

Short story from the collection [*Sex on the Brain: Poems and Stories for Men*](#),
by Frank Bukowski

The Blonde Bombshell

Dick's the name. Dick Draper. Campaign Manager, UK Cash Cowboys. When I tell people I work in advertising their reaction is always the same. That must be fun. Sure, I say, if it wasn't for all the corporate fuckwits with egos the size of their salaries who think they're advertising geniuses. Take my boss Dick Holder, the Chief Marketing Officer. Yeah, another Dick. UK Cash Cowboys is full of dicks. Corporate dicks. Dick Holder is the Chief Dick. Oh sorry, Chief Marketing Dick. I use the term advisedly. He personally wrote one of our company straplines: *Saddled with debt? Call UK Cash Cowboys*. Genius. Really he's an accountant who sucked the CEO's dick until she gave him the Marketing function. That's right, Cleopatra LeGrande, our CEO. She's a woman, and she has a dick. Go figure. Two dicks. Her own dick, and Dick Holder. Two-Dicks LeGrande. She's got more dicks than a man.

Dick Holder's critique of an ad usually goes something like this.

1. How big's the logo? The logo is our penis. Small ones suck.
2. Are our telephone number and URL large enough to be read by the legally blind, from outer space?
3. Are we making any outrageously extravagant product claims? If not, why not?

Getting a handle on Dick yet? The guy's a walking ego, just like LeGrande. He's a corporate cliché in a suit, she's a cyborg. Dick wouldn't know a decent ad if it climbed inside his pin-stripe pants and blew a tune on his custard cannon. His average day is like one big morris dance of spreadsheets, decks, matrixes, committee meetings, compliance meetings, crisis meets, fire-storming, conf calls, shrink tanks, drainstorms, blame-storms, table-bang sessions, envelope-pushes, grey-sky meetings, meetings to discuss the agendas of future meetings, meetings to review the minutes of previous meetings. That's why the UK economy is so fucked. Too many dicks. Nothing ever gets *done*. They're too busy having meetings. Nobody can make a decision any more. Nobody *dare*. Send an email. Sit on the fence. Get a second opinion. Run it by a think tank. Put it out to research. Get the buy-in of key stakeholders. What does the CEO think? Set up a meeting. Better still, a committee! Me and my marketing buddy Frank Bukowski often play bullshit bingo in these jolly gatherings, see who can check off the most 'Holderisms'. A Holderism is complete and utter corporate bollocks. Dick Holder talks it all the time. Here's my list from yesterday's blue-sky. *Rain-check... understand the deliverables... prioritise categories... I'm in a place where... co-ordinate our team-driven mindshare... test the paradigm shift... is it backwards-compatible... let's put it into research... due diligence... accountability is paramount... the need to monetize... can we operationalize it... ducks in a row... the bottom line...*

Yeah, advertising is fun all right. So funny I want to kill myself.

It's easy to lose a sense of life's purpose when you work for people like Dick and Two-Dicks LeGrande, at a dump like UK Cash Cowboys. When all you seem to do is drag your ass out of bed, go to work, take it up the chocolate starfish all day then limp home to sleep. Week in, week out, year after year. Especially in the north where winter rations the daylight to a few measly hours. The nine to five. And you do it every day until you retire. Then you die. Simple. No wonder old people go insane.

Nietzsche had this theory that madness is rare in individuals, but in groups, in cities, nations and political systems, it is the rule. He should come and work at UK Cash Cowboys for a week. My own personal sanity regime involves swimming. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday lunchtime I escape down the local pool. It's not much, but it stops me taking out a shotgun licence. I put in twenty, sometimes thirty lengths, working my arms, legs, lungs, every muscle I got. If you get the breathing right you slip into this rhythm. It's like, an almost meditative experience. Ying yang. Bing bong. Elemental shit. As far away from my desk as the moon. I sometimes think swimming pools would be almost spiritual places if it wasn't for the women. It only takes two or three good looking ones in there and I go back to work more fucked up than I left.

I took up the cycling last spring. My friend Peggy gave me a mountain bike he won in a competition. He got a phone call from outer space. They said he'd won a prize. It might be a Caribbean cruise. A mountain bike. Or a nickel plated corkscrew. All he had to do was call the number and stay on the line pushing buttons and answering questions for fifteen years and they'd tell him which prize. It was too bad for Peggy. He got the mountain bike. Dick, he says, take the frickin thing, what am I gonna do with a mountain bike, I've only got one leg.

It's not hard to get hooked on cycling. All that fresh air and exercise. Okay, it's not swimming, but it whacks pounding the treadmill in a sweaty gym surrounded by all those lycra-clad thighs and boobs. Not to mention all the ripped guys with their Buzz Lightyear chins and Popeye the Sailor vests, making their moves in front of the mirrors. Cracking their pub minder necks. Bulging with rivers of steroids through inch-high veins, oiled and glistening like something from a porno film. Cycling don't got none of that shit. It's just you and the road. The sun on your face. The rain reminding you you're alive. A crow wending across the horizon. A fox emerging from a wood at dusk. Ointment for the soul, my friend. Whoever said the city was an asphalt jungle sure got that right. My last girlfriend had this theory over my fucked upness. She put my big sex drive down to this connection I have with the animals. She's like, when you fuck me, it's like you turn into this dog. And I'm like, and? She looked it up in a book, said it was some weird shit called atavism. This buzz you get from being around nature, like some witchdoctor shaman deal. Apparently it goes back to our ancient ancestors. Cave time. When they didn't got no cars or churches or microwave ovens. No income tax returns to fill in. No printer cartridges to change. No barbed wire. No anthrax or Zyclon B. All they did was eat and drink and have sex pretty much non stop. I feel a strong connection coming through from that world. It's like, how did we fuck that one up?

So, I was out on my early morning cycle ride. I was running late. I'd overslept and was peddling like a maniac through the village of Docking. I had fifty minutes to get back home, shower and drive in to work. Suddenly there she was, standing in the gravel driveway of this house, talking to a neighbour over the fence. You couldn't miss her. She was like a traffic light. Her breasts lifted her tee shirt six inches from her body. The kind of breasts that stopped traffic. She had on these riding britches that looked so tight they had to be sewn on. When she turned in my direction I was like, no fucking way.

You know that saying that goes, 'she looked just like so and so'? Well this lady didn't look like nobody. She wasn't even anyone's identical twin sister. She WAS Marilyn Monroe. Oh hi, she said, in that trademark babydoll voice as I rode past, giving me the famous Hollywood smile. Of course, I knew it could only be someone who bore a passing resemblance, but back home I couldn't get her out of my head.

For the next couple of months a heavy work schedule meant the bike remained largely in the garage. The company was launching its new *Everyone Loves a Cowboy* ad campaign and it was all hands to the sump. Then April turned to May and I began to get the urge again. One morning early in the month I was out on my bike when I saw her for the second time. It was near the end of my ride, I was coming round the kink in the road in the middle of Docking, and there she was, getting her mail from the mailbox. When she turned round her breasts almost knocked the damn thing from the gatepost. She must have heard my tyres on the road because her face lit up like a little kid. She's like, oh hi, it's a lovely day isn't it? And she did this squeaky Barbie Doll voice with the pouty lip thing as I rode past.

For the next couple of days I wondered if I was actually going crazy. Then I told myself look, she's just a Marilyn lookalike. There are thousands like her. This one just happens to look more like her than the rest.

Okay, fast forward a week. I'd changed my route and was cycling through this village I'd never even been before, called Little Snoring. As I came up the main street my heart almost flatlined. There she was again, straight in front of me. This time she was in a pair of overalls and a headscarf, hosing down a soapy 1950s classic Pontiac in the driveway of this thatched cottage. The sign on the gate said *The Misfits*, in cute curly writing. Marilyn had this smudge of dirt on her nose that looked sexier than a library of porn movies. And this blonde curl was sticking out her headscarf. It had fallen across her forehead. When she saw me she tucked it in and gave me that cutesy Marilyn wave, locking her knees together. And she's all like hi Dick how are you today?

Excuse me? I said. How did she know my name? Marilyn shrugged, and gave me that blank, wide-eyed helpless look as I rode past.

The next day passed in a blur. I got bollocked out at work for not paying attention in a conference call with our advertising agency. I was staring out the window. Dick Holder wasn't too impressed. Fuck him. We pay the agency a big enough retainer for doing jack shit. It's advertising for christ's sake, not World War Three. Get a girlfriend, I told him. Have chickens. Stick your ads up your ass. Not really. Are you kidding? I have a mortgage to pay. Two car loans. A shitload of credit card debt. When Holder says suck my dick, I say, how many times, sir? Am I going fast enough? Would you like me to swallow your love gravy while I'm down here, sir? Shall I tickle your plonker conkers at the same time? This is life. You get a job then spend the next fifty years sucking dick, get used to it. Or jump off a bridge.

The following day I had holiday booked. Despite having the whole day to myself I avoided going out on the bike until late afternoon, in case I bumped into Marilyn emptying the mailbox again. I know, it was pathetic. I told myself I wasn't really seeing Marilyn Monroe. How could I be, she'd been dead half a century. But I took a new route anyway, just in case. To cut a long story short I found myself trundling through the back lanes of this sleepy hamlet called Field Dalling. It's only ten or fifteen miles from where I live but I'd never been out that way. It's amazing the places you can discover on a bike, if you really try. Anyway, you probably guessed what happened next. Yep. There she was. Again. Different town, same woman. In her stick-on slacks and tee shirt, bending over to polish this bronze lion statue at the end of a driveway. A

different driveway. I mean how many homes could a lady have? Two of the bronze lions stood guard either side of a pair of massive iron gates. Behind them the drive swept up to this big country house. I was beginning to feel like she was stalking me. I tried to look like I hadn't seen her, averting my eyes and speeding up as I cycled past. But she's like, yoo-hoo, hello, excuse me, Dicky! And I'm like, I don't need this shit. I braked and she came clacking across the road on these long thin heels, putting this line on me.

Say don't I know you from somewhere, she asked. Have you ever been in movies?

Cut the crap Marilyn, I said, you're supposed to be dead.

You look hot, she goes, can I fix you a drink of water?

Some like it hot, I said. It was nice meeting you, bye.

That was when things started getting really weird. Without warning Marilyn's mouth suddenly opened in a silent scream. Her body crumpled to the ground in slow motion. I checked the trees for snipers as she became this tiny cowering ball of sobs. I asked her what was the problem but Marilyn wouldn't answer. She just kept sobbing so I got off the bike and put my arm around her shoulder, helping her up.

I'm so sorry Dick, she said.

How the hell do you know who I am, I asked.

It's my husband, she said, in between sobs.

What?

He beats me.

I fired a worried glance up the drive. My arm flew off her shoulder pulling Gs. Is he in?

Marilyn took off the headscarf and shook her head, releasing this rave of blonde curls. The Marilyn we all knew. He's at work, she sniffled.

Yeah well give him my regards.

Don't go, she pleaded. She took my hand like a kid who wanted to show me something. I leaned my bike against the iron gates while she led me up the drive toward the house. The place was like something out of a Jane Austen novel. It had classical columns, a hundred windows, maybe fifty of those tall crenellated Elizabethan chimneys. The whole pile smelled of money. We passed over this drain grill and I made some wisecrack about the scene in *Seven Year Itch* where her dress blew up round her ears. Marilyn let it go. She took me down these steps into the basement kitchen at the back of the house where I let out a whistle. I'd worked in smaller aircraft hangers. Marilyn switched on the light.

It's just where we rustle up the beans and coffee, she said.

No shit.

Marilyn's eyes frisked my face. Do you know who I am, she asked.

Marilyn, the whole world knows who you are. We all thought you were dead.

That amused her. Her glistening poppy-red lips parted, showing a smile that could drop you at a hundred paces. They thought I was stupid, she said. I set the whole thing up.

So how come you ended up here, half way round the world?

I needed to lay low, it seemed like a good place, out here in the wilds of Norfolk, England UK.

For fifty years? I don't get it. You haven't aged a day in all that time.

I have good nutrition. I work out.

I glanced down at the coastal shelf of her breasts, which held her nipple-crazed tee shirt a mile away from her body. Somehow I can't see you jogging, I said.

Oh, there are funner ways of exercising than silly old that, she said, running a fingertip down my shirt front.

My god, I can't believe it, it really is you. The most shaggable woman who ever lived.

Marilyn did this complicated pout thing with her face, giving me the wounded labrador look. Eyes big and sad and beautiful. Do you know what it's like to go through life as a piece of meat, she asked. I could have been a great movie actress but they couldn't see past my tits. As she spoke my eyes snook down for another peek at her tee shirt which was stretched across her bosom like a drumskin. My husband said I was like a poet on a street corner trying to recite to a crowd who were pulling at my clothes.

Which husband we talking about?

Arthur. When he spoke the words were so beautiful they made me cry. Care what other people think and you will always be their prisoner, he said.

Yeah life's a bitch.

Scudda hoo, scudda hey. I had to leave him of course.

Yeah, I always wanted to ask you about that, why *did* you leave Arthur Miller?

The usual. He wanted to make love to me five, six, sometimes seven times a night.

Well you are Marilyn Monroe.

He couldn't keep his hands off me.

I guess he didn't marry you for your tips on Socratic dialogue.

Marilyn pulled her pout out its holster. It was okay for him at his typewriter all day, she said. After making love all night I was turning up on the set half asleep.

I'm surprised you could walk. Seven times? A night?

I was slurring my lines and everything. They accused me of unprofessionalism. The papers said I was doing drugs. I was just tired but they said I was hooked on barbiturates and stuff. They said I was losing my mind. They wouldn't leave me alone, Dick.

Marilyn looked hurt as my eyes took a walk up and down her legs. What about your second husband? I asked. Or was he the third? The baseball guy.

Oh Joe was a honey, he really loved me, but he wanted a piece of me all night too. He liked to tie me up.

You're shitting me.

I didn't mind but it kinda left bruises. Here and here. Marilyn showed me. Six hours a night is enough for any girl.

Every night?

I got one night a week off. Joe never made love before a game. Marilyn's eyes filled up again. Joe got awful jealous. He didn't like me showing off my looks, and all those actors kissing me. He hated me using my body as an asset, he wanted it all to himself. He'd get real mad and beat the heck out of me when I'd come home from the set. He broke my thumb, look, it's still crooked.

The bastard, let me kiss it better.

Then he'd throw me on the bed, rip off my dress and make love to me, like the beating never happened, like it would make it all okay. It was like, all I was was this body, these curves and legs and eyes and lips and hair and breasts and buttocks. It was like a drug to him. He had to have it every day, eight, nine, ten times. I lost count.

Jesus Christ! The lucky bastard. I mean, the bastard.

Every boyfriend I ever had was only interested in one thing. My ma's lover raped me when I was nine.

Jesus. I'm sorry to hear that.

My first husband made me walk around the house naked. He wanted seven children, said he wanted to name them after the days of the week. He used to call me his little fuck machine. I was having an abortion a month in those days. I couldn't afford to get pregnant if I wanted to get into movies. Pete, that was his name, he was so dumb he never even worked out I was having abortions. He was in the navy. Women didn't have careers, he said, they had babies. Then he'd pull up my dress and take me on the kitchen table. Or on the floor in the hall, or out back on the porch, wherever he got the itch. I used to think all this sex stuff was normal. Even in my films it was all they'd let me be, just a piece of meat. The agents were the worst. They'd take me out to expensive restaurants, get me drunk then audition me in the backs of their cars. I told them I wasn't that kind of girl but they said shit every movie starlet did it and did I want the part or not? They said horrible things.

They did?

Like I was just a dumb blonde with a pretty face and great tits. They said I should wake up and smell the coffee. They said I couldn't act. They said how could a body like mine have a brain.

The bastards.

They said if I wanted to be somebody, I should let my tits do the acting.

That's so cruel.

They said if I didn't I'd never work in Hollywood. They'd see to that. I'd be washed up. Unless I did what they wanted.

They were bullshitting you Marilyn. They just wanted to tickle your tonsils with their dicks.

When you got the kind of childhood I did, rejection wasn't an option. I spent a lot of time on my knees. All us movie starlets did, if we wanted to make it. It was the only way. On your knees or on your back, take your pick. Some movie big shot or senator, or local mafia guy would drop by the studio and they'd say, hey Freddie how's it goin. And he'd unzip and take his pick. They promised us these big scenes with big speeches that would win us oscars. They'd drop by the make-up trailer to run their hands up our skirts or play with us on the little couches they had in back. I said I didn't like it but they said, do you wanna go back to making third rate B movies like *All About Eve* and *Bus Stop*? Well open your goddam legs, they said. Think about the academy award, they said. Visualise it in your mind. And we'd close our eyes and think about that bright shining doll every second of every minute their fat sweaty bodies were on top of us. I never got that oscar.

The lousy scumbags.

I got so depressed. I was getting pregnant and having abortions so often it messed up my womb. I so wanted to have kids later in life, but it never happened. I guess I wasn't worthy. Just a dumb blonde good for sucking movie mogul dick, and that's all. Marilyn's lip gave a tiny quiver.

Don't be stupid, I said. Any man with half a brain would give his right arm to spend his life with you. Is it okay to call you Marilyn? Norma Jean?

Marilyn threw me a loaded smile. A smile loaded with a lifetime's sadness. You don't even know me, she said. You'd like to go to bed with me but you don't even know me. You're just like all the rest.

Look, I'm sorry, okay, I said. I'm human. A man. The minute I saw you strap on that dress in *Some Like it Hot*, I fell in love with you. We all did. Does that make me a bad guy?

Well, if you did love me...

Are you kidding? The blonde bombshell? You're the most beautiful woman who ever lived. There is one way you could show it, she said. Marilyn came over and straightened my collar. It's my husband.

The tough guy who lives here? Husband number five?

She bit her lip and nodded, smoothing the creases on my shirt. I already told you he's just this terrible man. He's sooo jealous.

More'n Joe?

Oh ten times worse. Can you imagine? It's like he won't even let me go out the house on my own, except to the end of the drive to pick up the mail, she sniffled, her big sad eyes looking up at me as she bit her lip again. Why if I disobey him he beats me up real bad. He keeps me prisoner here all the time and forces me to have rough sex. I'm scared Dicky, will you help me?

You want me to kick the shit out of this coward?

He's a boxer. Did I tell you?

Oh.

He fights under the name of The Prince. I suppose you hearda him.

Isn't he the psycho who bit off that other fighter's ear?

He calls me his little showgirl.

The prince and the showgirl, very funny. How'd you hook up with a douche like that?

He said he'd seen me in *Niagara* and thought I was the most beautiful dame in the world. He read a book called *How to Marry a Millionaire*, and sent me flowers. He looked kinda cute, what can I say, I was depressed, he said the right things, he was earning big bucks. How was I to know he was a bad man. He wins all his fights by knockout, you know. He's got these great big fists he goes BAM! BAM! Just like that. Why you never saw anyone so tough.

Oh.

Marilyn batted those puppy dog eyes, still playing with my collar. Has that frightened you off, or will you still protect me, Dicky-wicky?

We could emigrate, somewhere he'll never find us.

She shook her head. I already tried. He always finds me in the end. Those guys are all in wheelchairs. While tracing her finger along my jaw, Marilyn eased her hips forward a couple of inches until her groin bumped into my crotch. I knew you'd be different, she cooed in my ear. Her perfume flooded up my nose and into my veins like uncut heroin. I could tell you were the sensitive, intelligent type the moment I saw you. Will you do that for me, Dicky-wicky? I love that name, Dick, it's so you.

You're so beautiful, I said. When I look at you it's like every other thought goes out of my head.

I sort of had this plan, she said. Her long red fingernail fizzed down my neck. It's more of a fantasy really, I guess.

I like it already, I said.

We can fix him for good. Like frame him, for murder, so he goes away forever.

Suddenly I'm like whoa, backing away. That's heavy shit.

Marilyn got out the pout again, her hips following me around the kitchen like a magnet. He'd be gone forever, Dick. You'd have me all to yourself, she said in a breathless voice, almost falling to a whisper. Wouldn't you like that? Just you and me? All night long in that big old bed upstairs, every night your whole life long? Your little private fuck machine? Marilyn Monroe? Her lips practically ovulated as she spoke.

I don't know, it sounds complicated.

Well, something's got to give. I could put on the dress I wore in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, if that would make it less complicated.

Oh, it would.

Marilyn grew more ravishing the sadder her eyes became. Her body glowed like a light bulb as the electricity of her inner being shone out of her. Finally her midriff cornered me against the giant Smeg freezer. I was hemmed in. And there was this voice inside my skull saying walk away, do not touch, this lady is booby-trapped. If you help me, I'll be ever so grateful, she said. And her voice was now so husky and breathless it sounded like bottled sex. Then she gave me the gentlest peck of a kiss on the jaw, just under my ear. It felt as if a six thousand volt moth had landed on my neck.

And I'm like, really?

Uh-hu, she whispered, landing three more little bombs across my chin, one after the other. By now the siren in my head was going off louder than a nuclear alert. Except now it had a flashing red light on top and this voice screaming put the lady down, back away real slow, get the fuck out of there. Run away as far as you can. And hide.

Marilyn beckoned me with her little pinkie. Come here, she said, come closer. Her face was up real close, her thumb tugging down on my zip. The most beautiful eyes I'd ever seen were latched onto mine like radar, as if she was reading my mind. As if she was peering into my soul.

You know, my ma always said, when you pick a guy, go for the ones with the biggest brains, she said, sinking to her knees.

You won't find them down there, I said.

Uh-hu? Marilyn's voice grew muffled. She was back where she'd spent half her life. Following her vocation.

Is that nice?

Oh god, I groaned.

Every girl knows all a guys brains are right here in this thing. Dick.

Your ma tell you that too?

You must be a real intelligent guy.

You say the nicest things.

Maybe I should stop before we have a little accident, she teased. I wouldn't wanna blow your brains out, now would I?

It's okay, I have a death wish.

You sure, honeypie? I can stop right now if you like. We can pretend this never happened. And she said this with three inches of my dick in her mouth. We're talking Marilyn Monroe. You know what those movie directors made me do, she asked, pausing with my glistening microphone in her hand.

I could make an educated guess, I said.

Before every scene they'd drop by my trailer and make love to me on the make-up table. Well, I say make love. Technically it was rape, I guess. I'd always try to fight them off, I said I wasn't like that. But they said, do you wanna be a movie star or not? Does that turn you on, thinking about all those dirty old men taking turns on me? Putting it in my mouth? Making me swallow all their stuff? Marilyn came up for air, brushing her lips across my Adam's apple on the way. Hey, she said, leaning back and staring intensely into my eyes like they were a mirror, let's make love. Marilyn took me by the hand and led me through the hallway. I climbed the stairs in a trance, hypnotised by the miracle of her swaying buttocks. You are falling asleep, they seemed to say. You are going on a very long journey.

As we climbed the staircase Marilyn trailed a line of dirty talk behind her, telling me how Darryl Zanuck at Twentieth Century Fox insisted that in practically every scene he shot, she had to look like she'd just taken a bath in sex. She had to drip it all over the set, he said, as he fucked her in the trailer before shooting began.

That dirty pornographer.

That's what I said.

When we reached the landing Marilyn led me into this huge pink bedroom with a massive king-sized bed. She closed the door behind us, kicked off her heels and came up close. With her shoes off she seemed so small and vulnerable, barely reaching my shoulder, but all the more voluptuous for that, her lack of height accentuating the hills and valleys of her body. Then she began working at my erection again, stroking it ever so gently. All the time she was caressing my cheek with her other hand, sliding it behind my neck as she pulled me down to kiss her, whispering away, filling the room with her breathless words.

Why some days I'd go on set with my hair all messed up and my clothes out of place. Gable called it my just-fucked look. It became my trademark. That and the sexy pout.

Not forgetting your husky come-to-bed voice.

You remembered? Marilyn demonstrated while unbuckling my belt. They said it would knock the guys flat. They said it would make every man in the world want to make love to me. Did they lie to me Dick?

Not on that score, no.

Marilyn stuck out her nipples tee shirt. So this was the blonde bombshell. She was a bomb all right. An unexploded one. An IED with a built-in tripwire I was walking straight into. A bomb that was about to go up in my face and blow me all to kingdom come. But the way I figured was, hell, you could get taken out crossing the road. Marilyn glanced up at me through child-like, imploring, big-lashed eyes half asleep with sex and pheromones and a yearning to be held and loved and cared for. Is this thing still in the driving seat, she whispered, standing on tippy-toe and looking into my eyes while sliding her hand up and down the length of my cock. All I could do was croak and nod.

Would you like to put it in me a little bit?

Oh god, would I.

You wanna get sticky inside me, Dicky-wicky? Come over here you naughty boy. Marilyn gripped my manhood, leading me across to the bed. I felt like a dog being tugged by its lead. And she's like, let's make love.

I won't bore you with a blow-by-blow account of the great sex we had. I'll leave that to your imagination. Suffice to say, when I came I didn't so much ejaculate as explode. It was like a bombshell going off. A bombshell inside a bombshell. There was this explosion of semen, I must have hosed her insides with enough baby gravy to put out a forest fire. Okay, a small forest fire, but you get the picture. All I can say is, it was mind blowing, and you know what? I did it for you, guys. For every man of you out there reading this, the millions who have mourned every minute of every day since that black Sunday, 5 August 1962, when Marilyn was supposed to have died. For that half decade of hurt and emptiness, poring over those posters and calendar shots, sighing about what might have been. For all those private moments, the yearnings and fantasies about what it must have been like, making love to Marilyn Monroe. Well, you can stop wondering guys. I can tell you. It was the best. There's nothing to compare. If they made a female robot who was the perfect love-making machine, it wouldn't even come close. Marilyn

makes love as good as she looks. I did it for you, guys. It's over. Job done. Bury the past and move on. Let it go. Get a girlfriend. I did it for you, and it was beautiful.

Afterwards, we were lying back on the crumpled pink sheets. Marilyn had her head cradled on my chest. She was holding me with a frightening intensity, wrapping me in those fragile arms like some baby marsupial groping for the protection of its mother's pouch. This goddess. This vision of loveliness. This ultimate woman.

Were you okay with what we just did? I asked.

How do you mean, sugar? Her voice sounded drugged and drowsy, far away like she'd just had her brains fucked out. The fix was in and it felt good.

I'd hate you to think I was taking advantage of you or anything, I said. I mean I should have asked, are you on the pill?

What's the pill, she asked.

I couldn't resist a smile. The thought that I might have impregnated Marilyn Monroe sent this warm glow throughout my entire body, like getting into a hot tub on a cold day. The thought that she might have my kid, and we'd live together, and laugh and cuddle and fuck like rabbits every day for the rest of our lives, was almost too joyous to comprehend. Me and this perfect being, this personification of beauty called Marilyn Monroe. The ultimate male fantasy. I felt like the luckiest sonofabitch alive.

I guess I must have dozed off for a few minutes when I was woken by the sound of a car driving up the country lane, far off. As it neared the gates I heard the gears change down and the note of the engine rise. It sounded like it was coming up the drive. My body tensed as I strained every fibre to listen. I looked down at Marilyn. My angel was smoking a cigarette, spilling ash across my chest hair. She smiled up at me. A lover's smile. Finally I heard the hard crunch of gravel under the car's wheels and the engine turn off. I'm like shhh, shit, who the fuck's that?

Marilyn snuggled her head in closer, hooking her thigh across mine. Oh, just Vince.

Vince? Vince? I'm like who the fucking fuck's Vince?

My husband.

Vince The Prince? The heavyweight boxer?

He always comes home around this time. HI HONEY! she shouted, WE'RE UP HERE!

Shut the fuck! I hissed, burning my hand on her cigarette as I tried to cover her mouth.

Vince's size eleven feet were already climbing the stairs like a squad of paras doing house to house. When the door flew open I had one leg in my trousers hopping around the room. Look Vince, I said, this isn't what it seems. This whole thing is totally fucked up and...

It would have been nice to say the last thing I ever saw on this earth was Marilyn Monroe's face, with that just fucked look in her eyes. But I'd be lying. The last thing I saw was the double-barrelled twelve-bore. Hard and menacing in Vince's grip as he strode toward me like a bounty hunter. Like a repo man. It was payback time. Vince had come to collect.

I guess he must have pretty much taken off my head with the first barrel. The coroner's report gave cause of death as massive cerebral haemorrhage due to multiple projectile invasion of tissue. Listen, I know this sounds freaky, me being dead and all. You think I'm shitting you, right? You're probably thinking, now hold on. How can a dead person be writing this? They don't usually. Well how the fuck would you know? I didn't believe in that shit neither. Til I died. It came as a bit of a shock. You wanna know something else? Don't believe all those religious nutters laying all that shit on you about the kingdom of heaven and a bling bling life after death. It's a pile of bullshit. Being dead sucks. You'd think dying was punishment enough, but believe me that's a cakewalk compared to the shit they make you do when you get here. First thing they

do after the mug shot and strip-search is slap this round-the-clock embargo on all the things you dug while you were alive. Basically, the things that killed you. We can't smoke, drink booze, no red meat, and most of all no sex. There's a lot up here who come under that last category. All the millions carried off by AIDS and HIV, and the zillions syph took out in the centuries before penicillin. I was chatting to Strindberg last night. The Swedish playwright? The clap got him in 1912. He's really pissed. He thinks he's been made a scapegoat because of his bad rep with the bitches. He's been walking around with this truncheon-sized erection near on a century. First day he died, when he heard the rules he got straight on the line to his lawyer. But lawyers don't mean shit up here. They slapped a three hundred year erection order on him for his cheek. And they don't pussyfoot around with parole. He's still got two hundred years to do. Then they'll downgrade him to temporary erections like rest of us, he'll just get hard-ons when he sees the women. Which is pretty much all the time anyhow. What kind of sick joke is that? All the beautiful woman who ever lived, they're all up here, completely naked, yet you can't even get laid. I've tried jumping them all – Cleopatra, Grace Kelly, Mata Hari, Diana Doors, Princess Di. She walks around with her ass in the air, showing it to the guys like a dartboard. It's like trying to fuck a cloud of smoke. All we are is feelings and auras and force fields of nothingness. The sickest joke of all is, they left us with the desire. You want it badder than ever. I get the best erections in my whole death but it's like grabbing a soap bubble. Pop. You can't even jack off for christ's sake. What fucked up weird kind of shit is that to lay on a good Christian believer? Death is one sick motherfucker, that's for sure. Mostly we just sit around for centuries watching DVDs of our past lives, totally depressing out about how we took for granted the people we loved, and kissed the asses of those we hated, for money. Wishing we had our lives to live again. Just a few minutes. Long enough to say and do all the things we should have said and done. Pretty much the rest of the time we spend writing letters. To our kids. To our families and loved ones. Apologising for all the shit we put their way. Every unkind word or thought. Every infidelity. Every little meanness. Every wasted second of precious time. Every missed cuddle, every sulk, every stupid argument, every cross word. It's totally fucked up man. None of the letters get through. We know that. But we still gotta write them. It's part of the therapy. Part of the punishment. Part of the redemption, so says the big sign over St Peter's motherfucking wrought-iron gates. Eingeständnis macht frei. To get a letter from a dead person you need to have special powers. And before you make any wiseass cracks about ghost writers, don't, it sucks. For a living person to read anything written by a dead person you need to be one special tuned-in motherfucker down there on earth. So if you're reading this right now, respect. You got the power. You have a special gift. And you wanna know somethin else? Take my advice, stay down there. Even if you're having a shit day. Even if you just got run over by a truck and your wife is screwing your neighbour. However shit life seems, believe me, compared to death it's a 24/7 blow job. Still, I got to fuck Marilyn Monroe before I died. What are you planning to do with the rest of your life dude? Invent a new milk carton?

If you enjoyed this short story and want to read more like it, check out Frank Bukowski's seven hundred page collection, [*Sex on the Brain: Poems and Stories for Men*](#) at Amazon.