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THE ENDLESS ERECTION

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Well, she was in her last year of college training to be an amputee and prosthetic limb consultant. She informed me of this in shouty drunken slur, straight after we'd schnecked our second tequila slammer of the night. I couldn't help it. I couldn't help but make a remark about the two of us being legless. And oh my word, when I heard that laugh of hers the first time, my intoxication was complete.

I said we were having a good old knees-up. I whispered in her ear that it was going tibia good night. There came a point where I couldn't go five minutes without getting a giddy hit of that laughter. Like an addict looking for an untarnished vein, however, I was running out of limbs – fast. I managed to get back to her flat though, while she still just about found me funny. But the problem was we were falling in love by that point. So, we agreed to 'save ourselves', you know? That was a landmark moment and a bit of a first for myself – see, normally when a girl tells me she doesn't want to sleep with me, the circumstances are somewhat more fractious. So, it was just a shitload of kissing, and grabbing of this and “can I see...?” of that. Then she asked me if I was going to write something about the night, and I said yeah – it will be entitled “The Endless Erection”.

I did the walk of fame laughing at the sky, with my arms spread out like wings!

“That's me”, I thought – finally about to settle down with the right girl and become boring, blinded and bereft of all that sense of adventure. Yet... happy! Just like all my loved-up friends are. I was as scared as I was excited, and I poured my heart out to her about it by text as if she'd been my best friend for years – always and forever and all that.

But the bitch never ever answered.

I guess if I was going to make crap jokes about it, I'd say she gave me the cold shoulder... or even the elbow. But no – this was serious. It still is! Because, when I think about that night and look deep into my soul, I know I'll always regret the fact... I'll always regret the fact that I didn't give her the old 'third leg' while I had the fuckin' chance.

THE END