

One of the men screamed, "AIEE," and another shouted, "PLAY THAT SQUEEZE BOX, BROTHER, PLAY THAT SQUEEZE BOX."

The little man did.

Trina threw her cigarette down and blew a long cloud of smoke into the air, looking disgusted. "God, this is so gross," she said. Her friend Nichole nodded in agreement, saying, "She's ugly, isn't she?"

#### A DRIBBLE, A DROPLET

Ruth and Ellis were involved in sex play: not intercourse, not procreation — sex play. They needed a post-vasectomy semen sample to give to the lab, to see if Ellis still had it.

Ellis held the little jar.

Ruth worked.

Ellis moaned and said, "Faster."

Ruth did something nasty, something Ellis had always loved. It made him crazy and it made him slow with the little jar. The first glob shot into the air like an amoeba on the wing, looping over Ruth's head and dropping down behind her onto the rug. She grabbed his hand and positioned it to catch the remains: a dribble, a droplet.

She held it up to the light as Ellis laid back and gasped on the bed. "Hope it's enough," she said.

Ellis drove it down to the lab. The white-coated woman held it up to the light, inspecting it like it was a shot of whiskey. She frowned, and seemed to be about to say something when Ellis cut her off: "Hope it's enough," he said, grinning sheepishly.

She shrugged her shoulders and took it to the back.

The lady lab techs got a kick out of his sample. They kept laughing at the jar with its little dribble in the bottom, saying, "What a stud, what a stud," and, "You don't wanna roll with this Ellis character, he'll blow your damned head off, he will."