

# **Womanoholic**

by Steve Hussy

## **1**

White, straight men are screwed by modern life. 2020 brought a clarity of vision that many didn't have before. Ultimately, what excuse do these men have? They lorded it over society for centuries and now the penance has begun.

It has affected some men who deserve it. The morons who treated women as objects and were stupid enough to feel they had a racial or sexual right to lead society.

But the power shift is also attacking men who don't deserve it. They are the ones who always cared but are now tarred with the same broad strokes of white, male guilt.

I only hated two topics when I taught Media Studies: "News" because it manufactures indignation and panic, and "Advertising" because it creates lust for money and ownership. I learned that to sell their products both media simplified the world into "good" and "bad" devoid of the nuances of truth.

The new ruling class have been ushered in. They are women, non-white, and preferably gay or trans. They have a

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great deal of moral control because they have sexism, racism and homophobia as weapons. Some use their power wisely and some don't... exactly like the dim patriarchy before them.

Part of me likes this new world. In a decade, it will be a little better than the old one. Society needed to be shaken up, and I can watch and write about it from a safe distance.

Compared to my white and straight friends, I know I have gotten off lightly. When I hit twenty-six, my fiancée left me. She had proved to be a poxy woman so virulent that she killed any further infections of madness. The DeannaVirus vaccine meant I only loved great women instead of the vicious ones.

Sadly, a lot of men catch the disease of *womanoholism* and don't make it. They slowly die as pitiful cuckolds in an environment where they weren't built to survive.

I'm lucky that my chronic alcoholism will kill me predictably. Womanoholics wake up every morning to unexpected horrors instead...

## **2**

I met my first womanoholic when I was in Primary School. Five-year-old Bobby didn't know what was awaiting him in the next thirty-five years of his life.

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Bobby, oh Bobby. He could not exist without a woman and Bob Watts debased himself as a result.

We both grew up in the roughest end of not-so-Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, England. Bobby's father was a doctor and his mother was close to being a saint. She performed the miracles of sticking with her offensive husband, coping with the epilepsy of her middle child (Stan), raising a brilliant artist (Richard), and producing a certifiable genius (Bobby).

Bobby was the smartest kid in my Primary School by a country mile. He had a brown, basin-bowl haircut that hid the giant brain growing underneath it. His broad mouth talked to me a lot when he was young: "I can't believe you don't know that... these beans taste funny... why are you sleeping... how can you believe in God?"

After one year of filling in his textbooks at three-times the speed of the other students, Bobby was promoted to the year above me.

Bob was then surrounded by bigger females... both students and teachers. Girls jet up quicker than boys and I wonder whether that tapped into what followed.

They essentially taught him to keep his mouth shut.

We're all guided by early experiences of sex, and Bobby's role was to always be looked down upon by women.

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For my bit-part as a kid from a housing estate, I was consistently second in my class. That continued through my life. I liked being the underdog because it was more fun.

### **3**

One of my earliest memories – shared with Bobby – is of our first teacher. She was fat and had a precise ginger fringe that she must have cut every morning with tiny scissors.

If you had a male primary school teacher, he would have been gay. Teachers of young kids are 85-90% female. I look back and wish I had more diversity in my upbringing.

All eight of the teachers in our Primary School were female. It was the 1980s and uber-feminism had bedded into the education system.

You soon learned not to mess with the lady teachers if you were a boy. Poor Jason Ruddle fell foul of being put in the teacher's wicker-bin more than once. Jason would be forced to sit cross-legged inside the bin, peering out at those of us who "behaved" by the draconian rules of Big Miss Ginger Fringe.

The rest of us survived but I can't find Jason online. Did he change his name? Did the experience kill him?

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During Parents' Evening, squashed into our tiny chairs, Big Miss Ginger Fringe told my parents that: "Stephen could be as good as Bobby if he APPLIED himself."

She wasn't completely wrong. Little Steve Hussy finished work when he felt like it but sometimes the classwork would be too hard for his too small noodle.

A year later, my other teacher was smarter. She realised I would get 100% in many tests if there was the reward to clean the blackboard rubbers with Anne.

Anne was the freckled, red-headed, high-flying female student in my class. Now Bobby had been upgraded, she was the kid who was smarter than me. Can you fall in love when you're six? We had a go at it. Two little minds and bodies skipped around in the eraser dust and laughed.

The door would fling open and we'd dust each other down before Mrs. Worthington noticed too many crazy white stains flying through the air. She said: "Alright, come in now," then she laughed, "my little ghosties!"

Anne smooched her chalk hands on the back of my school jumper. She whispered: "You're such an idiot."

My Primary School was tiny. It had 60 students split across four year groups and the entrance had a windowed room. As Anne and I entered Year 2, we could see Bobby dwarfed on a bigger chair with bigger kids. He was studiously

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going over what looked like a far bigger workbook. He never looked up.

My peanut brain decided I was happy where I was. I didn't say it, but Anne's baby-faced wince confirmed the same feeling: *Bob is trapped in there.*

## 4

Only Bobby, Anne and I made it to our sparkling new Middle School. It was supposed to be for brighter kids, but the bullying towards Bobby amplified.

Bob was still a year above us and impossible to protect. He had a haggard look of a Vietnam vet. I didn't ask what he'd gone through in his first year there and he never told me.

I was rarely attacked due to a handy growth spurt and Anne wasn't attacked because she was cute.

Even though we never shared a classroom with Bobby, the three of us would spend breaks and lunchtimes together.

One day, Bobby said: "I had a prophecy last night."

My nine-year-old brain eventually remembered what the word prophecy meant: "Like the, uh, future?"

"I saw the three gods in a dream."

Anne said: "Three?"

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We had all had many years of assemblies, occasional prayers, dull hymns and the indoctrination of only one God.

Bobby looked at us and said: “They are called Kharg, She-Nah and Skeletos.”

*He-Man* was a big hit on children’s TV, so I got the third one: “Like Skeletor?”

“No, he’s more powerful. He’s the true devil.”

I shuffled my backside on the bench where we were eating our pack-lunches: “And Kharg?”

“He’s the Overlord,” Bobby’s face was intent, “he is calm but he becomes all-powerful when he needs to be.”

It didn’t feel as if he was acting but Anne still laughed: “Like He-Man?”

“No.”

I said: “But...”

“Then there is She-Nah, she is very beautiful and wise.” Bob spoke precisely: “She-Nah knows more than any male god can ever know.”

Anne said: “That’s She-Ra!”

“No... She-Nah is the equilibrium.” Bobby looked at us with true belief. He then realised we had no clue what equilibrium meant: “She-Nah maintains the balance.”

Anne still wasn’t convinced: “It’s She-Ra!”

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Bobby's down-turned brown eyes peeked up: "No, it is She-NAH. She knows all and she has long, red, plaited hair."

We finished our white-bread cheese sandwiches in silence and then played one of Bobby's made-up games. It was a playground version of Pac-Man where you had to stick to the lines of the tennis court. Bob-Man was complicated but fun.

I don't know whether The Three Gods were a joke to illustrate the stupidity of religion. I was scared to ask because it would illustrate that I was stupid. Bobby continually made me think, which is hard work when your brain is still developing.

Bob's fixation on Kharg, Skeletos and She-Nah lasted for two years. He drew pictures of them and I wish I had kept them. She-Nah looked like a ten-year-old's portrait of Anne. It was "special," in the crazed use of the term.

All of my over-thinking made me a pre-teen fatalist, deeply unsure of the world. I struggled to sleep, so I watched a bunch of late-night films and read a lot of books by torchlight.

My favourite book was *I Am David* by Anne Holm. It was about a Dutch kid who escapes from a concentration camp. Holm fired up empathy and sympathy. It was brilliantly written and honest because, like life, it didn't end well.



## 5

Our High School years were the next misstep for Bobby and me.

Anne moved to a different area and my entire year group were less attractive and less clever than Anne. I missed Anne and I missed simplicity.

I also missed Bobby because he had been transferred to a posh school elsewhere. He hated it and soon came back to the scuzzy local High School where I'd been dumped.

When Bobby returned he had learned Maths and History beyond my second-placed knowledge, but the posh school hadn't taught him how to survive the coldness of reality.

I didn't like Caister High School, but it was far worse for Bobby. I was now thirteen-years-old, six-foot-tall and good at avoiding trouble. The only mark left on me was dodgy eyesight from being kneed in my left eye during a cross-country run.

As the other boys' balls dropped and the girls hit their periods, so did any pre-teen sanity. Hormones kicked in and Bob's intelligence set him out for yet more bullying. He was subjected to verbal abuse, spitballs, pairs of compasses jabbed into his back. They were combined with Bob being poked, prodded, punched and tripped over. The countless, mindless acts of violence came from bullies who were male and female.

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Bob and I were finally together in every class and seating arrangement. I should have protected him more, although I tried a few times.

There was one satisfying moment when I slapped a tiny assassin called Natalie. Natalie liked to insult Bobby and hit me. She giggled: “Bob’s a little cock!” Then she slapped me.

All of my late-night movie watching had helped me develop an acid and honest tongue: “And you’re a fat twat.”

Natalie slapped me across the face again.

I said: “Do that one more time and I’ll slap you back...”

She laughed when she slapped me the final time. Natalie was a fiery-haired creature who found her own horrors a decade later when she became a drug-dealer.

I slapped her – not too hard, but enough: “I did warn you...”

Tears bubbled up, but at least she didn’t tell on me.

That is the only time I’ve hit a female and it was worth it. She backed off and Bobby had one less harpy attacking him.

The pressure on Bob was unfair and unrelenting. He was not violent, he was not cruel, he was just more... evolved? The only things I was better at than Bob were physical. Basketball, badminton, cricket, jerking off. All purely because of the size of my body, not my brain. I was built to survive, and luckily our year group was filled with ugly and nasty young women. I

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focussed on smiling, semi-nude women in magazines or TV instead of the real thing.

The only cutie in our school was a blonde called Lorna. She was sweet, kind and smart. She felt as distant as the sun, but Bobby lusted over her unachievable beauty. He stared at her whenever he could but the only time he told me anything was: "She is the most perfect being in the universe."

Bobby drew pictures of Lorna using techniques from Stan Lee and John Buscema's *How To Draw Comics The Marvel Way*. This was She-Nah after puberty. Lorna had wonderful breasts and the most perfect of smiles.

As with everything technical, Bob could draw better than me. I tried to keep up but his mind moved faster than mine.

Looking back, High School was like rough sandpaper on my brain. The teachers' intent was to smooth the edges of free thought. You had to fight that off as much as you could.

I didn't want to become part of the herd. I became a librarian but I refused to be a prefect. I hid out in the library from the ages of 15-16.

Bobby refused to be a prefect too. He took out his frustrations by politely slaughtering his opponents in Chess Club and getting 10 A grades.

I did fine in the exams too, but some womanoholism was building. I was sixteen when I got a handjob from a slightly

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butch but beautifully titted seventeen-year old gal in a school's toilets during a badminton tournament.

She said: "Give me it... GIVE IT TO ME."

After that, I ended up riding the "Fleggburgh Bike" when I was 16-and-a-half and about to start Sixth Form College. FB was cute, curly haired and tomboyish with D cup boobs. She was obsessed with dance music like *Slipmatt* and *The Prodigy*.

The third time I had sex with FB she wore red knee boots. She looked staggeringly hot with her slim waist and bubble butt. She said: "Ya gotta fuck me good, right?"

FB was never one to mess around.

After the shittiness of High School, FB's honesty was refreshing. She also broke things off with style and a smile: "Found sum-body better-en ya." So she was perceptive too...

## 6

Bob's intellect continued to mark him out at our semi-hillbilly college. Unlike school, at least the teachers cared and the students were less psychotic.

Bobby was encouraged by his Maths' tutor to take a "Mensa" test. His 157 IQ score was in the top 0.001% of the United Kingdom. Sadly, like Lorna's beautiful body, I don't think

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his beautiful mind was helpful. Lorna killed herself via alcohol poisoning when she was 18 and Bobby's grisly childhood made him wary about his future.

Bobby got straight A's in Maths, Further Maths, Chemistry and Biology. I got my A's in English Literature, Media Studies and a C in History. I was never one for perfection. I preferred being a ghost watching other people's lives.

I scraped into Film Studies at the University of East Anglia. It was considered to be the most prestigious course for my hobby. It was eye-opening if prissy. I was the local hick to the posh students so I gave it 100% to prove them wrong.

Meanwhile, Bob was welcomed into Peterhouse. It was part of Cambridge University and was the pinnacle of "Further Maths" in the UK. How far could Maths go? As far as Alan Turing? After Bobby blazed through the entrance exam he told me: "It was too easy."

I drifted along relatively happy at the UEA with my girlfriend Lanny, but Bob hated Peterhouse College. He hated having to dress in a suit... he hated the way the study regime was so strict... he hated how he had no time to himself.

Bob emailed: "I can't even play my *SNES*."

"Can't you work around it?"

"NO I CAN'T!" He wrote: "It's CONSTANT work."

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Bob's other obsessions became odd. He remembered "pi" to over one hundred decimal points...

He was overstretching himself by trying to rationalise chaos. It caused some glitch in his giant brain and he followed me again because it offered him safety. Bobby quit Cambridge after a year of misery and joined the UEA.

He quickly met his first full-on girlfriend. That was tough because there were only two women studying Mathematics.

Somehow, Bob worked his charms on a petite gal named Gemma. I hoped his huge intellect had caused her to fall in love... but was it lust... or like... or hatred? The terms became interchangeable over time.

Gemma was a personality vacuum who loved grunge music. She wore the uniform of black clothes, black hair, black eye-liner. She had an inability to grunt more than a few words.

I would go to the university's weekly dance with Bobby. Bob would launch into the mosh pit for 90s' dance music and bop away by himself. Gemma would stand silently in the "chill-out" room, listening to mind-numbing music by *The Orb*.

Neither of them touched alcohol, but Gemma's zombie movements were more lifeless than any drunk. Gemma was an unfathomable near-statue swaying as she stared at the ceiling.

As I drank, Bob would break free from the repeating 4/4 beats of *Prodigy's* "Smack My Bitch Up" and stand with her.

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Then they would slowly rotate together and look like tired automata who needed some oil.

Bob's erect-cock personality was worrying. It was as if his brain was leaking out of his penis. He oozed a pre-cum dribble of constant hope but with no control or self-awareness.

That night, the farewell with Gemma was equally zombified. Two tongues slobbered away then a kiss missed and both of them ended up licking around the other one's nose. It made *Dawn of the Dead* seem palatable.

After the dog and the man finished slobbering, Gemma's clipped Middle English accent asked me: "So I understand you investigate films?"

"Yep."

"That is for dum-dums."

I stuck out my tongue, went cross-eyed and said: "Me am fuck, whatchu gonna do 'bout it?"

At least that made Gemma give me an evil glare.

I had heard it all before. When you study Film or Media, everyone assumes you're stupid. The masses conveniently ignore the impact they have had on their lives.

Where had Gemma found her obsession with goth culture? How had this upper-class gal decided to dress in black, chalk her face and carefully work her eye-liner into swirls?

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My best guesses were Neil Gaiman, *The Crow* and *Siouxsie Sioux and The Banshees* but I wasn't in the mood to ask her. I also didn't want to reveal that I loved Siouxsie Sioux's *Peek-A-Boo*... Gemma may have cracked a smile if I did.

## 7

Young men changed once they partnered with women. The same was true of women partnering with guys. Some of my ex-friends were starting to chug out babies in their late-teens, but my ballsack wasn't that silly yet.

I reached for perfection and it wasn't there, but I did want something better for Bobby. I tried to talk to Gemma after they had shared more slobbering on the exit from their concrete Maths' building: "How is the course going?"

She said, through tombstone teeth: "It is good."

"What was today's lecture about?"

Gemma scowled: "Discreet numbers."

I asked, wide-eyed and faux-innocent: "What are those?"

She glared: "Hidden truths."

Bob had glazed eyes as we talked. He was afraid to speak around her. He had been sucked dry by a vampire, and his undead life was going to be ever more shitty.



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Their coupling was so bizarre I became fascinated by Bob and Gemma's two-year-long relationship. I struggled to unpick the psychosis of desire with my mechanical mind.

The creepiest times were listening to Bob's phone conversations with Gemma. He would often break away from playing his *Nintendo 64* at his home during our holiday breaks.

All I heard, shielding my breath on the other landline, was near-silence. It was vile of me to listen in, but I wanted to experience horror outside of a movie screen.

In 30 minutes there was only the hint of heavy breathing from both of them. I could guess what they were doing, but they may have just been... existing? Or dying?

On cue, Gemma split up with Bobby as soon as they both passed their degrees with a "First." Bob was crushed and berated himself for being a tool in every way: "Do you know how much I fucking helped her?" It was one of few times I saw Bob's hurt turn into anger: "I practically taught her!"

I'm sure Gemma continues to stare blankly at the world... during sex, taking a shit or giving birth. I can see Gemma raking in evil fortunes as the head of a pharmaceutical company, or as a hedge-fund manager or mid-level politician.

She left Bob alone to his battle with a PhD in Maths. To pay for the course, he had to tutor a few seminars and lectures each week. Bob remains the only UEA student who got 100% in

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every Maths' exam, but getting him to teach was the equivalent of throwing him to the wolves.

Life should be logical and mathematical. Bobby's achievements would have led to a great life if ten percent of people weren't nasty pieces of work. I was lucky that studying Film taught me things that numbers can't. It taught me that life could not be dissected into binary code, no matter how much I tried.

**– END OF SAMPLE –  
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