Just Wear It

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

"The condom shape sticks out against the sleek, shiny black color of the car. No signs of rust, no hints of dents, just smooth curves. If the bumper sticker hadn’t been readable, this car would have been going at least 20 miles over the speed limit. It was racing while just sitting still."

Cover Page Footnote
The condom shape sticks out against the sleek, shiny black color of the car. No signs of rust, no hints of dents, just smooth curves. If the bumper sticker hadn’t been readable, this car would have been going at least 20 miles over the speed limit. It was racing while just sitting still.

This car pleases tunnels whenever it drives through. No wonder it is telling people to be safe. The tinted windows hint that this car is used for more than just driving around. Some college student’s “shaggin’ wagon”? Quite possibly so. Does the driver practice what he preaches?

The window is open; you reach inside and now the door is unlocked. It won’t hurt if you just take a quick peek inside. The door is opened and a strong burst of Aspen cologne almost knocks you back onto the pavement. You take the seat behind the wheel and a small wisp of vanilla touches your nose hairs. Another smell is drifting up from the back seat. It’s unclear, until you look back and notice opened condom wrappers sprinkled around. The third smell was that pungent aroma known as sex. So, that’s what that smells like.

With the soft seats and the smooth leather, you find it hard to blame him for using the car as his bed. The bottle of Aspen cologne is slowly draining from a small crack onto the front seat. Hmm... why is there a purse next to it? Maybe it’s his girl-friend’s.

Uh-oh. She’s coming back now with his keys to get her purse. She looks like she’s in a hurry. Her short blonde hair is being swept back by the wind while the same gust puffs out her peasant top. You’re out of the car and standing beside it now. She’s almost standing next to you.

“Hey, do you like my car?” she asks you with a wide grin.

“Yeah, your car is awesome,” you reply, confused by your encounter.