



warm water. Manfrend closed his eyes and relaxed slightly. He started to pee. Shit. Aaaah! The crazy pastor wouldn't let up; the pastor's thoughts weren't angry just righteous, but not the best pastor in the land. More pee came out. Just about to swing the pastor finally let up, a little more pee came out. The pastor smacked Manfrend's ass, More pee came out! "My goodness", Manfrend thought that. He started to like the pee coming out but stopped that. It shimmered in the sultry shade of his pant leg like invisible yellow lazers for a moment not quite oozing but just getting a little bit closer (oopsies) and then done. Manfrend was done peeing in the pool. "I was baptized. I was not baptized." he stated calmly, lil' sassy dir'r pants. You're pre'y cool "Manfrend" someone mumbled with urgency, "the waves are small and sharp, eh?"

Manfrend felt pretty righteous and got out of the pool again.

A mess, soppy but noticing the sun rays again optimistically, Manfrend stepped out of the pool again and back down the stairs and down the aisle. The pee didn't really smell; the tank was still clear. He stopped and turned next to the hundred year woman. He leaned in gentle.

"Can I tell you something?"

"If I can hear anything!"

Manfrend took a short swift breath, he wasn't mad. "Don't drink the punch." These were the beans! He spilled them! She actually knew what he had meant, because ironic enough she had seen him earlier that day at the bar and pieced the whole thing together. Unusually, Mareldine died of laughter. This was much later however, about 13 years. In fact Mareldine, at the age of 113, fantastic looking from far away only, Meryldine married Manfrend, which was also the same day she died, after they found out about her cats nibbling on her a bit. These were the things.

Manfrend had an experience of what sin was and he was glad about that, okay...? He didn't go back to the fuck shed but he hung out with almost all of them for the next 15 or 16 years or so. Meryldine and Manfrend exited in hand and hand and handed everyone a hand. But just before the pastor said: "Manfrend! What about the speech?"

Manfrend is in the class room. Tables are covering his legs, theres some water, warmth. There's also a dirty little secret sitting up the under the desk (drugsies). Uh oh Manfrend! Spell your name right on the test, there's scribble all around Manfrend rubble and ashes from the feuds and long talks with probably pretty good parents. Everyone's 18 and spells there name write on the test. The kids are in the water, it's not as warm as when suddenly.....you sweet, sweet little fecund, little bouncing little, Manfrend! An old man "What'd you just say to me! You're in here playing marbles with your words!"

But Manfrend was exiting the fuckshed, besmirked and struttin'. But before that turned and "And it's Manfrend BOYGLE NOW Pastor!" and puckers his lips up sucking air up big sweet little cheechees.

Some listened to his speech. Not impressed. Some were happy to get down for 90 seconds or sure whatever (whoopsies). No one got off, no one was working for the weekend. Pastor continues speaking, the words didn't happen that much as Boyle's thoughts was.

Boyle got out of the pool again because he couldn't. Who can? You are a pool with no deep end or top cause the water is too empty! Yikes it's cold, sometimes. A thing can't be and not be in the same place? That's silly Boyle that's exactly what's happening! Manfrend!

*this is the place.