

Wide-Eyed

by **Andrew Sweatman**

The adolescent male browses the athletic complex like it's a candy store. Every woman exists for his gaze.

Anchored bicyclers enduring barks from a too-muscley fifty-something. Hotties playing racquetball. A group of geriatrics doing sloppy Pilates. Countless titillating sights.

Approaching the courts, he straightens his polo, smooths his hair, and confirms that his Gucci cologne is coming through loud and clear. *Maximizing attraction factors is key.*

Five minutes later, he's too angry for words, at his mother (for signing him up), the sports complex, and the entire game of tennis. *What kind of tournament is all-male?*