

**FROM**  
**“A FIXED STANDARD OF CONDUCT”**

**MIRKO** “helps” his friend, **JASON**, write an essay for class.

**MIRKO**

Just peck, Chicken Shit. Okay?! Where were we? Where were we? Oh! Yes! Suzi and I are out in the water throwing the beach ball around and she’s jumping up and down to catch it and her sweet titties follow her body up and down like two little puppies. And they’re playing on her chest and it’s all there the sun the black sheen of her bikini the endless blue sky the cotton candy clouds her face streaming with water running down running through every pore of her sweet tan rubbery seal-girl body. And the silence is deafening and it’s only me and her. Keep typing Champ! Or is it Chimp? It’s only me and her! And Sandi is still pouting cause you’re not there. You’re not at Oak Street Beach with me and the twins. You’re not even at Foster trying to snatch some brand-X pussy. Not even at the park pool staring at some skinny-ass 12-year wondering if she’s got a sister. No sir. You are sitting in English II summer school. (*raps*) “Cause you didn’t graduate high kool, Fool. You be in da summa-dum skool. Girls won’t pull your wang-tanga bang, cause you be sittin’ wid the retard gang.”