

Chapter 1 - BETTER USE A CONDIMENT

Ever since the Don Of Time first set foot in a singles bar to relish members of the opposite sex, the opposite sex had constantly garnered his condiments without pause or concern for his egotistical well-being. Don's ego had never been that well-off, especially when it came to relishing women.

In his favorite position, lying on the floor face up and staring blankly at the ceiling, Don contemplated his feelings towards women. He thought, "For men, love is a garnish, something meaningless, not really necessary, only there for show. Women, on the other hand, consider love a four letter word, with sharp pointed edges, they use to cut and rearrange the garnish. Sure it may be only a sprig of parsley or a crinkle cut carrot to men, but when it's haphazardly rearranged on an empty plate, it can be a humiliating and humbling experience for the average male ego."

Don considered his ego lower than the average man's ego. He felt that was the underlying reason why he was never very successful with women. He thought, "Women, deep down, are more attracted to men with big egos. I define deep down as being the general proximity of where a woman's cervix lies. Because of my small ego, I've always tried to relate to women on an emotional level. Relating to women emotionally is like trying to swim the 100 meter butterfly in a pool filled with solidified Jell-O. Sure, it's easy to make an impression, but try to get anywhere."

Don was a lot like the rest of the male population. He just wanted someone to love, and, more importantly, the by-product of love -- someone to fuck. He knew he was neither handsome enough to dictate his ways with women, nor ugly enough to buy or barter for one. He thought, "My past relationships with

women could best be described by the multitude of feelings I've experienced upon a visit to a proctologist, without the rubber glove, of course. The anticipation of pain, fear, and then thrill that it's over, exists upon every new relationship I've ever had the displeasure of encountering. Every relationship except for one woman, Candy Stripper. Candy was literally an all day sucker. If love were indeed a condiment, my relationship with Candy would best be described as a sweet relish, smothering a long cannoli on the chafing dish of life."

He met Candy rather haphazardly, in of all places, a bar. He overheard a rather heated conversation she was having with her current boyfriend, Larry Limp. He couldn't hear all the words of the conversation, but he immediately picked up the following key words: "flaccid," "penis," and "average one and three quarter inches." To put it mildly, his interest was aroused. The limited conversation he heard had started to erect an entire novelette in his mind. He carefully eyed Candy with nothing but bad intent.

Candy, being a rather straightforward girl, stared back at Don and uttered, "What's the matter, asshole, cat got your balls?" The current erection in Don's mind ended rather abruptly and was replaced with a rather painful thought of his own cat, Venus De Milo, ripping into his own private jewels. The thought was so graphic that he grimaced. It was scary enough for a cat to be playing with your balls, say nothing of the possibility that they might get covered in cat spit.

Trying to recover, Don immediately thought of baseball. As a child, whenever a painful event pervaded his life, it was the methodical, boring, routine of baseball that would magically erase all bad thoughts from his head. Sure, minutes later, he would always complain of needing a nap, but being tired was a small price to pay, for not being scared. It was because of the game of baseball, and more specifically, the Detroit Tigers, his favorite team, that he was able to recover with a quick and snappy comeback. "It would take a cat the likes of a tiger to handle my balls, if you know what I mean."

Candy, always the sucker for a corn-ball line, fell hook, line, and sinker. Thus, with this monumental meeting of the minds, Don and Candy became as one, or at least as close to one as two can get with such limited resources. Don's ideal date involved three key elements: a ball, alcohol, and sex. He and Candy went bowling on their first date and Don experienced two of his three elements. Candy refused to go all the way, saying "Jesus Christ, I just won't fuck on the first date."

Don had mixed feelings about that statement. He thought, "The girl swears like a drunken sailor, but yet she doesn't put out." He made the first of many mistakes in his relationship with Candy, he started to think and ask the question, "I wonder why she...."

Candy laid in bed deep in thought about her first date with Don. She knew herself well. She knew she was the type of girl that was out for a good time at any cost, but with Don, she had a different plan. She wasn't giving herself away for a couple of pitchers of beer and three strings of bowling. She was worth more than that. She thought, "At the very least, I rate a nice dinner, a round of miniature golf, [keeping Don's ball theory in mind], and a semi-intellectual discussion with Don before jumping in the sack. I want to know a lot more about Don. I've got to get inside his head and figure him out, so by the time we finally jump in the sack, I'll have control of both of his heads. My mom, Mandy, didn't raise a foolish girl. She just raised one out for a good time, but only when that time occurs on my terms."

Candy's plan seemed to involve asking Don questions when he least expected them. "Don, what was your childhood like?" "Did you have any problems with your parents?" "In your past relationships, why and how did they fail?"

Don, getting more and more frustrated about not getting laid, felt the questions were way too probing, coming from a girl who talked like a sailor but had no immediate intentions of raising his mast. He figured he'd spent close to two hundred dollars on beer, bowling, and miniature golf, to get Candy in bed,

and all he got in return were these never-ending personal questions. He endured enough and on the eighth hole of his favorite miniature golf course, "Jungle Golf," he told her, "Listen Candy, you're a very nice girl, almost too damn nice, but I feel we're really not made for each other."

Candy, in the middle of a rather intricate putt involving an obtuse angle bank shot into a tiger's mouth, stopped, and shouted, "Hey, bonehead, can't you see I'm putting here." She turned to him. "Not made for each other? Are you crazy? I've had so much fun getting to know you, and now that I do, all I want is to be with you."

Don noticed ever since he started dating Candy, that his emotional thoughts went up and down like a yo-yo. He thought, "The yo-yo is never in the middle. It's either in my hand, and I'm in control, like the time she admitted she was wrong on her score at "Adventure Golf," or it's spinning wildly at the bottom of the string, with no place to go, like the time she went for the seven-ten split and they lost by one pin to the McGregors in a rather heated bowling match." Don still remembered the night of the bowling match with the McGregors. He felt it was a pivotal event in his budding relationship with Candy. He'd thought, "This is the night I'm finally going to strike with Candy. With my high-top bowling shoes and oversize ball, I just can't lose. Once Candy sees what a good bowler I am, she'll be like rosin in my hand." His grandiose plans for the evening took a turn for the worse after the argument about going for a spare when they only needed one pin to win. After that evening, he felt his relationship with Candy was nothing more than a gutter-ball rolling down the bowling alley of life.

Two weeks later, his emotional roller coaster ride of lust was about to be spared. Sleeping with Candy was to be his second mistake. For the moment, he didn't care, because his jewels were about to be crowned. He waited a month for that moment, although it felt more like a millennium. He kept thinking the

best thing to do would be to fuck and run. He had serious doubts about any kind of relationship with Candy. His thoughts quickly evaporated, like a dry, tight, fart in a windstorm.

Candy was, what one might say, advanced, when it came to sex. She experienced sex in every possible way, and on numerous occasions. She literally showed Don things he used to only dream about. It was in one position, that Don started to laugh aloud, as he could think of nothing but high school chemistry. The position they were currently in reminded him of the ball and stick model for methane. He chuckled to himself that his two balls represented the carbon atoms and they were currently bonding covalently with Candy's hydrogen atom. He thought, "This would make for an interesting way to learn high school chemistry. Have naked men and women interact making human ball and stick models of the common organic and inorganic molecules. It would be guaranteed to keep the students' interest." He suddenly was worried, "Here I am having the greatest fuck of my life, and all I can think about is changing the country's educational system." His reverie producing that fear was shattered like a frozen glass hitting a concrete floor.

"What the hell is the deal, are you doing math in your head while you're supposed to be fucking me?" said Candy.

After the monumental two-hour fuck session, he told Candy what he was thinking about during his reverie, thinking she would be amused. Candy, whose sense of humor usually involved jokes that began, "There once was a man..." didn't think his reverie was funny or even remotely humorous. He made yet another mental note of the serious chasm that was developing between him and Candy. The only problem for him was the chasm had a very sturdy and rugged drawbridge that magically lowered whenever Candy wanted sex.