And I felt that I deserved the treatment for past sins. So it only grew worse. I hated it. But I clung to him more than ever.

Our love was turning into a cheap melodrama. I knew that if I really pushed things that I could bring Richard down to size. I didn’t dare. I needed him so much that it would have devastated me to let him go.

I saw the writing on the wall. In such circumstances, I take it as a cue. This time was to be no different. I was off to the city for med school. He had plans to follow me. He even had a job. In our saner moments, we looked at apartments together.

Then I decided to walk out of it all. No warning. I was again becoming the shell of a person that I had been with Carl. This time I was more surreptitious. I slept with one of his friends.

I’d been drinking at the local bar with some girls. My girls. And this one guy was coming on a little heavy. No problem. Richard was supposed to arrive later on..

In his typical fashion, he made some excuse about not coming out.

“Why don’t you just stop on by afterwards?”

I replied cynically, “So you can wake up and fuck me.”

“I didn’t say that.”

“You didn’t say much of anything.”

I hung up. It had been a rough day. Labs and then an exam. I was not enjoying any of

this. And his friends started to look better and better as the night wore on. I knew that I was going to need a few more drinks if I was going to do the job.

My friends tried to back me up.

“She’s leaving now.”

“She’s already with someone.”

Everyone knew that. It only made me more of a prize catch. I didn’t have much choice at this point. I had played my hand.

“Go home. I’m a big girl. I’ll be OK!” We all knew the die was cast.

I gave Tim the fuck of his life. This was the kind of night that you can’t keep to yourself. He didn’t. And his bragging got back to Richard. I was rubbing it in his face.

“Why don’t you just leave? You should have said something.”

“I did. You haven’t been listening. You haven’t been the same for quite a while.”

The words weren’t mine. I just read them from a prompter. And they came so easily.

When the break up finally came, it hit me hard. Richard was the ticket out of my malaise. He gave me the chance not to have a history. But then he turned out to be just the same.

I really felt let down. There was so much of myself invested in the boy. He had become more self-centered over the months. Why couldn’t I have seen it from the beginning? I just fell for the shy act.

I went over and over things trying to understand where it went wrong. I stopped short of blaming myself. I wouldn’t travel that route. But the stars just seemed to be standing in our way. Richard’s demise hit me hard. He wasn’t the sort of guy just to disappear. The sand slipped through my hand.

I wondered how I would recover. I told myself the biggest lie, that I hadn’t given him my heart. Inside me, there was only this hollow.

I couldn’t fuck the pain away. I didn’t want to see another guy for months. I finished my classes and took a job in a lab. Med School was on hold. It had been a dream. Just like my time with Carl.

I tried to pierce the veil. But the shimmering lights remained. All dazzle, but nothing to touch.

I hoped to console myself by sitting by the pool with my girls. We’d make blender drinks and dazzle all the guys in out bikinis. They’d all trace our cleavages with their eyes. We wouldn’t even give it a second thought as we got toasted. What better fun for our day off.

That evening, the summer dresses hugged our tanned figures. We were already happy. But our rigid phalanx was impenetrable. Even though we might have been vulnerable individually, guys were unable to defeat us as a group. Many went down to defeat in the local bar. High five, baby.

Local hunting started to bore me. Ex-college athletes settled into an easy routine. They lost all the tone of their competitive days. I should have run off to the city. But I was caught in the maze of my broken heart.

The college kids just reminded me of Richard. They start off as these angels, and then the devil horns would show through. And the post-college guys were a nightmare of their own insecurities. I had a job. I could take care of myself. Surely, I deserved more.

I could hardly follow Richard to Chicago. I wondered what other options remained. I

had a great-looking resume and some chunky recommendations. What was standing in my way?

When the time finally came for me to escape to Atlanta, there was no hesitation on my part. I took the ticket and hit the road. Amen!

City life would be the needed prescription for the pain that I was feeling. I truly believed that another life was waiting for me.

The adjustment took a little while. I found a great place near the lab. And work was just what I needed to remind myself that there was more in my life than partying. That became even more evident with a couple of disastrous encounters at a single's bar. I realized that I was no longer cut out for the game. At least, not after having just left a college bar.

I retreated home to my lonely apartment with my tail between my legs. For a few weeks, I started to question my decision. I missed my time with Richard. I even contemplated calling him. But I deferred to my better judgement.

The time alone got me moping a little. I thought about what things were like before I met Carl. I started to face that kind of tragedy that I had always tried to avoid. It was not supposed to be this way.

I didn't like to bring it all back to my mother. I tried to imagine how I felt about my father before the divorce. I almost felt that all those years had just been blacked out of my life.

Early on I felt this pressure to be sexual. When I was thirteen, I started to dress differently. A lot of the other girls were involved in serious stuff. Drugs. Sex. I just played around with the image.

I noticed the attention that I got. I even hung around with some older guys that I met at the mall. Adults. They'd take me out. Buy me things. We'd even drink together.

It was a little dangerous. They could have done anything that they wanted to me. I think that I realized that there was something weird to it all. I was ready for trouble. A little bit of a newbie. But still willing to fight to defend my honor.

The first time that I actually had sex, I didn't think too much of it. It just seemed that it was something that I had to do. I didn't want to get labeled as one of those girls with a reputation for being easy. I practiced restraint. Things were still beyond my control.

My mother didn't seem to notice any of this. Not until I started staying out late with my friends. We'd come to blows. I'd curse her out for being a terrible mother. I knew that our time together was limited.

I felt that she held me responsible for the divorce. My sister was older and away at college. I was the impediment to her getting back with my father. I felt this resentment in everything that she did. It made me seek some kind of acceptance in the nightlife.

I was serious about my studies. I needed something to keep me whole. But I let it all slip on the weekend. And I became a regular hellion. As my crew turned sixteen, we all started to look for older guys to hang with. It became a badge of honor to see who we could net. When I found Carl, we all were pretty good at netting large fish. I figured that I would be set for life.

On the other hand, Carl was an expert seaman. He just tossed me back when my time was done.

For months, I kept reviewing my history. I didn't seem to be making any headway. I was really afraid of drinking too much. So I even curtailed my nights out. I'd go to work, and come home. I'd watch videos on the weekend. Then the quiet life caught up with me. I needed to let

my hair down again.

It didn't take me long to discover the pleasures of a good man. I realize that I didn't have to get engaged to a guy if I was going to have a good time. I just needed to be a little careful. Everyone started to like that crazy streak of mine. I was the life of the party.

I learned to promise more than deliver. That way I didn't have to go home with every guy that winked at me.

I thought it would be a lot harder to go over my past. It is good to realize that everything that I have done is part of me. It would be a lie to claim that I have no regrets. Things happen that we just can't control. And sometimes life does suck. But I can't let it bring me down.

When I was with Carl, I thought that the party was sucking the life out of me. I was young then. There was nothing else in my life. I needed to bounce back. All that time with Richard might have been too much of the opposite kind of thing. The smothering life.

I know that I would like to settle down some day. But that is quite a long time from now. I'm barely in my mid-twenties, and I have so much to learn. I could go back to med school. Maybe I resent the fact that I didn't pursue that dream. However, there are just too many juices flowing in me now to slow things down.

I hate to admit that I quit my job in the lab. The nightlife conflicted with the rigid daytime schedule. I never was late for work. But I found that I was dragging myself around all day. I was looking forward to getting out to a bar. That was what I had become. I'm not a lush. I only drink socially. And some days, I stay away completely.

I recently met a guy who was a little like me. We both knew that we were a little damaged. We tried to hang together. The sex was great. He worked out and had a great body. He'd pin me down while he pumped away inside me. It was almost like a wrestling match. I loved our sport. I knew that it wouldn't last. And I gave him an excuse. I went to this bar and picked up a motorcycle guy. Tommy found out about it a few days later.

"I was probably going to break up with you anyway."

"I make it a rule. No one ever breaks up with me."

"Really now. That's confidence."

One night this guy tried to get me to count the number of men that I've been with. This was all over the years. So it really wasn't that many. But I realized how when I started to put a number on it all that I didn't like how I sounded. I can hear Carl now calling me a whore. But that's not how it was. Guys are never treated like that. Tommy has been with a lot more women than the number of guys that I have been with. That's probably why we get on so well. Tommy and I realize that it was never for the long term. A long term relationship means digging deep into those dirty secrets. Or just ignoring it all.

I imagine meeting some guy and burying my past. But can it really last like that. Won't he want to know the truth? And if he finds out, will he be so understanding. I guess that is the most painful part about looking back. The past can't turn you into an angel.

I don't want to turn my back on my experiences. A lot of naive girls sleep with a guy and believe it's love just because he gives them a little show. I've seen more than a show. Good sex helps. But it's not the be-all and end-all of life.

I work in a restaurant occasionally. I'm trying to get this art thing off the ground. A little design work. Some PR. I can't keep on like this in my thirties. I have a lot of time to get it all

together.

Tonight I'm with the girls. We're at our favorite bar. There's this businessman here who's trying to go undercover. I'm getting quite a kick out of it all.

I know that he wants to be a bit of a wild man. Maybe he's a triathlete. Or he's into rock climbing. He could play the guitar. Or ride a motorcycle. But he's a safe guy. Which means he's a terror. He doesn't know his own limits.

Most of the other guys are dicks. These loser indie boys. And these rough and tumble punks. A little bit of all of it rolled into one. They are all big talkers. And some have OK jobs. But none of them are going to end up where they hope.

I should say the same about myself. I had high aspirations for myself. I'm not a has-been yet. I don't live and die by my sex life. But it's part of who I am. I'm a twenty-first century girl. I've got the brains and the body to prove it.

In my worse moments, I admit that I really have to do a lot of work to keep this body going. I may not be in as great shape as when I was seventeen, but I get a lot more looks from guys than I did when I was some scrawny-ass kid. I know how to shake my ass when it's time. Doesn't that make you want it, boy?

I'm headed to the bar for another round. This is going to be serious night. I need to stay focused. I don't want to end up with some dick in his run down hovel.

Men, I am a celebrity. I am waiting for the right offer. I've got an agent. I'm ready for the spotlight.

As our sweaty bodies writhe in the night, I am going to thank that heavens that the man has air-conditioning. Oh, baby!