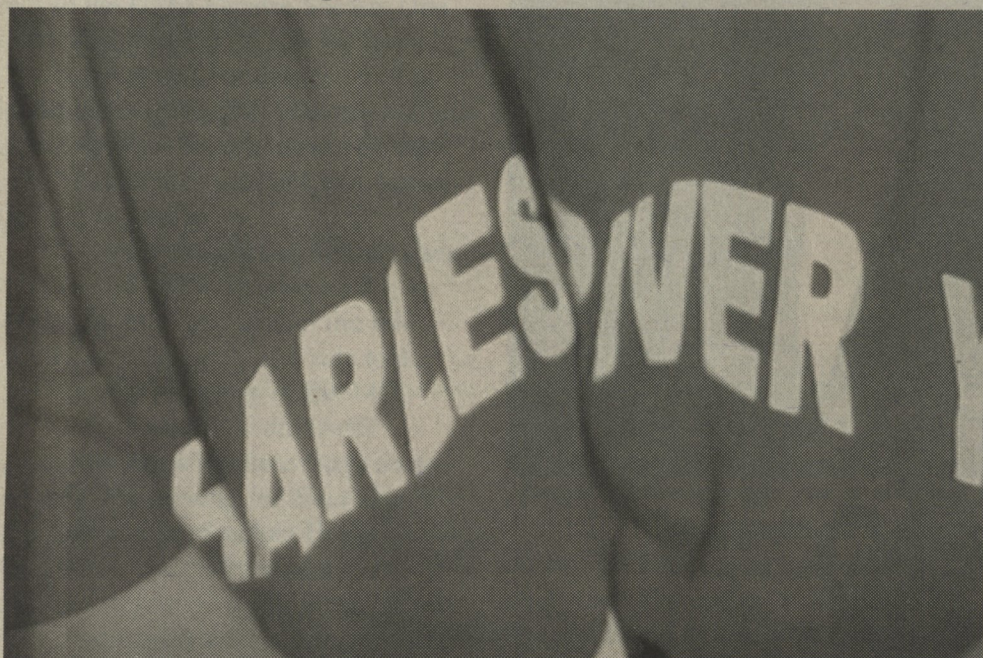


# Didn't Your Mama Ever Tell You?

By Scott FLEMMING



Actual photo of "Ms. G"

Apparently a contest took place three weeks ago at Myron's. This contest was similar in nature to what you may find at Myron's normally sponsored by Tropicana. As in any contest there were winners and losers.

A lewd and horrendous idea manifested itself. Allegedly "Ms. G" and a male friend come up with the idea that they should see how many of the opposite gender's nasty bits they can grab before they leave (or get escorted from) the premises. The male contestant did not seem to have as much drive as the female. Perhaps he was wary of the physical harm more likely to occur against him than toward her if too many attempts to "rack up some numbers" were made. Because of this, only reports of the female's activities are stated.

One of her victims was Jared

Hogg, "She grabbed my junk." he was reported to have said. Hurt and a little confused, Jared lashed back and grilled her for the reason of such an act. "It's just a contest", she said, and scampered off. Jared could not be reached for further comment, and is assumed to still be recuperating from "the incident."

Apparently the assailant's victims numbers reached as high as 23, but according to a source, "Once she stepped outside, she just stopped counting." One can only guess as to how many more men were molested outside the confines of the dance-bar.

There is a chance that her intent wasn't malicious and that this was done for a reason. In theory, she could have been concerned for the affected male's health. I later dismissed this as a possibility when I

learned that none of the molested parties was asked to cough when the assault took place.

Come to think of it, there were times when I myself was molested at a certain bar. But my situation was slightly different as I fell victim to the "phantom grope." Yes, many of the readers may know what I am referring to. Picture this: I am innocently sauntering along on the dance floor when all of a sudden, a little grope-a-roo takes place. Quickly, I snap my head around, but there is no one that looks to be a guilty party.

In one such instance, I was caressed in an inappropriate manner on a dance floor and didn't dignify it with the head-jolt to find out who it was; instead I ignored the improper behaviour. But the unthinkable happens! A second grope! I turn around as quick

as I can, but not as quick as a hand can be thrust into a pocket, or thrown to the air to disguise itself amongst the non-defiled hands of its cohorts.

A short time ago Margaret- Ellen Messinger explained to me the idea of a "surrogate-groper." This kind of assailant is analogous to a pitch-hitter. When Marge is out with her friends, one of the girls likes to play grab-ass with any guy that comes near and blame it on the nearest female. Could this be some other form of sport or contest?

If these gropes are not legitimate, are there contests happening everywhere? If this phenomenon is not as rare as we hope there might be a market for anti-groping devices... or another solution to such a problem could be to KEEP YOUR HANDS TO YOURSELF.


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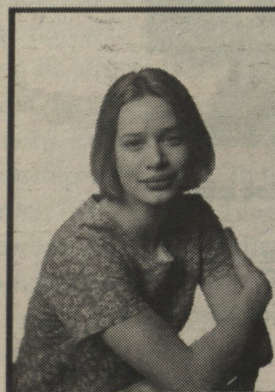
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