

# How to save face and get out of a pinch

Marcelo Garbine

## 1 – The problem

I needed to make a photocopy of some documents the other day in order to take care of some legal issues so I went to the nearby OfficeMax where I ended up standing in the customary line at the cashier to pay. In front of me was this guy, who was probably around five years younger than me, that started up a conversation.

He was an Indian gentleman who had difficulty speaking our language. I don't usually pay much attention to people's small talk but I saw that this foreigner had a bit more depth. As I've always been curious about the history of eastern religions and the cultural differences with cast systems, I started asking him questions about Hinduism. With a radiant smile on his face he went on and on.

It didn't take long to discover that we had the same academic background. He'd taken economics in London. Our initial topic of discussion was the theology of monetary politics but we soon hovered over a universal theme, as always.

Soccer? Uuuuuhhhh... Ya hit the crossbar, buddy! Almost, but not quite!

Just to paraphrase the lyrics of one of my own songs: "(...) with everything I've gone through / My team never scored a goal / I have no team, no umbrella / I hate crime and soccer (...)"

Whatever!!! I admit it – at the risk of being unpopular – soccer's not my thing. So... what was the topic then??? Hellooo!!! Come on, help me out here!

Ok, what is almost as popular as soccer? Simple... Women!

Mahatma Gandhi's fellow-countryman began his narrative of his Don Juan escapades. He said he never went out at night with friends 'cause he wanted to feel free to pick up chicks and not have to worry about finding broads that had friends. Emphasizing his point, he said that just the presence of more than one man could confuse a woman. Hence, he would simply do away with other male companionship in order to guarantee his catch when he was on the prowl and ready to get it off with the next female.

So far, I was learning a little bit more about the complex female world but was starting to get ticked with this Casanova.

I was never like that, ya know. Me and my nerd face, looking like Jack Nicholson.... I even use glasses.... glasses!!!

Just a lame excuse for someone who struggles desperately to even reach – on average - a consumption of maybe a measly four vaginas by the end of a quarter.

Such sacrifice to finally commemorate: "CONSUMATTUM EST!"

And if I were really lucky I could sometimes shout: "CONSUMMATUM EST OEST!"

It's just a little nerd joke that only readers who know a little bit about Latin or the Bible would ever understand. You've got Google!!! Knock yourself out, dude.

At first I went along with the ride as if I were a fellow Don Juan until I broke into a cold sweat and my butt face said it all... I was nothing but a fraud.

Who's ever watched that movie "The 40 Year Old Virgin"? Well... thank God I haven't stooped to such virginal extremes as the actor, Steve Carell, but, compared to this Hare Krishna devourer, I felt humiliated! Crap!!!!

This guy was telling me that he did it with about eight or nine women a week! A far cry from my reality!

"Oh, wretched life of mine!" as my late granddad used to say.

And to top it off, this sleazy dude started to check out the chicks on the street and say:

"Take that one with the sunglasses, I nailed her. That one that just smiled at me too. And the one in green as well, a while ago, like three weeks ago...."

"Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop!" – I say, incarnating Andy Stitzer – "Wait just a minute buddy! Pray tell, thou rejecter of bovine meat but connoisseur of human meat of the female sex, what's your secret for seducing so many vulvas? Come on... spit it out!"

"But you are older than me," – Hare Hare snobbishly fakes an innocent look – "you must have much more experience."

Forget it! I'll pick up my Xerox tomorrow. It's just too degrading when you still want to be taken at least a little bit seriously, just a little bit....

Ya know what, you sorry excuse for an Indian??? Pakistan should invade Cashmire after all, you loser!

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## 2 – The solution

And just to think that at fifteen years old – in the heat of the masturbation phase when you've got this desperate need to (get that thing out there) dip the stick, I was just desperate, to the point of even promising to marry Mrs. Brown's daughter.

Mrs. Brown had her daughter, Olga, who was already twenty-three (much too old for a 15 year old kid) penned up at home under lock and key.

The girl was so homely that Mrs. Brown was afraid to let her loose out there for fear she'd get harassed. Poor Olga...

At twenty-three she had never even been kissed. No man had ever hollered "Hey Baby!!!!" to poor little Olga.

But little Mingau here sucked it up! Talking about desperation...

At six o'clock in the morning, when Mrs. Brown left to go open up her rat infested little shop, I would jump the wall of their old house looking for homely Olga.

Not a day passed that I didn't find her crying, devastated that she was the ugliest girl in the neighborhood.

It took a long time to calm Olga down, at least around thirty minutes of preliminaries until she'd give in.

"Don't cry, Olga, you're beautiful on the inside, as wonderful as your name. If men don't see your beauty, that's their problem, not yours."

It wasn't a very good wrap but it worked with Olga. She would stop crying and I would go on the attack. What else could you do? It's all there was to eat. Kind of like buffing the banana... as in serving your country.... Stick that flag in her face and.... wamooo!!!

But the problem wasn't just her Whoopy Goldberg nose, or those Jack Nicholson bags under her eyes. Olga dreamed of going down the aisle with veil and garland. And I had to promise her that I'd be her bow for the rest of our lives. What a line! But Olga believed me ... and would give in.

Olga did have her good qualities. Yes, nothing is perfect but nothing is totally imperfect either. Not even beaten down Olga. I'd close my eyes and think: "It's Sharon Stone," and, voalá!

Let's just say – not wanting to risk falling on the vulgar side – that Olga was talented with her vocal cavity without having to use her voice. All of a sudden, Olga's defects would disappear with a magic touch, or suck.

Her infamous little stature set her labial gorge closely located near the materialization of my predestined drive to contribute to the continuing proliferation of the human race on this beautiful planet earth. What can I say... it made things easier!

With her crossed eyes, this sweet creature would look at me with her desperate and pleading come hither eyes.

Her over-advantageous neck served as a spring which helped Olga to be very fast.

I didn't have to worry about getting hurt either, due to her scarce teeth.

Now her flat head... Well that was an excellent Coke holder.

And those elephant ears Olga had were perfect flappers that I could hold on to, one in each hand, to pump poor Olga and encourage her to pick up speed.

Early on I learned to see the bright side of things. That's why I have this burning desire to write a self-help book. Would you guys buy a self-help book by Mingau Ácido?

Ok, we'll leave the market survey for later and get back to Olga... Sweet Olga!!!



One fine afternoon, Olga was being more difficult than usual. She said she couldn't because she was on her period.

I got goose bumps all up my back. It had been three days since I'd jumped that grimy wall and there was no way I could leave without shooting off a few million spermatozoids.

"Olga, sweet little Olga, is there anything more beautiful in this world than a woman menstruating, Olga? Menstruation is the very essence of womanhood! It's the externalization of the most expressive part and core of a woman."

Olga's eyes started to shine with the first signs of submission. Olga teeter tottered a bit more.

"Mingau, do you really like me?"

Crap... I'm not an ass, I hate lies. But I needed to, was desperate to consume decadent Olga, at least one more time.

"Olga, sweet Olga, haven't you noticed yet?" – I answered with my sad sack face.

“Aahh, Mingauzinho, come here...”

Yeesss! Mission accomplished. Olga was used for the last time, with class.

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### 3 – Lesson learned

The very next day, while sitting on a bench in the town square, chatting with my homies, all of a sudden I see Olga’s silhouette coming up on the horizon.

She’d put this shiny pink lipstick on. Sick! With highlights in her kinky hair, she wore a red mini-skirt that Mrs. Brown must have bought at the open-air market between ochre and cabbage. And to top it off, she was, unfortunately, donning red heels that were so high that it made Olga almost 5 foot 5.

OMG! How embarrassing....

“Hi Mingau! How nice to see you here!”

“Hi, Olga...” – I said dryly.

“Mingau, isn’t it true you said you like me?”

“No, Olga, I just asked you if you had noticed yet, meaning if you hadn’t noticed that I don’t like you.”

Ok, ok, ok... so I’m not bragging about this. To be honest, I’m rather ashamed of having gone on like this. But, I’d rather break the heart of some reader who might just be in love with me than to ruin the joke, nasty as it may be, but funny.

I do confess that my chest does hurt a bit every time I remember Olga’s little face full of tears.

Heartbreaking are the images I have stored in the back of my mind of those gigantic open pores all over her face – looking more like volcanic craters – and the zits oozing their nectar and her overflowing tear ducts.

But after a half a dozen Hail Marys and Our Fathers, I absolved myself chalking it off by blaming it all on my restless young hormones.

Here's a little tip for you women: take a course in reading comprehension. If not you'll end up deceive and deluded.

And that's today's lesson from Mingau Ácido on how to save face and get out of a pinch.

Anthony Robbins, James Hunter, Daniel Goleman, John Maxwell and Dale Carnegie watch out. Self-help book market... here I come! Woooow!

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