

LOST AND FOUND IN THAILAND

A True Story

by

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Introduction

Hey man ... what can I say? I went to Thailand and decided that it's just so cool that I needed to make an official report. As past president of the San Jose Oriental KATS Thai Club, I wanted to let others know why I'm so excited and enthusiastic whenever the subject of Thailand comes up. Set aside all the western moralistic societal rules on male/female relationships and listen while I tell you about my experiences and why Thailand is one of the best places in the known universe.

My personal life was in a rut, and that alone probably accounts for my unrestrained enthusiasm for Thailand (my new homeland). I've been married, had some affairs, had a mistress while I was married, and then fell in and out of love with my last girlfriend. But all these relationships were like being married even though the last two didn't involve the paper... only the financial pain on breaking up. They all cost me; you know what I mean? Oh well, such is life. Let bygones be bygones. They left no serious emotional scars, at least none that I'm aware of ... none that couldn't be remedied by a hormone-charged vacation in Thailand.

So this is the deal with Thailand ... lots of accommodating ladies, and I mean LOTS, good food, and reasonable costs and standard of living. This is the place

to go for those with the desire to release their pent up sexual desires, inhibitions and frustrations. Virtually anyone can find a young, attractive, nubile partner (whatever your preference) in Thailand.

I know that just by reading as far as you have, many - especially the women (if there are indeed any women readers) - will pre-judge this to be nothing more than a degenerate, pseudo-pornographic compilation of my sexual escapades in the Land of Smiles... and to a certain extent you're probably right. But you know what? I don't give a damn. I'm giving you my best shot at an objective opinion based on my subjective experiences and relating many of these to you in this first hand account. I call 'em like I see 'em and, after twenty years of visiting and living in Thailand, I've seen it all!

Like most men, I'm attracted to the ladies... all kinds of ladies, from the ones that are barely past their teens to the more mature babes who are experienced in pleasing their man. But now don't get me wrong, there's room for emotional involvement here; it's not just all physical. I don't want to screw some girl who hasn't a brain in her head, or someone who's just out to make a quick buck for a quick fuck. I want some real luv'in' too. I fall in love easily. A pretty face, a hot body, a pleasant personality, and a good time in the sack and I'm sold, Jack.

So, to finish what I started about my personal status, I'm currently married (again), have no children, no real onerous responsibilities but will probably take on other relationships... maybe have a kid or two with whomever... and continue to party hardy. Just like the male lion whose nature it is to spread his seed far and wide leaving the aftermath of rearing the family to the

female (of course I would, and can afford to, provide the necessary support), I roam the fertile playing fields of Thailand in search of bone-worthy babes. After you're married or have a steady partner, you're either sexually satisfied or content with your family or love another. You don't want to hurt any of them but the fact of the matter is we all get horny and it's only natural for a man to want to get laid by someone new and exciting every so often. Variety is the spice of life ... isn't that what they say? I'm no different, not that you couldn't have deduced that for yourself by now. I like to get laid anytime I feel the urge, with anyone I choose, and still keep my main lady cool and happy... and preferably oblivious to what's going on. I guess I'm like a butterfly, flitting from one sweet smelling flower to another... a lifestyle that's tacitly accepted in Thai society. All my partners know I'm a butterfly.

So let me start this chronicle at the beginning, with my early trips to Thailand, and bring you, chapter by chapter, up to the present.

Chapter 1

Back in July 1989 my lady left me. We had just broke up and it still wasn't definite yet, you know – broken up but had not totally given up on making up. Still I was a little depressed and was looking for another love in San Jose (California, not Costa Rica), spending lots of time, money and emotion on a new prospect from Hawaii. It was at this time that the Oriental KATS Thai Club president, my friend Tyrone, and his V.P. Veejay, were planning their annual September trip to Thailand along with their sidekick (luggage carrier) Kato, whose expenses they financed. Tyrone invited me to come along. I knew this was a sex tour for these guys and I was in dire need of some good sex, so I agreed and joined the KATS club.

The flight from San Francisco to Bangkok stopped in Narita Japan for two hours... long enough for us to pick up our duty free booze ... and six hours after boarding our connecting flight we landed in the Land of Smiles at about 11:30 at night. Once we cleared customs we each changed a hundred dollars into the local Thai currency, the Baht (THB).

"No time to lose!" Tyrone shouts, and with Veejay eagerly agreeing (as all good vice-presidents should) we boarded a taxi.

"How much to Nana?" Tyronne asks.

"Two hundred baht," the driver answers.

"OK, Nana Hotel, layo layo (hurry, hurry)."

We arrive at the Nana Hotel after driving some twenty minutes through heavy Bangkok traffic. The KATS were excited. Although I'd been to Bangkok before, this was Kato's first trip and he, like myself and other presumably normal people, wanted to relax and freshen up at a decent hotel after a twenty-hour journey. Well, we arrive at the Nana hotel to find that there are no rooms available. Tyrone goes into panic mode. He races back to the taxi and yells: "Another hotel, quick, layo layo." We end up in a dead end alley somewhere in the Nana district in front of a dark, dingy guesthouse. I was pissed.

"Hey Tyrone," I said. "What the fuck's the matter with you. I'm not staying in this piss-hole hotel. Let's go check into the Ambassador."

"No time to lose," Tyrone says. Veejay agrees.

"We'll find something better tomorrow," Tyrone adds. "This is just for one night. Gotta get the ladies before it gets too late."

We check into the guesthouse and pay 450 THB for a dark and dingy room with an ugly-assed bathroom. The only saving grace was the mirrors on the walls which were mounted horizontally so that you got a full length view of yourself and your lady when you're lying on the bed screwing.

I let Tyrone know that I'm pissed off, but he doesn't give a fuck.

"We meet in Kato's room in ten minutes," he says.

I arrive at Kato's room last to find everyone dressed in street clothes, long pants and button shirts. I'm

in my shorts and T-shirt, so I go back to change while the others work on a joint Kato rolled from some weed that he carried in from the States. When we finally hit the road, Veejay was pumped.

"Patpong, Patpong, King's Corner, King's Club," he repeated like a mantra as we approached Bangkok's night club area. We enter the King's Club Go Go Bar first – action galore and music loud as hell. I'm tripped out. Just off the plane and into this man's paradise with women everywhere, all around us, chicks dancing topless on the bar, others drinking and socializing with the clientele. You can buy any one of them a drink, sit down and chat, or just leave with them for a good time. Wow, were groovin' now. We pick out four chicks and pay the 325 THB bar fine for each to get them out of the club, leaving the negotiating for their services till later. Now I was a bit green back then and didn't know what good hustlers these babes were – in the sense that while I expected them to be bought for the night, they were raring to finish up and get back to the club to snag another customer. To avoid that, you got to pay them well like I do. I don't recommend picking up in Patpong, but it was worthwhile to go and check out the scene.

We'll we're back in Veejay's room. The booze is flowing and the private party is in full swing. The chicks have stripped down to their panties and Veejay has his Polaroid out, flashing away, taking pictures. We're all stars now.

Kato and his chick split early to go to his room. I'm so drunk that I'm kicking on the wall of Kato's room to get him to come back to the party. My chick is cool. She agrees to stay the night since I offer to pay her 1500 THB.

The other cheap Charlies pay only 1000 THB, so their women split immediately after Tyrone and Veejay