

For almost 3 months, I had been hearing about this French girl Nathalie, Nathalie, Nathalie. The name Nathalie was falling from the lips of Sto, at least every 5 minutes. Sto was the bass player in my punk boyfriend's rock band. I can't name the band because like every rocker during this period, the band had at least 10 names even though it was always the same band members. It was all carefully constructed like the lottery, playing the same 10 numbers every week. The idea was that they might get lucky with the hope that the world would catch up with their over inflated famous egos.

I think the most charming thing about my punk boyfriend was riding the trains or exiting the trains with him. Every 10 steps we took, there was always a fan, another musician or some other almost famous dude to stop us and say hello. No matter what circle you're traveling in, it is always the life-size chessboard. You got your Queen, your King, the gossip boy, the errand boy, a friend with the amazing space, paid by mom and dad, and then you have your disposable fans, slash pawns, that make you king. "The All" is needed to boost their egos into place.

It was a beautiful sunny day, punk boyfriend started in with his usual roller coaster strange remarks. At a red light I tried to jump from the car but he knew my getaway tricks and stopped me. When one is acting crazy, I just ask myself, do you want to have a good day? Then I exit stage right and then a good day is had. Punk quickly changed his tune and became my boyfriend again. He was driving up to Albany to buy a classic Rambler. We picked up Sto and the much heard about Nathalie and punk was dropping me off at my home. Since he was now in a pleasant mood, it seemed this would be the best time to say goodbye. Here is my exit on the FDR drive, punk just passed it as if we had no agreement for me to exit at all.

There was a bigger commotion going on now. Nathalie, tall, almost 6 feet, dark brown hair, dark wide eyes, she was stunningly beautiful and she made the English words she spoke with her thick French accent interesting. In the back seat Nathalie and Sto were battling it out. Punk and I sat quietly in the front seat for the 3 hour ride up to Albany. As we exited the car to inspect the classic Rambler, Sto and Nathalie announced their relationship was over, done, The End.

The Rambler was in mint condition, punk paid the money and with the title in hand we got back into the car. As we entered the car, Sto and Nathalie announced that they were now getting married. Now the front seat and the back seat sat quietly, I think we were all trying to digest the turn of events. Is it, when all is lost and an end is declared, that turns the page for a new beginning? Punk and I were out of the car for maybe 12 minutes. But they too were in shock at their somewhat happy announcement.

For the first hour of our return back to NYC, we all sat wordless, then we hit standstill traffic. This is when punk and Sto started in with their punk rock conversation that made absolutely no sense whatsoever. It just showed their ugliness of how condescending they were about their grandiose egos and how the rest of the world was so beneath them. I just moved away from punk, as close to the door as possible. Then punk said something, which I do not remember to this day because it was probably something so disgusting and ugly I can't or won't acknowledge what he said. BUT what I do know is what happened next. There was a bottle of Elmer's Glue. I unscrewed the cap, I unzipped his pants, I pulled back his undies, I emptied the whole bottle of Elmer's Glue onto his dick. Perfect timing, 2 hours from NYC in standstill traffic and the only thing punk could do, was to remove some of the glue with his hand and then discard it into his hair.

Nathalie screamed in laughter and said to me, I am going to know you for the rest of my life. So we began our friendship, as we both dumped the punks.