

GRAPPLING WITH URINE

Copyright © 2008 by Ralph Robert Moore

Downloaded from SENTENCE, The Fictions of Ralph Robert Moore

www.ralphrobertmoore.com

Grappling with Urine was first published in 2008 in Chimeraworld Number 5.

You wander down the quiet hallways of Adriana's north central Phoenix mansion, around corners, turning left, turning right, looking for a bathroom.

Your right hand reaches down for the gold-plated knob of another white door, twisting the knob clockwise.

The door opens on a clean-smelling space.

Dark wood paneling, jade tiles.

Your fingers slide along the wall, searching for the light switch.

You step into the antiseptic darkness, flicking on the yellow lights, and looking into the wide mirror that suddenly pops up, realize you're a man.

You lean into your reflection.

Your face is bigger, coarser.

Cheeks dotted with stubble.

And an Adam's apple!

You lift the blue toilet lid. It occurs to you, you have to lift the toilet seat as well.

Your left hand grasps your waistband while your right hand unzips your fly. You reach past the two vertical rows of tiny brass teeth into the front of your pants, finding a tall bulge behind cotton. Your fingers slip into the soft flap of your briefs, bumping against the bare round side of your cock.

Unfamiliar with it, not sure how to handle it, not wanting to hurt it, you carefully curl your fingers around its weight, gently pull the bendable length of it through the white flap in your briefs, out past the teeth of your zipper, where you let go of its warmth, letting it hang.

You look down at it hanging out of your fly.

How amazing.

And it's circumcised.

You stand closer to the gleaming white toilet bowl, put your right hand

again around your cock, aim its fat head downwards, at the light bulb reflections in the water.

After a moment, the slackness of your cock fills, the head rising, urine streaming out, towards the bowl.

You haven't aimed that well. With a panic, you point your cock further down.

As your urine hits the water, bubbling it, you feel, against your thumb on the top side of your cock, index and middle fingers on the bottom, the urine coursing through your cock.

So this is what it feels like!

You urinate for a long, long, long time.

Near the end, you contract the muscles at the back of your cock, urine squirting out in spurts.

Finished, you shake your cock a few times, to whip off the last yellow drops.

As you shake your cock, it starts to lengthen.

What would an erection feel like?

You slide the thin outer skin of your cock up and down, over its inner muscles and cartilage.

Your cock grows taller, straighter, harder.

When it's at full height, you walk sideways over to the mirror above the blue sink. Look at your cock.

It's actually fairly big.

What would it be like to masturbate this long, thick thing?

How would the orgasm be different?

But you should get back. Adriana's waiting.

She's in one of the cavernous family rooms, where you excused yourself, and in fact has placed a new

frozen lime margarita on your side of the table, a table made with a polished slice of petrified tree, expanding yellow and brown rings, supported by bleached antlers.

You sit back down in your brown leather chair, trying to be casual, wondering if she'll notice anything, much like when you go to a restaurant high on pot or mescaline, looking at the menu, you wonder if the white-shirted waiter will realize you're stoned.

But she doesn't seem to be aware you've changed into a man. She pulls her long, streaked blonde hair away from her face, lifting it behind her head, letting it fall out of her fingers. "This is so relaxing," she says. "I had such a day today."

You take a sip of your drink.

"Really? What happened?"

She dismisses the subject with a lazy wave of her right index finger. "I'm selling this place. Did I mention that already?"

"No! Really?"

"It's got too many family rooms. I don't have a family. What was I thinking?"

"Are you staying in Phoenix?"

She puts her hand on yours, looks across the petrified tree slab. "I don't know. A large part of the problem is that when I travel and people ask me where I'm from, and I say Phoenix, and of course I always specify north central Phoenix, people just don't understand how wealthy a section that is. Not just of Arizona, but of America. Sometimes I think it would make more sense for me to live in Los Angeles, or Miami. But there's just so many problems associated with moving. I feel paralyzed. How can I move when the place is so filthy? What would the Realtors think?"

You rear your head back.
“Filthy? Addy, it’s immaculate!”

She chuckles. “You’re not a Realtor. You’re not trained to see filth. Look up.” She points a manicured nail straight up.

You tilt your head back, look up at the high ceiling, three stories up. “I don’t see anything dirty.”

She leans forward in her hostess gown, pulls a pair of black binoculars out from under her chair. Hands them sideways to you. “See that vent up there? For the air-conditioning?”

From where you sit, the vent is stamp-sized.

“Look at the filth on it. How am I ever going to get that clean? They won’t do it.”

You take the black binoculars in your big hands. “The Realtors?”

“The servants. They’re all afraid of heights. That’s why they never get anywhere in life.” She turns her frosted lips down in contempt. “Carpet dwellers. Worthless, shuffling spics and niggers.” She lifts her hand. “I know, it’s not ‘politically correct’ to say they shuffle, but...”

You tilt your head back, bring the black binoculars up to your eyes, everything’s blurry, lower the binoculars, squint at the small threaded wheel between the eyepieces, raise the heavy binoculars again over your eyes, turning the little wheel, the ceiling getting more blurred, turn the wheel the other way, ceiling magnifying into sharp detail, then move that magnified circle left, right, slowly, until the ceiling’s air-conditioning vent is in the center.

You turn the little wheel very, very slightly.

Although the frame of the vent is white, the grid within the frame is root

beer colored, shreds of dust hanging down.

“I see it.”

“What am I supposed to do?”

“Do you have a gun that shoots grappling hooks?”

She draws her finely-plucked eyebrows together. “You mean like people who climb mountains use, to shoot a rope up to the next ledge? Sure, of course I do. Somewhere.” She opens some drawers in the table next to her. “Here you go. Like this?”

She pulls out a large rifle with a four-pronged grappling hook sprouting from the barrel of the rifle, the rope coiled inside the base of the rifle.

“Do you have three, by any chance?”

She leans over, looks in the deep drawer. “I have five! Do you just need three?”

You nod, stand up. “Three will do. One to fire a hook into the ceiling, so I can climb up the rope to that height. A second to fire at the opposite wall, so once I secure the second, horizontal rope to the first, vertical rope, I can travel, hand over hand across the horizontal rope, to the air-conditioning vent, and clean it. A third to shoot into the ceiling from the vent side of the room, so I can lower myself back down.” You dip your knees, raise a finger. “I’ll need some moistened paper towels too, for the actual cleaning.” You give Adriana a take-charge grin. “Wouldn’t do to not have that when I’m all the way up there.”

Adriana puts her long hands on the arms of her brown leather chair. “Really? You’d do this for me?”

Standing feet spread, you check the grappling gun to make sure it’s operational, look down at her. “Watch me.”

You aim the gun straight up, pull the trigger.

With a pumpf! the four-pronged grappling hook shoots up, slowly, it seems to you, but it keeps rising, rope coiling out below its ascent, the hook crashing through the high white ceiling.

You wrap your end of the rope around your forearm, jerk down, baring your teeth, the four hooks, way up there, catching and holding in the ceiling's studs.

As you watch, head back, tiny bits of sheet rock float down, separate spirals.

Adriana stands next to you, hands you several moistened paper towels.

Impulsively goes up on tip toe in her high heels, plants a kiss on your cheek. "I thought my plans were ruined. I was paralyzed."

You heft the other two grappling hook rifles in your right hand, swing them onto your back. "Stand clear."

She does, obediently.

Hand over hand, you climb up the rope, body swaying left, right with your rising clasps, rope below you whipping.

Halfway up, you feel winded, it's taking more of an effort than you thought, but you can't stop now. You raise your squeezed face, looking up at where the grappling hook is snared in the ceiling, watching the four prongs get bigger and bigger as you pull yourself closer and closer.

At last, you're three stories up, swaying just below the white ceiling.

You look down past your swinging sneakers at Adriana so far below, her tiny, upturned face. You grin down at her, white-toothed.

From so far below, her little fist raises in a thumbs-up salute.

Halfway there.

You squint at the opposite wall, thirty feet away. You want to shoot the second grappling hook into the wall as close to the ceiling as possible, so you can reach up, two-thirds of the way across the horizontal line, and clean the air-conditioning vent. Shoot it too close to the ceiling, and it might bounce off the ceiling, fall, unhooked, down to the carpet. And you'll have to descend, humiliated. Shoot it too far below the ceiling, and you won't be able to reach up to the dirty vent with your wet paper towel.

You bend your right arm over your shoulder, pull one of the two heavy rifles on your back forward.

Hanging onto the rope with your left hand, you prop the butt of the rifle against your right chest, curl your fingers around the long trigger.

Tighten your fingers around the trigger, but then relax them again, tilt the nose of the rifle a little further up.

Fingers back around the trigger. Now or never.

Squeeze the trigger, nice and slow.

You swing violently back on your rope, propelled by the kickback from the rifle's recoil.

Trying to control your swing, eyes blinking, you look across the ceiling.

The second grappling hook has hit the opposite wall, biting through the drywall, secured.

And it's in a perfect position, just below where the plane of wall joins the plane of ceiling.

You wrap the rifle end of the rope around the four prongs jutting down from the ceiling above you, twisting and knotting the rope, testing it with downward yanks.

Secure.

You let go the vertical rope, both big hands curling around the horizontal rope.

The rope lowers under your weight, but only by an inch.

Arms above your head, you swing your hands forward across the rope, clenching, unclenching, reclenching, moving forward, careful always to have a hand firmly wrapped around the rope before letting go with your other hand.

Your legs swing heavily below you, side to side, which makes your exertion even more tiring.

Harder than you thought it would be. You smell your sweat as it rolls down from your big armpits, shoulders aching.

At last, you're suspended directly below the vent.

Under your wet, furrowed forehead, you roll your blue eyes up, inspecting the vent six inches above you.

It is, in fact, dirty.

Hooking your wet left forearm over the horizontal rope, elbow sticking up, veins rising, you reach up with your right hand, smear a wet paper towel over the slats, getting off a lot of the brown grime.

Drop that towel from three stories up, pull out another, reach up again, left shoulder burning, do a more careful wipe down each side of the slats, restoring their original, just-painted gleam.

"How's that look?"

You twist your face downwards, see Adriana hurry over beneath where you're hanging so far up.

She spreads her small hands apart. "Did you say something?"

You twist your head back down. "I said, How's that look?"

"Oh! Wait a minute!" She hurries back over to her chair, picks up the black binoculars, twists them as she walks back over beneath you.

She aims the black binoculars straight up. Pulls them away from her eyes, holding them at waist level, head bent, fiddles with the tiny focus wheel between the lenses, raises the binoculars again to her eyes.

"How's that look? Is it clean now?"

She raises her right hand. "Just a...I'm trying to get it in focus."

Arms over your head, breath coming hard, you sway slowly back and forth.

She lowers the binoculars.

"That's good!"

"They look clean now?"

"Pretty much!"

"Did I miss a spot?"

"Can you...up by the left corner?"

You pull out another wet paper towel. Raise your hand to the vent.

"Here?"

"My left."

You look down, look up.

"Here?"

"Your left! Sorry."

"Here?"

"Yes! Right there!"

You wipe the slat. "Okay?"

From far below, the fingers of her right hand curl into an A-OK sign. She lowers the black binoculars from her eyes. "Thank you so much! That last little bit of grime would have bothered me forever! It would have left me feeling paralyzed!"

"I'm coming down!"

"Okay!"

You swing the third grappling hook rifle over your shoulder, take aim at the opposite wall, ten feet away.

Close one eye to aim, squeeze the trigger.

The rope whistles out the barrel of the rifle.

The grappling hook, arcing away from you, crashes into the white wall.

You wrap your end of the rope around your forearm, tug tightly.

The tips of the four prongs emerge from the wall's whiteness, secured.

Now for the tricky part.

Holding the third rope in your right hand, you let your left hand's grasp go from the horizontal rope above you.

For a breath, nothing happens.

You swing down, towards the opposite wall.

Stick both legs up, aiming your sneakers at the approaching wall.

Bounce!

You swing backwards away from the wall, over open space, rope creaking.

Arc back towards the wall, slower this time.

Bounce.

Only swing out five feet this time.

The full front of your body bangs into the wall. Stays there.

You look down.

All right.

Lifting your knees, you place the soles of your sneakers against the wall, pushing back, until your body is perpendicular to the white wall.

Start walking down the wall, watching your sneakers lower.

Come to the top of a wide picture frame. Step over the carvings on the frame, sneakers landing on the painted surface of the painting. Rappel down the immense fox-hunting landscape, bounce horizontally over the bottom edge of the frame.

Keep walking backwards down the wall.

You look over your shoulder, see Adriana ten feet below you.

She's looking straight up at you, arms by her side, upside down smile of admiration on her face.

You can see down the front of her hostess gown, the tops of her wide breasts. All that exercise, all that plastic surgery, has kept her body beautiful.

You can see down the back of her hostess gown, the narrow, soft, untanned wings of her shoulder blades.

As your sneakers walk backwards down the white wall, leaving zig-zag smudges, you get an erection between your legs, thinking, I'm going to find out tonight what it's like to fuck Adriana.