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Happy Y2K4

As the clock struck twelve, Harold's semen gushed into Gissalayne's vagina, and it was suddenly January First of the Year Two Thousand and Four. The Fourth Year of the Millennium had come at last, and so had Harold.

Gissalayne was a woman of passion who prided herself on being a tiger in the bedroom of every man she had ever loved and there had been a few. To celebrate Y2K4 she had flown from her laptop PC in Rochester, New York to Seattle, Washington to meet her latest Most Significant sugarcone.com Pen Pal, with every intention of living up to her reputation.

After the few first days, gray clouds had set in, thicker than those that characteristically gloomed over both Seattle and Rochester, and as far as Gissalayne was concerned, the affair had risen and set.

The letdown was more than she could bear. No wild thrashing and kicking, no toe-locks or teeth-clenching; not even a chance for one of her earsplitting screams that started low and ascended two octaves to an extraordinary High 'C' at the point where she finally reached climax. Poor Harold. Poor Gissalayne. In the two weeks they'd spent together—she had arrived before Christmas, using paid vacation plus holiday time off from her

career counseling job at Hook, Line & Sinkers, LLC – “We give you the rod, you hook the fish”—nothing. God knows, she had been willing.

“Go,” ordered her best friend Maggie. “You need to see if your keyboards really match. It’s time you found the right stud. You can’t go on forever being single and undefined.”

Maggie was right on one score, i.e., scoring, but Gissalayne was beginning to think her best friend was dead wrong if she really believed Marriage/Partnership and Definition were the same thing. If being single meant being undefined, wasn’t this just another way of saying the bonding with a Partner, Husband/Wife or Significant Someone instantly delivered to each member a Certificate of Life Purpose? Goals? An Authentic Destiny? For Maggie, pairing up with someone filled the empty Nest and took care of all the nagging from relatives [When are you going to settle down like other girls (women)?] Staying single meant codependence on sex, shopping, food, drugs... anything that plugged up a yawning hormonal hole. Noah of the Old Testament understood. He never would have considered bringing any animal aboard his Ark unless they had a yin for their yang.

Maggie thought the idea of meeting the man of your life over the Internet was outrageous. But then, what was different from meeting him on a blind date or through a dating bureau? argued Gissalayne.

The biological clock was ticking, she reminded herself as she signed up for her sugarcone.com trial membership. If she didn't speed things up a bit, Gissalayne knew she would lose her chance of ever looking like the sister instead of the mother of her children. *What children? What husband? What father?* Maggie had all three. But the problem was, did Gissalayne ever want a husband and father like Maggie's Francis? Did Gissalayne really want Maggie's stay-at-home lifestyle? Isn't that what she counseled hundreds of clients against?

"Get excited about life," Gissalayne instructed her Hook, Line & Sinker clients. "Do what you love to do and the career (and money) will follow." Her advice worked well for everyone but herself. Was it not one of life's little ironies that we choose careers in areas where we may be able to help others but where we're clueless about helping ourselves? It was a well-known fact that priests, ministers and rabbis often choose to "serve God" and teach God's ways because they don't have the foggiest notion who or what God is themselves, except maybe some type of escape from reality: the womb outside the clergy. Psychologists counsel people on relationships and mental problems because they're so fucked-up themselves. Sex therapists are often impotent or sexually joyless.

The point to all this deep thinking was obvious: marriage and family were neither a goal nor a lifestyle but both were something Gissalayne happened not to have and that she wanted. Desperately.

Gissalayne had certainly done everything possible to teach Harold how to make his penis into her joy stick. Had the computer lied, or was it one of those keyboard miscarriages? That this gorgeous hunk whose passionate electronic emissions had captivated her for almost a year should turn out to be a dud instead of a stud.... Where had he plagiarized all those educated emails from, she now wondered. Did he subscribe to a sugercone.com ghostwriting service that for a small but exciting fee, enough to re-stock their raspberry flavored massage oil and roll-on pheromones, did all the work except the fucking itself, for semi-literate studs like Harold?

From the bathing suit jpg posted on facecliff.com, virtually Harold was a Grecian wonder: lots of marbling in the right muscles heroically positioned against a backdrop of drapings. Harold was in the dry cleaning business.

In her heart and the deepest part of her vagina where it ached most, Gissalayne knew Harold was never intended to be her time or place. He needed a woman who could be a true helpmate, someone to complete him. Maybe someone with a Laundromat or car wash franchise.

Gissalayne did not want Completion. She wanted Children. "Someone Up There, or Out There, or Wherever You Are," Gissalayne petitioned silently to the filthy wall of Harold's bedroom, "why hasn't the New Millennium come through for me yet, producing, once and for all and for all time, the Man of my Destiny *and* a Destiny?"

Tears stung Gissalayne's eyes, gluing her mascaraed lashes together in big clumps that probably made her look ugly. Why couldn't she be satisfied just being boring, clueless, mediocre and mundane like most people? She already knew it was because of the mind thing. Alas, the blessing and curse of intelligence in the age of film stars and jocks.

After skip-rope through high school in two years, Gissalayne landed in college with a full scholarship, graduating in another two years. Then she'd set to work at the diploma factory, collecting six post-graduate degrees from universities that were only too willing to claim her brilliance in their alumnae bulletins.

It didn't take long for Gissalayne to realize that PhDs in History of Ideas, Comparative Literature, Art History, Creative Writing, Archaeology and Anthropology were useless when it came to putting bread on the table-- unless you wanted to spend the rest of your life recycling the same curricula to students whose only goal was to get from Monday morning to Friday afternoon. Gissalayne did it for awhile, but the academic heterogenic male

gene pool was either jealous of her brilliance or put off by her sex drive. And fucking the students was, of course, *verboten*.

It wasn't easy teaching people how to think, especially when they hadn't figured out yet why they should do anything in life that they didn't have to, such as earning a living. And the rat race of academia was, well, ratty. She did not like politics, especially when they got dirty. Which was, face it, inevitable. Like panties, drapes and bedspreads, just about anything in life eventually collected some form of collateral. Even drug money needed to be cleaned.

Harold did have one thing going for him: he'd chosen a business that was linked to necessity, at least for Americans, who were notorious for their addiction to sweet-smelling arm-and cockpits.

There was another reason why Gissalayne would never hole herself up in a university. She'd realized a long time ago that only one orifice had real value in this world and nothing should ever compete with the Divinity of that Sacred Hole. Gissalayne had hung around college campuses long enough to know about another hole clearly visible in those musty library stacks overloaded with useless or banal information. That hole was Lack.

The academic version of Lack was a large pit that seemed to collect more emptiness as the years wore on. Academia could be equated with lack of vision, imagination and emotion: the basic ingredients for a good lay and

exciting life. Besides, it had no use for anything that couldn't be validated or footnoted for the next book. And since Gissalayne had learned a long time ago that everything was relative and nothing could actually be validated or proven except uncertainty, all this knowledge and information only represented a large goose egg that translated into "so what?"

Gissalayne was plagued by questions such as: when two people are having sex, what are they supposed to be thinking about? What event should they be attending other than the act itself?

Oral sex was out of the question: Harold was too busy talking, trying to figure out whether he should buy or sell DuPont or Eastman Kodak, or whether Minolta or Hewlett-Packard had the best deal on color laser printers.

Tonight's Intimate Dialogue: "Gissalayne, do you think I can get the same high resolution on those photos of the Grand Canyon at the Food Co-op, or should I spend a little more money and take them to a photo place?"

Gissalayne stopped pumping. Her hands fell away from his balls as she gritted her teeth. "Dear God," she prayed, "tell Harold he needs to say, 'I love you, Gissalayne,' and make it sound as if he means it."

Harold twisted her right nipple and stroked her left thigh. "The last time I took some film to a more expensive place they turned out lousy. It couldn't have been the camera. It was my Nikon with the special zoom lens attachment."

Teach Harold about passion before I scream out of frustration and bail out of this damn waterbed or puncture it with Harold's nail clippers and drown both of us. And that's a threat.

"Can we postpone this conversation, Harold?" she moaned as Harold let out a soft fart and wheeled his computer keyboard over the edge of the bed.

Harold's bedroom was a second office, kitchen and dumpster. The waterbed was floating in a sea of trash--mail order catalogs, coupons, supermarket receipts and breakup letters from other sugarcone.com hopefuls. Probably as many as 32 flavors, Gissalayne concluded disgustedly a couple days ago when she'd plowed through the piles to clear a path to the bed.