

This big biker-looking guy checked in tonight, sounded like a frog who smoked. Eventually I asked him how many people the room was for and he said it was just he and his wife. He continued quickly, just before she came in, “Yep, she’s sharp as a marble, but if she were any smarter she’d leave me.”

JAKE AND THE BEASTALK

Now I don’t wanna be blasted for stereotyping, but Jake Spakowski was of Polish ancestry and he wasn’t all that intelligent. He lamented this fact every single night he pushed his cleaning cart around ***BRINKS CO.*** the six-story office building he cleaned between 10:00 p.m. and 6:00 a.m., five days and forty hours a week (and no more because the company he worked for frowned on overtime). The office building he cleaned was infested with cubicles that seemed to stretch for miles and miles some nights, mostly when he hadn’t had much sleep that day.

Sleeplessness came in two forms. First Yolanda, his womanfriend of three-and-one-half months, would many times make sweet, lustrous love to him all day—what she called “Vanilla Midnight.” Second was “Vanilla Midnight” itself—the bright-burning, mad-cackling, living world of the day. His apartment’s atmosphere was composed of many many noises: neighbor’s television sets squawking; trains rumbling; couples fighting; children playing; dogs barking; birds chirping; car engines motor-ing; floorboards creaking; refrigerators humming; electricity flowing; mice scurrying; cockroaches farting; protons and neutrons colliding; and atoms bouncing. And if all happened to be quiet, his ears would still be ringing just to keep the spirit of the daytime alive. Day brought the war while night brought the peace. It was hard to sleep while wars were being fought. It was hard to sleep when one’s head wouldn’t turn off. It was hard to sleep when he worried so much about losing his womanfriend,

Yolanda, who he so desperately wanted to treat like a queen.

"*And I am a queen Honey!*" she'd always say when he'd tell her how much he wished he could give her more.

She worked at the post office, made double what he made. Like most people, he was brainwashed by capitalistic society into thinking money was what counted (something he could do little about since he hadn't even graduated from high school)—not love, not tenderness, not heart, not caring, not trying, not laughing. Well, anyway, Jake had learned about money's merit from more than a few grubbing women. That's half the reason he began to work at night, half the reason he gave up on the world. He just wanted things to be true. By himself, things were true. There was no truer true than loneliness.

So one day, Jake spotted Yolanda at the post office. Her lush lips, easy way and buxom curves called him like a steaming stack of pancakes calls a lumberjack. For eight months he would mail each of his bills by hand on different days, buying one stamp at a time, always waiting in Yolanda's line. Then, a few months ago on February 14th, he went into the post office with his water bill and a red envelope containing one Valentine for a Ms. Yolanda White (that's what it said next to the rainbow sticker on her name tag).

He handed it to her and asked, "How much is first-class postage straight to your heart?"

She blushed, her coconut-brown skin actually flooding with redness. That's when he knew he had her. The next day they went out to lunch. The day after that he was feeding her his Polish sausage in the back of a small, red, white and blue postal truck. Now Jake may not have had the greatest hair-line, wasn't exactly Paul Neuman or even Drew Carey for that matter, but he had a great, giant cock.

"*Oh Honey, that would cost at least \$5.10 to mail, and that's third class!*" Yolanda exclaimed when she first saw his shlong.

Truth was Yolanda loved dick. Day and night, night and day—*dick dick dick and more dick* floated through her head. The girl knew what she liked and she wasn't afraid to admit it. That's how they ended up on a pile of mail in the back of a postal truck on the second date. Jake was her Prince Valiant, her night in a shining janitor's jump suit, *and man-oh-man did he have a lance*. Yolanda

wasn't going to let him go if she could help it. Even if he didn't have a single penny to his name, ever did or ever would, he still had the pot of gold between his legs.

Jake was scared he'd lose his Love Muffin, the one person who made him happier than eating ice cream when he was six. He wanted to give her things, but he had trouble just paying his bills. One night he decided he would make her a documentation of his love...

He flipped off the static-spiced version of "One Night in Bangkok" playing from the little portable radio hanging on his cleaning cart so he could more easily hear anyone who might intrude on his venture. A hum of computer terminals and regurgitating fax machines stung the air. His feet carried him over to the copy machine situated in the middle of the sea of facelessness that was this 5th floor office. He understood this was a risky endeavor. He knew that someone could walk in at any moment. But that never happened and he was sure it wouldn't happen that evening. The only thing he had to worry about was leaving evidence, particularly a stray pubic hair, on or around the copier. He didn't need or want to go there, so he planted the fact in his head that he was going to scour the scene for evidence after he was done.

He flipped on the copier and the office's heart started to pulse with a high-pitched *whirrrrrrrrrrrr*. He hit a button on the copier marked "**SIZE.**" The blue-dotted digital read-out on the copier jumped from **8 1/2" x 11"** to **9" x 12."** He kicked off his old high-tops and unzipped his jump suit. It fell to his feet and left him standing there with all he had to bare. Quickly, he rolled one of the worker's chairs next to the copier. Jake jumped up on the seat, lifted the copier's top, and noticed his apprehensive reflection on the machine's glass surface. Positioning himself was more awkward than he imagined. Adrenaline raced as he laid his meaty member on the glass copying surface. His thighs strained to hold steady as he planted his feet on the chair. He pressed the green key and the long light of the copier blazed with brightness, sliding under the glass and sending a surge of fire through Jake's titanic tenderloin. The light's intense white-

hot heat hurt, but so did love. He backed away from the copier. His hot dog felt burnt. A piece of paper slid out of the machine and had only a fuzzy image of half his dick. Sure, the general thickness of his weapon was captured, but it was only half there. That was like quitting a mystery halfway through, you'd never find out who committed the crime. Jake wanted his love to have a magnificent momento of his member. He would have to go to another position with the copier, doggy-style just wasn't cutting it.

He decided to sit on the copier to make sure **IT** was all there. And not only would she have his whole sensual snake, she would receive his *balls bonus pack* at no additional charge. And to top it all off, some of his ass and legs would also be there, which would lead to better exposure. *What a great plan.* His dick pulsed. The heat of the copy bulb goaded him to get this acrobatic feat over with quickly. He made sure the digital read-out still read **9"x12"**. He spun around and sat on the glass, made sure his cannon and balls were between the delineated copy margins and pressed the green button. The bright, beaming light of the copy bulb went into action and it looked as if The Second Coming of Christ was happening between his legs. He felt the heat of the light and hoped this would be the last copy that needed to be made. The bulb moved closer and closer to his nuts. The burning intensity made the rapidly moving light seem like it decided to mimic a methodical inchworm.

"*C'mon babyyyyy!*" passed through Jake's head.

"**FUUUUCK!!!**" was the next thing that

screamed through his lips as Jake fell through the glass copying surface.

His balls came to rest on the blazing-hot bulb. One shard of glass dug into his shaft like a Cajun Chef was preparing to stuff spices under a game bird's skin. Another piece gave Jake an episiotomy for a baby he wasn't going to have. As the skin bubbled on his balls, the putrid smell of melting flesh, burning hair and scalding blood made the janitor hurl vomit from his screaming mouth. He was going to have trouble explaining this one to Yolanda in the morning.