Alpine

Continued from Page 14

Vincent declined his offer on that point. We thanked him for the information and went on about our way. We walked through the Afro-American residential section, looking, still, not for drugs, but for prostitution.

We came out on Ridgewood again, a few blocks down from where we turned off. We had had no luck in finding a hooker, and the tequila staggered along at a hurried rate, so we turned up the street to head back to the hotel.

We first saw her yelling at the cars on Ridgewood Avenue.
"Heeey, baby, hey baby, let me suck that thing, baby!"
She was subtle!

We stood on the other side of the street, she crossed it, walked up to me and grabbed my crotch.

"What 'choo need, baby, I'll take real good care of ya'll, both of you. Fifty bucks and we go back to my place and you get all you can handle of Carin.

"We've got \$10," Kamper said.
"Ten bucks? Baby, where you think you are? Disneyland?"

I sniggered.

LIFEIN HELL

She continued: "I'll tell ya what you're both cute -- one of ya real fast for 10 bucks.

doubt, to some prostitution savings and loan. She grabbed my arm, pulled me across the street.

"I'll take good care of you Bambam. Yeah, you kinda look like a bam-bam. I'll take real good care of you."

Leaving Kamper in front of the unrobbed convenience store, we went to the back porch of this described by the store of the deserted house. There was a 24hour telephone answering service right next door -- she pulled down

my pants.

Now, some Chinese guy pulled up to deliver food, he stood with his package a mere 15 feet away from me, but choose the standard path of logic in Daytona: He pre-

tended he saw nothing. The wind was blowing, I'd had too much to drink, my biorhythms were low -- I don't know why, but I was not excited. Not one iota. She wiggled her head around making all sorts of noises and it just wasn't going to work. She kept trying for another 10 minutes or so, then she took out a knife.

"Damn, I'm going to have to kill

her," I thought.
"Here, baby, you take this knife,"
she said, opening the blade and
showing it to me there on the dark back porch. The Chinese guy was gone, my pants were around my waist again. I felt relaxed. I took the knife.

Kamper suddenly felt anti-so-cial, so he loaned me the 10 bucks. She did some sort of hand trick with the bill and blew it off, no

free; you're cute, but I need to make a living, ya know?"

Carin and I split up when we came to the front of the house. She took the \$10 from the same secret place with the same secret trick and went to stand with a group of boys farther on down the street. I walked to Kamper, who was standing on another street corner eating a hot dog and drinking a cup of coffee. "How was it?" he asked.

I smiled, showed him the knife. He gave me a look that was wondrous and inquisitive and con-

demning. As we walked back to the hotel, I recounted the incident. We laughed and laughed and laughed.

That's great!" he said, "not only

"It was a good deal," I said, and we laughed some more. The knife turned out to be a \$45 genuine

buck knife. I was pleased.
"This knife will work fine for me when I'm up north. I'm very glad I met Carin.

A month passed slowly, like a sandbar, the wind warmed up and by April it was a full-bloom summer. I walked down Ridgewood, not looking for anything more than a soda. I saw Carin standing on the same piece of sidewalk across the street. She waved and I returned the gesture, crossed the street to talk to her.

GROENING

did you get the experience, but you got the knife, too."

"Baby, it's a slow day. You got 15 bucks? I'll do you full-trip for 15 bucks if you've got it on you. "Nah, I'm okay. Thanks for ask-

ing, though."
"Well, loan me a dollar then!" I loaned her the bill, rather, I gave her a dollar, and I walked across the street to the conven-

ience store The elderly Greek woman sat on a stool in the far corner of the shop. At the register, I soon realized, was the human incarnation of the most beautiful woman ever photographed. I was surprised, shocked and destroyed. She wasn't smiling. In fact she looked sort of ike a sneering, Greek Chihuahua.

She had a bad complexion and had obviously gained 10 or 30 pounds since the picture was taken. I bought my soda, smiled; she didn't return the gesture. I left the convenience store in need of a new Miss Uni-

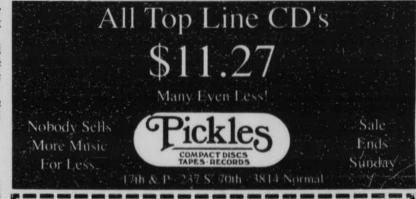
"Mexico, Kamper?"
"Yes, Mexico."
"Soon?"

'Sometime, I'm sure."

"Yeah, someday we'll have those village girls and that tequila."
"Yes. Yes, we will. And if not,

there's always those convenience stores."

Cowan is a senior sociology and English major and a Diversions columnist.





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