

## Can We Talk

By A. R. Alan

As comedian Joan Rivers said, can we talk? Listen friends, I'd like to discuss a ticklish subject. No, I stand corrected. This subject is neither funny nor ticklish. It's embarrassing, painful, and downright humiliating.

Hemorrhoids, you know those little appendages that protrude from our bodies in that unmentionable spot. TV ads promote salves and ointments to sooth those dastardly lumps, but they never tell you where to apply that stuff. Instead you have a woman telling her husband, "Honey, use Preparation H and all your troubles will be over. Over? You mean he's going to win the lottery, or get a CEO job with General Motors making one million a year, plus outlandish perks? No siree. He has as good a chance of that happening, as the little buggers falling off, or returning to the place they were squeezed out of.

As for myself, I had a hot movie date one evening with a devilishly handsome gentleman, when suddenly my hemorrhoids flared up. I couldn't scratch the burning blobs because Mr. Renfield held one of my hands, and my other hand held a tub of buttered popcorn. The situation was becoming critical so I squirmed in my seat. To make matters worse, the movie had a young couple engaging in a very explicit sexual encounter, so my date thought I was becoming aroused. He let go of my hand, grabbed onto my right breast, and kneaded it like a lump of pizza dough. Now I really began to wriggle, so he switched breasts. Finally, I dumped the popcorn in his lap, tore his hand of my breast, and climbed over six people blocking my escape. When I reached the aisle, I didn't give a damn who saw or heard me, I ran down the steps, scratched my hemorrhoids through my beautiful blue silk slacks, and moaned my relief aloud, until I locked myself in a lady's room stall.

As if hemorrhoids and applying the brown, greasy salve to my behind wasn't disgusting enough, In the stall, I suddenly discovered that my scratching had left an unsightly large, brown smear on the outside of my very expensive, designer pants.

# Writing Raw

*All work appearing below is copyrighted by the author.*

---

Well let me tell you friends, none of those preparations and creams are what they're cracked up to be. Oh my... Did I say that? So, can we talk? My personal advice to all of you is, if you have a hemorrhoidal flare-up, cancel all of your social engagements. I haven't seen or heard from the gentleman after he skipped out on me at the theatre. I had to hitch a ride home with an old woman whose teeth clacked, as she complained about all the denture creams' that didn't work.

Listen friends, as long as we can confide in one another, perhaps next time I say; can we talk, I'll tell you about my God-damn hot flashes, or the hairs sprouting on my chin. Bye for now, but stay tuned for more.

The End

**A. R. Alan bio:** Barbara Bixon writing under the name A.R. Alan has had many short stories, poems, and 14 Comedy, Mystery, Romance, Thrillers, and sexy books published. She's also sold comedic material to Joan Rivers and has been published in Playgirl Magazine. Her humorous book talks about sex, romance, and mystery will definitely entertain you. Worldwide travel and a career that brought her into contact with a never-ending stream of interesting personalities and celebrities fanned her already fertile imagination over the years and validate the vivid, often zany characters that people her novels. Barbara is also an avid environmentalist and played a major role in saving a New Jersey/New York mountain range from developers. It will remain open space forever. Screenplays available for: "The House Of Cupcakes, The CB (Chocolate Brown) Social Club, and Do I Flaunt My Fat, Or Jump Off A Bridge? Please check out her website: [www.aralanbooks.com](http://www.aralanbooks.com)