



Cow Tipping

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To Tyson, who still thinks I can't write science fiction.

Cow Tipping

The papers call it anal probing instead of sodomy. It's almost funny. I guess if you call sticking your dick in the ass of an animal anal probing, then it's anal probing. It's become more of a rite of passage now, I guess. Instead of cow tipping or a circle jerk, it's anal probing. In my father's day, it was drinking and abduction. They'd strip their captive down, and drop them in a humiliating pose against a tree in the middle of nowhere. Come on, it's funny.

My first time was anything but funny. It only took three or four drinks for the subject to come up.

"Bishop, come on."

"We just got here, man." I was talking to Brea Mason and I could tell I was getting somewhere, not that it took much to get somewhere with Brea.

"Bishop."

I excused myself and turned toward my asshole friend. An evil smile crossed my face and I talked through my teeth.

"Listen, P. I'm finally getting my shot at Brea. You fuck that up... "

I was abruptly interrupted, "Bishop, come on, man."

P. smiled and grabbed me across the shoulders. I turned in his hold and threw my arms up in the air in Brea's direction. She smiled and waved good-bye smiling slightly at my misfortune, which I knew would turn into some other sap's good luck. On our way through the crowd to the door, we picked up two more friends that smiled and giggled as they pushed me towards P.'s Cruiser. We piled in, lit up a bowl, and were off before I could even mount a protest.

"Man, people are stupid," P. announced as he drove.

I slouched in my seat so I could see nothing but the stars whizzing by overhead.

"No shit," laughed Larry passing the pipe and choking simultaneously.

"Bishop, what do you think, man?"

"What?"

"People... ?"

I smiled and laughed at the question knowing full well that P. was trying to get me ranting. Ever since the first time we'd gotten high, he'd love to get me going.

"There's been a decline, that's for sure."

P. and the others chuckled through tight lips.

"It's simple genetics, really. You can't have your intelligentsia controlling their portion of the population, while the unwashed masses are dropping out kids as often as they bathe. Sooner or later, the gene pool becomes the gene puddle."

Les popped a beer and handed to the front adding, "Fucking a-right."

"And, the intelligentsia is too caught up in patting themselves on the back to do anything about it. They just shake their head and move to a new neighborhood where the problem doesn't stare them in the face every morning. It's sad, really. A perfectly good civilization eating itself." My wise-guy chuckle, a steady pause as it sunk in, then laughter as it registered.

Les leaned up and slapped me on the shoulder, "But, they got good drugs, man."

"Ask the moron how he got that way, and he'll show you."

P. laughed as I tipped the beer back to get the last few solid drinks, "How the fuck did you get that way, Bishop?"

The world as we knew it disappeared in the next few seconds of

laughter. We just looked at one another, gasped for air every few seconds, and laughed. Eyes watered. But just as fast as the laughter erupted, it quieted. We all settled into our seats and stared at the sky as it streaked by. Every few minutes the silence would be broken by the hush of a beer opening, but no one flinched. The white streaks in the sky became increasingly blurry, until all eyes were closed.

The Cruiser slid on to the dirt road and stopped instantaneously. The lights pushed the dirt into the sky around the Cruiser. The dust settled. P. tapped me on the shoulder and pointed through the window.

"There."

The truck looked abandoned at first. Then, it started to sway. The windows were starting to fog as we slipped out of the Cruiser and slithered up to the truck. We struggled for position around the baby-blue Ford. The paint almost glowed in the moonlight.

A piercing scream came from P.'s side of the truck. The door closest to me swung open. Before the boy could whisper a syllable, Larry had him slammed against the rear quarter panel. My body cringed. The girl kept screaming. I saw a frightened tear run down the face of the boy. He mumbled slightly.

"Bishop, come on!"

The girl had slipped from P.'s grasp, and he needed help retrieving her.

"Go ahead, I've got this one." Larry smiled.

I could hear the rip of the boy's pants as Larry commenced with anal probe.

By the time I caught up to P. and Les, P. was sitting on top of the girl. He toyed with her, pulling at her hair and pinching her sides, laughing the whole time. As soon as he heard me coming, he pulled her up off the ground and forced her over a fallen tree.

"This one's yours, Bishop." P. let out a raspy, exhausted laugh.

I stood, petrified.

"What the fuck is your problem, man? Do you know how good-looking she is? Oh, of course you don't. You've got nothing to compare her to."

Now, it was P.'s turn to rant. His eyes turned black, and lost their mischievous shine. His lips tightened and his face tensed. He continued his rampage until I reached for the girl's skirt. Then, silence. Well, not exactly silence. I could hear the water rushing in the nearby creek. I felt a bead of sweat finally dive from the top of my head to my brow, and the slimy pressure of the anal probe.

After what seemed like an eternity, my body spasmed knocking my legs out from underneath me. P. caught me. He laughed and made a comment, but I was deaf. P. put his arm around my shoulders and started pulling me back to the Cruiser. He slapped my chest a few times. I could see he was enjoying a hearty laugh, but I could hear nothing except the rushing of the creek. I looked back at the girl only to see Les carrying her back towards her truck.

Larry was easing the door of the truck shut as we passed him. Then, he helped Les place the girl. They both looked asleep.

"Damn straight they're asleep. And when we're gone, they'll be right back doing what they were doing when we showed up."

P. could see I was a little confused.

He leaned in close to make it clear. "That girl's going to think that guy is the best lover she's ever had. Because as far as they know, they've been fucking for the last three hours."

I wished that what P. was saying would make me feel less dirty, less wrong. P. looked at me and laughed trying to get me to do the same. My skin crawled underneath his arm. But, I did nothing. I slipped back into the Cruiser, grabbed for a beer and the pipe, and slouched back down in my seat for the ride home. P. whistled for the other two to finish up. Les and Larry were laughing as they jumped back into the Cruiser, but were quiet as soon as they realized the mood had soured. The only break in the silence was the Cruiser as it shot off the dusty road into the sky.

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