

The Other Guy

by Shane Sanford

Mike slides the perspiring emerald green beer bottle across the counter to my hand and I nod, appreciatively. It's karaoke night, so conversation with Mike proves rather difficult, but every now and then he manages to squeeze in a quick, "So how's the family, buddy?" or "Whatcha been workin' on lately?" over some guy's slurred rendition of The Rolling Stones' "Start Me Up" from up on the poorly lit stage. But just like that, Mike's gone again, splashing together clear liquids from tall bottles over ice for a couple of underage-looking delinquents.

When Mike comes back, he places in front of me a shot glass filled with this murky brownish substance.

I ask him what it is.

He says it's a Blowjob.

"A what?" I ask.

Mike repeats himself, this time a little clearer. "A Blowjob."

"I didn't order this," I say.

"I know," Mike says and then points down the bar at a chiseled-faced blonde guy who waves his arms in the air as if to flag me down. "It's from him."

I quickly divert my eyes to the label on my beer and begin picking at the upper corner of it. "No," I say. "I don't want it."

"You're supposed to shoot it without using your hands," Mike says.

To the peeling label I say, "No," and I can feel my face glowing red and my body pulsate as the dude on stage, who uses the mic stand as a third leg, screeches, "you make a grown man cry." "I said I don't want it," I snap. "Now get it away from me."

Through the corner of my eye I see the blonde guy still waving his arms around, now more frantically than before. I take a few heavy swigs and hear the blonde guy yell something and I think, great. Just great. Now, I'm no homophobe, believe me. I mean, I support gay marriage and I've had a couple friends before who talked with heavy lisps. No big deal, but this is not what I had planned. Nowhere near. All I want is a couple frosties and a friendly chat with my pal, Mike. But no, tonight I am the target of some crazy homosexual fantasy.

"Hey, man," Mike sympathizes. "I'm just taking orders here. I didn't..."

As Mike says this, the blonde guy stops waving his arms and cups his hands around his mouth, forming a cone and yells, "Hey, Mike!"

I yank the label completely off my bottle, then chug the remaining contents while the blonde guy yells again, this time louder. "Hey, Mike!" he bellows. "Not him, you idiot! The other guy!"

Mike snatches the shot glass and sets it in front of a well-groomed businessman beside me who suggestively wraps his mouth over the rim and then cocks his head up. The businessman,

using only his mouth, gently places the empty glass back on the bar, and then waves flirtatiously to the blonde guy. I stare at the naked and empty beer bottle cradled in my hands.

I wonder what's in a Blowjob.