

TRIM

By Vinnie Penn

It's funny, I thought she'd be shaved completely. She was certainly trendy enough, or at least tried to be - a dangling Playboy bunny swinging from her belly button, her half shirt just about touching it. One hundred percent blonde, with blue eyes and big breasts, Inez was total centerfold material. But, not with that thing between her legs.

Early on in our fooling around she began biting my nipples. At first I thought it was a good thing, the appetizer to a meal whose main course might be some spanking with a side order of hair pulling. But, as time went on it became clear that she was a one trick pony. She chewed and chewed and chewed, and the sensation flew right past erotic to psychotic.

As she lay before me, legs spread and veritable horse's mane glistening in the candlelight that came off her nightstand, I wrestled with faking an emergency and opening a condom.

Inez was intriguing enough, the kind of exotic bounty I figured I wouldn't get to experience once the age where young people typically backpacked through Europe passed me by. Yet, here it was, the dalliance with a foreigner I presumed was now never to be.

Afterwards, in the bathroom, I tried to avoid the mirror as I splashed cold water on my face. What's left of my hair was matted, the bald spots coming across as this total contradiction to the life I was living. Infomercials say I couldn't possibly score the way I do. So how, then, was I? And how long could it possibly last? My face was nothing but jowls. There was stubble everywhere and I had shaved just the night before. Why am I the worst shaver, I actually said out loud. My love handles spilled out over my Calvin Klein boxer briefs.

"What?" she shouted from the bedroom. That could be it. Maybe she didn't understand the word 'shave'.

* * *

It is a difficult subject to broach, as delicate as the flower that blooms beneath it. If you've undone her button-flies and discovered a hornet's nest, encouraging she landscape may just leave you stung. Straight outta Cosmo, huh?

Fact is, in an age where shaving it off completely is all the rage, anything more than a tuft seems like too much. Generally, these days, if there is anything at all, it is a perfectly coiffed landing strip, at best.

Such is the state of the nether region. Unfortunately, getting some trim sometimes involves someone who needs to *get* a trim. And striking up that little exchange can lessen your opportunity for any other type of exchange unless you do it just right.

Adding insult to potential injury, we men have discovered that taking a shear to our own shrubbery only results in us looking larger somehow, rendering negligence in this department incomprehensible.

But, a woman doesn't want to look larger, obviously. Nor may she want to be so vulnerable, so revealed. And ultimately, gentlemen, this is their decision.

It does not mean the discussion cannot take place, however; that a subtle suggestion cannot be made. Along the lines of the commercials where a woman and her mother stroll down the beach talking hygiene, a meeting can come to order.

You are not her mother, though. Contradictorily, you may just be the man her mother warned her about.

Tact is your ally. A mutual shave is an ingenious route to go. Suggest a bath, light some candles, and then turn up in the tub with a razor in one hand and a dollop of cream in the other. Keep a pair of scissors at arms length if unruly happens to be an understatement. Then once it begins to grow back you can say you prefer it shaved completely, or at whatever point along the way you prefer.

This was how I broached the subject with Inez, her protests notwithstanding. "There's supposed to be hair there," she kept saying.

Despite Off-Broadway's urging that all women embrace their vaginas, many remain apprehensive to do so, some even viewing their pubic hair as a beard covering an ugly face.

Such was the case with Inez, who, unfortunately, was correct. Her... "area" - went from looking like Abe Lincoln to a tomato that'd been left on a windowsill too long. It looked downright *angry*. Plus, Abe's mole was still there.

It was not happy to see me, was not ticklish, had no sense of humor whatsoever. It was a disgruntled vagina.

How could I say any of this to Inez, though? "Thank you for letting me shave you, but we've gotta wait til it grows back to fool around. It's mean-looking."

Of course, Inez had decided she liked it. So, the next time we took a bath together I put some Rogaine into the tub - after all, I had cases of the stuff, to no avail - and Inez got some sort of infection. Worse, she leapt from the tub in pain, slipping on the tile and fracturing her ankle.

I kept my fingers crossed the entire time in the waiting room at the hospital that I wouldn't have to come clean, but the doctor was closing in on the culprit - damn "CSI" shows. So, I told Inez

everything in the emergency room. She looked at me as if I were insane.

Later that night, back at her apartment and not speaking to one another, I passed a special on the Discovery channel about angry beavers, and I snickered.

"Wot is so funny?" Inez asked, angrily, as angry as these creatures that were filmed for this special, and I didn't know if she just didn't want me laughing, period, didn't want me happy at all, or if she knew 'beaver' was slang here in America for... Well, you know.

"Nothing," I said timidly.

Timid was a new thing for me, too. A bail bondsman by trade, I spent my days, or moreover, my nights, bailing scumbags out of jail - imploring them not to skip out on their bail and pending court dates. And when necessary, tracked them down with my bounty hunter, Conk, a six-foot-five monster - much of it due to a pituitary problem - who liked when my threats didn't intimidate enough and he got to crack some skulls.

One particular bounty used to truly test Conk's already limited patience. A pimp who abhorred the term, but nonetheless set prostitutes up with the dregs of society and took seventy-five percent of the earnings (so what else could he be called?). He used to face Conk's bashings with a smirk, all the while telling him he needed to

get laid, maybe even fall in love, and that he was just the guy to facilitate that. Conk punched him in the face so hard one time a piece of the pimp's eye was in Conk's enormous ring afterwards.

I'd stand there, after my threats and pointed fingers did little to procure cooperation, and watch these beatings, nary an eyelash batted, sometimes making phone calls, ordering pizza.

The last time I bailed this pimp out he told me there'd be no problems this time around. That Conk, he suspected, was only partially human, and lectured me on women on the way to his plush digs in the ghetto.

"Somewhere along the way we lost sight of the fact that women are beautiful, graceful creatures who deserve to be put on a pedestal and respected," he said, dabbing his eye repeatedly due to what I thought were tears but was really just that one eye watering endlessly now because a piece of it was still lodged in Conk's lion-head ring with rubies for eyes. "What's worse," he said next, "is that they did, too."

I thought of that the night of the Rogaine incident, after changing from the Discovery channel to "The Bachelor".

Two months or so later, Inez's bandages removed and crutches returned, I was watching television once again while she was in the bathroom. The water had been running in the bathtub for a bit, the

resulting steam creeping out under the bathroom door, filtering into the living room like a fog.

“Can you help me?” she beckoned from beyond the door.

Assuming her foot was still hurting, and that she required some help getting into the tub, I hopped to my feet and went in. I hadn't seen her naked since the last bathtub folly, so there was at least that in it for me.

I was surprised to see her already in the tub, lather between her legs like whipped cream atop an ice cream sundae. She had let the hair grow back in, this patch of blondish curls, like a beard of cotton a child uses for Santa's face in art class in Kindergarten.

She held a razor in her hand, waved it around, grinning, inviting me in. Disgruntled vagina or not, tender nipples the next three days or not, I wanted some, and Inez did have some other tricks in her repertoire, that was for sure.

I peeled my clothes off frantically, reminiscent of when I lost my virginity - to a hooker me and all my friends took turns on. I was in such a rush I pulled my pants off over my shoes, taking them off after the pants. All the while Inez laughed and laughed.

Once I got in and we got situated, one leg up alongside the rim of the tub here, one of hers tucked under one of mine there, she proffered me the razor. “Shave the way you like,” she purred. And I

did, slowly, gingerly, if you don't mind me using such a word.

Sculpting. Careful not to cut her. One of my fingers close to going inside of her at one point, which she promptly declined. "After," said she.

When I was done, a palm tree sort of thing happening, which rendered that mole a coconut as far as I was concerned; I leaned in to kiss her. Pulling back, away from me, she reclaimed the razor, saying, "Now it is your turn."

As I mentioned, I already had a fairly regular grooming regimen in place that kept my region from being unkempt. Inez sprayed some shaving cream into her hand and then massaged it onto my pubic hair. And I do mean massage, her fingers alternately grazing my balls, causing the skin to tighten considerably.

She began shaving me, dunking the razor into the water and then bringing it back up, all the while still cupping me with her other hand. The head of my cock rose up from the water, like a mini-Loch Ness Monster, and I lay back against the tub, at once enduring a spa treatment and some primo foreplay. Closing my eyes, I could hear Inez purring, "Mmmm." Then, she said, "I loved you, you know."

A smile emerged from my ecstasy, eyes still closed. But then I reconsidered. Loved.

'D'.

Past tense.

That fifth letter, like the ominous final chord to a composition. Then the razor, in a swift motion, cutting open that major vein, artery, whatever it is, that runs through a man's scrotum. I shrieked, and heard it, like a teenage girl shrieking during a horror film.

Inez scrambled out of the tub immediately after wielding the razor and my hands went down into the bloody water, grabbing myself, causing overflow onto the bathroom tiles.

"What...the...fuck?" I heard myself gasp. I, too, scrambled to get out but couldn't. Slipping, banging one knee, maybe shattering it, my legs numb and lifeless anyway.

She just stood there, right outside my reach, toweling herself off leisurely. The blood kept coming, draining, and my vision was becoming blurry. She lit up a cigarette, propped herself onto the sink, all the while still, "Mmmmm."

I clutched the washcloth draped over the side of the tub and pressed it against my sack but it only succeeded in making me shriek again. Then, for whatever reason, I began trying to tie it around my leg, as if there was enough material, in an effort to stop the bleeding. It was futile, pathetic, and Inez even giggled.

"Fucking...bitch," I sputtered.

Then the blackness began. I could only keep one eye open at a time and not for very long at that. Out of the corner of my right eye, peripherally, the last time I was able to open it, I saw Inez dialing a number on her cordless. 'Beep', I heard. Then 'beep'. And then 'beep' again. That was it, no more buttons.

I was fading fast, and that's when I heard Inez, like I had never heard her before: "Oh my God! Help! My boyfriend! He is hurt! I am afraid he may be dying!" I was dead before she even finished the 9-1-1 call.

A year later, to the day, my family put a prayer of remembrance in the paper for me. 'Before his time' was one of the lines. In that very same paper, only a few pages away, in the 'Wedding Announcement' section, there was a photo of Inez and a man who looked very familiar.

"The groom-to-be is a physician who, ironically, treated his intended last year for a burn" was one of the lines.

Vinnie Penn met Thugmeister Todd at the launch party of the Contemporary Press anthology "Danger City", of which they were both contributors. Sensing kindred spirits, the former morning radio man and the man behind Thuglit began to conspire almost immediately. Penn had his own morning radio show in New Haven from 1997-2005, spending one of the years moonlighting on The Howard Stern Show. He has had two different newspaper columns, covered music nationally for Hit Parader and Circus magazines, had a joke book published, and is consulting evil spirits as you read this to see to it that his first novel is published.