

**SALT ON THE NUTS**

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**THE ADVENTURES OF A WHITE TRASH**

**SAILOR**

**BY**

**ANONYMOUS**

**AS TOLD TO**

**SCOTT L. ANDERSON**

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2006

I'd like to dedicate this book to the all the breweries,  
bars, and liquor distributors of this fine country of  
ours. You provide a invaluable service to our  
nation's fighting men. And also a big thanks to all of  
the prostitutes and other employees of the sex  
industry for keeping a big smile on the faces of our  
freckle faced boys and women of the United States  
military.

*Don't piss in my ear and tell me that it's raining!*

## **Acknowledgements**

I want to thank Big Ernie who is the owner of Big Ernie's Diner. (The joint's name has been changed at the owner's request in order to keep certain riff raff out). Big Ernie's is a legendary Long Beach dive located down on the docks of Long Beach harbor. It's long been a hangout for longshoreman, drunks coming off an all night bender, crooked cops, hookers, drug dealers, and other great folks too many to list here. Big Ernie's coffee tastes like hot piss and his eggs have the flavor of turpentine, but you don't come to Ernie's for the food or the java anyway. It's purely for the ambiance. You see all the waitresses at Big Ernie's all wear see-through negligees. Some wear g-strings or thongs and others wear full panties, but you get a full tit shot from every goddamn one of them and some even wear see-through panties, but it's the ones who have a thick bush that drive me crazy. I just love the sight of a full muff peeking around the edges of a pair of hot pink panties, the seventies porn star look. I'm just not a fan of the shaved beaver. The landing strip or the Hitler look is OK, but I just can't stand the sight of a clean snapper.

Don't get me wrong, the babes at Big E's aren't going to be starring in any Hollywood features or strutting down some fashion runway and a few are getting a little long in the tooth but who gives a shit? Poontang is poontang where I come from. I'm getting off the track here but I wrote damn near all of this book sitting in a corner booth - which even had a phone jack so that I could access the Internet and my e-mail - at Big Ernie's. I'd start at six in the morning with my French Legionnaires breakfast - a cup of Big Ernie's rotgut urine-like tasting coffee and a unfiltered Camel - and wind up the day around 1600 with a cheeseburger and a six pack of Miller High Life.

So many thanks to Big Ernie and his wonderful staff. To Big Ernie's Diner! The only diner that I've ever waxed my cane in.

And I before I forget. Many thanks to Jerome, who got me this very nice and very hot laptop computer that this book was written/typed on, and at such a bargain at that. It's not often that you can get a brand new Dell for an ounce of Columbian and a hundred bucks. Thanks, buddy, you're the tops!

Of course, a round of brews and a slap on the ass to Scott Anderson, the co-author of *Salt On The Nuts*. Scott and I went to boot camp together and were crewmembers onboard the USS Dixie - where needless to say we often got boiled as owls together - and were able to get back in touch with each other after I survived those hellacious years. I saw some of Scott's perverted and twisted writings on the Web, contacted him, and convinced him that he was the only one who could help me out on *Salt*.

Finally, to Javier and Felicia. You both know why.

**-Anonymous**

Somewhere in the Pacific - 2006

## **WHY I FELT I HAD TO WRITE THIS FUCKER!**

Boredom is the number one reason I wrote this book. Do you know that about one out of every three swinging dicks stuck in the witness protection program kills themselves? Jesus Christ! That's fucking scary! Not that I want to kill myself, at least not on purpose. To tell you the truth I've probably been committing slow suicide my whole goddamn adult (and teenage) life with all the booze - both fine and rotgut - that I've swilled down, cigarettes and Cuban cigars inhaled into my tar stained lungs, bottles of speed gobbled, lines of coke snorted, horse shot into my veins, whores screwed from countries where penicillin probably has never been heard of, high speed drunken driving, nights spent in jails so fucking tough you wanted to shove your socks up your ass to prevent some big motherfucker from cornholing you.... Shit, I could go on forever here. My point being that after I was placed in the "Program" all I did was sit around on my lazy ass drinking Jim Beam out of the bottle and screaming at George Bush on the goddamn television and that's probably what most of the program members

do until they get so damn sick of it they eat a bottle of sleeping pills or blow their brains out with their pistols. They paint the ceiling with their brains because they are bored shitless. And that's a fact!

Then one day as I was scratching my ass and watching these hot chicks on MTV shake their plastic enhanced tits on my some spring break show - fuck, is it spring break year around on that horseshit channel? - thinking about flogging the mule, when my wife Gladys, who had I met at a gentleman's club downtown, charged into the living room and started screeching at me.

"Get your ass up and find something to do you lazy bastard!" she screamed in pigeon English.

"Like what, honey?" I whined.

"I don't give a shit, just get the hell out my living room. I'm sick of you getting drunk and jacking off in here all day long." She picked up an empty bottle of Old Milwaukee and hurled it at me, just barely missing my head. She sure didn't behave like that when I used to have to pay for her services.

"I don't what to do. I'm bored," I whimpered as I tried to curl up on the couch in the fetal position.

"Oh no you don't, mister! You get your skinny ass up off the couch, get your stinkin' ass in the shower and go out and find something to do or I'll cut your cock off with my butterfly knife." She strolled over and put her Marlboro Light out on my right cheek (ass). "I'm going to get my nails done. You better be out of here when I get back or there will be big trouble, white boy!"

"Fuck!" I screamed in pain. "I'll kill you, you dirty slope bitch!" I jumped off the couch and limped after her - I moved from side to side since my knees are ruined and the fresh burn on my ass didn't help matters much either - but she was already out the door and jumping into her Honda. As she burned rubber down our quiet residential street I saw that she had gotten a new bumper sticker opposite of the "W FOR PRESIDENT" that had been on there since the last election. The new one read "FUCK OFF RETARD". My wife was such a delicate flower, but that's why I had married her. Plus, I loved her little heart shaped ass, that she could suck the chrome off of a trailer hitch, and got half of her ex-husband's military retirement check. I knew that she was a hooker when I married her but

I sure wish she had told me that she had been in a Bangkok mental hospital for three years before that. But what the fuck could I do now?

I rubbed my burned ass and headed back into our rental love nest. I popped the new version of *Apocalypse Now* in the DVD player, sparked up a reefer, popped a cold brew and settled in for the afternoon. I was halfway through the movie and halfway into the bag when it came to me. Of course! Of course, goddamn it! How could I have been so stupid? The answer was right there on the screen - this wouldn't be the first time that something on the idiot box or the movie screen had inspired me as you'll see in future chapters - and I had seen that fucking movie at least a dozen times. I could write a book about all of my adventures! That would get both myself and Gladys off my ass.

The military is getting a bad reputation now with Bush getting us into that pissing contest with those camel fuckers over in the mid-east over WMDs or oil or whatever his line of the week is, but it doesn't have to be that way and *Apocalypse Now* showed me that. The military used to be a fun life filled with drugs, booze, hookers, and unsavory

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