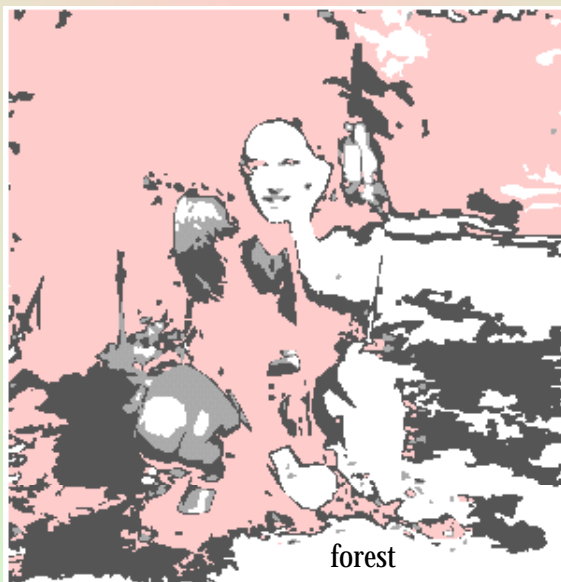


touch

the lust
 her lips quiver anxiously
 she wants
 desperately
 the craving
 the longing
 the yearning
 is no longer contained
 His eyes fixed
 in a trance-like gaze
 the erotic fantasies
 the passion
 the obsession
 his burning
 torrid
 appetite is released
 Her heart quickens
 as her breath becomes

a pant
 sensual
 sexual
 she is ravenous with need
 His hand moves
 his anticipation climaxes
 salacious
 lecherous
 his muscles tense with
 excitement
 the cyprian
 lurid desires
 the heat
 the fire
 they cannot hold back
 he touches her

gabriel athens



forest

issues

you think i'm going to come
running back to you again, do you,
you think i need you so desperately
that all you have to say is that
you do care about me
and that you don't want me to
leave your life and that you
don't want this to be goodbye,
well, you told me good-bye once
before and i took you back
but now you've done it again
and you think it's all so easy
and you think it's all roses and
candy and i'm not going back to you
and what you did isn't good for me
and i know i sound like a psychai-
trist now but you have some
issues you need to deal with
and i can't be your counselor;
i need someone to counsel me
and if you need help you can't
help me, and i've figured that
much out: you can't help me

janet kuypers

shame on me

you are stubborn, moody,
angry and hateful
you want to hate
and you want to hate me

and i keep thinking that
you couldn't even fuck
your way out of a card-
board box, you ass-hole

but i still tried, i wanted
to make it work with us
and the highs were too high
but the lows were too low

and i've tried, i've worked
and i've slaved for you
and i wanted to know
this couldn't fail

but once again
you've proved me wrong

fool me once
and shame on you,
fool me twice

and shame on me

janet kuypers

didn't know what it was

didn't know what it was

i wanted you tonight
and i wanted to make sure the world knew
that i wanted you
and it was only because
i knew i wanted something
and i didn't know what it was

sydney anderson



mirror

the one at mardi gras

i was at mardi gras last weekend
and i got a bunch of beads from parades
(no, i didn't lift my shirt for them) -

and a friend of mine had a balcony
on bourbon street, and so we were on it
on friday night, and the swarms

of people stretched for over a mile. it was
a mob, no one could walk and the crowd
just kind of carried them along. and all

the men expected women to get naked
for them for beads, and from my balcony
i would see every few minutes a series of

flash pops, coupled with a roar from the
crowd, and i knew a woman lifted her shirt
for the screaming masses. i refused, however,

to strip for drunk strangers, when i knew
they all expected me to, being on a balcony
and all. so men would look up and stretch

out their arms, looking up inquisitively, as
if to ask either for me to give them beads
or for me to strip. since i wasn't stripping

and had plenty of my own beads, i decided
to turn the tables, see if men would accept
the same conditions they asked of women.

when they looked up at me for something,
i would say, "drop your pants." they'd look
at me, confused, the women are the

ones that are supposed to be stripping, but
in general i got two responses from men:
either they would look at me like i was

crazy and walk away, or they would shrug,
as if to say, "okay," and then they would
unzip their pants. then they would

make a gesture to turn around, as if to ask,
"do you want to see my butt?" so i'd
yell, "the front," and then they'd turn back

around, with their pants and underwear
at their knees, and start moving their hips
(which i never asked for, by the way).

so over the course of the evening i
managed to get at least twenty men to
strip like this for me, and i was amazed

that there was this society, this micro-
cosm of society, that allowed this kind
of debauchery in the streets, a sort of

prostitution-for-plastic-beads form of
capitalism. so i was reveling in this bizarre
annual ritual when this man, average to

everyone else, wearing grey and minding his own business, decided to look up at me. so i asked him to drop his pants, and instead of

disgustedly leaving or willingly obliging he crossed both hands on his chest and looked up at me, as if to ask, "you want to me do

what? you naughty, naughty girl." and he smiled and looked up at me, and it occurred to me that i finally found someone in this

massive crowd that thinks they way i do. new orleans has a population, from what i hear, of about one million, but during mardi gras

there are nine or ten million people, and all i could think was that of all these people here, i finally found someone who wouldn't

blindly do what i asked, but at the same time wouldn't think i was crazy for asking. of course as i looked at him i also happened

to think that he was stunning, by far the best-looking man i had seen that entire night, he looked like he had style, like he was self-

confident, but then again, i'm near-sighted and was on a balcony drunk at mardi gras. we hit an impasse when he wouldn't strip

and neither would i, so his attention was eventually diverted to other balconies. but i noticed for that next half-hour he never left

from under my balcony, every once in a while he would still turn around and look at me. oh, boy, i was thinking the entire time, i know

this is no way to start a relationship, hell, i'm sure this guy lives nowhere near me, and i haven't had a real conversation with him,

but he's damn near perfect. all that time we were screaming and partying at mardi gras, he would still occasionally turn around and

make sure i was still there. and finally he looked at me, signalling that he had to move on with his friends, and i held up my index

finger to make him wait and then i threw a bunch of beads at him. part of me threw them because he was a good sport, putting

up with my taunting and still not giving in, but a part of me threw them because i saw in him the strong values and the sense

of self-worth, the sheer love of life, the desire to be alive, that i possessed all along and have always longed for in someone else.

janet kuypers

gasping

She's halo'd and pitchfork'd
and she runs on two's
but prowls on four's
and the carpet is stained
from where her spade
has wildly flung
time and time again
hitting me in the head
and knocking my coffee off the end
time and time again
leaving me gasping for breath.

d. michael mcnamara

the night

The night I asked her
if she was beautiful
or only looked it,
she asked me
if she could crawl inside
and turn out the lights.
I said I don't think
there's room, but I've got
two kidneys when
I only need one, and
certainly nobody needs
all that intestine, and after
removing some ribs and some
strategic relocation everything
should fit just fine.
That night she said never
you mind and that night
I had an awful feeling
about life without a heart
and so I rang you on the
telephone but you weren't home
and I've still been waiting
all this time to tell you.

d. michael mcnamara

clammer's journal

by ken sieben

Sep,8 O.k. iw'll write this stupid jernel but, onley cuz the teecher say we gotto if we wanna pass the corse. An we can use cuss word she say that cool that cool that cool that cool that dum she say if you cant think a nothink to write jes keep writting the last think you done wrote that cool that cool that cool that cool. Anyways, she say she aint gonna reed this unless we ax her to, no way iw'll.

Sep 10TH The main thing you need to no about me is that i'am not what youd call a (nice) person. I mean I allways think a myself first. Like I have a dauter but i dont reely care about her. Oh, yeah, once in a wile I like to tell people that I'am a father but, the truth is I dont no the kid at all and iw'll probly keep it like that, I just like to remind myself from time to time that I reely am a father.

Sep 15TH I'am twenty years old, i done quit Highschool too months fore i was thru, that why I'am takin this here corse to get my GED case I decide to go for my mates lisense, but i dont no about that. Anyways I'am livin on my own now since my Mom got shacked up again and moved to Riverton, i dig clams for a livin, an i like it. Don't get me rong, its a tuff way to ern a livin, but I'am my own boss, and that what count. I bust my ass evry day and Iw'll tell you I'am hurtin by the time i quit, but i wud'nt wanna do nothink else. I mean the mony good, corse it aint as good as it usta be fore the state inspektors stopped us from diggin on weekends. They say we always brak in their dam rules. Anyways i aint afrade a hard work. I'am big and strong. Reel big, six foot-five to be exack, onley I dont look that tall cuz I got such a normus chest an sholders an arms. Peepel look at me an thing I'am just a mussel freek but then they stand next to me an relize I'am a fukkin jient. I mean, i dont wanna brag but i'am the strongest guy i no.

Sep 17TH I'am sorry, i did'nt no we was posta write this here jernel ever-day, i though it was ever-day we have class. What the hell we posta put in it? Teacher she say we can use cuss words, maybe iw'll, ha-ha-ha. I like that teacher, she got nice big jussy tit, i like to suck on em. She nice too, she say we dont gotta worry none bout spellin an punxas-

hun an all that shit. That dont mean nothink anyway. Were posta write atlease a hunerd words ever-day, i no, a hunerd words ever-day a hunerd words ever-day. There, i done sum extra. Sep 18TH This is harder on the days when we dont have class. I mean, the teacher she aint here to tell me what to write. She say to put down ever-think we do all day. I'am to tired, iw'll do it to-moroh.

Sep 19TH I was out to late on friday to write much in my jernel. I found a spot where a guy jes took his boat out an it was loaded with clams, nobody dug there all sumer i bet. Anyways, i got me a mess a clams ever-time i stuck my rake in. Dam near fill my boat up. I was last won back to the de-purashen plant but i got more mony then i ever done got, it was the best day i ever had sins i been diggin. I went back today and there was still more were they come from, hope there still thier on monday.

Sep 20TH I aint witting nothink on sunday.

Sep 21ST Saterday nite i went out to sellabrate. I went to the Seaside Nashville bar an had me a reel ball. I met this girl i usta no in Highschool. She was OK then even tho i did'nt pay no tenshen to her, she was awful skiny, you no what i mean, but she shure can put away the beer now, i mean she dam near drunk me under the table. An she a reel gnock-out ta look at to. She shure changed a lot sins Highschool.

Wednesday, Sept. 23 That was quiet a surprise, I didn't think you was gonna reed our journals. I mean you said that the first nite. Well I gess it O.K. long as you keep it privet and don't tell no-body in the class what I done writ. Anyways, I think I got my contraxions right this time.

OK, you said to try and discribe a person using all the senses. I'm gonna discribe Peggy, this person I met Saturday nite. First of all, she short. Corse ever-body short next to me but she reel short, onley about five-too or five-three. She also kinda thin, not skiny like she usta be, jest thin. She don't look but about fifteen or sixteen. She cud'nt get served in no other Bar sep the Seaside Nashville. She got freckles all over, I mean all over, but I aint gonna tell you how I no that, you can gess. And she got red hair, its reel short and curly, an i like it. She got a reel nice figure to.

She talk nice, she got a sweet voice, reel quite-like. I don't like wimmen with loud voices. No offense Miss. Klinger, I no you got a loud voice but teachers has gotto, I gess. I mean she "Peggy" talk so quite an soft that you gotta get reel close to here her.

And she smell good to. I mean she smell reel kleen. I wont get into how she feel and tast cuz that kinda dirty I think.

Thursday, Sept. 24 Well, today was a goddam tuff day. First of all my moter wouldn't start. The plugs was all fouled up so I hadda kleen em. Then I hadda replace won of the high tenshen wires. I don't no how much longer its gonna last, it was jest a old peace a shit when I bawt it.

Anyways, by the time I got goin an got to my new favrit spot, there was two other guys there allreddy. I like to work by myself, you no, so i jest kep on chugin along lookin for a new spot. Orley I didn't find a good won all day. Shit, I wound up with bearily anuf clams to pay for my gas.

Fri., Sept. 25 Another tuff day. If i dont find me a nice new bed a softees soon I'm gonna hafta quit this bizness an get a job. I got a frend name Stanley and he maken good mony as a mate, i cud do that to onley you need to have a Highschool daploma to take the test. Anyways I aint shure i wanna take orders from no-body els. I like workin for me. I'm in bizness for my-self. I gess I'll stick it out for the rest a the year anyways an then see. Its cold as a wiches tit in the Winter but i like it best then, your reely alone out on the river, no goddam clouns racin around, no water-skirs, no goddam sale-boats. Thats it for tonite, I'm to dam tird.

Sat., Sept. 26 "Well, its reely Sunday mornin but you said i cud do that". I met Peggy again, she shure is a gnock-out. She came with another chik but stayd with me all night, i mean for as long as i was at the Bar. We danst an i skweezed her ass reel good a few times an she liked it, atlease she didn't stop me. I walked her home an kist her good-nite. She sed i cudda come in cep her old man was home, maybe next time. I told her she cud come over my trailer if she liked. Its a nice little place up on the hill, nice an quite, corse it aint mine, i jest pay rent, but sum-day I'm gonna own my own dubble-wide. I got a reel nice vuew a north cape bay an on a cleer day you can see N.Y. I think I'd like hav-ing a women like Peggy livin here with me.

Mon., Sept. 28 Sorry, but i jest didn't have a chance to write any-thing yesterday and i gotto be up and diging fore the sun comes up. Well, Peggy come over Sunday night an wached the Mets game on TV with me an cooked us a cupel a cheezebergers. They was better than MACdonalds or Berger-Kings, reel nice an jussy an the cheeze was all melt-ed, she even tosted the roles. I didn't no she was such a good cook, my Mom never cud cook werth a dam. Anyways, then we put on sum tapes and danst sum an had a few beers. Fore you no it we was in bed with our clothes off an i aint gonna write down no more about it, cep that it was the best i done ever had.

Tuesday, Sept. 29 You can reed reel quick, Miss. Klinger. I dont no how you red all them jernels wile we was working on them word problems. I wached you wiles you was reeding mine and I saw you smiling. Now if you was jest smiling cuz you though sum-thing I wrote was kinda funny, then thats OK, but if you was laffing at me cuz you think you're better then me then it aint. The thing thats going thru my mind is that I though you was diffrent then teachers I had back in Highschool, but maybe I was rong. Anyways, I aint here for no college course, I jest want my GED. I'm a little pist-off so I aint gonna write no more tonite.

Wed., Sept. 30 I red over what I wrote last night and I take back what I put about you. I was thinking those things, tho, and you said we shud put down whatever we was thinking but now I aint. I think you're O.K. What els I been thinking today is about Peggy. She sorta moved in with me and she's reel nice and all, but well I aint sure I like it. The thing is its waring me out. I mean I gotto get up around 4;30 or 5;00 a-clock ever morning. So I usta jest have me a beer around 9;00 at nite and then go to bed. But Peggy she work's as a waitrus at this place called the Admirl Ben-Bo, it's a reel hi-class place, and she dont get home till after mid-nite. So she wake's me up and we have a beer so she can kinda unwind and then she come's to bed and we screw and then I cant get back to sleep. I been dragging my ass ever-day this week and I don't no how long I can keep it up. I didn't mean that dirty, maybe I did.

Thurs., Oct. 1 Now that you done went over them rules with me I gess I can spell a little better, anyway I'll try and get em rite. I don't like it when peepel make fun a me cuz they think I'm dum. Shit, I'm jest as smart as anybody els, you onley gotto tell me sum-thing wonce and I know it. I jest never liked school, it was to dam boring. I liked playing basket-ball cuz I was dam good and nobody cud stop me. The coach he was alright cuz he passed me in Histry even tho I didn't hardly ever go to class. But all the chiks went crazy over me. This won stuk-up bich espeshly, she was the A-number 1 student in the hole school and I got her to go down for me and I got her pregnant. She was a reel Miss. Smarty-pants, you know the kind? I'll say one thing, she was the best looking broad in the school, she looked like a goddam moovy-star. But she cudn't screw werth a dam. Compaired to Peggy it was like screwing a goddam corpse. Oh, I gess she cuda learned if weeda stayed together, but after she got pregnant she didn't wanna see me again. That was O.K. with me, onley I'd kinda like to see my own kid. Caralin (I don't give any last names) had it last November, so next month my little girl is gonna be a hole year old. May-be I'll go see her then. And may-be I'll give that Caralin sum-thing to remember me by. Yea, how's that for a great idea? Let's see if I can get it into words. I'd like to have intercourse with the mother of my daughter again, to see if she learned how to do it rite yet. What I'd reely like to do is slap her stuk-up face or smak her on her ass. I mean who the hell dose she think she is, I wuda married her, I gess I ain't good anuf for her tho, goddam rich bich.

Fri., Oct. 2 When you're all by yourself digging clams for twelve hours you got a lotta time to think about things. I been thinking all day long about what I wrote last night and you know what, I don't even know my own kid's name. Now that ain't right. I mean, I'm the father, I got my rights too. I wanna make shure my dauter is razed right. So I'm gonna discus it with Peggy to- moroh. That's all for tonite. I gotto get sum sleep.

Sun., Oct. 4 (A.M.) Well Peggy shure was suprized when I told her about my dauter.

She remembered Caralin getting pregnant but didn't know I was the father. She said Caralin never told no-won who the father was, I gess she was shamed of me. I never told no-won eether cuz I felt kinda sorry for her, I mean I thought I was being reel nice about it, her being such a reel Miss. Goody-goody. I cud've bragged to ever-body about getting her in trubbel but I didn't think it was right but now I'm reely pist. Well anyways, Peggy agrees with me that I oughta have sum say in razing her, my dauter I mean, and Peggy says her name is Lisa, she ran into Caralin in a store or sum-place a cuppel months ago.

Well when we was dansing last nite at the Seaside Nashville I cudn't stop thinking about Lisa, my dauter. Peggy she says I'm getting obstet but I can't help it, I wanna get her sum-thing for her birth-day, like maybe a doll or sum-thing. Anyways, we got to talking and Peggy says she gonna go back with her old man during the week and stay with me on weekends. He got sum kinda dizeze and he don't eat rite less she feeds him, that's O.K. with me, like I said, it's waring me out.

Sun., Oct. 4 (P.M.) It started raning so we staid in bed mosta the after-noon, it was reel nice. Then Peggy made us sum clam chouder that was reel good. It's kinda funny me being a clamer and all, I never eat clams much. Fact, I ain't ate none since a friend a mine got hapa-titus. Well, he ain't a friend exakly, he's jest won a the other clamers, but he was outa work for more then a month and he can't eat no more clams the rest of his life. Anyways, Peggy made this here chouder onley she put milk in it sted of tomatoe juse and it was good, I didn't think it wud be. She shure is a good cook, she wants to open up her own restrant, she says we cud do it together but I don't know. Maybe I could jest catch the fish and dig the clams and she cud run the place. You know, I jest now though of that and it's maybe not a bad idea. I'm gonna be thinking about it all week so when Peggy comes back on Friday nite (she jest left fore I started writing this) we can discuss it.

Mon., Oct. 5 Well I slep pretty good last nite counta there wasn't no-body to wake me up, so I felt a hole lot better working all day. It's a good thing cuz I found me another mess of softees like I ain't never seen nothing like it before. I mean ever-time I stuck my rake in I come up with a dozen, big wons to. I got me fourty goddam bushels fore I was thru. Ain't no way I'm gonna quit digging long as I can make this kinda mony. Man I'm so goddam tired tonite I'm gonna go to bed at 8:00 a-clock.

Well I went to bed at 8:00 a-clock and I fell asleep right away but then I woke up round 8-30 thinking about how sexy Peggy was and how much I miss her, I can't get back to sleep no-way.

Tues., Oct. 6 That Ms. Klinger knows how to explain spelling and grammar rules reel good, but she sure don't know much about people. I better explain that cause she's probly gonna reed this and I don't want her to be insulted. The thing is if any-body down at

the Seaside Nashville found out I was even taking this here GED course, I culdn't never show my face in there again. Hell, even Peggy don't know where I go on Tuesday and Thursday nights, and she ain't gonna know neether. Besides, I ain't got no tranzper-tashen since I toteled my car last July. I can get to that there extention center by bus but I ain't taking no bus all the way out to the goddam College campus, not me.

Wed., Oct. 7 I think I better explain myself sum-more. There are two kinds of people in Waterwitch. The kind that go to college and the kind that don't. The kind that go to college are rich and they all got new cars and hafe of them own boats. They all work in N.Y. and camute on the fairy-boat. And they live in those fancy new condos on the waterfront and up on top of the mountain. Like Caralin, you shuld see the place she lives at with their own privet dock for her old man's speed-boat and her sale-boat. She got this big room all to herself and she even got her own privet bath-room with a goddam wirl-pool. Her parents got a duble-size one to, only their divorsed. Me and her used it one after-noon but I didn't reely like it. Seemed sorta un-nachrel to me a guy and a girl taking a bath to-gether. Anyways, she put a hole mess of bubbels in and ruened it.

I sorta got off the subject there. What I was saying was that there are two kinds of people in my town. One kind is the rich ones like Caralin and the other kind is like me and Peggy, we don't own diddely-squat. Corse I own my boat and moter but that's how I earn my living. I get reel pissed-off when I see sum kid racing around the river with a fancy boat and moter his old man probly bawt for him to play with wile I jest got this old piece of shit that hafe the time don't even start in the morning.

Thursday, Oct. 8 One time last summer I was digging near sum rich guy's dock way up the river and he came out and tried to chace me away, said I was on his property. Well shit I got me a lisense says I can dig rite up to the goddam low tide line, I don't need nobody's spshel permishen, but he yelled and screamed at me like I was sum-kind of dog. One day next week it was so foggy you culd slise it with a nife and I shut off my moter going passed his place and jest drifted right up to his dock and cut the lines that was holding his big fancy speed-boat and it jest drifted away. Rich son of a bich better show more respect.

Fri., Oct. 9 Peggy left me a note saying she gotto work until 1:00 a.m. so I'm gonna do my journal and then try to catch a few hours sleep. It rained like hell all day and it was goddam cold. Hafe the clamers didn't even go out but I dug over thirty bushels. Shure wud be nice rite now to have Peggy give me a rub-down, I ake all over. I wish it wuld only rain on Saturdays and Sundays when I can stay in bed all day. That's dum I know but I can't think of nothing else tonight.

Sat., Oct. 10 Peggy was acting kind of funny when she come in last night so I talked to her real nice and finely got it out. Seems that Caralin came into the restrant with sum

guy. They didn't sit at one of Peggy's tables so she didn't have to wait on them but she followed her into the Ladies Room to have a talk. She told her I wanted to see my dauter and Caralin said fine, I could come over any-time I want. But I can tell that Peggy's jelus now cause she thinks it's really Caralin I want to see and not Lisa, but that ain't true. Well, like I said I'd kind of like to see her again jest to see how she's making out but that's all, I mean I don't even want to mess around with her. In fact seeing how she right away said I could see the kid and she was so nice to Peggy and all I ain't even pissed off at her any-more. So I want to go see her tomorrow but Peggy don't want me to go without her and she gotto work.

Sun., Oct. 11 Well I took Peggy out to the Seaside Nashville last night but sum guy she useto go out with was there and he had too much to drink and said sum-thing dirty to her and I had to pop him. I busted his nose good and he went out and got sum friends and then before you know it evry-body was fighting and sum-body called the cops. We just about got out the back door before they come in. Anyway Peggy was mad as hell at me, she said she culd've handled the guy in a nice way, but I thought I done the right thing. A man's suppose to proteck a wumen.

Mon., Oct. 12 The goddam state inspekters don't have to work on Culumbus Day so I couldn't work either. But those basterds get paid and I don't. So Peggy and I went to see my dauter. She's real big for being not quiet a year old, corse Carolyn's around five-ten and I'm six-five. But I'm real confused, I can't figure out whether to be pissed or not. The thing is I saw Carolyn's name on the Birth Certificate, so now I know how to spell it, but my name's not on it, it says (father unidentified). I mean, she gave my kid her own last name instead of mine. She said she did it to protect me cause she didn't think I wanted the expense or responsibility of a baby and she said she never blamed it on me. But I don't know, it don't seem right sum-how. But Carolyn was real nice and sweet to me and to Peggy too. She lives by herself cause her parents got back together and moved up around Boston where her old man has his own business, sum-thing to do with computers. She's going to Lenape County College, I almost told her I was going there too but then I remembered Peggy don't know that so I kept quite. Anyway, I ain't really going to college, we been through that before.

Tues., Oct. 13 Well I thought about it all day wile I was out digging clams in the goddam rain and I jest about desided that Carolyn was telling the truth. I mean she was only seventeen and I was alreddy eighteen so she culd've put me in jail if she wanted, espeshly with her old man's mony and connexions backing her up. So I gess she was dam nice to me. But I think I want to have that Birth Certificate changed to have me listed proper as the father. I gotto talk to her again about it.

Wed., Oct. 14 Peggy come by last night cause she didn't hafto work, she gotto

work on Saturday insted cause she's cooking now stead of waitrusing which means we can't go to the Seaside Nashville. But that's okay I gess, I mean I better not show my face around thier for awile. One of the other clamers told me the guy who I busted his nose has got a cappel buddies with him evry night looking for me. I ain't afraid of nobody but Peggy she don't want me fighting and I dout if Carolyn would change that Birth Certificate if she heard I was in any kind of trubble. Shit, wimmen can sure ty down a guy.

Thursday, Oct., 15 Well it was a real beutaful day today, the sun was bright and the air was warm and there was these normus white clouds in the sky so Peggy she come out in the boat with me all day and we had us a long talk. You know, it's nice having a wumen like that to look at wile you're working, she's so pretty it makes me jest want to kiss her. Corse I only dug about a dozen bushels. Anyway we talked about the fucher and all, and she says she really wants to have her own restrant sum-day. It's gonna be called (Potluck Peggy's) and she's gonna cook all kinds of fish and clams and stuff she can get right around here. She told me she got \$5000 in the bank to get started. That suprized the hell out of me, I don't know how she got all that mony when she's only my age. But I don't know, I mean \$5000 ain't a hell of a lot of mony when it comes to starting a restrant. She says we oughtto do it together, but I told her to forget about me, I only got about 2 grand in the bank and I gonna need a new moter pretty soon.

Anyway Peggy was working from 5:00 to 1:00 so she was gonna go back to her old man's place tonight so I went to class like I always do on Thursdays and I got to thinking I might tell her about those restrant management classes Ms. Klinger told me about, so I asked her and she gave me a brosure that tells all about them. Corse I don't know if Peggy would want to spend her mony on jest taking corses, she allreddy knows how to cook real good.

Ms. Klinger also taught us some more spelling rules, I think I got taught, thought, and though and a coupel other of them ou and au words right now. I'd like to write more about her but she reeds this. But she's a dam good teacher and that ain't no brown-nosing, neether, that's the truth.

Fri., Oct. 16 Well I busted my ass today and made more mony then I made the rest of the week. I gotto start saving up for another car, I'm getting tired of not being able to go no-where less I can walk and I hate waiting for the goddam bus. Peggy she gonna need a car too if she decides to take those courses over at the college. I thought some more about Lisa and decided I'd like to speak to Carolyn again. About that Birth certificate I mean. Maybe I can get Peggy to go over with me tomorrow or Sunday.

Sat., Oct. 17 Goddam it, wimmen can be a pain in the ass, sorry Ms. Klinger if you took that rong. I mean I gave Peggy that brosure about them restaurant courses and she

got real pissed, she says I jest think she's stupid cause I'm always compairing her to Carolyn and she's going to college. But that's not it at all, I just thought she might want to go. But that's o.k. if she don't want to waste her mony on no college course, they can't teach you nothing in college anyway about running no restaurant. But then when I told her I was taking this here GED course, she got so mad she started crying. I should've smacked her good but insted I went and started feeling sorry for her, I think she's really jellous. She told me she had some good news but she wouldn't tell me about it until she got home from work, if I wanted to here about it I'd hafta wait up.

Sun., Oct. 18 Well today was even worst than yesterday. I guess I drunk a sixpak and fell asleep last night before Peggy got back and she said she couldn't wake me up. She called me a (drunk) and made me feel bad. Anyway, we made up and then she told me her good news. The wumen who owns the Admirl Ben-Bo has made her a reglar full-time cook and put her in charge of soup. Well it don't sound like no big deal to me but she was so proud I didn't let on, I just smiled and said that was great. Now I didn't know this but the wumen's son is a guy we went to school with, a guy named Jim, and he told Peggy how much his Mom likes her and how she might offer her a part intrest in the place if she works out good. Now this guy Jim was a real jerk who was in the fukkin boyscouts for Chrissake, he's another one of them rich guys that don't gotto work for nothing. But he hates the restrant business so his Mom's allways on the look-out for somebody to take over when she retires. Peggy says Jim works as afternoon manager but he's studing computer repair at some night school.

So then I ax Peggy to go see Lisa and Carolyn with me, and she blew up again. She said Lisa's probly not even my daughter cause Carolyn was screwing around with the hole basket-ball team and that's when I finely smacked her right across her big mouth.

But even that didn't shut her up, she just kept yelling at me and cussing me out and then she ran out. I ain't seen her all day.

Mon., Oct. 19 I worked twelve fukkin hours today in the goddam rain and I ain't never felt so bad in my life. I feel bad about hitting Peggy, I mean she deserved it for what she said but she's so tiny and I'm so strong I could've busted her jaw or something. But I feel bad about Lisa too. I mean, suppose Peggy's right and I ain't the father, all this time I thought I had a daughter and now maybe I don't. But Carolyn was so sweet and I don't see how she could've been screwing around with anybody else, I mean she was with me practicy all the time when she wasn't in school. I just don't know.

Tues., Oct. 20 That dam north-east wind was so cold today that I almost froze my goonies off. And I was feeling so bad that I felt like crying. I cut class tonight cause I couldn't stand Ms. Klinger reeding what I wrote here this week. I still don't know weather I'm pissed-off most at Peggy, Carolyn, or myself. I don't know what to do.

Wed., Oct. 21 What I done was go out to this new bar on Water St. called the Pair-a-Dice. They don't have no gambling atleast not legal like in Atlantic City but they have some great go-go dancers that really put on a show. And next summer they're gonna have a bakini contest evry Friday and a wet tee-shirt contest evry Saturday. Now that's a real classy place, better than the Seaside Nashville. I was getting sick of that twangy old cuntry music anyway.

Thursday, Oct. 22 Well, that's what I did Tuesday night insted of going to school and I went again tonight and met this nice looking broad with great tits that's supposed to come over to my place on Friday night.

Fri., Oct. 23 Busted my ass again and fell asleep around 8:00. Don't even know if the broad showed up. Screw her!

Sat., Oct. 24 Peggy come by this afternoon and was real nice. She says she ain't sure weather what she said about Carolyn is true but that all the girls in school thought it was true. She says if I love Carolyn more then her she won't try to stop me and she won't say nothing more bad about her. I thought that was real genrus of her, not many wimmen would say such a thing and mean it.

Peggy's working five to one evry night but Monday and Tuesday. She's making ten bucks an hour, but she don't get no tips no more now that she's hed soup cook. Mrs. Hawkins, that's the lady that owns the restaurant, she's gonna pay Peggy's tuishen at Lenape County College so she can take those management courses. So she's gonna keep saving as much mony as she can and I said I'd help her as soon as I save up enough for a car and a new moter.

Sun., Oct 25 I ran into my buddy Stanley at the Pair-a-Dice last night and he says he's doing real good. He says I should try for my mate's lisense soon's as I pass my GED test. By then he'll have his captain's lisense and I can work for him for three years and get mine. He says we could go partners on a little party boat he knows that's gonna be for sale next Spring. Between the two of us he says we could make two or three trips evry day and still have some time for ourselves. Only thing is I'd need to come up with \$7500 cash for my hafe of the down payment. I told him this chick living with me had a lot of mony, course I gotto talk to Peggy about it and see what she thinks.

Mon., Oct. 26 Peggy come over again and said she's stay the night if I liked and course I said I would. Lucky I stopped and bought a six-pak. She wanted me to try some new dish she was working on all day so I did and it was real tastey. I ain't never had nothing like it before but she didn't wan to tell me what it was at first. Then she did, it was raw fish. Course it was all mixed up with hot peppers and lemon juice and it didn't hardly taste like fish but it was still raw fish. Shit I told her I didn't think people would spend good mony on it, I mean it ain't like it was raw clams or oysters and she started to get

pissed. I could tell it wasn't the right time to bring up the mony for the party boat so I just acted sweet as I could for the rest of the night and we had us a good time.

Tues., Oct. 27 Let me take care of class tonight first. Ms. Klinger gave us a practise GED test and it was real hard. There was all kinds of reeding questions but nothing about spelling or grammer, I don't think she's been teaching us the right stuff. She says we're gonna have to spend the rest of the course doing reeding questions but we still gotto keep writing in our journals, that don't make no sense to me.

When I got home Peggy was waiting for me and being real sweet so I told her about what Stanley said about buying the party boat. She said she didn't know Stanley but she didn't think I oughtto trust him right off. She said anyway wasn't I saving up for a car and I said yea but it's more important to get a real bizness started and she said she alredy was started and didn't need none of my mony if I wanted to do something else with it. I could tell she was getting pissed again cause her freckles started getting real dark so I decided to cool it.

Wed., Oct 28 When I got home there was no note from Peggy but I could see that she had moved all her clothes and cooking stuff out and cleened the place all up. She must've gone to the laundramat cause all my clothes was folded up and put away real neat. She's a sweet girl but kind of hard to figure sometimes.

Stanley come by to find out how I made out but I just told him I was working on it. Then he said he'd have to know pretty soon cause there's this other guy he might be able to get to go in with him if I can't. That kind of pissed me off a little cause he didn't say nothing about it the other night.

Thurs., Oct 29 Today I got this great idea about borrowing the mony from Carolyn, she's loaded and I know she'd like me to make something out of myself, then she could brag about me to her folks. I just gotto figure out a way to ask her right. I don't want her to think I'm begging for any bones. I can't just barje in on her, maybe I'll write her and ask her to meet me at the Pair-a-Dice for a bizness proposition.

Good thing Ms. Klinger checked our journals tonight and corrected my spelling, I wouldn't want to look stupid on paper.

Fri., Oct. 30 Well I stuck a note in Carolyn's mailbox this morning before I went out and asked her to please meet me on (business) at the Pair-a-Dice tonight, tomorrow, or Sunday between eight and ten. I waited till almost eleven tonight and she didn't show. Too bad, I was hoping to get it settled before I have to face Peggy again tomorrow.

Sat., Oct. 31 Peggy didn't show up all morning so I walked on over to her place in the afternoon. Her old man told me to stay away from his daughter but I told the old fart I do what I want. Jeez, I felt like telling him to fuk off, but I didn't know he was so god-dam old, he must be over seventy. Somehow he's fat and scrawny at the same time like

he ain't done nothing but eat and drink for ten years. The hole time I was there he was sipping on a glass of some kind of wine and sucking on some pretzels. He ain't got no teeth and his face is all red and splotchy-like. If I ever wind up looking like that I think I'd kill myself first.

It turned out to be a pretty lousy day cause Carolyn didn't show up either. So I had about a hafe dozen beers and went home by myself wondering why life is so shity sometimes. When I got there thier was red paint sprayed all over my trailer, it said (FUCK YOU) right on my fucking front door. Then I remembered it was Hollawene. Goddam kids!

Sun., Nov. 1 Well Carolyn come by the Bar tonight and said she had to work on Friday and Saturday which I find kind of suspicious being she's so rich. But she heard me out and said it was a good idea only she didn't really have any mony, she was borrowing from her parents to suport herself and Lisa and get herself through college and wants to pay them back soon as she gets a good job. I didn't know weather to believe her or not but she was so goddam friendly and you should have seen all those guys in the bar staring at me sitting there with this gorjes chick that I couldn't just call her a liar to her face. So we shook hands and she told me she thought Peggy was a lovely person and wished us the best.

Mon., Nov. 2 Peggy came by to say she don't think we should see each other for awile, she says she's too busy and that I ain't showing enough intrest in her. I ax her what she means and she says all I talk about is myself and my car and my new moter and now the party boat I want to buy with Stanley. I said that ain't fair cause I'm just trying to get established. Well we went on like that for awile and then the truth come out. She didn't say it this way exackly but I ain't stupid, I can figure out what's going on. She's been pretending to get real sweet with that Jim Hawkins trying to get on his Mom's good side, that's what it's all about. So I told her she don't owe me nothing, she can clear out of my life if that's what she wants. I don't need her one goddam little bit. So she run out crying and I don't give a shit.

Tues., Nov. 3 Wimmen are all alike, all they want is mony. I been about as nice to Peggy as a guy could be and she turns on me, she throws me over for a fukkin piss-ass little jerk-off just cause his old lady owns a goddam fancy restaurant. Red-headed bitch better stay the hell away from me, I smacked her once and I'll smack her again. No, I won't. I cut school again tonight.

Wed., Nov. 4 Stanley was waiting for me at the de-purashen plant when I finished today, he says he's got to know by Saturday if I can get the mony. I told him to forget it, I'd rather just dig clams anyway, too much troubel worrying about a big boat and satisfying the customers all the time. Me, I just gotto dig my clams and bring them in to the

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plant, that's all, no partners to worry about. But Stanley he don't give up that easy and he said he wants to meet Peggy and just talk to her so I thought what the hell, it can't do no harm. So we walked on over to the Admiral Benbow (I checked the spelling on the sine out front) and went over to a door where some guy was puting out the garbage and we stepped right into the kichen and thier was Peggy standing over one of them big stainless steel gas ranges stirring about six diffrent pots at once and shouting orders at two guys that looked like dishwashers and a coupel waitruses. Well I was impressed. She seen us and said we couldn't stay their but I spoke real sweet to her and said (please) and before you know it she agreed to meet us out on the dock soon as she could take a brake. So we went out there and waited for a hafe hour before she came out. But she didn't like Stanley's stile, I could tell that, he thinks he's real smoothe with the girls but he sound-ed fonier than a pecker on a clam to me. So what it all comes down to is she don't want nothing to do with the party boat idea, she's gonna save her mony to buy up an intrest in the restaurant, I can't really blame her, I said, and then she ax real nice if she could come over after work and spend the night with me. Stanley he about shit in his pants cause I guess he didn't believe a women cute as Peggy would care anything at all about a big mean looking basterd like me.

Thursday, Nov. 5. Well I dragged my tired ass around the river all day today cause me and Peggy stayed up so late talking last night. She finally told me what's really been bugging her. She was scared that if she ever got pregnant, I'd skip out just like I skipped out on Carolyn. I told her I wouldn't do that to her, if she gets pregnant, we'll get married. Besides, I started sending Carolyn some money to help out with Lisa cause I just found out she was supporting the kid all by herself. Well that really made Peggy turn sweet and sexy again. She ax me if I'd marry her someday even if she wasn't pregnant. I said yes so now we're engaged.

Dear Ms. Klinger;

I won't be in class no-more cause next week I start washing dishes four nights a week at the Admiral Benbow. I really need the money. I'm leaving my journal on your desk so you can see how evrything turned out with Peggy. Thanks for teaching me how to spell and do word problems. If I fail my GED I'll come back next year and hope I get you again.

Your favrit (ha-ha) student,
Tim the Clammer