



**Your on the  
Street Reporter**



**Uyless Black**

**Slim's Masked Masculinity**

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Howdy, Slim here. Me 'un Slimette's been going at it these last few days. Like I said some time ago, we moved up to the panhandle of north Idaho a few years ago so's Slimette could be next to some of her kinfolk.

Hell fire, that meant leaving my kinfolk down in Texas. I had to give it some thought...which I did, and told Slimette we did the smart thing. You know, she moved us somewhere else 'fore my relatives in Texas had the chance to move in with us. Our mistake was Slimette tellin' one of my cousins and his brood:

"You'all come to see us sometime."

When my cousin replied, "Do we bring our own mattresses?" I knew it was time to pull up stakes.

'Fore they knew it, we was plumb gone. But not 'fore we told 'em we would send our address once we got settled down. That was ten years ago. Ain't heard from 'em yet. Reckon I owe 'em a postcard or somethin' with an address on it.

I'll tell you good buddy, movin' away from God's country in Texas to way up north was stretchin' my God-given sense of north and south.

Texas is south, 'nd red. Idaho is north, 'nd blue. ...Yeah, blue, else why's it north of the Dixie-Mason line? But these folks up here in the panhandle of Idaho is as red as my eyeballs on a Sunday mornin'. I tell you good buddy, there's only one color the folks up here like to see and that's white.

Last week, I had to visit my probation officer. The good news is I've got back my driver's license! That license came along with being put on probation. Yessirye, gettin' under the wheel of my Dodge pickup felt almost as good as gettin' on top of...okay, I know. Slimette tells me my writtins' might be read by our nieces 'nd nephews.

Anyway, I have to pay a visit to John Law on occasion so's they can check me over. That's easy. I hold off on my tequila 'till after they give me that sobriety test. So that's okay, and I can now stay away from my wife's communist Volkswagen. Leastways that's what I told her about her car. As usual, she had a smart-alecky answer.

"Slim, if you're going to nit-pick my car, you might at least be accurate about it."

"'Accurate?' Damned car's from Europe. ...Okay, maybe it's a socialistic car. Like Rush said, ain't much difference between a communist and a socialist. They's all anti-American. And them Volkswagens got their start from Hitler, least that's what you told me when you traded-in your Jap Toyota for it."

"Just trying to bring a little history into this household, Slim. ...So, if you're set on slamming my Volks, then at least be accurate."

I knew somethin' was about to hit the fan, so I gussied-up my best arguin' voice and yelled, "What the hell 'er you talkin' 'bout, woman?"

"Slim, Hitler was not a socialist or a communist. He was a Nazi."

"What! So, you're tellin' me I should be callin' your car a Nazi Volkswagen?"

"I'm suggesting you call my car a Volkswagen; that's all and be done with it. Just don't embarrass you or me...or the car by referring to it as communistic. ...But then, your buddies at the bar wouldn't know the difference anyway."

That's the problem with education, 'especially women's education. Anyway, back to my meetin' with that probation officer. Like I said, don't mind the occasional visit, 'cept for one

thing. I can't set a foot in their door 'less I've got one of them sissy masks wrapped around my face. COVID this COVID that. It's like nobody ever had the flu before.

Hoss, there ain't a soul up here walkin' the streets that's got one of them masks on. Not one single face is covered, 'cept at government offices like the jail and such. Even my buddies at the bar don't wear 'em. None of them never have, and that includes those relatives of theirs that's been dyin' off lately.

Well, here's how it works. Just 'fore I get out of my Dodge, I stick the mask in my hip pocket. Then, like ever' body else up here, I walk around with nothing on my face but my whiskers. But just before I open the door to the probation office, I play like I'm about to sneeze. I sorta bend over, reach back and pull out that sissy mask, put in around my ears, stand up real fast, and open that door even faster.

That's the way I keep my manhood.

It took a bit of practice 'cause the probation office down in Texas don't require masks. Hell fire, they don't even permit the damned things. I'd wager my last Jose Cuervo of the mornin' if you walked into a Texas probation office with one of them masks on, they 'ed take you for an outlaw and shoot you. If they didn't shoot you, they 'ed arrest your for violatin' a probation of some sort, or for bein' a sissy.