

Working Girl

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This story is not to vitiate or demote the Working Girl as a profession, as it could be justly compared to other professions. As we all do, what we have to do, to survive, in this crazy world. The foregoing is just one evening encounter, with the oldest profession known to man.

It was one evening in the late 60s, in the Bushwick section of Brooklyn, under the Broadway L. I lived on Bedford Avenue in a Boarding house, having a bedroom with a, fridge, hotplate, and one bathroom servicing four apartments to each floor @ \$35 a month, Thirty dollars for the room, and an extra \$5, to have a fridge. Most times it was covered with my unemployment check that I received weekly.

I lived a life I only had known, that had existed for me. Or, it may have been, the life that had satisfied my lifestyle, at that moment in time. To never settle down in one place, for any definite period of time, which I had definitely tried often to achieve, but with little success. Leading to numerous affairs, which at times had ended painfully, on both sides the coin. Rather than possessing, or nurturing, any kinds of true relationships, I remained a Social Fidgeter, for lack of a different word, or phrase. My best friend, me, was my worse enemy, sort of speak.

I lived on a diet, consisting of either hamburgers, or hotdogs, served with mounds of fried onions as a side dish, and always a diet coke to go. Nightly I would be served from large storefront-opened windows, where you would scream out your order, and if you were heard as the L trains would constantly rumble, screech and roar drowning out the voices of the night, you may receive your order in relatively proper time, whatever it was to be that night. The place known as The Greeks, was under the Broadway L, adjacent to the Bedford Avenue station, and had no indoor dining, only window carryout. The burgers were four for a dollar, hot dogs @ 35 cents each. Of course, my being economical, not always by choice, burgers and coke were mostly on my menu.

On a Friday evening, as I was on line, waiting for my nightly menu to be satisfied, I spotted a pair of eyes staring in my direction from the darkened entranceway of a store that was closed and lightless, adjacent to the Greek's. The individual whose eyes were starring at me seemed camouflaged in the night from my sight. I was clueless at who it could be, male or female, and for me to leave my spot in line would be ridicules. I later went to investigate after receiving my order.

As I reached the darkened storefront, I recognized the woman, as a working girl who worked in this area.

“Hi,” I said surprised to see her, and suddenly realized why, she was somewhat hidden from my view, she was one of the African American ladies, and together with my poor eyesight, and no store lights, I was sightless. She was one of the most gorgeous working girls in the area. I've noticed her among others, as I frequently visited in the evenings,

picking up my dinner, as the girls worked the night. She seemed to be wearing her working clothes tonight, red dress, matching pocketbook, red high heel shoes, and an inviting smile, which captured her prey.

She answered me, “Do you have an extra burger for me? Don’t worry, I’m not working tonight, I’m just hungry.”

As I look for some change in my pocket she handed me a \$5 bill, “Give me yours and reorder. Before you go, my name is Justine”

“I’m Doug, I’ve seen you many times before.”

“And I’ve seen you, Doug, at the Greeks.”

This is crazy I was thinking, me taking money from a Working Girl. Like I said before, “We must do, what we must do.”

When I returned with the order, Justine asked, “Doug, do you live close by, I hate to dine on the street?”

I answered, “About two blocks away, on Bedford Avenue.”

“OK, perfect Doug. Let’s go”

On our way to my home Justine asked me how old I was and I answered, “I’m twenty two.”

She seemed delighted with my answer, and followed with, “Have you ever had an older woman, don’t worry Doug, I’m not working tonight, just wanted to know?”

I lied, telling her “No.”

We reached my home and I keyed the front door, and we entered. I led her one flight up to my apartment and as I unlocked the door we both entered. We put our food on the table and she jumped on the bed. There was only one chair in the room as the room was small, and I guess, Justine didn’t mind using the bed. “Doug do you have a little salt?” She asked.

“Maybe next time,” I answered somewhat sarcastically.

I don’t think so Doug,” she answered, smiling.

When Justine finished her food she asked, “Where’s the bathroom, Doug?”

“First door on you right as you exit the room.”

Reaching out to me she asked, “You do have soap, and a towel for me. I’ve got to walk back from the bathroom, you don’t want me to walk back naked, what would your neighbors think, with a black pearl in their mist?”

I handed her a towel and soap, and she left, as my imagination went wild, picturing her naked running down the hall.

When she returned, she knocked lightly on the door. I opened the door; my white towel had replaced her sexy red dress that she had worn. She was exactly true, as she promised. She was a black pearl, who had exited her shell, lovingly wrapped in my white towel, surrendering to me in all her beauty; she discarded the towel offering herself to me. I quickly stripped down to begin learning from a pro, all the ins and outs of making love her way, the ways of the Working Girl. Absorbing all the knowledge I could absorb, and as a good student, hopefully, adding to my ever-growing repertoire.