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Lockie Confidentials

Solutions to Your Most Profound Questions
by Lockie Hunter

CONFIDENTIAL to Slugs in My Garden:

Why not groom your dog! Just cut some of your dog's hair, any part of the pooch will do, and sprinkle it around your favorite blooming plant. The slug crawls into the hair, and it just rips their little petunia-eating insides to pieces! If you don't have a dog then I've heard that human hair works just as well.

Good luck and happy gardening!

CONFIDENTIAL to Can I Still Touch Him Down There:

Woah kid! I have a rule that may well apply to your situation. It is, "If it is sticky or oozing and it is not yours, don't touch it." It may serve you well to remember that if your boyfriend has these "uncontrollable needs" then he should consider pleasuring himself until the penicillin has done the trick. Tell him he can wait until the sores have diminished, and while you are having a heart-to-heart I would ask him just how he got this little infection when the two of you are "exclusive to one another." Good luck and keep your hands, and other body parts for that matter, to yourself.

CONFIDENTIAL to Confused Cross Dresser in the Carolinas:

I think the key here is to choose accessories that best accentuate your skin tone. Olive complexion? Try a winter palette of reds or dark blues. For lighter skin types pastels colors work best. Unsightly panty lines? My transvestite acquaintance tells me that after he has tucked away his little friend that he uses a special tape to secure him in place. He tells me it is as easy as one, two, tuck, tape. Then he goes commando and voila, no panty lines to ruin the flow of the garment. Oh, and pass this next bit on to your wife. I'd be a little P.O.ed as well if you stretched out all my bras. Go to the JCPenny lingerie department and ask for the big girl section. They'll be happy to help.

Good luck!

Oh, and I tried to use the word p*nis, but those pesky copyeditors keep putting little asterisks in my words. Those prudish copyeditors!

'Little friend' is a nice euphemism, but really the word p*nis is nothing to be ashamed of. It's a medical term for f*ck's sake.

CONFIDENTIAL to My Husband May Be a Cheating As*hole:

I will answer your questions in reverse order as there is something that I need to discuss immediately. Nauseated is when something (or someone) makes you sick, dear. Nauseous is when you make others sick and while I am not saying that you don't make me or others sick, I think the word that you are searching for in this case is indeed nauseated. Regardless of what you were "taught" you should explore using proper language. I would suggest consulting Merriam Webster but I think your problem extends beyond a mere choice of vocabulary. I also noticed several grammatical errors in your letter, and I think you would benefit from the purchase of Strunk and White's classic Elements of Style. My Strunk and White is well thumbed, cross referenced, and highlighted from my time as a PHD student in Literature. Oh was I going to set the literary world on fire! Now I only use my 70,000 dollar education to correct the grammatical mistakes of the readers of my column. Thank you for the opportunity!

Question two. Pay attention now. Firstly butterscotch pudding is the only pudding that would work in your situation. And it must be homemade. If you get my drift. However, it seems that your problem is larger than you are disclosing. Hubby seems to be a snoring, insulting, slovenly, unfaithful alcoholic, as*hole . Tell me if I'm off base here! So Reader, are you going to tell the real truth?

Good luck!

CONFIDENTIAL to It Still Hurts When I Do This:

Don't do that. Good luck!

CONFIDENTIAL to My Teenage Son is Ruining My Marriage:

Sounds like you've got a tough one here. I agree that your son did not need to show everyone his new c*ck ring at the Thanksgiving table (you must admit it added a little je ne sais quoi to your evening, no?) and there was certainly an increased element of embarrassment since the priest was in mid-carve on the ol turkey bird, yet I found no malice in his actions. I doubt that he is "purposefully and systematically trying to destroy everything that you have built up all of these years." It seems to me that he simply needs some good old fashioned family love. Since he insists on wearing a dog collar, why not take him to the park?

Good luck! Have fun! They're only young once!

Lockie

Readers may write to Lockie Hunter c/o madhattersreview@gmail.com. Place "Lockie Confidentials" in the subject line of your email.

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