

The Crazy Gay Chinaman

Georgetown, Penang, Malaysia

by Nick Mistretta

The night that was to follow could be described as unbelievable, stupid certainly, shocking to be sure. But even in a world of so many words, none seem to adequately capture the spirit of the chain of absurdity that we found ourselves entangled in. We blamed it on the 8 percent beer at the reggae place.

We leave the reggae place late and drunk, determined to be a nuisance in a country that would have none of it. They hang people in Malaysia for the little bit of pot Seamus found in his passport in Laos and for God knows what else. A brightly lit hotel in the distance catches our attention, so we stumble in and fumble around, shooting fire extinguishers at each other in some men's locker room. Seamus steals a couple of shirts from a locker that are much too small for him, then we walk to a large outside patio and discuss scaling the 45 degree windows or shimmying down a drain pipe but settle on living. Seamus pulls a fire alarm then we run spirals down a parking garage ramp and up the street to hide in a tree.

We climb out of the tree when the coast is clear, as they say. I have absolutely no idea where our guesthouse is. But Seamus assures me he knows which way to go. He leads us down the darkest of alleys while I sing a John Denver song I heard once when I was five, and now the suppressed memory has come back to say hello ... and soon we're back at the reggae place, which is still open, so naturally we have another beer. A cute drunk Western girl tells me that I'm quite rugged looking (she is *really* drunk) and that she's never kissed a man with a goatee before. Then without warning she sticks her tongue into my mouth and leaves just as suddenly. I breathe deep and lick my lips. It was a good kiss and I feel like a starving man who has been given a bite of filet mignon. But only one. We finish our beers and wander off again, this time down a silky lit alley, the effects of that kiss still lingering. I want a second and a third, perhaps some over the bra action. A cute Indian girl sitting on her porch watches us as we pass. She yells after us and soon catches up. She says "Hello" or "How do you do?" or "Who's your daddy?" Quite difficult to tell really. Then without hesitation she reaches out and grabs Seamus by the balls with one hand and me with the other. Seamus freaks out, mumbles something and runs off. And now she has me unzipped and everything out, stroking my cock in the middle of the street. A curious cat wanders by.

"Uuuhhhh," I say, everything happening much too quickly. She whips her tiny body around and drops her pants and says something I can't understand. I begin to wonder about condoms and where Seamus is, and who the hell is this girl, anyway? It's clear that I have lost all control of this situation. *TIME OUT!* I can't fuck this girl in the street like a filthy animal. Can I? She's bent over hugging her ankles, her ass shining in the moonlight. Then she says something else I can't hear.

"What?" I finally ask, my mind juggling my options.

"I have dick but you can"

"Aaaahhhh, what?" *Oh, I heard, brothers and sisters.* Dick? Is that what she said? She? I was a little thrown by this most unexpected turn. I pull my pants off the ground and zip up quickly and say something like, "Sorry, but I'm strictly a vegetarian below the waist," then run off to find Seamus.

“She’s a man,” I say, after finding the big ape around the corner muttering to himself.

“WHAT?”

“*IT* ... has a dick.”

“What? How? How do you know?”

“*IT* told me.”

“Oh my gentle Jesus.”

I leave out the details. No need to promote this messy source of future paranoia. It’s late now, and the last episode has me feeling a bit queer. Not the gay kind, you moron. Odd, perplexed, out of sorts. Clearly my brain’s on the lamb. It escaped after processing the word “dick.” That’s the only way to explain what happens next.

On the way back to the hostel we come to a swanky new hotel with several large flags waving at us in the dark. I wave back then regress to my juvenile delinquent years and before I know it I’m underneath the Malaysian flag quickly navigating my way through the knots that bind it, then *zzzzzzzzzzzz* the flag falls into my arms. It’s massive, much larger than I had thought. I casually tie it around my neck as a cape then jog down the street after Seamus who ran off as the flag zipped noisily down the pole.

“They’re gonna hang us for this,” Seamus says. “You know that, don’t you?”

Shit, he’s right. They will hang us for this. And everyone will gather to watch. Proud parents will bring the little ones to see their first public execution. And oh, what a day that will be. Everyone dressed in the finest of rags, carrying tins of dried squid and expensive digital cameras. For just one Malaysian dollar anyone can flog the hell out of us with a live eel before a large, bearded woman and a hairless, hermaphrodite midget nail us upside down to a large wooden cross. And then things start to get weird. Children will run up to us and set our hair on fire. Once that burns out, the large bearded woman will spin the cross around leaving us upright, so the town’s virgins can work over our testicles like Muhammad Ali on the speed bag. And through it all, the Malaysian Boys Fundamentally Flawed Choir will sing a nice selection of Public Enemy songs. *You gotta fight the power; fight the power that be* ... But then Seamus interrupts my thoughts. Always talking shit while I’m trying to think.

“Maybe you shouldn’t wear THEIR FLAG as a cape while walking down the middle of the street.”

I untie it from my neck and wrap it around my waist like it’s a sarong.

“How’s this,” I ask, twirling around like a silly queer. Yes, the gay kind. I can see that Seamus is about to go mental on me when a Chinese guy in a big American car drives by real slow, sneaky like. *DRIVE BY!* No wait ... where am I? And then I notice the driver. He’s hissing and giving us eyes, then up pops a giant dildo, maybe two feet long. He blows us a kiss and speeds off, and we treat the situation like it was a hallucination. I’m silenced. I cannot find any words. Seamus, too, from the looks of it. A few minutes pass and the Crazy Gay Chinaman returns. He slows again and sticks the giant rubber cock out the window. Waving it around like he’s leading a parade. This goes on for several minutes, while Seamus and I pretend not to notice. And this is a hard thing to ignore. The streets are empty now except for the three of us and that glistening rubber dick. We come to the hostel and he stops the car across the street, then sticks the dildo into his mouth and begins bobbing on it extravagantly. His eyeballs about to burst. He’s sweating furiously, and now lets out a savage moan, which temporarily drowns out the car’s engine. Then he chokes and

gags and removes the dildo and smiles at us big and bold with lunatic fury. All teeth and spit and slobber. What now, I think? Do we clap? How does this end? I look down and see what I'm wearing. I had forgotten about the flag wrapped around my waist like a skirt. Might this have given the Crazy Gay Chinaman the wrong idea? I turn to Seamus who is still as can be, his mouth hanging open.

"I'd love to stay and see the end, but I should go upstairs and take off this flag."

"I'm gonna go have a talk with this fucker."

"You need a condom?"

"Asshole!"

"So, that's a no?"

I run upstairs and take off the flag and fold it neatly and tuck it away safe. Out of sight of the few Malaysians staying in our dorm room, and of course the Malaysian staff and owners. This flag business is now starting to register as a bad idea. I'm trying to hurry but I have to stop and pee, and by the time I get back outside several minutes have elapsed. I figure to find a dead Crazy Gay Chinaman and Seamus standing over him with a bloody, two-foot dildo. But when I get outside Seamus is walking back from the car, and the Crazy Gay Chinaman is driving away. From the look of things, he's unharmed.

"What happened? He's still breathing, I see."

"I gave him a tip on how to pick up gay guys."

"WHAT?"

Seamus' big tip was this: "Don't drive around sucking on a giant dildo." Now there's a sentence you never imagine having to say. We go upstairs and pass out without talking, too much has happened. When I wake up in the morning I'm using the Malaysian flag as a blanket.