



USED TO WALK A MILE

It's odd, what our mind conjures up at times; and no offense to the classy ladies out there reading this. I only talk of the easy, loose girls...

For some reason I was thinking of what I used to do for girls earlier -- how I used to literally walk miles, even in a snowstorm that covered the ground in nearly three feet of snow, just to see one. This had taken place at a time when the alternator (and fuel pump; I discovered later) was giving me trouble on my car.

I was 17.

I could see myself telling one of my sons today: "Back in my day, we couldn't just dial up some cat on the smartphone. I had to walk three miles, in the snow, to hook-up with some cat."

There's ... all sorts of "old-school" comparisons:

"Back in my day, we couldn't just log in to the Facebook, to find the local skank the junkies all passed around. No. We had to actually go out, and ask, word of mouth. Find out where the girl lived, or worked. You couldn't just login and find her location posted, or where she worked. You had to ask your buddies."

I'm ... speaking in general there. No names.

"Back in my day, I had to woo her with Wendy's dollar menu, and aimless drives around town, or the country."

"And we didn't have all these meth-whores, or meth-mommas (a girl that goes for guys that are meth-heads because she can't get any otherwise, she has to go for what she can because she's their slump-buster). No. We had genuine skanks: girls that just did it because they didn't know anything else better to pass their time with. God forbid that they talk, or do something constructive - getting attention, and laid, was just too easy. This being the pre-Internet, pre-PS4, generation. But, you know what son - we didn't need to do meth, crack, or take any damned pills, or drink to get our girls - these days the skanks are so strung out that they can't even see who's coming or whose going, they aren't even aware, or care."

"These days, flash a smile, tell them they're pretty, and how all those other guys are trash -- and bam, you're in line. Usually she's strait out of jail herself, and you gotta hurry before she goes back, because you usually don't have long."

"No, son. The girls in my time had class. They made you work for it - these white trash girls today, just make you show up."