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Shooting the Shit

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Shooting the Shit

Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"I know I could have her any time that I want and I know that she wants me even more. Don't mistake my certainty for over-confidence or a cocky sort of attitude 'cause I ain't about all that. Fact is, I can tell just by looking at a girl's eyes whether she want to bed me or not. Anyway, as if I needed to explain myself to you in the first place. You should be so lucky that I tell you anything at all. I mean, this is my life that you're reading about isn't it? I never really could figure out why people sit down with their pen and paper thinking that their words mean something. 'Cause as soon as idiot knuckle heads like you get a hold of the stuff it's as worthless as Christianity in Ethiopia everyone anticipates this great exchange, when all it ever amounts to is all take and no give. But like I was saying, this girl needs me real bad, right? And she's been sending the eye through this here crowded room all night long. You know, one of those sorry-ass stuffy inner-city houses that have "College-Dormers-Living-Off-Campus-For-The-Semester" written all over them. And, as if the requisite dart board and too-cheesy-for-me portable bar with neon lights isn't bad enough they've seen to it to invite every beer-suckin, titty-twistin, exam-flunking dork on campus. And so I'm wondering (don't bother me, okay): Self, would you bother moving off campus and endure extra commutes just so that you could not-quite-afford to drag everyone else off of campus to come to your house? But my self can't answer that question right now because the girl with the moist panties is staring me in the eye again. Well, like I said, she wants my sex something fierce. I almost never have to ask for it. Actually, I don't ever have to. Only sometimes I do it to humor the other person. Can you believe it? She's actually coming over here to me right now. I hate to say it, but I told you ... wait a minute, I don't have to say it because you've probably read it somewhere before. Anyway I got to go right now to take care of business if you know what I mean, but I'll be back right away."

Cover Page Footnote

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Howard: Shooting the Shit

by Brian P. Howard

I know I could have her any time that I want and I know that she wants me even more. Don't mistake my certainty for over-confidence or a cocky sort of attitude 'cause I ain't about all that. Fact is, I can tell just by looking at a girl's eyes whether she want to bed me or not. Anyway, as if I needed to explain myself to you in the first place. You should be so lucky that I tell you anything at all. I mean, this is my life that you're reading about isn't it? I never really could figure out why people sit down with their pen and paper thinking that their words mean something. 'Cause as soon as idiot knuckle heads like you get a hold of the stuff it's as worthless as Christianity in Ethiopia everyone anticipates this great exchange, when all it ever amounts to is all take and no give. But like I was saying, this girl needs me real bad, right? And she's been sending the eye through this here crowded room all night long. You know, one of those sorry-as-shit inner-city houses that have "College Dormers Living Off-Campus For The Semester" written all over them. And, as if the requisite dart board and too-cheesy-for-me portable bar with neon lights isn't bad enough they've seen to it to invite every beer-suckin, titty-twistin, exam-flunking dork on campus. And so I'm wondering (don't bother me, okay): Self, would you bother moving off campus and endure extra commutes just so that you could not-quite-afford to drag everyone else off of campus to come to your house? But my self can't answer that question right now because the girl with the moist panties is staring me in the eye again. Well, like I said, she wants my sex something fierce. I almost never have to ask for it. Actually, I don't ever have to. Only sometimes I do it to humor the other person. Can you believe it? She's actually coming over here to me right now. I hate to say it, but I told you...wait a minute, I don't have to say it because you've probably read it somewhere before. Anyway I got to go right now to take care of business if you know what I mean, but I'll be back right away.

Well, did you find anything interesting enough to keep your pathetic little selves occupied while yours truly was away sexing that girl's brains out? I didn't think so. Hell, if you actually had anything worthwhile in your entire lives to do would you spend so much time reading what other people felt important enough to them to write down? It seems to me that if everyone wasn't so damn sorry then they would be more concerned with living that with reading what other people think about it. Oh so you're just dying to know how she was right? Look at your cheap, dirty selves. All you care about is satisfying the id. Instead of worrying about what this or that person did or didn't do why don't you go out and get some for yourself. Besides, one thousand thirsty camels couldn't have brought her to orgasm as many times as I did. My gynecologist says to be careful, I could catch something doing that all of the time, but what have I got to lose? The way I see it, if you're going down make sure that you're in first class and everyone else is with the baggage.

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I don't want to throw you poor excuses for breathing beings to the wind right now, but I have to go. My little girl is at home and the sitter said some shit about needing to go to a movie with her boyfriend at eleven and would I please hurry home. Oh, and by the way, after I walk out that door, don't start talking about me like a bunch of whining dogs with tails between your legs. By all means, throw your shit up on the table top and scream like hell. You're still alive!.

P.S. If you could see me you'd want me real bad too. And who knows, if you were lucky I'd want you back. But that can never happen because I'm giving something to you and you're taking it blindly. I see you only in that I know your kind, but you'll never see me. It will always be all take and no give.