

SMACK MY ASS AND CALL ME SALLY

Fred Yannantuono

*Two demented Cajuns, me,
an island girl who can't
count up to three.*

—ROGER FRENCH

Quite the evening here at Hey José's and here's a cheery thought. I can't recall the last time I had sex. Not the month. Not the year. Are you ready for this? Not the decade. The purple lava lamp shaped like a rocket isn't helping. Nor the margarita. Before me mental nourishment: a panoply of chili pepper bottles, some of which they've used in the burritos: *Big Blaaster*, *Hot Bitch at the Beach*, *Kiss Your Ass Goodbye*, *Red Rectum*, *Screaming Sphincter*, *Anal Armageddon*, *Lawyer's Breath*, and my personal favorite, *Smack My Ass and Call Me Sally*. It's all downhill from here to the ultimate shooter, so I order a third burrito and purchase one *Smack My Ass* (sale price \$7.95) for a gourmand friend who's headed to gourmet. A tiny sober voice suggests it's time to switch to ice cream. Quite the evening here at Hey José's. Solo, sexless, piquant—with a crackling dawn assured.