



MATTHEW FIRTH

THE ROOKIE AND THE WHORE

We call him the Rookie because that is what he is. It is not the most original nickname. We are Senior A lacrosse players in a shit-kicker Ontario town. We are not lawyers or doctors.

Stumpy, G, Tex, Dewey—the rest don't have nicknames. There was a guy who played a couple seasons ago we called The Messiah. I don't know who came up with that. It wasn't me. It was likely one of the out-of-towners. Some of them go to university in the off-season while the rest of us work.

It is close to four o'clock in the morning back at the hotel. The Rookie runs around the hotel room with a bottle of wine in one hand. He wears nothing but sports socks. His dick bounces and jostles. Not that I'm looking.

We played earlier tonight against Orangeville and won 12-10. We had them down 10-4 going into the third period but Turk Henderson scored three quick goals and made it a game. We had to turn it back on. All that hard work made the beers go down nicely afterward.

The Rookie was all smiles after the game. He scored his first goal in Senior. It only took him eight games. He has no hands. Anyone can see that. But he has a big heart. He also dropped the gloves with one of the Hoyle brothers, which wasn't the smartest move. The Rookie got the first punch in. That just woke Hoyle up. But the Rookie came back later and scored. Then, even later, at Brothers Bar and Grill, the deep cut on the Rookie's left cheek drew the attention of a couple of locals. The Rookie can't dance, much like he can't fight. The women soon gave up on him. So the Rookie fell back on a sure thing: Broom Hilda.

Tex calls to him, "Hey, Rookie, get over here. Broom Hilda needs another cock."

Tex sits on the edge of the bed slowly jerking off. He reaches over and slaps Broom Hilda's ass. G fucks her from behind. She's on all fours, with her face mashed in a pillow. The Rookie comes over. He tugs his cock to get it hard.

"Fuck her in the ass?" he pants.

Tex laughs. "Fuck no. Leave that to G. He's going back and forth. Put it in her mouth."

Broom Hilda pops her head up. She's not pretty but she has a great body. She looks at the Rookie and slurs, "Bring it on, Rookie. Do your worst."

The Rookie twitters and goes to the end of the bed. Tex gets up. He stands over the scene like he's directing porn. "That's it, G. Fuck that cunt. Rook, get your cock in her mouth. That's it. Faster, Rookie. Yeah, fuck her mouth fast, fuck like a rabbit." Tex laughs. "The Rookie and the Whore. Like the Rabbit and the Hare. Fuck that mouth, Rookie. See how long you can last!"

The Rookie does what he's told. Broom Hilda makes a gargling noise—half

gagging, half lustful moaning. The Rookie is not going to last long.

And then I think about what Tex said. It was the tortoise and the hare, not the rabbit and the hare. A rabbit is a hare. Tex has it all wrong but he laughs and laughs anyway.

Broom Hilda is also a nickname. Her real name is Miranda. She is the younger sister of Kent, the stick guy in the John Deere cap. Kent never says much. You throw him your stick and he fixes it. His sister is the town whore, a real team player. Senior A lacrosse players all summer; Junior A hockey players all winter.

I stay away. I'm a married man and I have to live in this town. I don't just drive up from down south for the weekend to play lacrosse and party. I drink and do some coke. But I don't put my cock anywhere near Broom Hilda.

I look over at the bed. The Rookie cums and falls back. He still has the bottle in his hand. Red wine sloshes on the carpet. His dick smears against his thigh. He's passed out. Tex laughs. But now his cock is hard, so he takes the Rookie's place. Broom Hilda blows him. He cums. Then G pulls out and cums on her ass. I watch. The race is over and the Rookie is done while the whore carries on. So it's a bit like that old story after all.

Behind Tex, G and Broom Hilda, Stan and Billy snort lines of coke off a bedside table. Pete and Dewey slouch in the hotel room's doorframe sharing a joint. I sit in a chair by the window. Outside, the town is pretty much dead quiet. There is the odd squeal of tires or party howl. It is very late and I should go home or I'll end up passed out like the Rookie.

I stand at the exact moment that Broom Hilda looks up. My movement catches her eye. She looks at me and I step back. To be honest, she scares the shit out of me. She smirks and heads to the bathroom to wash out her mouth and clean the cum-smear off her ass. Stan and Billy finish their lines and watch her pass. She'll be back. Stan and Billy strip down to their gitch and stand by the bed, waiting, jangling their cocks so they'll be ready. Tex and G move away and stagger back to their hotel room to get four hours sleep before practice tomorrow.

Billy sees the Rookie lying on the carpet. He snickers and walks over. He squats and farts. Pete and Dewey—shitfaced and stoned—laugh. I can't help but laugh. The Rookie rubs his nose like a fly has landed on him. I step past and try to leave but Pete holds a joint out to me. I take a drag. Then Broom Hilda comes out of the can. Again she assesses me and asks with her eyes when I'm going to take my turn. She must think I'm queer or pussy-whipped or both. She can't understand why someone on this team would pass her up. Maybe one day I'll explain it to her. But not now. Now I want to leave but the weed feels pretty good. I slump down in the doorframe with Pete and Dewey. Broom Hilda goes past, bare-assed and proud. Stan grabs her and throws her on the bed. She laughs, coos, then lies back and spreads her legs. The last thing I see before passing out is her black-haired gash puckered and ready for all comers.

The Rookie is a sloppy, bumbling idiot the next day at practice. He's a pup, after all. He hasn't learned how to party and still function the day after. He trips

stepping onto the floor. The Rookie can't catch a ball. They bounce off his shoulders, his helmet, one hits him in the throat. At a break, about six guys throw balls at him at once. The Rookie falls down in defeat, which only leads to more balls thrown at him. But he toughs it out. He doesn't leave the floor. He doesn't vomit, which is something. When the practice is over, the coach makes the Rookie run stairs, booze poring out in his sweat.

Stories fly when the Rookie comes into the dressing room. Everything is exaggerated. But by noon everyone is showered and relatively sober. The coach calls a brief meeting. I sit across the room from the Rookie. His eyes are glazed and he looks worried. Someone told him Broom Hilda passed him a dose and he can't remember what he did, where he stuck his cock, so he believes it.

Later, in the parking lot outside the arena, Gordie cracks a case of Canadian. Day-after beers are sipped slowly. The half of the team that smokes lights up. The sun beats down on us. Slowly, we gather steam. The case of beer is emptied. Coolers with more beer and sandwiches appear. It's Sunday afternoon and we're all getting an easy buzz on after practice.

Broom Hilda talk starts again. The Rookie squirms but also looks more confident now. Then it's five o'clock. The out-of-towners go to their cars. The townies linger, not having to be anywhere. I haven't seen the wife in more than 24 hours but neither have any of the townies. That can wait, like tomorrow's workday. We crack more beers. A bottle of whisky comes out. Joints are sparked. We wave good-bye to the out-of-towners as they head for Highway Six and the long drives back to Toronto, Hamilton and Oshweken. A last few catcalls are sent at the Rookie. But he'll be back next weekend to take another run at Broom Hilda. Me—I'll stay clear and let the Rookie have his fun while he can. He won't be a rookie forever.