

BUGGIN' OUT!

Newsletter

Applying Biblical Truth and Humor to the Struggle.

Day Off

I had such big plans for today. I was going to catch up on my unpaid bills, call to order cable and change the oil in my car. The day is now almost over and not one item is checked off my list. I accomplished absolutely nothing. What happened?

6:30a.m. Alarm goes off. Wake up and immediately remember sexual dream I had about man in supermarket I saw two days ago. As always, I wake up depressed.

6:31a.m. Toss and turn in bed for a while. Pretend pillow is guy in supermarket.

6:45a.m. Get out of bed and proceed to bathroom. I shower and shave.

7:10a.m. For some reason, I put on my tight black jeans, even though I'm never comfortable in them.

7:30a.m. Splash on cologne and put on gold chain to draw attention to my chest.

7:45a.m. Convince myself I'm going to mall to do Christmas Shopping. I stop at MAC machine and withdraw \$200.

9:00a.m. Drive right past mall and somehow end up in lower Manhattan...what a coincidence! Exactly where that gay video store is located. The one where you go to hook up with other guys looking for action.

9:10a.m. Cruise around a bit, and convince myself I am searching for parking to go shopping on Broadway. See a hustler on corner who looks like guy in dream. Drive around block several more times to make eye contact with him. On 17th lap, he is no longer there... someone else got him.

11:00a.m. Where has the time gone? A minute ago it was just 9:00. Still in my car, I get an uneasy feeling in my stomach as I ready to exit.

11:10a.m. I check my reflection in store front window. Black jeans look great and accentuate my crotch. Hair looks good. Cologne smells great. Got plenty of cash. I enter the video store.

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1:00p.m. Slip in to one of the "buddy booths" and start depositing tokens to play the videos. Man in next booth turns me on big time. I want to enter booth with him but he won't let me. Very horny now.

1:15p.m. Young guy signals me into his booth. We play around for five minutes.

1:20p.m. I leave booth and so does young guy. I see him go into different booth with another guy. My heart drops to my stomach and I become scared that the young guy goes with anyone and everyone. I worry that I may have caught something nasty from him. Fear slaps me back to reality. I hate myself for not being able to control my own behavior. I dash out of video store.

1:21p.m. Anxiety sets in.

1:40p.m. Realize I went to video store to kill stress. How ironic...I feel fifty times worse now.

3:15p.m. Arrive home. I sit on bed and become consumed by anxiety and self-disgust. I want to pray for strength and forgiveness but, feel so hypocritical, I can't.

3:45p.m. Can't believe I wasted another day off, but knew in my heart I had been planning to do this all week. I know I need help badly. I have no idea where to turn.

4:00p.m. I succumb to the fact that the next six months of my life will spent in humility and fear as I count the months, weeks and days to my HIV test. I remember when my last HIV test came out negative, I was so thankful!!! Yes!!! I felt renewed and blessed! I thanked God over and over again and vowed to live according to His rules. Besides, I swore never to put myself through the torture of another HIV test. Guess I forgot.

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