

The Massage story or Poison oak, hale and brimstone, and ‘bitches’<sup>1</sup> in bikinis.

The summer before **my freshman year of high school**<sup>2</sup> I went to this bible readin’, hale and brimstone bringin’, guitar playin’, week long, religiously-sponsored, summer camp in the Ponderosa area of the Santa Cruz mountains with my best friend, **Allen DeMers**<sup>3</sup>. Every afternoon and every night at this thing we got together for this communal ‘religious-appreciation’ type thing held in this big ole’ carpeted auditorium where we sang ‘gay ass’<sup>4</sup> songs, held hands, and listened to this dude with a bible.<sup>5</sup> Now while neither I nor my boy Allen were at all down with the whole religious aspect of this fuckin’ place,<sup>6</sup> there were some promising aspects to being in the Santa Cruz mountains two months before the start of my freshmen year at Del Mar, like the 80 percent ladies at this camp.

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<sup>1</sup>‘Bitches’ is ‘ghetto-slang’ used as a ‘generic’, ‘not (necessarily) derogatory’ way of ‘referring to, or about, a woman’. IN THIS BOOK, THIS TERM IS IN NO WAY INTENDED TO OFFEND PERSONS OF THE FEMALE PERSUASION.

<sup>2</sup>See related story, “‘Freshmen year at Del Mar’ Intro”.

<sup>3</sup>See related story, “‘Axis and Allies’, ‘Super Soaker’ water guns, tennis, ‘Rush Limbaugh’, and my three friends (Allen, Jack, and Ollie)”.

<sup>4</sup>‘Gay ass’, or ‘stupid ass’ is the same as ‘stupid’. Usage: “I can’t believe the fucking gay ass public transit does not run on Sunday in Coralville. What, people don’t have places they need to go on Sunday? People don’t have jobs that require them to work on Sundays? That’s some stupid shit.” THIS TERM IS IN NO WAY INTENDED TO OFFEND PERSONS OF SAME SEX ORIENTATION.

<sup>5</sup>The dude at this camp thing did have an interesting take on what he felt to be a flaw in the ‘Big Bang’ theory. “If this planet, our solar system, and the galaxy to which our solar system belongs...and the next solar system...and the one after that are all a product of the explosion of this enormous ‘cosmic mass’...from *where* did that initial ‘cosmic mass’ originate?” Likewise, I found Matthew McConaughey’s struggle with the coupling of religion and science in *Contact* very compelling.

<sup>6</sup>While I have always considered myself a ‘*spiritually*-minded’ type person (I feel I am respectful of, and conduct myself in a manor open to, the possibility of a higher being [Allah, God, Jehovah, Buddha, whatever your fancy]), religion has never really been my bag. I conduct my day-to-day affairs in what I feel to be a respectful, conscience, and open-minded manor. Little bothers me more than people coming to me with hard-core and *unsolicited* opinion. Many of the seriously ‘*religiously*-minded’ people I have met hold their beliefs very seriously and, apparently, feel most comfortable in bringing across the sentiment of their religious choice to myself and others. (For example: the rhetoric of, and actions taken by, extreme proliferators and the Christian Coalition, even their very existence, disgusts me quite a bit). I got a serious dose of religious predication at this camp in the woods. Attendance at these religious functions was ‘mandatory’ and—when we weren’t actively engaged in these ‘I love God, so I just feel good all over’ type revivals—the camp counselor dudes/chicks (each and everyone of them on these ‘phat’ prescriptions of Prozac and acting like they just got their daily sunshine enema) dominated the time with ‘thought provoking’ scripture and religious sentiment. In fairness, Allen and I were there *by choice* and overall we both *did* have a good time...the camp was definitely ‘something else’ though, to say the least.

Outside of the whole ‘booty’<sup>7</sup> religious component of the camp, the rest of my time there was pretty cool. We did group activities every day (kinda like **TAC summers**<sup>8</sup> in Mt. View for me) like volleyball, tennis, capture the flag, and shit like that. While I wasn’t exactly the king pimp coming out of the 8th grade or anything, of all people Allen DeMers (a very cool, but lanky ass, gangly, dorkey, stick, scare crow lookin’ dude) surprisingly ‘hooked up’<sup>9</sup> with this one chick at the camp. I got this nasty ass case of *head-to-toe* poison oak from diving into about 20 feet of the shit on my way after a frisbee (I was playing ‘frisbee golf’<sup>10</sup> and didn’t know poison oak *could grow as trees*<sup>11</sup>, but apparently it can). And on the last day, a Saturday, we went to the beach (just north of the Boardwalk, I think).

I don’t recall the particulars of how we got started, but 15 minutes after we got to the beach I was giving this oil massage to this chick in a bathing suit—I was working on her shoulders, neck, arms, shoulder blades, lower back, and legs...Allen was working on her feet. Fifteen minutes later, I was about done with the first massage when I looked up from the girl’s nicely tanned back and realized another chick from the camp was waiting for Allen and me to finish so she could be hooked up. After we were finished with that first

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<sup>7</sup>‘Booty’, ‘ass’, ‘booty-ass’, ‘foul’ are essentially the same as ‘stupid’ or ‘not cool’. (Usage: The Sublime concert I securitized at last summer in mid-IA was foul. I can’t believe that booty-ass band is even from Campbell. That’s my hood.)

<sup>8</sup>See related story, “TAC: Teen Activity Camp”.

<sup>9</sup>‘Hooked up’ can mean the same as ‘picked-up’. Alternatively, (in the context of a guy and a chick) hooked up is a term generally entailing ‘some shared sexual type activity’... ‘possibly sex’ itself depending on who you’re talking to and the context of the conversation. (Usage: I hooked up with this “relatively good looking” chick that I had met like 3 hours before, along with my friend Ray, at this random party last Halloween. We had sex, a couple times, that night.) In this case (that being Allen DeMers and this entering freshmen chick at a religious retreat type camp), they probably just held hands and maybe kissed in the woods or something.

<sup>10</sup>Similar to ‘traditional golf’, ‘frisbee golf’ is a sport in which the object is to hit either ‘pre-determined, natural landmarks’ (such as a lamp post, a statue, Dean of Housing Doug Zip’s mailbox) or ‘well marked targets’ (such as the ‘5-foot-tall-with-hanging-chain-and-attached-frisbee-holder-below’ targets at ‘Sugar Bottom’, a course in IA at which I ‘shoot disc’) using a frisbee. Like in golf, ‘holes’ in frisbee golf have an associated ‘par’: a ‘birdie’ is ‘shooting one-under’, a ‘bogey’ is ‘shooting one-over’, an ‘eagle’ is ‘shooting two-under’, and such...again, as in golf. ‘Golfers’ will carry as few as one disc and as many as, well, I’ve seen guys with around two (2) dozen discs on the course at a time.

<sup>11</sup>The shit had *trunks*. I think those trunks had bark, but that poison oak definitely had trunks and it was the only shit between me and my frisbee. I had shorts and short-sleeves.

chick, the two of us started to work on the second one. A line soon formed. My boy Allen and I had struck the mother load.

As the sexually inexperienced, incoming high school freshmen that we were, there was no way in hell that I and my gangly friend were going to pass this opportunity up. I hooked up 'full body massages'<sup>12</sup> to somewhere close to *two dozen* hot 'fifteen-something' year old bitches in bathing suits over the course of the three hours we were at the beach. Each lasted less than 10 minutes a piece: had to keep my 'groove on'<sup>13</sup>. My boy Allen backed my 'play'<sup>14</sup>, on *foot patrol* the whole time. By the time we headed back to the camp to get packed for home, my hands were sore as all get out and I had a monster sunburn, but damn if it wasn't *well worth it*.

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<sup>12</sup>A 'full body massage' is 'a massage which includes a number of different areas of the body' often times including 'the neck', 'back (shoulders, shoulder blades, spine, and lower back)', 'arms', 'feet'...and sometimes 'hands', 'legs', 'ass' (it all depends on what 'kind of party' it is.) Like with any massage, a full body massage can, of course, be either 'erotic' or 'therapeutic' in nature (or 'both').

<sup>13</sup>'Groove on', the same as 'swerve', means 'get my drink on' and/or 'get my mac on', most generally though...a combination of the two.

<sup>14</sup>'Play' is a player's 'action'.