

Mga Huling Araw

The Last Days of Angeles

By Jack Poet



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Mga Huling Araw: The Last Days of Angeles

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A BRIEF HISTORY:

Angeles has long held a place in the heart of mongers around the world for non-stop booty at an economical price. However, in the spring and summer of 2013, the recent elections threatened to rock the foundation of the bar scene, and it was at this time that I traveled to the heart of darkness and penned these pages.

In the days and months leading up to my holiday, there had been many damning reports of bar closings and other difficulties related to the mongering scene in Angeles City, Philippines. Basically, the mayor threatened to shut down the entire red light district. It reached a point where many people who should know were predicting the imminent demise of AC. A few bars closed and set sail for safer waters, and several managers went underground.

This was an interesting period of history to witness first hand, as AC bars scrambled to find their way in an uncertain terrain.

FORWARD

I have never have had more confusion nor more clarity then when I am drinking.

This diary is mostly true.

The facts that are fiction are name changes to protect the guilty and a scant hint of hyperbole to enhance the story. I swear on Gideon's Bible, that in this narrative I have never reported an event that did not occur, nor changed a name that didn't require subterfuge. In addition, I attest that no sex mongering account is exaggerated. No sex story contained herein has been altered or glorified. All the fucking is 100% true.

MGA HULING ARAW – THE LAST DAYS

“Now it is done. Now the story ends. And there is no way to tell it. The art of fiction is dead. Reality has strangled invention. Only the utterly impossible, the inexpressibly fantastic, can ever be plausible again.” – Red Smith

WEDNESDAY

This trip will be so different from any other, and I guess that is how it should be. To start off, I flew from NYC to Moscow and then on to Hong Kong. I sit here writing this first entry in Mongkok, Hong Kong in what is one of the smallest hotel rooms I have ever seen. There is an entry way just over four feet long, barely enough for the door to open, a bathroom to the right is the size of a wonton. The shower stall is equal to one-third the size of the entire bathroom. In the bedroom, a desk is wedged between the wall and the double bed.

The decision to fly through Moscow came about because Aeroflot offered the best price when I finally decided to lower the hammer in March. It is a great feeling actually booking the ticket to come back each year, but it is also an irrevocable action that looms for months as another torturous few days of travel approaches.

The itinerary this year has a duration of 52 hours, including taking a bus to NY, the two 9 hour plus flights, and an 8 hour layover in Moscow. It doesn't get much worse. The Moscow airport is cramped and has poor air conditioning, and despite the fact that there are many sexy young Russian chicks walking around, it is an extremely uncomfortable wait. Add to that, the price for anything is ridiculous, even worse than a US airport, if you can believe that: \$15 for a glass of wine, my ass.

But here I am today in Hong Kong, suffering serious jet lag, but only a hop and a skip from Angeles where I will be tomorrow!

My first adventure in Hong Kong mongering was to go online and look up 141.com because I have heard about it so many times over the years. So quite literally there are hundreds of take out girls on this site, and all you have to do is pick the one you like, write down her address, and go for a visit. The chicks range in price from 250 – 900 HKD, or roughly \$30 - \$115 USD depending on the girl and what you want. The funny

thing is, I am so tired from the flight I was thinking I would just take a nap and go later.

But then I was really afraid to hit the sack, because I could see myself just sleeping through the whole day and having to fly out without doing any mongering or anything else while I am here. So I wasn't going to let that happen and I picked out a nice sexy looking massage girl right around the corner from the hotel who was asking 600 HKD for a massage and full service. The website has her phone number and address, but no one ever answered when I called. Man, this chick is popular! Aw hell, I'm just going over to the place and see what happens.

THE 141 EXPEDITION

Now the description of this place is really interesting and you should take notes, because I almost didn't find it. First of all, I need to say that this section of Hong Kong is bustling, crowded, the weather is stifling, you can't walk a block without breaking a huge sweat, and having several dozen people bump into you on the sidewalk. But at the same time, you can tell this city is really industrious, and everybody is hard working. There's few beggars, but many stores, banks, businesses, people building projects, cooking street food, going to school, whatever, just thousands of people doing their daily toils, and you better get out of the way.

I am looking for the address and basically it is a doorway stuck between two stores that I walked right by the first time. So I am trying to find the street number and all these people are bumping into me and pushing by rather rudely I think, but it is Asia, so whatever. When I find the place, I go in, and there are these old rickety elevators and maybe four or five guys waiting to go up. The place is a real hole, and I actually enjoy these types of venues. I mean it looks like something out of a Stanley Kubrick movie inside. Peeling paint and busted up walls with graffiti scrawled everywhere. But there are so many legitimate businesses all around, I am thinking, this can't be right.

So I walk out on the street again, but there is no other door.

This has to be the place.

I go back in and ask this dude, "Have you ever heard of 141?"

His head snaps and he looks right at me, guilty as hell, and says, "No!"

My radar shoots up and I am thinking, yeah right. So I ride the elevator up to the top floor to see what is what. Man, the elevator was so creaky and small, I was praying the doors would open when we got to the top.

Here is the deal, you get off the elevator on the 14th floor