

It was easy to make Mike puke. He was a 16-year-old dishwasher at the restaurant where I was a manager, back in the days before I went and got myself a collidge edgucasson. To give you an idea of what a bright young man he was, one time after he'd spent several hours washing dishes he came to me trembling, holding his hands away from his body.

"What's wrong with my fingers?" he asked, wagging his decidedly prunish digits.

"Hmmm," I said, "looks like leprosy to me."

His brow furrowed and he went back to the sink to ponder it. Several minutes later he came back near tears. "Um..." he stammered. "Can I call my mom?"

Yeah, he was a bright shining star, the future of our nation. I could tell more Dumbass Mike stories, like the one about the time he forgot he had a panic button on his belt. You know what a panic button is-- they look like pagers except they have a button. They're part of the security system. While you're being robbed, you press the panic button and the system calls the cops for you.

Anyway, he called several hours after he'd clocked out. "Um... ygrii?" I could tell by the sound of his voice he was distressed. "I took the panic button home with me and my dad's been pressing it. Will that cause any problems?"

I had to improvise. And it had to be realistic. "Yeah," I said coldly.

"There's a problem all right. The fucking COPS are here, and they're PISSED! What am I supposed to tell them?"

"Look, man," he pleaded. "Don't tell them it was me, okay? I've been in

enough trouble already. One more time and I have to go to the boys' home."

Yeah, this is Hicksville. It's still called The Boys' Home. It's up by Terre Haute.

"I can't help it," I told him. "They want to talk to you. Hold on." I put the phone on the desk, ignoring his soft whining. I summoned Matt, who used to be pretty smart before he fried his brain on cheap acid. As I filled Matt in on the situation, his grin grew wider and meaner.

"Yeah," he said. "I can do that."

He picked up the phone and spoke in a voice much larger and harder than I thought possible. "YOUNG MAN," he began. "Do you know what a pain in the ass you are? Do you think I have the time to chase down false alarms like this? I oughta come over there and kick your stupid little ass, you piece of shit. DO YOU HEAR ME? Calling in a false alarm is a felony punishable by up to TEN YEARS IN PRISON. Do you wanna be a fucktoy in the state prison system?"

As I listened on the other phone, Mike's voice grew smaller and meeker. "yes sir.... no sir... no sir.... no sir...." I couldn't hold it any more. As soon as Matt said "fucktoy" I lost it. I brayed laughter and hung up.

Yup, Mike was an idiot. But that's not what I wanted to tell you about. As I stated before, it was easy to make Mike puke. Pouring salt into his drink was guaranteed a few gags. Telling a gross story also turned his face green. Many times I walked around the corner to the hand sink to find a grayish-pink broth full of gray and green chunks sprayed across the porcelain. "MIKE!" I'd shout. "Come clean up your mess." And here he'd come, face gray, already choking back bile. He'd half-heartedly wipe at the mess and wash some of it down the drain before running to the trash can to hose

in the rest of his lunch.

Part of the menu at this restaurant was fried chicken. In the bottom of the fryer was a pump and filter assembly used to clean the oil after every day. When done with this task, a thick light brown layer of used chicken breading, livers, fat, skin, and filth was in the bottom of the tank. Except for the large chunks of offal, it looked just like peanut butter fudge. I eyed this sludge one night and bet Mike ten bucks he couldn't eat a mouthful without puking. For some reason he took me up on the bet.

I scooped out a hellish portion and handed it to him. He closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and popped it in his mouth. He chewed a few moments, his face turning that shade of gray, yellow, and green I'd grown to love so well. He had to swallow three times, but he got it down. Tears rolled down his cheeks and he uttered a long, low, froggy belch. He held his stomach and leaned forward a bit. Chortling with glee, I announced Mike was about to puke, but to my dismay, he held it back.

He opened his eyes. "There ya go, motherfucker," he said. "Gimme my ten bucks." I handed over the money and went to the office to count money and glower. The more I thought about Mike happily pocketing my ten bucks, the more sullen and resentful I became. Finally I locked the money in the safe and went to the back where Mike was cleaning the filtering machine.

"Ohhhh, Mike," I moaned, leaning forward with my hands on my knees. "I don't feel good...."

"Shut up," he growled, beginning to turn gray again.

"No, really," I moaned, letting a long stream of sticky drool patter to the tile floor. "I don't... ULP!" I imitated gagging sounds and horked up a big

chunk of lung butter, letting it slide over my lip and splat on the toe of my shoe.

"Shut uuuuggghhhhh....." Mike dug in his pocket for my ten bucks and threw it on the floor, then ran to the bathroom, slipping in a small pool of his own vomit from earlier in the night he hadn't cleaned up yet. He came back a few minutes later, scrubbing his mouth with the back of his hand and beginning to look a healthier shade of gray.

"Feel better?" I asked.

"Bastard," he said, and belched a bitter squirt of bile into his mouth. He swallowed with a grimace and went back to cleaning the filtering machine.

When Mike first came to work there, he was a stocky boy just beginning to tend toward chubbiness. After a few months of me sadistically making him puke every chance I had, he had dropped thirty pounds and was beginning to look skinny. Life's eddying currents took us in different directions not long after that. He moved on to become a small-time drug dealer, and I quit my pathetic job. (Actually, I was fired, but what the fuck...)

A few years later I was attending classes at a shitty little local juco. One day, to my surprise, I ran into Mike, who was attending classes there, too. He'd put the weight back on, plus a few pounds. Within a few weeks I started seeing graffiti on the bathroom walls dedicated to Mike. Apparently, he was earning some repute as a cocksucker.

I like to think I'm the one responsible for his mastery over the gag reflex which allowed him to develop this particular talent. If so, I've made my contribution to gay culture. I just wonder how good a cocksucker he is.

~With the kindest permission from my older bro... Signed: NemesisC128