

**MOSH  
IT UP**

Mosh It Up  
Copyright © 2014 Mindela Ruby

Selections from this book have appeared previously, in slightly different form, in the following publications: FRiGG: A Magazine of Fiction and Poetry, Emprise Review, Jersey Devil Press, Bound Off Audio Magazine, The Binnacle, Medulla Review, r.k.v.r.y. Quarterly Literary Journal, Melusine: Woman in the 21<sup>st</sup> Century, and Arcadia Magazine.

Lyrics taken from the song, WAIT FOR THE BLACKOUT, written by Burns / Millar / Vanian / Gray / Osborn, used by kind permission of Rock Music Company Ltd.

Lyric from AEROPLANE by The RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS, used by kind permission of Moebetoblame Music.

SEX AND CANDY, Words and Music by JOHN WOZNIAK  
Copyright © 1997 WB MUSIC CORP. and WOZNIAK PUBLISHING  
All Rights Administered by WB MUSIC CORP. All Rights Reserved. Used By Permission  
by ALFRED MUSIC PUBLISHING CO., INC.

KARMA POLICE, Words and Music by THOMAS YORKE, JONATHAN GREENWOOD,  
PHILIP SELWAY, COLIN GREENWOOD and EDWARD O'BRIEN  
© 1997 WARNER CHAPPELL MUSIC LTD. (PRS)  
All Rights in the U.S. and Canada Administered by WB MUSIC CORP.  
Used by Permission of ALFRED MUSIC PUBLISHING CO., INC. All Rights Reserved

Lyric from WHILE YOU'RE TWISTING, I'M STILL BREATHING used by kind permission from FishHeadHotDogBurrito Music and surviving members of The Gits: Matt Dresdner, Andy Kessler, Steve Moriarty.

Lyric from DRINKING AND PUKING, by The Disappointments, used by kind permission from Dave DeSanto and Modern Action Records.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner, including electronic storage and retrieval systems, except by explicit written permission from the publisher. Brief passages excerpted for review purposes are excepted.  
All characters appearing in this work are fictitious or used fictitiously. Any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

First Edition Printed and bound in USA  
ISBN: 978-1-940222-70-7

Cover and interior design by Kelsey Rice  
Cover photo by Ted Van Pelt from flickr.com: "Mosh Pit" "Crowd Surfing"

# MOSH IT UP



MINDELA RUBY

*P*

Pen-L Publishing  
Fayetteville, AR  
Pen-L.com

# CONTENTS

Foolproof Antidote to Boredom / 1
A Funhouse Face That Probably Isn't Any Fun / 7
Minoralities / 14
In The Mythic Land of Boop / 22
The Swell Foop / 23
The Onslaught of a Tailspin / 28
Cable Movie of My Life, Act 2, Scene 1000 / 34
Riding The Disorient Express / 35
Prince of Wales / 38
Top Ten Reasons To Hate Ma / 39
Ix-nay on the Urch-chay / 40
TV Shows I Miss Getting to Watch / 46
Phantom Man / 47
Daily Duties at Sada's / 48
Punksploitation/ 49
Infractions Galore / 56
Cable Movie of My Life, Act 3, Scene 1 / 61
Miracle Park Job / 62
Hopeless in St. Henry of Uppsala / 66
A Fantasy Where I'm the Foxy Chick / 72
The \$1,000 Question / 75
The \$1,001 Question / 76
Split the Cheddar / 77
Body Ripper / 81
Precious Moments / 84
Breakfast Orders / 89
Demon Imp / 90
Shopping List / 98
Sparkles. Chameleons. Transparents / 99
Ten Things We Say When Emmie Picks Me Up For Up The Wazoo's Show / 103
Whoever Can Dig It / 104
G-Force and G-Spot At Last / 110
A Naughty Fantasy Where I Get To Be Stoney / 117
Untranslatable Slanguage / 122
Something Transcendental / 126

Cable Movie of My Life, Act 4, Making the Scene /	132
Hope /	134
Unthinkable Bugaboos /	135
Dear Bay Area Legal Aid /	138
Earn My Chit, Sleep With A Pod /	139
Ballyhoo /	143
Dear California Medical Association /	149
I want to be alone /	150
Chewylicious Juggernauts /	151
Steps /	157
Boycott Away /	158
Animal Fun Facts /	161
The Vice-Shedding Fad I'm All Aboard /	162
Fat Loss Crash Diet /	167
In Which I Imagine Emmie's Take on Our Visit To Ma /	168
The \$100,000 Question /	178
Writing and Wronging /	179
Dear Showtime Production Veep /	181
Nymphomaniacs Anonymous Act I /	182
Déja Boo-Boo /	183
Jane Cowpoke /	189
My Lukecold Life /	191
To Whom It May Concern /	192
Putrank /	193
A Qualified Practitioner /	194
How To Feed A Patient in the Advanced Stages of Progressive Systemic Sclerosis to Avoid Her Needing a Feeding Tube /	201
Dear Boopy-Dupe /	202
Things Sada's Ceiling Cracks Look Like at the Witching Hour /	203
Sex Addict Fantasy Interruptus /	204
In the Mythic Land of Boop /	206
Hello, Goodbye, Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous /	207
Cable Movie of My Life, Act 5, Scene to End All Scenes? /	210
1, 2, 3 VOICES /	215
Dear Bridgit /	218
This Fork of Mine and That Spoon of His /	219
About the Author /	227

## FOOLPROOF ANTIDOTE TO BOREDOM

New Guy blows into my neighborhood drink-tank, his sights set on the beer taps. I'm sitting cross-legged on the floor of the bar, solo like him. He's clad in a high-gloss iridescent leather jacket. A big, dark bubble.

He's ready to freddy—I can tell by how he teases at the groin of his jeans and vets the chicks in the joint as he orders up. A couple of barely-drinking-age buffys exit the Ladies' and breeze to the bar. New Guy multitasks, mentally undressing the cuter buff while guzzling his just-served brew.

Not that his cad antics get me hot. Waiting to chat up my friend that works here is all I'm up to. Laying low, biding my time. The giggly career gals on the stools don't notice New Guy leering as they toast whatever the occasion is with mixed drinks. Near the front of the bar, a floozy with mud-color legs pouring out of her tight purple whoredrobe coolly dances her shoulders, which catches New Guy's attention.

All I catch is bartender Tiny's glower. More than once, he's tongue-lashed me for making myself a tripping hazard. Breathing room, I keep telling him—that's the reason the floor is my favorite seat.

Gita, my friend, the waitress, crouches to visit on-the-fly. "Tell me, oh wise one," she says. "Where can people get abortions?"

"You're preggers?"

She nods and pulls a stagy frown.

If I was in Gita's shoes, I could be all over raising my own little baby, though not the wrong way I got mothered. "Near the university on Durant? There's a clinic where I get free AIDS tests. Technically, since it's run by a church, it's anti-choice. What I hear, though, is some clients get referred for D&Cs. You positive that's how you wanna solve this?"

"Thanks, Poop," Gita jokes.

A female rock climber swaggers into the bar and says, "What's up?" to me in a husky voice. If I *was* licky-sticky lusty, the grail I'd crusade for, the person making me gotta, would be New Guy, not this butch girl in shorts. Her gal pal shows up a minute later to join her at a table. Gita hustles to take their order.

Jimmy the Gardener, the other regular in here, keeps his own tabs on the crowd. The working girl with Brandy Alexander foam clinging above her lip treats New Guy to a drunken smile. Jimmy sneers, resenting the male competition. New Guy slides his swill toward the Mai Tai of the buffy with the looks-like-natural-sun-streaked hair. Their cup lips nearly touching, his spit cooties could be transferring to her drink. She shoves her glass away and squinches her sorority buns to the far edge of her stool, next to her friend. New Guy leans toward the girls and runs his mouth about "custom sport truck . . . amateur boxer . . . live nearby?" Before he runs out of pick-up line buzz-kill, the co-eds zip their peach and sea-green hoodies and quit the premises in a pastel minute.

March chill steals into the place as the young-uns make their escape. Tiny blends Margarita slush that he tips into salted glasses—the suit crew's third round, if anyone's counting.

"Hey, Boop," Jimmy calls.

The few weeks I drummed in a band, my stage name was Boop. I still go by the single name. Like Flea. Beck. Bjork.

New Guy glances at Gita, whose dress fits like baby clothes on a bulldog. He gets back in the face of the well-dressed girl with green gills.

"I know from experience," I say to no one in particular, "Long Island tea, Brandy Alexanders, and Margaritas are a lethal mix."

Why be here, when lechers notice everyone but me? When Tiny plays gaggy disco like The Nitro Glitterings? Being home alone feels worse. That's why. And maybe getting crocked is the right idea. Nothing spins my spokes faster than agave tequila.

Gita's not used to me ordering a third drink. I can't really afford such vice. Plus the cops made it clear they'd rather not bust me and have to deal with my step-dad again. He was frothing at the mouth the time he posted my bail for public drunkenness.

But I'm more than one round away from passing out tonight. And a ruttish feeling's coming over me. The last swallow burns like rocket fuel. "Gita!" I gesture with my glass. "Hit me again!"

New Guy looks at me as if at furniture in the corner, his skull bobble-heading to the music. I'm about to tell him, "Quit that, bro," when, flouting the new law, he pulls his smokes from a shirt pocket. There's writing on his neon yellow lighter

that I can't read from way down here. He drags deep off his cigarette, like it's freeing him from pain.

Gita exchanges a fresh glass for my smudged empty. The gold tequila is as still as mercury in mild weather. "Someone's gonna have a good time," she says.

"Surely you must mean me."

She tucks my money down her bodice and crouches. "My name's not Shirley."

I taste my six-buck ounce of drinky-poo and call, "Yo, Tiny! Did Gita get breast implants?" One of my dumb jokes.

Gita punches my shoulder, not playing along. "I'm knocked-up, remember?"

The mustache girl buries her head under her arms. New Guy stubs out his banned smoke and stares into space like he's chillin' or hangin' when I'm certain he wants to be scorin' not chillin'. Humpin', not hangin'. His beer is clamped to his paw like a neck to a choke chain. Poor boy's tense. He heard my comment about Gita's ta-tas. He scores a point for not staring at them.

"Tiny! Play Bad Religion or Rancid. Music with something to say."

Tiny is washing the blender. "Huh?"

I turn to Gita. "No one in here makes requests?"

"For cocktails."

The flesh donut around New Guy's middle overflows his jeans. Not that love handles offend me. "What do you think of that leather jacket guy?"

"Bad news," Gita says.

"Beer number three is clouding his vision. Or is it number four? Dude's got a remarkable bladder." I sip my poison. When I look up, Jimmy's laughing. He knows his rival, New Guy, is a joke. "I could use a good joke," I say. "World needs more plain old fun."

A newer guy appears at the door. He immediately hits on purple dress, voicing sweet nothings to her about "actuarial" and "Santa Clara." No one leaves. We keep imbibing, pretending we're not casing each other like houses to burglarize. Purple dress rolls her ass.

"Some babes know how to come off all that," I say to Gita. "Though who wears braces, unless she's eleven?"

I'm twenty-six, a hundred and fifty-three pounds of Single White Passion, with a heart-shaped face and fingers that bend inhumanly far backwards.

"I should stand up," I say. "Show off my goods."

"I don't advise it," Gita says.

The rock climbers pack it in after the one drink. Gita clears their table, her hips so square they could be graphed. New Guy stares at the bag of chalk dust hanging above one departing gay girl's caboose like extra genitals. New Guy has no shame, but the way my third dose of fire water's fixing me up, no shame seems a foolproof antidote to boredom.



A car alarm somewhere outside bleeps like a broken toy. Being ignored used to send me home from bars in tears. A lot of good that did. All New Guy needs to do is pull me to my feet. I could go to his place, do a two-step in the buff like I tried one time with my buddy, Spaceman Steve. Steve was too stoned on Quaaludes to appreciate the hoofing.

My tailbone hurts. New Guy's mug is almost empty. Why dawdle?

I check my fake leopard jacket pockets for smokes and come up empty. My thrift shop Swatch says 1:30, but that's New York time. The Eastern time zone's a dumb joke I have going with the drummer of Up the Wazoo, the girl band I manage that's on the brink of pop-punk stardom. We've been trying to book a gig in Brooklyn through someone I met from Yonkers. This band's gonna redeem all my little setbacks.

I jockey my knees under me and pray for enough strength to stand. When I'm up, New Guy eyeballs me. Took him long enough, but patience is one of my few virtues. I button my faux fur. Gita waves good-bye.

New Guy floats to me like a hot air bubble. "Leaving?" he says. "So soon?" He slides his box of Camels from his shirt pocket, opens and offers it.

Grateful, I take a cigarette. His beard, close up, gleams. He lights my smoke. The red print on the lighter says, "Vote For Me."

"You got my vote." I exhale a thin oblong of smoke.

He pockets the lighter. "Why do they call you Boop?"

"Bravo for paying attention."

I picture us having a laugh at my legal name before we make grunty music of our own. Maybe I'll play him my TSOL record. True Sounds Of Liberty. Their musical art is ten shades better than the electronica ticking like a bomb in here.

"Wanna go somewhere more secluded?" I say. Prowling wasn't my intent for stopping in, but with New Guy grooving on my chest puppies, lust calls the shots. "Go take a leak, and we're outta here."

---

In his truck, we make up for time lost in the bar. Our main order of business is lawlessness—reckless driving, a lewd act or two, open container. He says, "I'm Gordon," and floors the accelerator before the light turns green.

Feeling in my element, I sing Black Flag's "Gimmie, Gimmie, Gimmie" lyrics over the mariachi music spurting from the car radio.

"You're not a punker are you?" he asks.

"Don't you like punkers?"

"Hell, no."

"Me, neither!" I pat down my spiked, orange-tinted hair, turn up the radio's fiesta horns, and grin at the whole enchilada of New Guy. "Vayamos, Señor Gordo." For some screwball reason, I picture Hernando's Hideaway from *Pajama Game*, a movie me and Ma watched on TV when I was yea high.

"Gordon. Not Gordo. I'm no immigrant."

"Okay, Daddy-o."

"I'm not your Daddy, either."

We hang a left, my mind blanking on the thought of "Daddy." With good reason—my pa ran off when I was a tadpole.

Whatever's in this bottle that rolled out from under the seat converts tastebuds into scorching sparks. Car lights skitter like ray-guns across the intersection. Another look at Gordo, and that Mighty Dog yen for some playful shaboink blindsides me.

"Full steam ahead, Gordito," I whoop, bouncing on my seat. "It's show time."



Two a.m. California time. I crawl off the mattress he's asleep on. I rummage for my t-shirt among the dust bunnies on the floor. A sucked-dry Wild Turkey bottle lies on my velveteen skirt. Wherever my bra landed, Gordon can keep it.

My butt stings. I hadn't noticed his unclipped fingernails beforehand. Usually women claw men during nooky, not the other way around. I personally detest pussycat sex games.

Another memento of our spree is what might be a broken nose. The middle of my face throbs. I must have passed out on my stomach 'til he rolled me over and knuckled my nose as a prelude to the main event.

Funny how, for a minute there, getting hit made me feel alive—more than celibacy does, that's for sure. Even funnier is that at the bar, I felt sorry for that bruiser. Big mistake. I should feel sorry for myself, right? Except I don't wanna go there.

I locate my boots and jacket. Leaving my lost tights and bra, I close the door on the crude dumpling's snores and farts.

The street is deserted and cold. Dark bushes in front yards creak as if concealing trouble. Walking the graveyard shift spooks me. "Gimmie Gimmie Gimmie" runs through my head. I wish I could shut it off.

My real name—did I tell him? I'm hazy on the he-said-she-said stuff. Maybe he'll look me up. I'm listed. Not sure I want him to.

"One thing I do know," I say out loud. "Gordo's game."

Still, after this cruncher, I don't plan to hit my watering hole for at least the week it takes to heal.

Four more blocks to go 'til I'm home. The sky's unloading a steady, dirty drizzle. Wet electric wires snap above my head.

That swinish mutant knew how to burst a bubble, but we at least had a couple rowdy minutes before that. Life's gotta be more than waiting for glory with a struggling band. Don't eat animals, I often say. Fuck 'em. Another of my dumb jokes.