

Lulu's Deal Breaker #2



By Conchita Moore

When does an irritant turn into a ‘deal breaker’?

I decided to pose this question to both my male and female friends. Their answers were, to say the least, interesting.

Mick and Michelle have been married for about 15 years and they knew each other a number of years prior to that. Both of them are really easy-going fun people apart and even more so together. They had both lived in Northern California and participated in “experimental lifestyles” enjoying drugs, sex and philosophies of life. These days they are mellow Christian hippies.

I always enjoy hanging out with them, especially when Mick cooks. He was a gourmet chef in San

Francisco so the only factor limiting his menus is his imagination. It was over a plateful of homemade Sushi that I posed the question to them. Mick started laughing almost immediately.

“I once dated this girl back in college who had to tell me all about her bodily functions. I knew every fart, belch or hiccup that she experienced. Oh, and every time she would fart, she would start giggling and say, ‘guess what I just did?’” Mick said imitating a girl’s voice.

Michelle and I held our stomachs while we laughed at Mick’s story.

“Oh ladies, that’s not even the worst part of it. She told me her bowel movements and menstrual

cycles as well. But, that's still not the worst part," Mick paused while he laughed to himself. "So, I'm a twenty-two year old guy, right? I go home to meet her parents, and her mom is the exact same way.

I spent a half hour at dinner listening to her menopause experience. That woman didn't spare any details either. I learned all about night sweats and vaginal dryness."

He paused again to laugh while Michelle wiped tears from her eyes. "We broke up shortly after that visit to her parent's. The deal breaker for me was picturing myself at every holiday sitting next to that old lady and listening to her latest bodily function story." He raised up his voice again like a girl,

“Here Sonny, have some mashed potatoes. How would you like to hear about runny bowel movement I had yesterday?”

Michelle leaned over and kissed Mick’s cheek.

“Now Dear, aren’t you glad you met and married me instead?”

“Yes Dear. You are not half as disgusting as she was. You’re close but . . .” he let his voice trail off as she slapped his arm playfully.

There was a lull in the conversation but then Michelle spoke up. “My deal breaker was a Warlock.”

My jaw dropped as I looked at Mick who seemed as confounded as me.

“What?” Michelle asked innocently, looking at Mick and me, our mouths agape.

“A Warlock? As in male witch?” I asked still confused.

“Oh yeah. He was a really nice guy. I met him at Junior College during my four years there,” she explained. “I liked him but he kept trying to cast a spell on me and my roommate to have a threesome with him.”

Mick spoke up, “Oh, I can see why that would be a deal breaker.”

“Oh, that wasn’t the deal breaker,” Michelle exclaimed. “It seems he was also a cross-dresser and he ruined a few of my shoes. Those days, I



“didn’t have much money. After he ruined my favorite shoes and I couldn’t replace them, he was history.