

If I got paid by the word for stories about assholes fucking with me, I'd be writing this story from the 3rd floor loft of my Hollywood Hills condo, overlooking the entire hazy human petting zoo that is the city of Los Angeles.

I'm in Long Beach. I don't really BLEND here, per se', but I feel I do my best. I walk around, go eat at many of the same places on a weekly basis, drink these froofy blended coffee drinks with funny names like "Freddo", and yet, in my sincere desire to fly under the radar, things often go awry.

Partially my fault in this occasion, I will admit- I visit this fairly upscale gym here in Long Beach once or twice a week. It is walking distance from my house, and slightly more expensive than 24 hour fitness or something, but fuck, I'd spend the difference in fuel and frustration if I had to drive.

I walk down there, row in place for 20 or 30 minutes with headphones on, converse briefly with the few people there that don't think they are better than me, and occasionally sit in the hot tub.

Two factors played more than a small part in unfolding of this story:

1. Gay marriage has been a big issue this year; if that was news to you, you should be elsewhere besides this site catching up on national news.
2. I usually don't go in the hot tub when there are a bunch of idiots hanging around it, but I was quite sore, and decided to go against my better judgment.

At the risk of getting too homoerotic for everyone, I will explain that bathing suits are optional in the gym hot-tub situation. A lot can be learned very quickly about someone by how they handle this- if you are squatting around the edge of the hot tub sans bathing suit while there are other people in the hot tub, you are an inconsiderate, disgusting, prick. Today there are some guys in the hot tub that seem to be friends. They all come to the gym together and then jump in the tub together and wax political. Lucky me.

I am in the hot tub, and was probably looking forward to it, as it is one of a very short list of things that helps me feel like I am not riddled with arthritis and about to enter a state of atrophy.

Today's topic: gays in the military, gay marriage, gays, gays, gays. In retrospect, I imagine that the fervor in which the leader of the goof troop was conveying his position was in fact a very clear insight into the true feelings he harbored towards his little buddies. I should have mentioned that to him.

"Gay marriage is just ridiculous. How can you expect to live normally just because you're married? Not to mention, its like, where will it end? Can you marry your cousin next?"

"People just choose to be gay so they can have a cause to rally for. I know SOOO many people that say they're gay now, but I'm sure when they were younger they were as straight as you and I."

(At this point, unintentionally, I began looking suspiciously at this guy, since he obviously has some serious issues to handle...)

"I just don't get it... you're not BORN gay... there's no way! It's like saying that everything else is right, but trying to convince everyone that you just somehow like people of the same sex? There no way god would make people gay, since he says it's wrong in the bible."

"I mean, gays in the military are just kind of looking for trouble. I guess if they're there, and they keep to themselves, it's OK, but the military is no place for people that think like that..."

(At THIS point, I may or may not have snickered and shaken my head, which, in his animated state, may have not been amusing to Jock Gestapo- I'm pretty sure that was his name.)

Ok, ok, I DEFINITELY snickered and UNINTENTIONALLY shook my head, and J.G. noticed. He nudges one of his friends, laughs, and then says to me, brilliantly, "you got a problem?" I offered a sardonic smile, and shook my head no. He paused, began to look very pleased with himself, and said "Hey guys, I think we've got a FAG in the POOL!"

He chuckled, his friends looked a bit uneasy, I took a moment to reflect, and then as I slowly stood up and grabbed my towel, said "I'm much less confused about THAT than I am about how four PUSSIES found their way into the MENS locker room!"

Oooohh, I called them PUSSIES... oooooohh, aaaaaahhhh, sssssshhhh... the uncomfortable cohorts tittered nervously, and of course, J.G. had to defend his non-gay, 100% American stud muffin image by throwing something back- "You faggot, you calling me a pussy? Do you have any IDEA...? "Argh, that's just about enough of that. I went into emergency overdrive, realizing that I had just insulted 4 grown men, by myself, naked, in a hot tub.

He was still talking shit, his friends were obviously nervous, and I fucking stood at the side of the tub, in a towel, and calmly told them that I would smash at least two of their heads in before the other two got at me, and that if they had any desire of ever playing 18 holes of golf again, they should fuck off and leave me be...

The non-enthusiastic associates looked guilty and embarrassed, and J.G looked like he was going to give it one more shot when one of his bros told him to leave it alone. I'm about 5'11, medium build, and have the word "vengeance" tattooed vertically down my sternum from my neck to my belly.

I never thought of that as being an asset but I would imagine in this unique and bizarre situation, me, standing wet, in a towel, threatening these monday-morning-quarterback assholes with physical violence, it in fact may have added an element of authenticity.

The curtain call to this unpleasant little display was uneventful. I watched them over my shoulder as I hurried up and got the fuck out of there, and they sat there, stunned, and looking humiliated. And god damn well they should be.

I look at it like this: if you are going to say absurd, inflammatory things such as those that J.G. was spewing out, you need to AT LEAST expect to get looked at sideways. I didn't say anything, I didn't splash him...

He over-reacted, and hopefully at the end of the day at least went home feeling stupid for talking shit and then acting like a dickhead when someone within earshot wasn't 100% on board.

Fuck it. The end. I saw one of the guys the next week and he was overwhelmingly friendly, and went out of his way to be so.

Imagine the story if I would have gotten my ass beat by four guys, by myself, naked, in a hot tub.

I'll have to try harder next time.