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I’m 43 now, and I think I’m finally hitting that thing they call the “Mid-Life Crisis” but I’m doing it really crappy. You’re supposed to buy a motorcycle when you do this thing. I bought a scooter.

Let me back up. I *had* a motorcycle. A friend of mine left me his crappy motorcycle as payment for living in my house for a couple of months. This guy is kind of a “dude” sort of guy. He’s the type of guy who just one day announces, “Hey, I’m moving to Oregon, you can have my motorcycle and this bag of weed.”... that kind of guy.

So, I had a motorcycle, and being the responsible person I am I took motorcycle lessons at the local tech college here.

Here’s the thing I’ve learned about riding a motorcycle. When you ride one you are a MAN. You straddle the thing with your legs spread wide to make room for your massive testicles. Manly.

I took the class, got my license and then went home to go hit the ol’ Thunder Road, or whatever you call it.

Crappy motorcycle doesn’t work. Broken, and I’m not the kind of guy to be able fix such things. So, I sold it and bought a scooter instead... because I want this to be a crappy mid-life crisis.

Here’s the difference when riding a scooter vs. a motorcycle. On both of them you feel like you’re riding a motorcycle with the engine roaring and your testosterone just blowing in the wind. In reality when you ride on the scooter you sit with your legs together to protect your small small testicles. It also doesn’t go RRROOOAARRR it kind of goes buuuueeszzzzzz like a vibrator running low on batteries.

Oh, also, since I know nothing about things, I tried to buy a helmet at WalMart. They don’t sell motorcycle helmets there, so I’ve got this bike helmet that’s just a little too small.

I feel like a rock star, but I look like a gay accountant.

...

I told you all that to tell you this. A couple months back I was home on a Sunday night, having more wine than a normal person would on a Sunday night and it is likely that the bag of weed, that former roommate Dude left me, came into play as well.

I was feeling that special feeling you get down below when you need to have the *Sex*. It's a good feeling, especially if you have someone to help you with it. I'm single, so it's more of a frustrating feeling.

I was chatting online with a female friend of mine, and expressing my frustration. She did NOT pick up on the hints. Instead she forwarded me a link to the Fleshlight web site.

Do you know about the Fleshlight? It's like a flashlight, but on the one end, instead of a light, it's got... it's got lady parts. Plastic fake ones, molded by... you know what? I don't know how they make it, but supposedly inside it there's *magic*! Just like a real vagina.

Anyway, this is supposed to help you with the frustrations.

Now, maybe it was the second bottle of wine. Maybe it was the pot. Maybe it was the crazy feeling you get at 10 o'clock on a Sunday night in August in a small town. But, I said to myself, let's hop on the ol' scooter and head down to the local sex toy shop and get this night going.

I was so eager to get this project going that I didn't remember to wear glasses for the ride, so all the while I'm riding there, tears are streaming down my face from the wind. I did, however, remember to wear my bike helmet.

I arrived at the local sex shopper, you know what, I'll name it. They're a fine establishment and deserve this little bit of promotion. The Lion's Den. You know the one.

I park my scooter and slam my way into the store... the door opens fast, I didn't mean to slam it open, but there you go. I continue to wear my bike helmet, by the way.

Inside there's a girl working there all by herself. At first I think this is a *terrible* idea. I mean, just plain dangerous, you know? But then I think, no, it's probably actually really safe. Most of the guys coming in there are in some sort of comfortable relationship, married, dating or something, and are picking up something for their lovely one. The worst that's going to come from this kind of guy is an offer for a threesome, I guess.

The other kind of guy who's shopping a sex toy shop at 10 p.m. on a Sunday night, is the kind of guy like me who has no lady and has given up so much that they're going to go buy an artificial lady. What's this guy going to do? Like *Here we go, one more chance!*
“Hello sex toy shop worker, when does your shift end?”

Yeah, that's not going to happen. Not from me, certainly. I don't want to talk to *anyone* when I'm at the grocery store much less at the Lion's Den.

She asks if I need help. I quickly mutter, “No thanks, I know what I'm looking for.” and head to the nearest corner of the shop. Just a panic move trying to look like I know what I'm doing.

I find the display for artificial vaginas. Turns out, Fleshlights ain't the only artificial vagina on the market. Yeah. They have a bunch of different ones. Capitalism at it's best.

What they didn't have in all that variety of latex and plastic was the name-brand Fleshlight. For all I know there could have been a huge display behind me, but I had the laser-like focus that comes from wine, weed and social anxiety.

I ended up grabbing one that had a porn actress that I recognized. Once again, I'm not sure how they make these. It could be a molded copy of her, or just something she endorsed. Either way, seeing her

familiar face smiling at me was comforting. And, she was naked so that was promising in it's own way.

I grab the device,... oh, Faye Reagan, if you're wondering. Look her up, she does good work.

Anyway, I go to the counter determined to get out of there as quickly as I can. Behind the girl at the counter I see these packets of herbal supplements. Now, I've tried these before. A couple years back. Just to see if they work. And just in case, in the future I need Viagra and my health insurance won't cover it. They're herbal Viagra, and they work. I don't know if they work as good as prescription Viagra or if they don't work at all and they've just got a placebo effect. Either way, I thought to myself “Heck, you've made it this far, might as well splurge....” bad choice of words there.

So, I gesture behind her and say “Ooh, I'll have a packet of those too.” In retrospect the “Ooh” was a little too much.

She gives me a slightly strange look, but hands me the packet anyway. I pay and get out of there.

In the parking lot I crack open the packet and take the supplements immediately, because I get really excited about pills. This might be a problem, or it's going to work really good for me years from now in a nursing home when I have to take pills.

I take them then think “Oh oh, this might be a bad idea. I've got to ride my scooter home with my legs together. If these pills work, it's going to make it really tough to ride home.”

But, they don't work that fast, so I was good.

In fact, I would have been good either way. Turns out, on the display behind the lady there were two kinds of supplements. The one I saw called, like, StaaaHard, or RhinoHOorn, or something like that. Then there's the one she gave me which was called MaxxxxLoad.

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This is supposed to increase the amount of... “output” that the man produces. Because that’s what all the ladies like... right?

Anyway, that’s what she sold me, which explains the weird look she gave me.

From her perspective: She’s there on a quiet Sunday night, and hears a distant buzzing noise like one of the toys in the shop is going off. A full grown man wearing a child’s bike helmet with tears streaming down his face slams his way into the store. Says he knows exactly what he’s looking for. Grabs an off brand sex toy and asks for a pills to increase his “load”... cuz’ he’s going to teach that toy a lesson... I don’t know what she thought.

Anyway. I did end up having a pretty good night, and “Faye” and I are quite happy.