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**From the Selected Works of Reinette F. Jones**

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## Bitten by the Foo Foo

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# EXCERPTS FROM BITTEN BY THE FOO-FOO

2000 French Bread Awards – First Prize

Published in Pacific Coast Journal, Winter 2002, v.7, no.2, pp.30-38

by Reinette F. Jones



Photo Credit: Kopana Terry

**A**woman dropped out of the sky a few weeks ago. She landed in Cricket Hop, Kentucky, which is a community of mostly women on highway KY50-1. With the help of an interpreter, the stranger explained that her name was Foo-Foo, which meant newcomer. She said that a comrade had told her about Pinks' place, so she came to Earth to see for herself.

At 3:00 a.m. in a small lesbian bar, it is not peculiar to hear a woman refer to herself as an extraordinary being from out of town. And who in her right mind would dare to question the integrity of a good-looking stranger on a slow rainy Saturday morning? The stranger could be anybody or anything that she wanted to be. Besides, with Crazy Betty translating the woman's words, it was a coin toss as to what was the truth and what was Betty's imagination. Two things were certain: no one had ever seen the likes of Foo-Foo and she had an innovative presentation.

Her eyes were the color of sweet spicy brown mustard with a small black olive in each center. When you looked real deep into those olives, it felt as if she was peeping at your emotions and desires. Some said she had bedroom eyes, others said her eyes were spellbinding and

they preferred to focus on her gold sleeveless tunic. The garment was a simple cut frock made of a sleek fabric, which nicely outlined two circles that would have been nipples on an ordinary woman.

According to Crazy Betty, all of the circles were protective disks for the highly sensitive areas of Foo-Foo's body. Well, that was a cute answer, but most Kentucky women recognize Double Stuffed Oreo Cookies tucked down inside of a woman's underclothes. If a few confections made the newcomer feel safe, that was all right, plus it made a nice impression. One of the more brash women voiced her opinion of the display. "I got milk to go with them cookies!"

Foo-Foo had absolutely no reaction to the comment. She didn't seem to be naïve; she was more like a long-lived being with unconventional communication skills, all in a well-groomed body. Her skin appeared to have a cool richness to it, like your favorite milk shake in a tall frosted glass on a hot summer night. She looked quenchable and some of the locals had worked up a thirst.

Wenny, who is always on the prowl, took it upon herself to get close to the newcomer. On her way back from the bathroom, she

accidentally on purpose rubbed up against Foo-Foo. There really wasn't that large of a crowd to excuse even a minor invasion of a woman's personal space, and Foo-Foo didn't appreciate the uninvited contact. She fired up those Oreo Cookies and sent a blue web of static all up and down Wenny's body. Then she told Wenny to "AMSCRAY!"

It was a good thing that Wenny had already gone to the bathroom, because a full bladder may have led to worse consequences. Wenny's hair was sticking out every which way all over her head, she looked like the country clown from hell. She teetered back to the end of the bar, and after several attempts, managed to seat herself on a barstool. Her conclusion of the encounter was that Foo-Foo's body didn't feel cold or hot, but some of both and neither of either, and she was in love with the newcomer. Wenny is one of those women who fall in love just about every other weekend.

*(To be continued in the next issue of LinQ.)*



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2nd Excerpt

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Photo Credit: Kopana Terry

**H**er cousin Liz hugged her and explained that the word amscray did not mean I love you, but rather it was pig latin for “get lost!” Liz knew that Wenny had gotten the wrong impression.

“Now Wenny, don’t go and make a fool of yourself tonight. That hussy had trouble written all over her the minute she set foot in the door. She don’t want you, so forget about her.”

Wenny ignored Liz and assured everyone that the love zap had been nothing more than a smidgen of foreplay. She could tell that the stranger wanted her body and she was going to reciprocate the courtship. Before Liz could stop her, Wenny did a handstand, and then walked about the room on her hands. “Hey, Liz! Is she looking? Is she looking at me?”

Everybody was looking at her. Pinks, the bar owner, told Wenny to cut the acrobatics because her insurance didn’t cover drunken circus acts. Pinks never joked; she meant what she said at all times. Wenny lost her concentration and crumpled to the floor. Several women rushed forward to help her to her feet and Wenny was led to a booth where she could lie down.

The newcomer looked around the room; she had lost a few admirers when she shocked Wenny with those cookies. A fickle custom must have

been in effect; a local could assault a stranger, but the stranger was not supposed to retaliate. It was a strange bit of reasoning, but nonetheless, Foo-Foo looked at Wenny’s outstretched body and apologized in her own language, which Crazy Betty translated into two words, “Sorry, Silly!”

Liz spoke on Wenny’s behalf. “Who is she calling Silly? Betty, you had better tell that lizard-eyed woman to watch her mouth. She’s the silly one, walking around with hot-wired cookies in her drawers!”

Foo-Foo motioned for Betty to be quiet because she had more to say without translation. No one knew what she was saying, but Foo-Foo seemed sincere. Her voice was rhythmic and soothing. She would pause, then start a sentence with a soft whoosh and end it with a faint click of the tongue lifting away from the roof of her mouth. When she finished talking, there was a low hum vibrating down inside of her.

Most of the crowd was transfixed, except Wenny who was asleep, and Pinks who ignored her customers most of the time anyway, and Liz and her friends were having their own conversation at the front of the bar. Everyone else had been watching and listening to Foo-Foo. She had a charismatic way with words and she used very delicate hand movements to emphasize what

she said. Her hands weren’t exactly small; they were about ½ a size larger than a normal woman’s hands and they complimented the rest of her body. That low hum wasn’t too bad either. There was a shared sensation of contentment within the attentive crowd. It had to have been one of the better times during the waning hours at the bar.

It could have gone on forever, but Crazy Betty broke the enchantment. She just had to translate some of what Foo-Foo supposedly had said. No one wanted to hear Crazy Betty’s story about the newcomer being from the same planet as her cousin. According to the rumor, Betty’s cousin had run off with a weirdo woman and no one had seen hide nor hair of them for more than 50 years. That was more than enough time for her cousin to have died from natural causes, old age, or lack of oxygen.

Betty’s grandmother still swears that both women drop down from the stars to visit Cricket Hop at least five times a year. She says that no one recognizes them because of the transfiguration. As if using big words will make her story more believable. That Hetate family, they all can tell some pretty wild tales.



*(To be continued in the next issue of LinQ — See September issue of LinQ for 1st excerpt.)*

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3rd Excerpt

by Reinette F. Jones



Photo Credit: Kopana Terry

**A**nd on this particular morning, Crazy Betty felt compelled to grace the crowd, yet again, with another rendition. Liz and her friends told Betty to “PLEASE shut up!” Because no one was in the mood for her Hetate lies. The insult made Crazy Betty even more determined, she talked louder and faster and she began to cry. Liz and her friends thought that was funny.

What had been a serene moment was fast becoming a disastrous morning. Pinks usually intervened when things got out of hand, but this time it was Foo-Foo who stepped in. With Crazy Betty translating her words, Foo-Foo explained the possibility of interzonal relationships. At that point, enough had been said about relationships and far off places. But to further illustrate her point, Foo-Foo drew a simple map on a napkin to show the transonic snok in Central Kentucky that bonds into a black hole, allowing for picosecond galaxy travel.

Hot damn! That did it! Foo-Foo had said the wrong thing. Liz marched up to the bar. “Pico my butt! Do you think we are all a bunch of uneducated dimwits? You come in here with your trashy outfit and talking that hocus-pocus crap, and everybody is supposed to swoon and follow you to the moon and back. Let me show you what I think of the hole in your stars.”

Liz snatched the drawing out of Foo-Foo’s hands, tore it into shreds, and ate it. Two of her buddies came forward to challenge the alien and the lunatic who thought they knew everything.

Local customs or not, Foo-Foo had heard and seen enough, she eased off the barstool and sized up the three women. It seemed that there was going to be a fight. Bystanders were taking bets and the odds were in Foo-Foo’s favor; she had crouched down into some kind of a Kung Fu claw stance. Liz and her friends still had their arms down and their fists balled. They didn’t know what to make of the strange woman who didn’t have sense to put her dukes up.

Foo-Foo was dancing a circle around the three women while hissing and spitting on the floor and flexing her fingers like she was playing the full range of keys on an invisible piano. Every so many steps she would stop and stomp one foot, then while still crouched down, she circled around the women in the opposite direction. Crazy Betty started screaming. “Sweet Jesus, she is going to kill somebody! HELP! HELP!”

Pinks came from behind the bar with the split stick. She pushed Crazy Betty down behind the counter

then shoved her way into the middle of Foo-Foo, and Liz and her friends. “All of you know the rules! Take it outside or sit down and shut up! And

“Sweet Jesus,  
she is going to  
kill somebody!  
HELP! HELP!”

that goes for the rest of you in here!”

The odds had suddenly shifted. Pinks was not one to take on in a fight. Nothing was known about the newcomer, but it was a folklore fact that Pinks had once wiped the floor with three opponents. She looked Liz and her friends in the eyes and then asked, “Are you staying or leaving?”

Liz started to explain, but Pinks cut her off with a wave of her hand, and turned to Foo-Foo, who had stopped moving and stood at her full height. She was quite a few inches taller than Pinks, but she got the same question, “Are you staying or leaving?”



*(To be continued in the next issue of LinQ.)*

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4th Excerpt

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Photo Credit: Kopana Terry

**F**oo-Foo did not blink and neither did Pinks. They stood tense and ready to pounce. Several women hurried toward the door for fear that things were about to get mighty ugly. Then, for no apparent reason, Foo-Foo backed away and raised her arms with her palms wide open.

Pinks went back behind the bar and slammed the stick into place on the shelf next to the sink. She resumed washing glasses. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief, and for more than the obvious reason. Pinks' place is the only lesbian bar within a 100-mile radius, and it would be a shame if it were ever shut down. The sheriff had let it be known that if another all-out brawl occurred, she would see that the place was closed for good. The sheriff and Pinks had a mutual dislike for each other.

Wenny and Liz were the sheriff's nieces, and Pinks didn't care too much for either of them. Liz didn't frequent the bar that often, especially after Pinks flat out rejected her love offerings. Liz and her friends preferred the big dyke joints in Cincinnati and Dayton. It was a coincidence that Liz was in Pinks' Bar the same morning that Foo-Foo showed up. The early morning was becoming even more bizarre.

Once Pinks had re-established calm, Liz and her friends strutted back toward their seats. Every few steps one of them would stop to imitate Foo-Foo's fighting stance,

then they would all double over with laughter. They jokingly dubbed her The Spitting Tiger from Mars!

Somebody put a quarter in the jukebox and the voice of Tracy Chapman was heard from speakers around the room singing *Give Me One Reason*. Everyone was trying to do or say something to help erase the tension. Foo-Foo had put her hands down, but she was still standing in the middle of the floor staring at Pinks. Crazy Betty eased from behind the counter and led the newcomer back to her seat. Foo-Foo was still staring; she had been plucked by the bold woman who had a plural color for a name. You had to admit that Pinks was a one of a kind name.

Crazy Betty patted Foo-Foo's hand trying to get her attention. She was trying to tell her that Liz and her friends had more bark than bite. Every so often they crossed the line, but that was the extent of the disagreement. Fighting was not allowed in Pink's Bar, it had become the code of the community. Betty's chattering slowly sunk in.

Foo-Foo turned to look in the direction of Liz and her friends who were still laughing, then she turned back to look at Pinks. She had almost let three instigators provoke her to the point of bloodshed, when the whole matter could have been resolved with a caution from Pinks. Foo-Foo realized that it had been a mistake to take matters into her own

hands.

She called out Pinks' name. The word sounded like "Pankssss" with a slight tongue click at the end. Pinks turned around and Foo-Foo said, "Sorey" followed by another slight tongue click. Foo-Foo added to her apology an earnest smile. Pinks made no facial expression and said nothing. She turned back to the sink and continued washing glasses.

But Wenny, who had been jarred awake by the blast of music from the jukebox, took note of Foo-Foo's smile. Wenny came running across the room shouting, "Oh, my, Lord! Look at that! Will you look at that!" She was pointing and almost had her finger in Foo-Foo's mouth, but remembered not to touch. The newcomer had two perfect canine teeth on each side of her smile. A fleshy scrub-pick from under Foo-Foo's tongue was working around her teeth, and Wenny's finger was air-chasing after each motion while she shouted oooing and ahing sounds.

Pinks stopped washing the glasses and looked at the reflections in the wall mirror over the sink. She slowly turned around as if to say, "What now?" She asked Wenny to stop shouting and to please take her finger away from near Foo-Foo's mouth. Pinks shook her head as if exasperated with the lot of them, then turned back to the sink. 🏳️‍🌈

(To be concluded in the next issue of LinQ.)

# EXCERPTS FROM *BITTEN BY THE FOO-FOO*

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5th (Final) Excerpt

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Photo Credit: Kopana Terry

**A**ccording to Crazy Betty, the scrub-pick was an automatic reaction whenever Foo-Foo felt excited. The teeth were just teeth. Foo-Foo had no intentions of biting anyone, unless? Foo-Foo looked into the mirror behind the bar and winked at her reflection. It seemed that she wanted to play before she had to amscray.

The record on the jukebox came to an end and no one bothered to play another song. It was morning, daylight and cloudy, and most couples had already gone home. The remaining single women were making one last effort to find some early morning company.

Wenny squeezed between Crazy Betty and Foo-Foo, keeping in mind not to touch Foo-Foo's body. She didn't want to get shocked again, not just yet anyway. Wenny practically knocked Crazy Betty off the barstool in her attempt to ask Foo-Foo if she would like to have breakfast and a place to lay her head before it was time for her to go back to wherever she came from.

Foo-Foo never got a chance to answer. Without turning around, Pinks clinked two glasses together and announced that it was time to close the bar. Crazy Betty relinquished her barstool to Wenny and went to gather glasses from the tables. Foo-Foo smiled at

Pinks. Wenny concentrated on the scrub-pick in Foo-Foo's mouth and patiently waited for her offer to be accepted.

Liz and her friends rose to leave. On their way toward the door, one friend apologized to Pinks for the ruckus. One apologized to Crazy Betty. Liz gave Foo-Foo the middle finger. "That's for you and the horse you rode into town on. Go back to where you came from, you horny freak! Your kind ain't welcomed around here!"

"Wenny, are you leaving with us?"

She was staying. Wenny waved goodbye to Liz and her friends while keeping her eyes on the scrub-pick. She was still waiting on Foo-Foo to accept her offer. It had not dawned on Wenny that Foo-Foo was not only smiling at her own reflection in the mirror, she was smiling at Pinks.

Crazy Betty made the obvious apparent; she turned to ask Pinks if she should close the bar, like she often did when Pinks had reason to leave a little early. Pinks didn't answer, but raised her head and looked at Foo-Foo's reflection in the mirror. Most of the locals knew what that meant. Wenny would be going home alone and she was not too happy about it.

Wenny put her hands on

her hips and glared at the back of Pinks' head. Wenny ran her hands through her hair because it was starting to stand up again. She took a few deep breaths, and then said to no one in particular, "I thought she wanted me!"

No one answered. Wenny bid Foo-Foo a good night and a safe journey home. Crazy Betty translated what Wenny had said, and Foo-Foo responded with a single nod of her head. Wenny used her shirtsleeves to wipe away the tears that were starting to run from her eyes. She eased off the barstool and slowly walked toward the door. She stopped to yank the jukebox plug from the wall socket, and then stood still for a minute letting the tears stream down her face. She stuffed her hands into her jean pockets and asked, "Pinks, how could you stab me in the back while I was asleep? I saw her first."

Wenny didn't wait for an answer; she kicked a chair across the floor before running out the door into the early morning rain. The last of the crowd quickly followed. Foo-Foo stayed seated at the bar. She had a sorrowful smile on her face as she waited for Pinks to closeout the cash register and get her umbrella.

