

IT'S A BOY!

BY CASIMIR DUKA HZ



OTOLO 83

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CASIMIR DUKAHZ



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All names and events herein are fictional. If anyone feels that any character portrayed in the following pages is himself (living or dead), then he should hang his head in shame.

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To KEFI — Hollow'd be thy Name

Some say thy fault is youth, some wontonness,
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are loved of more and less;
Thou makst faults graces that to thee resort.

— Willy the Shake

Author's Fourword

This book — which a quack gynecologist termed 'an interrupted abortion' — is dedicated primarily to the boy-smitten, with a few enlightening words for mayhemic heteros.

Recently I received a fan-letter from a guy who sells electric-fans and he asked: 'Are boy-lovers born that way or are they made?' I replied: 'Dear friend — Lovers of young lads (known as boysexuals in the trade) yea verily are gloriously born thus, though later they're usually made for every cent they've got by the clever little squirts they take to bed. Freud declared that Man is essentially bisexual and is channeled in one direction or the other by his subsequent conditioning — but I'm convinced Sigmund was all coked up on a 66% Solution when he voiced that opinion. More credibly, a German sexpert states that homosexuality begins about the 5th month in the womb and is delightfully caused by lack of androgens in the foetus, though the few foetuses I've bumped into are coyly mum on this point. In my own infamous experience, I've been irresistably attracted to magnetic mini-males ever since I first glimpsed one and made bumbling overtures — I didn't know then exactly what I wanted from them but I wanted it — which resulted in only in my suffering a succession of bloody noses, bruises, contusions and contumely. I trust this answers your question to our mutual satisfaction.' (Anita Orange, please copy.)

Another correspondent — plainly with Capital Punishment in his mind but misapprehension in his pen — wrote: 'How can you possibly justify so horrendous a sin as boy-love when Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed by a rain of fire for just that filthy abomination?! Human males were created to love females and none other.' I responded: 'Sir — according to Bibleprecisionists or revisionists, Sodom and Gonorrhea were destroyed for the sin of Inhospitality and nothing else. It seems the City Fathers locked up all the pretty lads so they wouldn't become too buddy-buddy with visiting firemen, thereby provoking Jehovah's incendiary wrath.

I'd also like to mention that boy-love needs even less justification than heterosexuality does — especially in these days of world-wide population explosion and consequent food-shortage, high divorce-rate, child-abuse by parents, unwed unfit mothers and overcrowded homes for juveniles. The fact is, it's you bloody heteros who've been fucking up the works all along and statistics bear me out. If you have been blessed with a son, you should be aware that a boy-lover is not half so dangerous to a lad as football or hockey, not one-tenth so perilous as the youngster's own peers, cock'd or cunt'd.

As to males exclusively loving females, it's obvious that you not only know damn little of the sexual history of vertebrates but you've also been brain-washed by such Judeo-Christian asininites as: "Boy-love is the pursuit of the infertile improbable by the felonious unspeakable" plus similar condemnatory misconceptions — though a wiser, more understanding person remarked: "All the practical arguments are for boy-love and all the moral arguments are against it". It's not entirely your fault that you're so woefully misinformed, of course, for what do they know of lads who do not lads know? I don't know a whole helluva lot about the "fair" sex, nor desire to, but what I have learned isn't overwhelmingly in their favor yet I forgive them as they incubate boys and therefore are a necessary evil if not an attactive nuisance.

Furthermore, I'm sure you'll appreciate the true, honesto-Jesus dope on what really took place some 5000 years ago during Genesis or the Beginning of all our troubles and here's what actually occurred for I happened to be strolling by at the time. See, first God created the Earth and the Flora and Fauna and so forth and then he createe Man and He looked at him and said: "Well, no, you're too hard and angular and hairy and far from what I had in mind". So next He made Woman and He inspected her and sighed: "Um, no, you're not it, either — too soft and wishy-washy and too much hair around your man-trap". So He created Girl and He gazed at her and growled: "Hell, you're just a pint-sized Woman and though you're nicely bare down there you don't measure up to my ideal, neither. Goddam it, I can't seem to do anything right today!" So at last in despair God made a stripling of tender years and He ogled him and cried, "By Christ, I finally achieved Perfection and It's a Boy! You're the Ultimate, beauteous lad, you're the One! Hard yet sweetly soft, angular yet tempered with beguiling curves and your love-locks are all on your head in crowning halo. Come hither and climb upon my knee, Sonny Boy!" Thus, from that moment on other gods from Zeus to Antinous whom Emperor Hadrian deified have been following the divine precedent set by the Almighty — and Ancient Greece blissfully fell because her sodomic 'sins' were so enchanting that she could not bear to forego them. Ergo, boy-lovers are simply trodding in the footprints of their heavenly predecessors and if anyone is out of step it's you!

Now don't think for one minute that boy-love is a bed or rosy peni and ani, as Murphy's Law goes double here: "No little thing is as easy as he looks. Every little thing costs more than you expect. If any little thing can go wrong, he will — at the worst possible moment." I need hardly tell you that he who has a taste for prick'd pubescents is beset from all sides by enemies ranging from dumb-ass lawmakers through hostile parents to too many charming rip-off kids themselves. Yet lovers of little males pertinaciously prevail and persist in snatching the Forbidden Fruit from the Jaws of Danger, Death and Destruction for boys are a Divine Worship, a fever in the blood — and cold baths don't help. For these reasons, lad-love is at once its own ecstasy and its own cruel and unusual punishment.

No doubt here you will say: "So why do you awful creeps keep messing around with these hazardous young ball-breakers?", and I reply: "Because our motto and our creed is Why Not the Best? — as Jimmy Carter proclaimed but never proved. Believe it or not, when you intimately commune with a responsive youngster he will have you thumbing your nose at all the dull, flat, stale and unspermful hordes of mere females and their uxorious mantis-mates. He will open up sheer Heaven and let you in — but be wary for he can all raise Hell and bury you beneath it.

But why should I waste any more time and energy giving good advice to a stonewall like you? You go your masochist way and I'll go hedonist mine. No harm done, no bones broken and after all, compared to the many critical problems of these parlous times, boy-love is a very minor concern, indeed.'

1. Standing invitation

"You are old, Father William," the youngster said,
"And your hair has turned very white.
Yet you're ever kneeling before me—
Do you think at your age that is right?"

"Right or left, it is frabjous," Father William replied,
"And the consuming boy of my life.
Yet better could I eat you if you laid
In my bed like a proper boy-wife."

"But, Father dear," cried the lad, hurt to the quick,
"I was only giving you a treat -
For I blast quicker and slicker and thicker
And squirt twice as much on my feet!"

"Your point is well-taken," panted Father William,
Hunggrily creaking to his knees.
"O come unto me, thou heavy-laden,
And I shall give you ease!"

2. An Appeal to Reason

In New York City, that vaunted Fount of Liberalism, a man was recently sentenced to 25 years in prison for sexual assaults on two boys of 9 and 13. (If the man had murdered the lads he would probably have gotten 10 years or less — and if he had been the youngster's father and mayhemly abused then, he doubtless would've been given a psychiatrick treatment in free and cushy comfort.) Justice, we are loftily told, derives from God but in the U.S.A. that deity is Judeo-Christian and straight out of witch-burning Salem, particularly in instances of homosexuality where He fire-bombed Sodom and Gomorrah for lack of hospitality — to females. It is to be regretted that the American God is not that ancient Greek divinity, Zeus, for he more benignly understood dalliance between men and boys.

However, let's attempt to analyze the foregoing case. As usual, the media give no explicit details beyond the alarming term of 'sexual assault' or the like for it's through raw sensationalism that most media sell their sordid wares — but if the `assault' here did result in painful anguish then the culprit should indeed get 25 years at Hard Labor. Yet the phrase `sexual assault' is often ambiguous and misleading for it can and generally does — simply mean patting some lad's Levi'd bottom as he struts by in a probable haze of pot-fumes, or gently groping him and humbly inquiring if he'd like to be blowed for bounteous bucks. That's hardly 'assault' by any sane definition but rather a polite invitation to Pleasure and Profit — and nowadays it's the rare boy who spurns such solicitations as he almost always needs money for more grass and beer and \$40 Western boots and X-rated movies and other juvenile necessities. So OK, the kid sells his orgasm (wet or dry), both boy and man have their wants supplied in happy togetherness — but Heaven help the hapless buyer if they're caught!

What causes this fanatic persecution of what are usually harmless sex-acts? Largely it is because the Authorities and most heterosexuals have been brainwashed by Religion, Politics, the Puritan tradition and erroneous 'straight' propaganda into blindly believing that all children are innocent and therefore at all costs must be protected from even the mildest of sexual relations with peer or adult, but from fairly comprehensive experience I can definitely affirm that in his Year of Oh Lord! 1984, perhaps one child in 30 is sexually innocent and very possibly he is doing his damndest to speedily remedy that situation.

The sad fact is that in these days of misdirected liberal permissiveness, children — and boys in particular — are fast becoming more hazardous to life and limb than the Mafia or the motor-car. In Baltimore not long ago, two boys of 14 and 16 drowned a 6-year-old and then went to the victim's mother and demanded \$300 ransom for the tot's 'safe' return. In Michigan recently, eight young boys complained to parents and police that they had been 'abducted' plus being sexually 'molested' in most cases. Exhaustive investigation including lie-detector tests proved that the eight lads were imaginative liars, one and all the little devils were doubtless hellish bored and wanted some excitement and attention, sexual or otherwise. These are not isolated incidents for such are rampant throughout the nation. The latest statistics reveal that nearly half the crime in America is committed by juveniles of 10 to 17 who account for 54% of all burglary arrests, 48% of violent assaults, 18% of rapes, etc., etc.

Considering the above, it seems clear that most adults are far more in need of protection than are juveniles — and where a man and a boy have been apprehended in a sex-act, in all fairness to the elder the lad should be interrogated as intensively as the adult and the following are essential points to be stressed in determining the facts:

- 1) Is the boy demonstrably 'innocent' or is he a 'hustler'? If there is doubt here, the lad should be given a physical examination for indications of previous passive anal intercourse.
- 2) If the boy is not a hustler, has he had homosexual experience with his age-peers? In other words, does he damn well know the score?
- 3) Did the lad consent to or even invite sexual intimacies and was there an exchange in money or other material benefits?
- 4) Is the boy 'gay', thus perhaps welcoming another male's advances?
- 5) Does the lad have a Juvenile or Family Court record and if so, does his offense or offenses include 'ripping off queers'?
- 6) If there is any reason to believe that the boy is not responding truthfully to the interrogation then a lie-detector test should be administered.

Shortly after the Michigan incidents related above, a Grand Rapids TV station — with possibly an ironic sense of humor aired a Special Program aimed at children and titled: Don't Go with Strangers! Things being as they are these dangerous days, that TV station might have performed a more valid and needful service if the Special had been addressed to boy-lovers and adults in general, and titled: Don't Go with Strange Children!

3. Vanity Fair Fouled

A Kalamazoo Michigosling is Kyle who has flyaway blond curls, roving affirmative eyes and such other sucker-bait accessories as to render him probably the fairest and most popular piece of sweet meat in the Great Lakes Area. Virtually climbing out of the womb well-versed in the Satyriconic Arts, the lad has been peddling his pert penis and peri posteroir since he was 9 three busy years ago. Kyle lives with his widowed mother whose permanent hubby is John Barleycorn for she spends most of her waking hours midst mild delirium-tremens and looking through a whisky-glass darkly. Out of his Sin-bad earnings, Sonny-boy keeps his maternal parent belly-deep in booze so he's largely allowed to come and went as he pleases, often brining home a rut-crazed John of his own for a quickie or all-night trick — Dear Mama being under the woosy impression that all these nice, respectable-looking men are her offspring's teachers at the school he doesn't go to.

I was permitted to wine and dine on Master K's bill-of-fare only once for in dilly-dally amorosity he prefers quantity to Quality such as myself and never beds with an admirer twice. As vain as a peacock, it's a point of overblown pride to this lad to see how many different fly'd denizens he can attract to his honey. As if that wasn't heartless enough, when each too-transient mattress-mate has reluctantly donned his garb and departed, Kyle with a pin inscribes the initials of his latest lover's name on a navy bean and deposits same into a Mason fruit jar as another souvenir of and tribute to his folly'd fascination — and several times a week the lad will miser-gloatingly count and recount the flattering legumes that so symbolically sustain his super-ego: 100, 200, 300, 400... Bingo, Bango, Bungholo!

O sad! O Sob-Sob! O Zut Alors! Pride ever goeth before a fall-guy! One day Kyle's mother — staggeringly attempting to change the infamied linen on her son's much-laid bed — blearingly came upon his cache of conquest-emblems under a sex-stained pillow. "Did you ever?" to herself she said. "No, I never!" to herself she replied. Amour makes you hungry, as Queen Victoria said to Fat Albert.— and Kyle was ravenous that night when he came home to supper. His Mommy had passed-out in front of the TV blaring about Alcoholics' Rights so the boy avidly gobbled up the entire pot of tasty Baked Beans on the stove before he noticed his empty Mason jar in the sink!

4. MeetMarket

Look! Look!
See the little boy?
My, isn't he pretty!
Almost lovely as you.
His name is Buffy.
He is eight years old -
Just your age, right?
Buffy is a good boy in
The better sense and
Everybody loves him.
Yes, this is Times Square
Which is far from square
and prime make-out country
Where you can pick up
Sweet goodies here 'n there,
Now 'n then.

Look! Look!
See the creepy guy in
Pointy-toed shoes, pink
Pants and purple coat,
Talking to little Buffy?
He's a pimp as in pimple
Which uglies the face of
Beauty. Stay away from him -
His kind are lazy, greedy, no-good
Bastards who want to monopolize
The best things in life.

Look! Look!
See Buffy spit at the cruddy
Pimp and walk away?
That child has his wits
About him — he isn't going
To share his hard-earned
Wages with some filthy
Brute and parasite!

Look! Look!
See the other man?
He is quite old and shabby
Though neatly dressed.
Perhaps he is very poor but

He is a good man -
You are safe with him.
See how hungrily he looks
At Buffy? He is hungry –
Famished for the tender
Friendship of young flesh.

Look! Look!
See the man go up and
Speak to pretty Buffy?
The youngster replies politely.
What are they talking about?
They're talking about money
And the priceless boy-gifts
It often can buy.

Listen! Listen!
Hear what they're saying?
The man says: Five dollars?
Buffy says: Fifteen.
The man says:
Ten dollars? Buffy says: Fifteen.
The man says: Eleven dollars?
It's all I've got.
Buffy says: OK, Gramps
You gotta deal!

Look! Look!
See the man give Buffy
Eleven dollars, one by one,
And walk away with him?
Why does Buffy go with the man?
Because he is a nice boy.
Are you a nice boy?
You are? That's wonderful!
Would you like to make
Eleven whole dollars, too?
You'd like to make fifteen dollars?
H'm, I can see you're going to
Get along OK in this cruel world.
All right, here's fifteen dollars
Come with me, nice boy.

What? What?!
What's that you say?
You can't come with me?

Why not, little sweetling?
Because your Mommy is
Standing right behind me
With a big ol' hat pin?!
OUCH!! HELP!! POLICE!!

5. Alan Spells Anal (ysis)

I should worry,
I should care -
I should lay for a millionaire.
He should die
And I should cry -
And I should lay for another guy!

In California grow sweet little blonds row on row though their forbidding forebears hail mainly from Iowa or hetero-hell enclaves adjacent. Truly California is the Sonshine State but its elders are mucho macho hypocritico hostile — they'll castrate you in San Diego if they catch you with your cock in San Fernando's Valley and the Judge in Lompoc who prisonly punitives you for fellative forays on San Francisco's succulent waterfront, like as not keeps an overblown lading in Twenty-nine Palms.

A couple calenders ago I was just about to apply for Old-Age Assistance when I won \$4000 on a Mexican lottery-ticket sold to me by a Chicano paper-boy in El Lay, and being advised by an IRS illegal-beagle friend that my bonanza would go kid-furthest in Venice just a hop, skip and hump to the south, I donned my best bib-and-tucker and descended upon that unsuspecting city — falling into two dry canals three minutes after I got off the bus. My fault as I was too busy ogling the youngsters, who did indeed appear luscious, lucreless and promiscuous, to watch where I was going — but when I accosted a likely item he turned his back, bent over and released a fart so decibel that it depilated the hairs in my ears. I go on to solicit a silver-blond, a strawberry-blond and a dunkel-blond but each time am spurned with scurrilous comments, oral and anal, until sourly I'm persuaded that Venetian boys are like Dead Sea fruit — lovely to look at but lethal to eat.

Then suddenly the anti-conjunctive fig is lifted for in front of the Women's Lib Building (an impressive erection) I discern a merry little bootblack who evidently has taken a shine to me as he is grinning from ear to Adam's-apple, beckoning with one hand and stroking his semen-stained crotch (too many sloppy stand-up blow-jobs?) with the other. Is the sweetling actually trying to pick me up?! God knows I'm willing but it's not the usual juvenile modus operandi for by any stretch of the imagination I'm not the Body Beautiful, my face having been sat on by so many assertive kidlets that it resembles a ruptured douche-bag. Very possibly it's my new bankers'-gray suit that betokens a pregnant wallet though my sartorial habits are modest: Bill Blass, my ass!, Yvette Sant Laurent, Poochie-Pucci (or is it Pussy?) and Goochie-Gucci-Gussie likewise — I get my clothes at Robert Hall (when Robert isn't looking). Whatever, I gallop up to the kid and closer see that he's an apple-cheek'd Delicious with tourmaline-green eyes who obviously is playing hookey from Heaven and I'm just about to sit on his 3-legged stool to get my brogues buffed plus probable latter benefits when he chirps: "I'm knockin' off work now, mistuh, an' you doan need no shine nohow."

"Oh," I rejoin, confused. "I thought you were looking for a customer."

"I am — you kin carry my stool home fer me you be so kindly," and he gives me an up-from-under enigmatic glance that combines Yes, No, Maybe and perhaps Perhaps. Sugar-tit has a

novel green-light/red-light approach and though he may be zanier than a polka-dot zebra, he's also a say-Hey! li'l article my lips and lingam long to explore so hand-in-hand I accompany him through meandering streets and philandering alleys until we come to a Hansel & Gretel cottage (the Witch is out, I trust) shaded by weeping-willows which seem to dry their tears at our arrival. Within is one large room dominated by a sultan-size bed, kitchenette and bath in an ell.

Perfect young host, the boy pushes me into a chair and brings out a demijohn of Old Hair-Pie which he sloshes brimfully into two jelly-glasses. "Drink it fast," he cautions, "or it'll fight back." I toss the juice down — smooth as maple syrup and warming to the innards and outards dependencies.

"Cosy little nest you got here," I remark. "Are you Man of the House?"

"My sister pays the rent on the dump but she ain't never home 'cause she work night 'n day inna zigzag fact'ry."

"She make dresses?"

"She makes men is what she makes."

"A case of 'like brother, like sister', right?"

"Sis says I make men wrong."

"She's nuts, honeybunch — boys can do no wrong. By the way, my name's Duke."

"I'm Alan when I ain't sumbuddy else." He refills my glass and I gulp it down — still smooth but a mite bumpy on landing.

"Where's your Mum and Dad?" I inquire. Always wise to early-on case the scene for potential parental hazards.

"They're into Buddha or some creep like that an' went to India," the boy snorts disgustedly.

Ah, the coast is clear to infiltrate this little dear! "I'm into boys myself," I tentative, "and to come to the point, would you be inclined to a nice, guaranteed fangless suck-job?"

"Mistuh, I'm bone dry 'cause I blasted-off a storm 'bout an hour ago."

"You mean a pretty baby like you has to masturbate?"

"Naw, I got milked inna phone-booth. You know, one o' them kind like a coffin on end, with windows?"

"Wasn't that awfully dangerous, so public and all?"

"For the guy, maybe, but I found two-bits in the coin-return."

Next I suggest that a big smoochy kiss would not be amiss but the kid scowls that kissing among males is the first downward step on the Lavender Road to Somohexuality! Godalmighty, what's with this contrary cock-teaser... can he only sex it up in a Ma Bell closet? I'm just about to write him off in red ink when he tosses me a seductive Salome smile and pours me another beaker of Old Bristle-Tart. Mournfully I glug it down easy-riding as before enroute but this time the slug ricochets around in my belly like a mortar-shell in a china piss-pot, convulsing me so spasmlly that my wallet pops out of my coat-pocket to land sprawling at Alan's feet. He picks it up and returns it but not before he's seen all the high-denomination lettuce therein which bulges his eyes, pants his breath and catapults him into my lap to buss me fervently, Frenchly, flame-tonguingly. "You want zigzag?" he croons, licking my nostrils and grinding his hot bottom hard against my mump'd crotch.

"Uh... transitive or intransitive?"

"Me no spika da Greek!"

"Passive or active, as one Siamese-twin said to the other."

Giggling, the kid prods my chest with a bruising forefinger. "You Tarzan, me Boy, Tarzan bang Boy, OK?" and he's out of my arms, tearing off his duds and mine though pausing to fondle my wallet-pocket lovingly. Dang it, here's another greedy money-minor! Can I never be desired by myself alone? Staggering under my precious lightweight burden, I carry Alan to bed where he cocks an askance eye: "How you want me... dawg-fashion, on my back, belly, side or pony-boy style?"

"Can you stand on your head in perverse reverse?"

"That's to die frum — you'd bitch up my bung-hole."

"You're ass prone on three pillows is a pluperfect position for deepest penetration."

"Yeah, sure, un-huh, prone — like which?"

"Like belly-whop, baby."

As if from long experience the boy flops in perfect pedication-posture, body relaxed, legs spread, his honey-buns rising in yeasty allure. Dazedly I reach for the nearly-empty jar of Rosebud Rectal Jelly on the bedside-table, anoint by blunt instrument, scoop up a gob of Rosie with my social-finger and tremulously part Alan's silky loaves. Tightly he contracts them. "I doan need no grease 'cause I shoved a suppos'tory up my intake before."

Jesus, don't tell me he's constipated! "Before what, for pity's sake?!" I gag, having absent-mindedly popped finger'd Rosie in my mouth and sucked.

"Before behind!" kiddy snickers. "See, 'Be prepared!' is my motto frum when I was a Boy Scout — but I hadda leave unner a cloud."

"For tying too many lover's-knots in Cub Scouts, no doubt?"

"Naw, nuthin' like that. See, I was helpin' a li'l ol' lady to cross the street when her Papa up an' knocked me on my buttinski 'cause he thought I was makin' undecent advances."

"Good deeds never've paid off for me, either," I commiserate. "Why I can recall one time when I —"

"Hey, man, get your shit together! You gonna prong me or not?" And feverishly young Hotspur pries apart his nether cheeks and wriggles his heart-shaped Valentine ass as if he can't wait to be raped. On wings of love-lust I mount the boy, slipping my hands beneath him to play with his stiff tiny chest-nutlets as I pierce the taut little anal-mouth slowly, gently, inch by quarterinchly — the kid sighing and thrusting up hard against my heaving loins. And my swelling glans with a polite nod passes by Alan's sleepy prostate and is just about to give a heated kiss to Master Sigmoid Flexure when my reproductive forces abruptly collect, converge and concentrate into a sexleptic ejaculation that ecastatically collapses me onto my exciting inciting receptacle de foudre.

"Did you come already?!" the boy criticals, turning to me a brow furrowed with fuming fret.

"You don't think I did it on purpose, do you?" I groan. "Too damn often this happens to me — I hardly get the target lined-up in a nice piece like you when I shoot!"

"Shit! Well, go another round an' tryta make it last this time."

My goodness, will wonders never cease?! As a hard and fast rule, youngsters complain that I'm in them too long — even if it's only 59:5 seconds. Eagerly I attempt a re-run but my traitor cock obviously has eavesdropped on our derogatory comments anent him and is in a snit — so offended that he absolutely refuses for the nonce to do his share in our sexual parley-voo. Tearfully I apologetically explain this to Alan and make up for lost joy by giving him a super-adrenalin rim job which soon has him caterwauling for more, more, MORE, until my brown-nosed tongue hollers Time Out! Then close-entwined the boy and I pillow-talk, I learning that he boasts a baker's-dozen of years and until about 13 months ago except for nocturnal emissions he was pure as a shrinking violet — Teacher's Pet, going to Sunday School, singing in the Church Choir and the whole dismal schmear. But Voila! Presto Chango! One day he was Pacifically bathing bare-ass 'neath the Catalina moon's gaze and strictly minding his own virtuous business but deep-down hoping that a faggy blowfish in heat would go down on him when all of a sudden out of a clear blue sea his vestal male-box is rudely entered and thoroughly fucked by an aggressive baby eel who evidently knew a good thing when it saw it... and ravished Alan discovered that he was totally gone on the rites of rumpticulerie.

"That poor little eel!" I exclaim. "He came to a bad end for sure."

"I doan know if he came or not but he hadda a big grin on his puss when he finally pulled outa me."

"If you liked his eelimosynary ministrations so much, why didn't you take him home as a pet?"

"I was goin' to but a big ol' codfish came along an' gobbled him up. Anyway, I like man-cock better 'cause it's bigger an' warmer an' chinchy eels doan pay!" Here the boy suggests that I live with him for a spell 'to help each other out' — by which he means his sweet self is at my complete disposal in return for my defraying the ridiculously modest household expenses.

Immediately I snap up the 'bargain' though quickly I become aware that I am forking out \$50 a day for Alan's body, bed and board, and which is living sky-high on the hog for me — yet I must admit that the kid is unexcelled between the sheets and cooks with a touch of genius, feeding me regally on roasts, steaks, chops, cream, eggs, oysters and other reputedly aphrodisiac fare which inspires my dick to asspire to such adamantine heights and sustained performance as I've not experienced since I was 14 and locally known as 'Eberhard the Manass'. Not only that, but every night at bedtime/funtime the boy brings me a large cup of hot Ovaltine spiked with Geritol: "Here's your tonic, Mistuh Methusalem — drink it down an' we'll go to town!" Oh, that sweet chile is so careful of my health and wellbeing but cynic that I am I have no false illusions — little Alan would never forgive me if I kicked off before he's spent my four grand.

Thus for almost 80 Arabian Nights and Days I live it up with my shining shoe-shine baby — but Alack! lack of \$ ever sorely limits my amours passionelle so there comes the day when I must leave while I've still got the bus-fare to go back where I came from (my canny love doesn't give sex on the cuff). That night after plowing Alan's pleasure-hole three times to our mutual edification and he's teasing my meaty plowshare toward a forthcoming fourth-coming, I query: "Nimsy-boo, it's really none of my fucking business by why are you so Ever-ready to be screwed? I find it hard to believe but you seem to enjoy being humped more than I do getting your Mock-Cherry Delite !"

"It's on'y natcheral," the boy replies, reaching for the new gallon-jar of Rosebud Rectal Jelly. "Ever since that eel showed me the True Way I know it's more blessed to receive than to give."

"That ain't the way I heard it and you still haven't told me why."

"Well, it's like this. You ever had a bad itch in your ear that drove you crazy till you scratched it with your finger?"

"Yes, now and then."

"So when you scratched, which felt better — your finger or your ear?!"

6. Bittersweet Ending — Hassled or Happied?

Since 'brown' as a verb didn't enter into the affair it undoubtedly must've been Brownsville, Texas that I met Amos & Andy, fraternal twins of nine and a quarter and I first encountered Amos in a Jupiter Pluvius sort of way for late one night I had gone out on the fire-escape of my 2nd-floor tenement pad to pacify with a bit of picked herring a caterwauling pussy who fancied herself enamored of me and I was about to crawl inside when I felt what in California the aboriginies term a 'heavy dew' descending and I licked a drop from my chin quickly detecting that it had a much more exhilarant flavor than mere rain so I look up to behold just above an appalled little face beneath a straw-stack of blond locks peering down at me as he whisks his wee spout into his pajamas and stutters, "Gee, mister, I'm s-sorry! I dint see you down there!" and he darts through his window before I can assure the comely rain-godlet that I welcomed his sprinkling and would love a repeat but more intimately, like with his spigot between my lips for at this time I was most aridly boyless, the mini-young bloods of Brownsville seemingly far more gone on Horses and Hondas than on Dirty Old Men, besides which this present little pisser arousingly reminds me of a sass-pot 10er biggety-britches from Wood's Hole, Mass. (even his tender talli entranced!) who abhorred hustler-competition so on his 2nd visit to my Humpus-Room he like a jealous wolf-hound decanted his pert stinger, raised his off-leg and squirted on my prone posterior to establish his exclusive claim on me as his private fuck-property alone — poachers proceed at your peril!

The next day while preparing lunch I ponder the advisability of going upstairs, knocking on the door and if an adult answers, inquiring can the little rain-maker lad come out and play. Then I reflect that chances are the adult will be some Hun Papa or Harridan Mama who will at once assume I'm a child-molester on the loose and I'll end up in the morgue, if not worse. Unvirtue is ever its own reward — if you don't find yourself cock-deep in Catastrophe. Glumly I sit down to eat and at that moment Fate — or at least its Brownsville branch — takes a hand and I hear a brisk tapping on my front portal. I call out: "Come in!" and in bounces a small sweet something who somewhat resembles the previous evening's dispenser of saline Sauterne but this one is brightly blonder and more smart-alecky appealing than shyly apologetic plus chubby apple-cheeks, coruscant green eyes, squiggly bunny-nose and generous gamin mouth — in toto sexily cute as one of Fagin's farouche young pickpockets who stole men's hearts on the side.

My vivacious visitor ear-to-ear grins and chirps: "Hi! I'm Andy. My brother Amos peed on you last night!" and kiddy loudly snickers as if instinctively he knows I'm bent in the weather-vane direction of boys — so being pissed upon is Paradise, not Perdition. He lopes up, leans his warm little self against me as wet-liply he ogles my lunch. "Y'know," he beguilingly hints, "there's on'y one thing I like better than shrimp salad an' that's more shrimp salad!"

"So eat in good health!" I hospitality, pushing my plate in front of him while he gulps my shrimp with gustatory gusto, breathlessly I gently dig out his tastier shrimp and get the better of the bargain for shortly his shrimp is all gone but mine is still pink, plump, perfect and suddenly orgasmic in my mouth. Burping salad-appreciatively, now gracious Andy permits me to wholly de-clad him revealing a lovely full moon on his flip-side and carry him to beddy-bye where we become close-knit as vas & deferens, the youngster confiding that except for his brother who doesn't count, I am his very first lover — and though Merry Andrew obviously is already looking

for Mr. Rich bar which I ain't, still I am inordinately lucky that he considers me sufficiently satisfactory to cut his sexual teeth on.

During the Halleluja weeks that follow, delightfully Pagan Andy is a constant caller at all hours of the day and eventide but dourly Puritan Amos — though he hasn't yet ratted on us to reportedly Bryant-brain-washed parents, remains coldly remote and aloof despite my begging him to join our Disorderly Conduct for palpably two (cock)heads are better than one in every uplifting sense of the word. But Amos is the Abominable No-man (boy-type), his morals are in an unnatural state that don't admit to carnal union — nevertheless often when Andy in my bed is gasping with pleasure as I tongue his hotly eager tiny pucker (still too tightly more of an Exit than an Entrance but I'm not greedy — that Heaven can wait!), out of the corner of my eye I glimpse Amos like a thief in the night crouching on the fire-escape outside my window as he Peeping Tom's with avid gaze while his blurred hand agitates vigorously between his pajama'd thighs — whatever in the world can he be doing?!

And then one assphodel afternoon when I'm recumbent on the boon of sweet Andy's backside and engaged in delicate analectory, Amos clambers through the open window exhibiting an acquiescent smile on the left side of his face and an ominous scowl on the right, his left hand displaying an erect and promise-ful fore- and middle-finger in a V-for-Victory sign but his right hand is a menacing fist from which protrudes a stiff unsocial-finger, stabbing upward — and in treble tones which sound either inviting or invidious, he says:

(Dear Reader, I leave you to supply what Amos said!)

7. Hystery-Lesson

"Maxi-sweet, why are you called Maxi?"

"Because I got a maximum cock an' a minimum asshole." "Your Botticelli bottom is sure-hell minimum — you only let me in it on National Holidays."

"You should thank yer lucky stars you gits in atall — not that I ain't glad to do business with you otherwise."

"I got another bone to pick with you. You're not a 12 year-old kid with dick attached — you're a big prick with a boy at one end. I mean your 8-inch erection with the diameter of a four-bit piece plays hell with my fragile uvula and delicate rectum where you've damn near uprooted my shrieking prostate gland!"

"You tryna soft-soap me?"

"You're allergic to soap, remember? Now if I were a philosopher I'd pontificate that a good fun-gun is hard to come by one that's accessible, suckable, youthful, goodlooksful, juicy and reasonable in price."

"Thass me, balls thrown in!"

"But you're too frigging horse- hung and if you weren't so mouth-wateringly beautiful elsewhere, I'd've given you the bum's rush the minute before I met you."

"Yeah, you're real high on my wiggly little bum, ain't you!"

"Truly, babykins, your posterior is the loveliest piece of classical art I've ever beheld since the Pope screwed Michelangelo."

"Yer hind-end ain't too bad, neither. Howcome an ol' jasper like you is so tight — you git yerself a stitch-job, mebbe?"

"No, but if I play wife to you much longer, my aching butt will be looser than a mink's morals." (No, Vagina, my anal channel has not been mistaken for the Panama Canal! Go play with your nice new dildo or something.)

"You're jist sayin' that to make me feel good but I'd feel a whole heap better if you'd turn over so I could... Hey! Whut's Abe Lincoln's head doin' on yer wall?!"

"He came with this furnished apartment."

"Well, you git shed of that two-faced bugger right quick or you kin kiss me goodbye!"

"Peachy-boo, I know you're from Atlanta which damyankee Sherman burnt but why are you

pissed-off with Honest Abe?"

"Honest my ass! When he was runnin' fer Prez'dunt he told the North he's against Slavery an' he wanna 'mancipate the blacks. Then he flip-flop like a two-dollar whore an' told the South... now wait a minute, lemme think, 'cause I kin recollect jist whut he said, word for word."

"You must have an audiographic memory, Master Ananias!" "I oughta — I wuz there at the time."

"You been sniffing glue or sick cunts or something? How could you be anywhere over a hundred years ago?!"

"Ast me no questions an' I'll tell you some lies. Hey, to change the subjeck — I feel a fuck comin' up!"

"Belay that! Returning to Lincoln, don't tell me you were therein reverse reincarnation or some crap like that?"

"Thass right, I was a reink... what you said."

"Mother of God, why do I always get saddled with every crackpot kid in North America! OK, I'll bite — what did Dishonest Abe tell Dixie?"

"Ol' Wart-face said: 'I can conceive of no greater calamity than the assimilation of the negro into our social and political life as our equal. A mulatto citizenship would be too dear a price even for emancipation.' He said lots worse 'n that but I ain't hankerin' to be yer hystery teacher less'n you pays me extry."

"Maxi-poo, I think you've been pulling your pud too much for you sound nuttier than Carter's goober-farm!" (H'm, in Jimmy's case, did the nuttiness possibly rub off?)

"Ain't a bitty use talkin' to you 'cause you're just a rumdum Northerner yerself!"

"Well, whatever Lincoln's sins, the poor guy got assassinated in the end or the back."

"He dint neither get 'sassinated! Whut reely happened, see, is me an' Abe an' Stanton, the Seckertary o' War, wuz in the White House crapper an' Abe was sittin' there readin' a letter frum this here John Wilkes Booth. Abe gits up forgettin' to wipe hissself and says: 'Mr. Booth writes to request the loan of a pistol in good working-order so he can join the fight to preserve our glorious Union. Most praiseworthy! Stanton, send this heroic patriot the best firearm your Arsenal contains.' Right away I ups an' says: 'Abe, you ol' fool, don't send him no gun 'cause I knows all them Booth boys pussonally an' not only is they lousy actors but nare one of 'em kin hit a bull in the ass with a shovel!'"

But Abe he's so mule-haided he won't lissen to reason."

Good heavens! Then Lincoln actually provided the very gun that killed him."

"Thass another damn lie! I was there in Ford's Theater night an' with my very own eyes I seen Abe that shoot John Wilkes Booth for bad actin'."

"Then who shot Lincoln?"

"Gen'rul Grant did 'cause Abe cut off his whiskey. Now shut yer big yap an' KY yerself good 'cause this time when I fucks you I wanna see can I get my balls in, too!"

8. Mommie Dearest

Boy-love is the Joker in the stacked deck of Sex but it's the cleanest game in town (Las Vaguess, Nev.) and the only one worth playing — though if the odds are against you you're apt to be punished more direly than an inexperienced axe-murderer. Being sorely strapped at the moment, I was in Las V. enjoying a moderate success hypnotizing hospitable slot-machines into jackpotting on lead dollars but Man does not live by Bread alone and presently I began to squirm with an itchy lack in my psychosexual department — no junior ball-bearings! And then — truly Love is Blind! — tardily I espy a hopeful corrupt cherub of perhaps 12, a Fallen Angel still burning bright who resides just across the street from my Deficiency Apartment and who is just about the cutest little Natural Unlawful to drop into my life since Gravity befell Newton's apple.

That first time I glimpsed nicknamed Sparkey he was barefooted, nude above the belt and enhancing snug blue jeans on the seat of which was a colorful decal proudly proclaiming: `Kilroy was here!' and lusciously outlining a high-profile compact if not intact little ass — and since he emphatically possessed that laid-back' look (actual or potential), and since he appeared to be the sort of wild little chicken I prefer (their meat is far sweeter than some tame Frank Purdue cockerel capon), I made my pitch — high, wide and handsome but a little to the left.

Evidently noting the mark of Cain on my brow (unashamedly I admit that I eat wee babies while they're still in the seed-stage, savorily freshly succulent from their newly-pubescent stud-sires), Sparky responds with cautious ardency and on closer observation I see that he has curlilocks dark as witching midnight, wanton ebon eyes, evil eavesdropping ears, wicked blood-hound-puppy nose and impish lips surely Satanic in tacit illicit invitation — in brief, he's as wet-dreamily sexy as an emancipated Boy Scout stuffed with oysters, Steak Tartare and Spanish Fly.

Alas! never judge a kid by his cover as I soon learn that Sparky is not what he seems but would very much like to be for his poor hen-pecked Daddy early died of wedlock and his militant Women's Lib Mommy is a 6-foot-plus repressive despotic female-wrestler Amazon who by the threat of her heavy hard hand imposes an 8 PM curfew on her helpless offspring, makes him prepare his own meals and wash the dishes and mop the floors and carry out the garbage stenchily redolent of her twice-monthly bloody Kotex besides which demanding that he address her as 'Mommie Dearest' — so of course long-suffering Sparky is seething with flaming rebellion (thus do chauvinistic mothers drive their comely young sons into the lad-loving arms of the likes of me!) and he tugs me by the arm into the house and into his room to his rickety Army cot with a barely inch-thick mattress where anon I elatedly discover that his penis lactates with Borden abandon and his anus mirabilis is the ready, willing, eager assoul of generosity for Sparky is a hot little item on fire to lose his virginity as he craves to be penetrated and mouthfully milked at the same time to make up at long last for lost time and now is the perfect deflorative moment while his uspeakable Mommy is attending an ERA conspiracy and won't be home for hours and hours.

"Well, I don't know," I mutter nervously. "What would your Momma do if she caught you with a man in your bed?"

"Ooh, don't ask!" the boy squeaks, paling. "But she wrassles under the name of Jackie the

Ripper.”

Now I've always been Johnny on the Spot to bolster a defenceless little male's faltering ego-identity but here I feel the urgent necessity of a more adequate security-blanket for the situation seems all too fraught with imminent peril — yet my boy-yen is so overpowering it paralyzes my sense of discretion, even seeping from the mouth of my riotously demanding prick so in a trice my pretty co-vivant's knees are socked into my armpits and by dint of not untwingeful acrobatic contortions (my old bones creaking, cracking, crying out) I am finally able to get the kid's glans into my mouth and my glans into his rectum and I'm in a Heaven of Edenic bliss when suddenly the bedroom-door bursts open (lock and all) and our heads swing around, our lust-glazed gaze appalledly fixed on Sparky's maternal parent looming on the threshold and unmistakably she's of a thwart disnatured temperament badly in need of distemper shots and my craven feet want forthwith to flee Las V. and Nevada and the entire United States, which last is a misnomer for if you're apprehended uniting with a young boy, what inevitably ensues is a distinct State of Disaster.

My sweet partner quivers and quakes, shivers and shakes and I, closing my eyes and shuddering in every limb but absentmindedly or from horrendous shock still hungrily sucking on Sparky's dick, await Instant Annihilation in a manner not to be dwelt upon. Then I hear Mommie Dearest cough, clear her throat and say to her son: "Go on with your fun and games, darling — I was afraid you had a girl in here!"

9. Kiddie-Porn Laid Bare

Duke: Nice place you got here, Glyn.

Glyn: It's a slummy dump compared to the White House.

Duke: Ah, yes. As Jimmy Carter said, it's unfortunate that some people are rich and the rest of us are poor though it was a damn insult for a nutty millionaire to remind us. I hear the government is in a big tizzy now over the energy-crisis.

Glyn: Shit, them politicians has all got there brains in their ass. I could solve the energy crisis practickly in my sleep!

Duke: How?

Glyn: I'd attach a small generator to the jaws of every broad in the land and in no time at all you'd have more energy than you could shake your prick at.

Duke: I can see you're a bright lad and it's a privilege to meet up with you. Uh, I trust your parents aren't home?

Glyn: My parents're drop-outs — ain't seen 'em in years and don't want to. I live here with my grandpa but he was headboy in a Beirut peg-house when he was my age so he knows the score on Forbidden Pleasures.

Duke: What is your age, by the way? You look about ten.

Glyn: Thanks ever so, Dukey, but I'm like breathin' down the neck of my 12th birthday.

Duke: God, I'd give the rest of my life just to be twelve again!

Glyn: If you're young in your mind you can fake the rest of it easy. Hey, do I get paid for this interview?

Duke: Well, I'm hoping to sell it to the Anita Bryant Hour and to the Gay Activists' League in which case I'll share the loot with you 50-50, OK?

Glyn: Great! Just be sure you get my name spelled right. It's Roger Brown — and no cracks, please!

Duke: That's a perfect name for a feisty young boy — if you live up to it. However, I want to make it Nixon-clear that I'm neither an Anita-ite nor Gay.

Glyn: What are you, then — a vegetarian?

Duke: I'm a boyist — hook, line and sinker.

Glyn: Slap paws, man — you're for me!

Duke: I got mugged in an alley once. Now, Glyn, I understand you've been starring in kiddie-porn flicks since you were eight — is that correct?

Glyn: Yeah, I got started kinda late but I can remember the first flick I ever made. It was called Susie and Her Brother — featurin' me and this ten-year-old cunt who couldn't act worth beans though God knows she tried.

Duke: Weren't you a bit nervous or even frightened during your debut in Artistic Cinema?

Glyn: Naw! Truth is, I was pissed-off 'cause no matter what Susie did to me — even sloppin' her big ol' tongue around my manhole — I just couldn't get a rail-on.

Duke: My goodness, under the circumstances that was a tragedy, wasn't it?

Glyn: Yeah, but, see, up to then I'd only been goofin' off with boys so I didn't feel natcheral with a girl and I kept thinkin': What the hell happened to her cock and balls?! You know, girls can't make fuck-films by themselves less'n they use dildos or vibrators or crap like that.

Duke: Ergo, the male is superior. How did Susie react to your... uh, incapacity?

Glyn: The slut bad-mouth'd me — said I should go back to suckin' my Momma's titty. Goddam slit-tails never need to worry about gettin' a bone-on 'cause all they hafta do is lay there and get the pleasure of it. That's unfair and it makes me so mad sometimes that I could sue God!

Duke: As a fellow-cockalorum, Glyn, I too well know how you feel but I hope you were polite to little Susie and disregarded her down-putting remarks.

Glyn: Hell, I was just about to slug her one when the fotog showed me a color-pic of two boys screwin' and BLOOMP! my dick popped up like a Jack-in-the-Box

Duke: Did you enjoy your first intercourse with a female?

Glyn: Naw — the mouth of a milk-bottle woulda been tighter. I wanted to cornhole Susie boy-fashion but that wasn't in the script.

Duke: Have you appeared in any other movies with girls?

Glyn: Just one about a year later and with two twats who worked on me front and back so I got stiff pretty quick. This one cow, Maggie, 'could blow you and chew gum at the same time — left my peter smellin' of Juicy Fruit for a week!

Duke: What did you do to them?

Glyn: Just laid on my back while Maggie sat on my thighs and humped herself on my whang and the other broad sat on my chest, beggin' me to eat her pussy but I be damn if I'm gonna eat cat-food less'n I'm a tiger and anyway, she stank down there like last year's mackerel even though she hadn't fell off the roof yet so I screwed her with four fingers and rubbed her clit with my thumb.

Glyn: I'm just a hick farm-boy from loway so you'll have to tell me what you mean by: 'she hadn't fell off the roof yet'.

Glyn: It means she hadn't started goin' steady with Kotex yet. When I got through finger-fuckin' Maggie's sidekick she told me the best screwin' she ever got in her whole life was from a petrified Tampax. Made me feel like change from a penny but it was funny at the time. What with one thing or another, though, I've boycotted girls ever since 'cause they're always mugging at the camera or tryna steal scenes by stickin' out their tongues and cuttin'-up in general. Cunt just ain't on my wave-length, period. Reminds me of a kid I knew named Oswald who loved hair-pie until one day when he was tongue-fuckin' her pee-hole 'cause that was the tightest thing about her, she up and pissed all over his face and into his mouth — and from that day on Oswald's got halitosis so bad you can't get within 20 feet of him less'n you wear a gas-mask. Wouldn't surprise me the least bit if Oswald grew up to kill himself a U.S. President or something.

Duke: How did a sweet boy like you ever get into these filthy smut-pix?

Glyn: Hey, it's clean smut 'cause all us boys take a shower beforehand. I got into moom-pictures through my grandpa who knew this fotog and since I'm so goodlookin' I was a star right off the bat.

Duke: I've always wanted to photograph yummy youngsters and I've owned a couple good cameras but every time I behold all that beauteous bare-ass boy-meat through the viewer, my hands shake so much with desire that the pix comes out blurred.

Glyn: You should put your camera on a tripod, jerky Dukey.

Duke: I tried that but the tripod shook even worse than I did!

Glyn: I got copies of every masterpiece I was ever in and soon I'm gonna get me a sound-projector so when I get old and ugly like you, I can look at myself when I was young and beautiful and all systems were GO!

Duke: I realize that obscenity is solely in the mind of the beholder but don't you feel a bit ashamed of all your 8mm indecent exposures made available for every hetero slob to slobber over?

Glyn: Hell, it's a Seller's Market and Money for Jam! See, I'm paid \$200 for each flick plus 3% of the Net which still ain't a helluva lot 'cause friggin' pirates're always copyin' my pix and

sellin'em a few bucks cheaper.

Duke: Your superb epics should be copyrighted.

Glyn: Yeah — and Niagara Falls should stand on its head! But I do get fringe-benefits 'cause the fotog is also my Scoutmaster so my sexy bod and my Academy Award actin' has got me Merit Badges in Nature Studies in the Raw and Cinematic Classics — it all helps.

Duke: Is your Scoutmaster a boy-lover, God forbid?!

Glyn: Naw, he can't even make love to his fist 'cause he lost his Fam'ly Jewels to a sniper in Korea so now the poor guy's gotta squat to pee.

Duke: In the few skin-flicks I've been privileged to view, I particularly noted that the lads involved all seemed to be having a rip-snorting good time. Is that the case with you?

Glyn: Sure! There's nuthin' like futzin' around bare-ass in front of a camera to bring out the best in you — specially if your fuck-mate is almost as beautiful as I am. Right now my fav'rut partner is my buddy Alex and he's such prime stuff that I made him my understudy.

Duke: Twinkle, Twinkle, Litte Star! Alec's your lay-brother, no doubt.

Glyn: He lays grand but he sucks better! He can even give head to himself!

Duke: Ann Slanders, the newspaper-person, states that kiddie-porn is sheer child-abuse. What's your reaction here?

Glyn: Dukey, you are lookin' at the original Battered Child and you wouldn't believe how us boys is been abused! Like no matter how perfect and professional my actin' is, I don't never get star-billing on the silver screen! Shit, there ain't no billing at all — just the title and then Whomp! right into the action!

Duke: I feel for you though I don't think that's quite what Annie had in mind but -

Glyn: Another thing! I oughta get a million-plus per pic like that asshole Marlon Brandy who's so deep into Indians that he thinks he's a Big Chief!

Duke: Never mind, Glyn-baby — your histrionic genius will be recognized long after your competition is forgotten.

Glyn: Yeah, like 50 years after I turn up my toes! A real big gripe I got is that all my films were shot in some stinkin' flea-bag hotel in the Bowery where the mattress is concrete, the pillows're sacks of cement, the sheets stink of old rut and corruption and it's either the hottest day in August where you sweat your ass off under the spotlights or it's the coldest day in January with no steam-heat so your nuts freeze up and your dick is like an icicle even when it's up your buddy's hot-box and the chinchy fotog is on an economy-kick and gives you axle-grease for lubercunt which ain't my

concepshun of dignified humpin'! And I got lotsa ideas for sexcitin' new close-ups and zoom shots but the loopy fotog says they're perverted and not fit for fam'ly-type viewing.

Duke: Your Scoutmaster-fotog does sound a bit belfry-batted but no doubt he means well.

Glyn: He's mean as hell is what he is — a crazy mad lunatic always hollerin' at us starlets like so: 'Eddy, why aren't you stiff — you been playin' pocket- pool again?' and 'Glyn, skin your prepoose all the way back so your glans-fans can get the full effect!' and 'Freddy, show more tongue as you lick Ronnie!' and 'Glyn, spread your legs more — your pecker's outa sight!' and 'Neddy, quit giggling when Glyn licks you there — I know it tickles but you're blipping the sound-track!' and 'Glyn, don't hang your whang over the side of the bed — it's out of camera-range!' and 'Teddy, I know Homer bites but you gotta expeck to suffer a little for your Art!' and 'Glyn, don't waste time on Alec's tits — get down to the meat of the matter!' and 'Alec, kneel with your ass facing the camera and keep your thighs apart so your hangdown shows!' and 'Glyn, go easy on the axle-grease — the price has gone up!' and 'Larry, you'll just hafta wait to take a crap until this scene's over!' and 'Glyn, I want a profile shot of your cock penetrating Alec in slow-motion!' and 'Isador, stop weeping and wailing — it's not my fault somebody stole your foreskin!' and 'Glyn, pull out of Alec now and finish off with your hand — the paying customers love to see all that sweet boy-seed gushin' out!' and 'Glyn, don't drip on the sheets or I'll hafta pay extra for laundry!' and 'Glyn, I'll hafta re-take your fuck-scene 'cause I forgot to uncap the camera-lens!'... Dukey, I could go on and on but I'm already so pissed-off I could throw up my breakfuss.

Duke: You lads do have a hard time, don't you? But you're lucky to be making chicken-flicks at all as the stupid reformers are on the warpath — they think children are too young to screw around. It's the old double-standard — adults can hump but kiddies can't!

Glyn: Hell, all the boys I know've been suck-fuckin' it up with each other since before they got their second teeth but we all gotta do it on the sly and that ain't fair! There oughta be a Porno Union or a Law protecting kids' sex-rights and kids should write the Law 'cause nowadays they know lots more about it than some hung-up grown-up.

Duke: I wholeheartedly concur for I've always maintained that it's not so much a matter of kiddie-porn as it is of pornographic kiddies — God bless them all! Unfortunately, the puritan Establishment is out to bust us for just the other day I read where some creepo Judge decreed that acting in smut-flicks is spiritual murder of a boy!

Glyn: That cunt-head's nuts! Besides, spiritual murder is when you kill a fifth of booze, ain't it?

Duke: Glynny-boo, you should be on the Supreme Court you'd kick that blind Goddess of Injustice out and replace her with a clear-eyed young boy who knows the True Nit from the Grit!

Glyn: Good Buddy, it ain't an idea whose time has come yet but I'm always open to offers.

Duke: Speaking of which, slap me down if I'm too fresh but I swear you're the sweetest piece of kid-meat to come down the Pike since Ganymede eloped with the Eagle, so what say we now adjourn to your youth-bed where I'll be honored to elate your pretty privacies coming and going.

Glyn: Dukey-poo, I'm pantin' to pound the Innerspring with you but I purely gotta save myself for my next production tomorrow morning. It's gonna be an XXX-rated Sextravaganza — no adults admitted unless accompanied by a minor!

Duke: But couldn't you work me in somewhere tomorrow night? I'm highly qualified to give you bliss beyond the dreams of ecstasy for I have a B.A. in Boyology and I'm partial to puer parts unlimited and I got take-out teeth so I can money-back guarantee a biteless blow and -

Glyn: Hey, I'll tell you what! I never made a fuck-film with a man before so if you think you're up to it, how'd you like to be my partner in my next next super-colossal, four-dimension Nudicolor spectacular with a cast of thousands... of spermatozoa!

10. Punctuation

Twelver Rupert is Memory and Desire as well as a sweet joy and enhancer of my spirit but he is also a sour torment and disturber of my pecuniary peace which is my own fault for on first meeting I lured him by boasting that I had an In at Fort Knox whereas the dismal truth is I'm on insufficient Unemployment but gold-digging Rupert albeit that he gets an allowance of \$25 per week from his stupid boorjwah parents still persists in extorting \$5 from povertied me every time he enthusiastically deigns to repose on my squeaky innerspring as he's ripely greedy for exotic erotic pleasures though he never permits me to kiss his lactose lips or blow him and my humble penis is far too plebian to presume to penetrate the posh precincts of his patrician posterior which of course any self-respecting kiddy-lover would dismissively resent but unfortunately Rupert is the only mini-male availabale in this boondock time and place and he owns a multitude of physical charms including a cock and an ass who verily could precipitate the celibate Pope question-mark out of the Vatican and into the boy-fleshpots of Trastevere if not Taormina so uncomplainingly I sublimely suffer until one June afternoon while I am tenderly re-clothing him beside the open window of my second-floor slum room-and-bath-down-the-hall he blandly announces that due to inflation and the energy-crisis he regretfully will have to charge me \$7 per sex-session hereafter which is the ultimate camel that breaks the straw's back and irefully I reply that since he's financially a Have whereas in this area I'm most woefully a Have-not then it seems to me only equitable that he should pay me for sexual services dotingly but unilaterally rendered whereupon offended Rupert delivers a sudden uppercut to my glass jaw which is so forceful that it catapults me out of the window and onto a pair of raucously copulating felines thereby scaring the poor just-about-to-come tomcat out of 8 of his 9 lives and into permanent impotence much disgusting his Women's Lib pussy-partner period end of sentence and Rupert's essay for too much is quite enough even for boy-famished me thank you.

11. Bad Vibes

Gary, Gary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
"Well, the watermillyuns is ripe to fuck
But rabbits done eat all the friggin' carrots."

Many outstandingly gropable gamins are ardent, ingenious innovators in the endless ways to hump and be humped. Gary is a paramount example of the breed who has enthusiastically screwed everything from Yours Drooly to tightly-rolled magazines (preferably The Open Road for Boys) or rising bread-dough if Mommy bakes at home. He favors me as a depository for his precocious young seed as I not only afford him the excitant variation of my greedy mouth, plus gratefully gulping his Spring Wine as well as tonguing his tiny touch-hole, but I also sumptuously pay in authentic coin of the realm — and the boy knows from rueful experience that it's fucking near impossible to extract five bucks from a periodical or a loaf of pumpernickel, even though half-baked or burnt on the bottom.

Gary's versatile little-big strudelpeter (never pre-shrunk) is certainly not to be sniffed at but I sniff even more yerningly after his cinnamon-buns with plump perforated raisin between which allspicedly scent the air as though hot-fresh from the oven — posterior pastry perfection to crumb-buns of my persuasion. Alas, the lad's ass is not For Sale nor even For Rent — at least not to me — for it transpires that last year when he was 11 and anally virgin as a new-born snowflake, he met a plausible aulo-corsair called 'Carrot Pete' who lured the trusting tot home with a counterfeit \$20 and being a lazy bastard who feared getting his dilative social-finger night-soiled, Pete forthwith unfeelingly began to open up our pre-teen hero with the vegetable which was his namesake. Gary stoically absorbed about 8 inches of the inanimate invader when suddenly probably due to undue emotional stress — the carrot broke in two, leaving its better-half way up there in the youngster's most private purlieu and it took the poor lad two days and 26 hours to evacuate the fractured lodger who, kicking and screaming, obviously thought he had found a happy home.

Despite this sordid debut into the ranks of the newly-ravished, Gary thrillingly discovered he liked to be screwed but not by carrots which were too knobbily unpredictable; furthermore, he was unfond of being penetrated by a foodstuff he was most partial to, for in an absent-minded moment he might gnaw on or even totally consume that which had just browned him. He didn't take to Carrot Pete's subsequently mounting him either, for that sorry sumbitch (a bisexual by trade and self-interest, I understand) was stallion-hung and cruelly deep-dicked the kid like a sex-mad bull who has known neither cow nor heifer since the day he was born. Gary naturally was both pained and underwhelmed, awarding no E for Egregious Effort — but his ass still itched for gracious fulfillment.

In the weeks that ensued, our masochistic petit-monsieur, subteen would-be Marquis de Sad, experimented with a variety of ingressors, human or otherwise — but hastily he or his rectum rejected them out-of-hand. Gary got pantingly pierced by a couple lance-bearers his own age but quickly learned to his dismay that boys fuck and tell! He tried long slender cucumbers — too

warty and the green rubbed off; tubular uncapped plastic bottles — too much vacuum resulted, like a fart in reverse; unripe bananas — but they fragmented under pressure; numerous types of rubber hoses — but they lost their rigidity in extremes of sexual excitement; dildos — but they didn't come in junior-size and irritated his sensitive sigmoid flexure; candles with or without wick — but they rapidly melted in the torrid anal heat or were prone to bend in the middle; his own or his lovers' fingers — but they were never long enough and unclipped nails were a hazard. As you would expect, denied Gary and his frustrated fuck-hole are at their wits' end until one day in a shameless shop-window the boy espies prominently displayed a glans-pink pecker-like vibrator humming erotically to itself that immediately precipitates his famished fun-fissure into transports of ecstasy: "I like it! I like it!" so ineluctably our fledgling Don Juan enters the store and by means of supernatural sleight-of-hand cleverly manages to swipe the object of his anus'd affection.

Now Gary dwells conveniently near my abode and since he has just turned 12 and what he sits on is more than ever the lovely answer to a deprived degenerate's dreamful prayer, I passionately renew my butt-smitten blandishments in hopes of introducing myself into that pedicative puer-parlor where presently only the vibrator — which or whom the lad has dotingly christened 'Victor' — is permitted to enter. So last night I called on the boy, his parents being away at some PTA orgy or the like, and after pleasuring him in the limited manner he allows, he perches his anthemic bottom on two pillows, draws up his widespread knees and grinning tauntingly at me, proceeds to shove noisy turned-on Victor slowly up his quivering Paradise Lane and so copulates with the devilish device that soon he is moaning and writhing in the throws of anal orgasm. A bum-rap if I ever saw one!

After too long a period of torment for voyeur me, Gary reluctantly withdraws vicious Victor the Violator sticky-glistening with the boy's rectal juices, shuts him off and hands him to me as a sublimatory sop and which I gratefully accept for lack of anything better. But now I'm overcome anew with the impelling urge to mount the saddle of this piquant little Pony Boy and ride off into the setting sun, so swallowing my own have-not sobs I blubber that while my lowly penis may not be altogether a Green Thumb in the Garden of Lad-Love, still it has a movable foreskin which will tingly titillate his prostate gland, will hotly emit therapeutic love-milk besides which I fuck gentle as a flea humping an overweight elephant.

"How I know you fucks gentle?" queries Gary, squinching a doubting eye at me.

"You can ask young Gogo Comecome Snoody who lives just up the dirt road."

"Him!" the boy snorts. "He doan know his ass from the Holland Tunnel!"

"Well, inquire of some of the lush lovelies down at the New York Boys' Club — they'll be glad to attest to my penetrative prowess. Furthermore, in the final analysis Victor is just a cold plastic prick and my warm cock could be his fraternal twin for they're both the same size and shape and thickness and slickness and quickness and —"

"That's all fine 'n dandy," interrupts Gary, "but you done missed the main point."

"And what's that, for pity's sake?"

"Your cock doan BUZZ!"

12. Paper-Boy

"Hello, Billy! Collection-day again, huh? Come in and sit down — the couch is the softest. Now how much do I owe you?" "Same's before — a buck two-bits for the week."

"Here you are, plus a tip for yourself. By the way, do you still have the tip you were born with?"

"Ooh, don't ask — that's a painful subject."

"Sorry. Can you stay awhile? I'd like to... uh, talk to you." "Sure — you're the last customer on my route, anyway." "Fine. My, isn't this a scorcher of a day? How about a nice cold Coke or something?"

"Thanks, but a man just gave me two cans of ice-cold 7-Up."

"He did, did he? Humph, they say competition is the life of rough trade but you want to watch guys like that — they're liable to sneak up on you."

"This old man is 96 and can't even get out of his wheel-chair."

"My boy, you'd be absolutely flabbergasted at what some old farts can do in a wheel-chair. Er, wouldn't you like to shed your tank-top, be more comfy?"

"I'm OK. What'd you wanta talk to me about?"

"About you, of course — like how old are you?"

"I'm twelve and one month. How old're you?"

"Billy-boy, believe it or not but I'm working on my third childhood this very week! Now I trust you won't be offended at the rather personal question I'm going to ask but I've got a huge bump of curiosity about certain vital statistics."

"Curiosity killed the cat."

"Only pussy-cats — females, that is."

"So what didja wanta ask me?"

"Well, since you're almost a teener I suppose you have lots of wet-dreams?"

"Just two nights ago I had one when there was that big rainstorm — the roof over my bed leaked and I damn near drowned before I woke up."

"That's terrible but it wasn't exactly what I was fishing for. Tell me, charming Billy, have you ever had a nice big steel-hard erection?"

"Man, I gotta dozen of 'em I made all by myself from a Meccano Set and three Number Two Erector Sets."

"H'm, you don't get the point here so perhaps I should express my sentiments more rawly. Billy-boo, have you ever played with yourself?"

"Sure! I do it ev'ry time I'm alone."

"Delightful! But how do you do it? Could be you know a way I don't."

"Well, I set up the checker-board on the kitchen-table, see, and I move a black piece and then I run around the table and move a red piece and then I run around the table and —"

"Stop, you're making me dizzy! In more overt plain-speaking, dear boy, will you let me get into your pants?"

"Oh, Mistuh D, they'd be way too small for you so you'd prob'ly rip them all to hell!"

"My goodness, we're still conversing cross-purposes! OK, OK, I may be outraging your possibly virginal innocence but I'm going to cast discretion to the winds and get right down to the meat of the matter. My beautiful one, will you be so kindly as to permit me to blow your sweet cock?" (If this kiddy-poo is dodging the issue then he's damned clever at it!)

"Mistuh D, I been dyin' to be sucked-off since I dropped out of Kindergarten but you no can do — it's too fuckin' late."

"Too late ?! Damnit, has Ol' 96 in his sneaky wheel-chair already drunk all your dew?"

"You don't understand... I been circumcised, see?"

"That's no never mind — skin is nice but not necessary." "You still don't dig. See, the bitch who cut me was a cunt sawbones and new on the job."

"Oh? She maybe wasn't too familiar with male anatomy and by mistake sliced a tiny bit off your balls, maybe?"

"No! The chauvinist pig cut my whole entire cock off and never even touched the foreskin!"

13. Thanks for the Buggery-Ride

*Eeny, meeny, miny, moe
Catch a Mousie by the toe;
If he hollers let him go—
And grab him in a better place!*

At a time and in a place deep in the heart of Sweet Georgie Brown, I was briefly, nauseously employed in the Sanitary-Napkin Section of the local Emporium — I tried to get into Boys' Underwear but a militant lesbian in a fright-wig preempted that Paradise. My boss's sole Son and Hair — a 19er fatso intellectual (he's read a book) named Chulius and so untoothsome I wouldn't've bellied his back even when he was 8 quickly leech'd onto me under the impression that since I came from Hell-Hole on the Hudson, I therefore am on speaking-terms with all 57 Varieties of Sweet Sin (pickle'd or not) plus other delightful depravities that my horrified tongue shrinks from giving mouth to. I refrain from informing the youth that boywise, at least, New York City has become more dully proper than Chastity Belt, North Dakota for the only sexy kid I lately saw on Times Squasre was a baby-goat strayed from a Greek wedding attended by Telly Savalas who possibly was plastered as his trademark lollipop was stuck up his ass.

After several false starts, Chulius guiltily bad-breaths that inasmuch as he's a devout vegetarian he's never so much as beat his meat nor even fucked a wet-dream — with the inevitable result that his sulking fouling-piece has turned downright hostile and has become a virtual Limb of the Petrified Forest, so what they both urgently need is a standard prossy-type chassis with preferably such optional equipment as two clits or three tits or an intercoursable pisshole. I stare at him in amazed disgust and exclaim: "Why, Chulius, you burr-head, there are scads of itchy-pantsies all over town who're just dying for a ramrod like yours so all you have to do is crook a finger at one and yell: `Here, pussy! Come, pussy!' and you got it made and laid in the shade."

"But them is good girls!" the young man groans.

"Probably they are," I disdainful, "if you go in for that sort of thing."

"What I mean is they're sure willing but they all got daddies or big brothers with bigger shotguns and I ain't got no life-insurance! You know how it is in the south." (I know how it is — when's the next plane out?) "So what I gotta have," Chulius slobbers, "is a late-model free-wheeling reclining-seat hoor with no brakes and second hand is OK if she ain't run up too much mileage. Would you happen to know of suchlike hereabouts? See, my heel of a pappy keeps my nose to the grindstone so much in his danged Emporium that I don't have time to look round towards kicking up my heels."

Moved by the youth's sore predickament, I say: "According to the Gamahuche Grapevine there is a certain Maison de Hump which will alleviate your condition if you're so disposed."

"Will you take me there — like tonight?"

"I'm above that sort of hetero hay-tumbling," I sniff, "and anyhow it's hardly necessary. At most of these joints you just knock on the door with your pants down and your money in your hand and they'll take care of you — for better or worse."

Chulius clasps his paws in pitiful appeal. "Come with me for I never had Sex Education in school or even behind the barn so I'd be awful bashful getting started."

"Your stiff prick is all the self-starter you need."

"But please come with me just for... for moral support!"

"Oh, OK!" I relent. "Against my better judgement I'll chaperon you but only as far as the parlor — after that you're on your own and may God have mercy on your soul!" Jesus! Next he'll be asking me to put it in for him and whistle 'O Come, All Ye Faithful' while he's screwing!

That evening I conduct the ruttish youth to a Gothic erection on Tite Street (misnomer) which sports no guiding red-light but a sign over the door reads: 'The Belles of St. Mary'. My companion goggles at it and mutters: "Are you sure this isn't a Nunnery or maybe a Glockenspiel Fact'ry?"

I point to the small metal plate flanking the doorbell and which brassily announces in large Saturnalian script:

Irma la Douche
Madam-in-Residence

"Chulius, you rock-head, if that doesn't convince you this is a muff-dive then why do we smell fish when it ain't Friday?!"

The Emporium scion mops a sweaty brow. "On second thought I think I'd better —" but clutching quaking faint-heart in an armlock, I thumb the bell which chimes: 'The Bell Tolls for Thee!'. Presently the door opens and something I assume to be the Douche bag herself looms before us — an Amazon on the sour side of 60 possessed of watermelon boobies and a stern like a Mrs. Sippi paddle-wheeler, her fool's-gold hair tortured into a huge inverted pyramid surmounting cold gray eyes busily calculating potential Wages of Wantonness.

"Howdy, boys," she husks in a Jack Daniels' accent. "What's your pleasure — as if I didn't know."

Delicately elevating my left social-finger, I stab it at the stars and then at my bug-eyed associate: "My friend here has permanent hardening of a muscle so I brung him to your Clinic for treatment."

"How nice!" Madam tigress-purrs, rubbing her hands like Shylock before wet-blanket Portia appeared. "A naive sheep for the slaughter — or is it only an unfledged lamb? Seek and you

shall find." Extending a be-jeweled claw, she roughly gropes my quivering side-kick. "Urn, umm! Somebody's obviously up downtown! Young man, you're a terminal case of unbridled lust if I ever felt one!" and she gives Chulius a coquettish push that almost hurls him into the gutter.

Alarmed, I caution Madam X-Rated: "Uh, the lad's a virgin who never should've left his Mother so please be gentle."

"He'll be coddled like a babe-in-arms sucking both his Mommy's titties at once." She squints a procurer-eye at my associate. "Now what would you desire to cut your teeth on Continental or domestic cuisine?"

"Is this an eating- place?" the befuddled youth blurts. "I thought it was —"

"You can eat it if you like it," Irma beams, "bicarbonate of soda on the side and there's a Doctor in the House."

"Give him the works," I say grandly, "His pappy can afford it."

"Oh, we'll fix him up — but good. Come in, boys, this night air is bad for my piles," and la Douche ushers us into a capacious parlor, onto a bosomy sofa. "Make yourselves to home and if you don't see what you want, don't ask for it — it's laid up for repairs. The rates for our services are posted in every room so pay the girl of your choice before •partaking — we operate on the honor-system here. And don't give us no grief, dearies," she adds with friendly menace, "or you'll end up on your ass in the alley with a fractured fuck-stick." Dropping a curtsey and some sequins, Irma disappears between pink plush portieres, her butt vanishing like the Chessy Cat's grin.

"Do you think it's gonna be OK?" Chulius asks nervously.

"Well, there's a strong odor of Lysol and that's often an auspicious note in a gasheteria."

We are alone, evidently the first patsies of the evening. I inspection-tour the room which is furnished in ornate but dingy antebellum style, lots of faded reds and tarnished gilt midst a profusion of frills and frippery. On one wall is a portrait of Robert E. Lee crowned with the Stars and Bars, a bowl of fresh forget-me-nots beneath him. A shallow niche shelters a pockmarked plaster bust of Ulysses S. Grant, sticky condoms dangling from his ears, nose and lips. On a corner pedestal stands the bronze figurine of a naked boy, a hinged fig-leaf concealing his genitals. Lifting the leaf, I see a pretty erection that squirts Eau de Garçon in my face — not the real McCoy, alas!

Adjourning to the crapper for a bladder-break, I observe that some Confederate Caravaggio has painted General Sherman's dour countenance on the inner walls of the urinals, and further investigation reveals Honest Abe's visage, mouth ajar, etched into the bottom of the toilet-bowls. The South Shall Rise Again — if only in a whorehouse. Returning to the parlor, I find it thronged with gents of all sizes, shapes and social strata and a gentelman, be it known, is he who keeps his socks on in a prossy's bed — it prevents his conscience from getting cold feet. No split-tails as yet within sight or smelling but passing around a trayful of cherry tarts and

mulled hard-cider in crystal mugs, there is a boy.

There is a boy! Ah, I could indite a sonnet (sophmoric but sincere) or an encyclopediphilia on that one wondrous word alone! And this sweet boy glows like youth's bright lexicon 'mongst the drab assemblage: a slim smallish 11 or 12, frison of blond curls, brown-velvet eyes, ears kittenish, nose puppyish, moist red mouth paganly generous. But the paramount feature of this plus plush puer is his smooth and sculpted bottom which snares the eye like a seductive signpost of Sodom, inviting in-depth exploration of that Wistful Vista. The youngster is tastefully attired in show-white tank-top, lilly-white gym-shorts with baby-blew border, passion-red sneekers on his slender sockless feet.

"Who," I ask a Kernel Sanders type sitting on the other side of fidgety Chulius, "is the fresh-faced young Ganymede passing out refreshments?"

"That sawed-off runt," the Kernel red-faced apoplectics, "is the towel-boy and general dog's-body around here. Devilish brat — plays tricks on the customers."

"What kind of tricks?" Properly reared kids trick with the customers.

"Like putting poison-ivy in the beds!" the Kernel grates, irritably scratching his testyculls.

"Do you know his name?"

"Name of George as in 'Let George do it!' but everyone calls him Mouse because he's such a little rat-fink."

Being a rodent of endangered species myself, I feel great kinship with Mousy boys as in a manner of speaking they are doubly-endowed, having a tail in front and a tail behind and they usually come in the eminently cuddlable, piggybackable economy-size that ever makes me yearn to be a kangaroo so I could carry them off in my pouch — yet a pretty little mouse in a cat-house seems not only highly unlikely but lowly unspeakable. Soon the youngster comes to us with his heavy-laden tray and I smile broadly and tip him a lewdly suggestive wink. He winks back twice and as he proffers his provender he whispers in my off-ear: "The tarts're OK but don't drink the cider — I spit in it!" Well, now, that's the only possible attraction hard-cider would have for me so thirstily I drain all the mugs on the kid's salver and lick my chops for even diluted the potion is boyant home-brew of the Nth Superlative that goes down smooth-sweet as goassamer sonlight to warm the cockles of your heart and hangdown. Not accustomed to having his tricks become treats, Mouse gapes at me: "You like it?"

"Yea, verily," I burp, "for 'tis liquid lad and lure and lusciousness though in the final analysis 'tis not the spit but the spit-ter that persuades... do you follow me?"

"Ooh, man, I'm so far behind you're outa sight!"

"Never mind, your loss is my gain, though frankly I druther sip your boy-dew unmixed and straight from your fleshly dispenser. However, I realize such nectaric transferral is hazardous in this crowded caravansary of cunt so here..." I shove my last empty mug at him, "...fill 'er up

when you get a wee-wee moment of privacy.”

Numbly accepting the crystal chalice, the boy stares at me as fascinated as Eve by the Serpent. "Will do — but if Irma catches me she'll cut my cock off and use it for fish-bait!"

"Be not alarmed, my precious Piscine, for all such morsels are prized fish-bait to worm-hungry hookers."

Mouse grins, silently wolf-whistles at me and squeaks: "Ooh, man, you're the way-out end so don't go 'way — I be back tereckly." And he skips off to present his tarty titbits to new arriviers.

Now a clangor of belles descends upon us, garbed only in high heels and high spirits (90-proof) and not a bad-looking herd of heifers if you're wearing smoked-glasses. A shady brunette snaffles Kernel Sanders though you'd think he of all people would choose a chicken like Mouse! and a 5-alarm redhead sweeps Chulius into her arms like he's her long-lost orphan chile. "Duckie," she quacks, "my name is Hortense and it's darling of you to come way up and see me in time!" As Hortense (a tense whore if I ever smelled one) drags the youth off in a fool's-paradise daze, I wave to him. "Ta-ta, Chulius don't do anything you can't do in a straight-jacket!" I wish him well though his partner's last name must be Brillo for her pubic-jungle is so steel-wool dense that the poor guy will have to use a shoe-horn to get into her — not to mention the grievous hair-burns accruing from the ensuing to-and-froing. Then an ersatz blonde grabs my arm but tactfully I decline: "Thanks a whole heap but I just came along for the ride."

"That's what I'm here for — the ride."

"Much obliged but I'll just sit this one out."

"So take it out and I'll sit on it," she smiles. "We don't stand on ceremony here."

"Well, see, the damnsel of my choice is... uh, in the Ladies' Room laundering her Tampax."

"We can knock off a nice quickie before she gets it rinsed out!"

"Young lady, I didn't want to tell you but the pitiful fact is I'm suffering from impotentia coeundi."

"What's that when it's at home?"

"Leprosy."

Blanching, the blonde hastily departs in quest of healthier prey while I sit there — one hour then two, three hours, watch men cockily come, copiously come and limply go. So where the devil's Chulius? He must either be dead or staying all night, or both. And where, oh where is my juicy little Mousie?! Then I recall that he must be busy handing out trick-towels though for the life of me I can't see why the dough-does don't use their God-given mouths — that's what I mostly do but then I deal with a more hygienic and superior type of merchandise.

At 4 in the morning the boy finally staggers in, flushed and panting, and plops himself down beside me. "Where's my spit-cider?!" I say right off.

"Oh, man, I'm sorry but I clean forgot — I been run off my feet and outa my mind by the dirty pigs in this pen!"

"Familiarity breeds contempt, right?"

"It breeds babies, too, but I wouldn't stick my dick into the Statchoo of Liberty!"

"You're finicky, huh? Where would you stick it?"

"In you, mebbe, if you ast me nice. Blow in my face, please, man — cool me off."

I blow and blow and blow though that's seldom the way I employ the verb. Soon breathless, I wheeze, "My poor baby, does la Douche mistreat you? She looks like she might've invented child-abuse all by herself."

"Naw, Irma don't hassle me too much — she just kinda ignores me like I'm a bad mistake somebody made." Now the boy kicks off a sneaker and puts his bare foot in my lap. "Have I got a blister on my heel, man? It sure feels like it." Close, loving inspection of the graceful appendage discovers only perfection. "No blister? Then my arches must've fell 'cause my dogs hurt like hell!"

Hintfully I say: "I gopher fallen boys and always try to pick them up!" and I fall to syruptitiously licking the chamois-soft smooth bottom of his foot (Sole-Food Supreme!) and nibbling on his piggly-wiggly pink toes like five little cocksies all in a row.

"You hungry, mister? I gotta nice piecea tenderloin you can gnaw on!"

"Show me!" I grab for his crotch but Mouse adroitly evades my hand. "Easy, man — you wanna get us killed? That Irma's got eyes in the back of her ass!" He gives me a searching glance. "You're a faggo, ain't you?"

"You got anything against fags?"

"I don't know — I never met up with one before."

Encouraging note — I might have me a little virgin here! "Well, I'm just a poor honest law-abiding boy-backdorer who loves to do everything including backdoring — if Laddy Luck is kind."

"What's `backdoring'?"

"It's backside massage by a smooth-talking prick that'll make your prostate prostrate with bliss — so let's me'n you retire to your bed and I'll be happy to demonstrate."

"Come again?"

"Aren't you available — one of the girls, so to speak, for the occasional boy-lover who might happen to stray in? Surely it's reasonable to expect to find a cute catamite in a cat-house!"

"Look, creepo, I ain't on the menu and you're in the wrong place — this is stricktly an All-Holer-House. If you want Holes and Poles, go down to Boy Scout Headquarters on the corner of Queen and Gay — they let it all hang out!"

"Oh, Lord, I put the make on a fawn-shy Cub Scout there and the wee li'l bastard KO'd me with a low blow and tied me to the tracks of the Louisville & Nashville RR — the Chatanooga Chew-Chew due in ten minutes!"

"Did you get run over, I hope?"

"I don't remember." Incensed by the incense of the kidlet I can smell his budding-puberty fragrance which over aphrodisiacs my taste-buds and a lowdown coarser organ — I plead: "Sweet Mousie... uh, you don't mind if I call you Mousie, do you?"

"Naw, but I hate cheese — even the kind on my dick."

"Fairest Mousie, a foul den of loose women is no place for an innocent boy like you so let me take you out of all this. Ever since I first saw you I've been ass-over-tongue smitten with your charms. Come live with me and my love be — you can stay off your pretty arches 25 hours a day for I'll wait on you hand and foot!"

"Oh, man, you shovel out more bullshit than a heard of steers!"

I hold up my right hand. "I mean every word and I swear it by all I hold sacred — yourself!"

"But I don't know you from Adam, 'cept you got more clothes on."

"Oh, I come very highly recommended! Why in '76 I was awarded the Pull-Itzer Prize for being the Outstanding Boyeur of the Year."

"Which '76 — 1776?"

"I despise calendars — they never tell the true truth, agewise. So have we gotta deal?"

Mouse sighs, ponders. At length he says: "OK, I'll try you out for a spell 'cause my feet sure could use a rest — but no messin' with me, man! Oh, you can look all you want and mebbe touch once inna while but I seen so much cunt, cock and currupshun upstairs that I'm fed up to here with the blame stuff."

"But just minutes ago you said you'd give me your dick if I asked you nice!"

"I was just playin' a trick on you, man, so don't feel bad. Besides, I promised Irma I wouldn't fool around with sex till I was 21."

"You should live so long! Anyway, what's that old bag got to do with it?"

"I reckon she was afraid I'd tire out all the girls without payin' ."

Though my fine hopes and my hard-on are dashed to bits by this turn-coat betrayal I accept Mouse on his own faithless terms, trusting that a patient motherly approach will eventually be rewarded by an ardent and incestuous response from sonny-boy. "Can you come home with me now, Mousie?" I beg. "I won't touch but I'm dying to see you in the nude!"

"Man, I'm so pooped right now that all I wanta do is sleep! Where you live? I be over tonight 'bout 8, OK?"

I tell him my address and he permits me briefly to feel his gym-shorted fuse then limps off to the arms of the Sandman(?). I leave without Chulius — if he can't find his way home alone he'll just have to buy a compass.

Promptly at nine that evening a tubbed, scrubbed and shining Mouse appears... falling-down drunk! "Hi, man, I brung you a present!" Propped against the door-jamb, he wobbily extends a virgin fifth of Old Loch Ness, a monstrous distillage known to vaporize kilts and render bagpipes speechless. "Irma hadda go to Savannah on diddle-bizness so I swiped summa her booze." "Why, thanks, Mouse — I sure appreciate it for boys almost never give me presents to speak of!" And the gift with the giver should be bare, I muse as I scrutinize my sagging visitor, a lop-sided clown's grin pasted on his face — obviously he can talk coherently but he seems to have little control over his limbs. (Whoa there, Casimir! You wouldn't take advantage of a helpless child, would you? Uh, ask me tomorrow — I'm busy right now.)

Hiccuping, the boy starts to slide down the wall and I grab him, carry him to my smirking sofa — sneaking in some happy feels enroute. "I think some strong hot black coffee is indicated here, don't you?" I foolishly say, probably defeating my own Blitzkrieg campaign.

Mouse looks shocked. "What's this black cawfee shit?! I thought you wanted to mess around with me!"

"I did... I do, but you didn't want it — remember?"

"Naw, I musta been drunk. So c'mon, man, start messin' 'cause I feel good — I'm floatin'! Whee! Catch me, I'm a flutterby... butterfly!"

Blessing the kid's susceptibility to Scotland's peaty potion, I sofa-sit to stand him lurching between my thighs while I rain kisses on his slack-stick face then slobber down his smooth body as I denude him, inventory him: svelte hairless pelt, perky half-inch boy-niplets, push-button navel, bouncy ping-pong balls in a snug, silken sac but his Roundhead weenie is hardly three inches at its sauciest and the long and short of it is that later febrile fellation reveals my little White Mouse to be not yet in the Milky Way — the most minor of matters for his modest mouthpiece is a superbly suctionable non-meltable flesh-lozenge that you can delightfully rollick around with in your mouth for hours, tongue-teasing the twee twitchy twig to a succession of tumultuous dry-orgasms. And whatever the sweetlet lacks in his Prow is more than compensated for in his Stern, shipshape and seaworthy as the saltiest old Cruiser could desire in a lifetime of portholing.

"You like the view?" Mouse snickers, sagging against me.

"Dazzling as an unguarded diamond-mine!" I laud, bending to kiss the upstart little dick — inhale fragrance of frangipeni, taste honey-suckle sweet as a humming-bird's ass.

Staggering out of my embrace, like a homing-pigeon the boy heads straight for the adjacent Chambre Intime, clambers into bed, sprawls on his belly — I like a wagging tail behind him, "Hey, where's the bottle? I'm thirs'y."

"It'll be along in a minute."

"Ain't you gonna undress — or d'you bugger with your pants on?"

"Are you really going to let me in, Mousie pet?"

"Why not? I wanta know what Irma's cows feel like when they gotta man in them — but watch out! I might just up and play a trick on you!"

"Like what?"

"Like mebbe I gotta fish-hook in my hole."

"Something tells me you've been pronged before — if not worse."

"That something's a damn liar 'cause I ain't never even hadda emena... enema up there!"

Throwing off my clothes I join my bedlamic love, snake between his wide-spaced legs, reverently lick then pry apart his warm spicy loaves to feast famished eyes on the inner sanctum before me — plump tiny smooth brownie lips encircling an opening scarcely larger than a love-bird's tushy and forthwith I am tongue-deep in the Valley of the Moon sniffing, snuffling, laving, sucking the mini whoopee-hole till my squirming prey raucously keens his pleasure to the ceiling'd skies.

"You like that, baby?" I pause to ask.

"No, it's disgustin' — do it some more."

"Sorry, greedy-guts, but I got to rest a bit as this kind of mouth-to-mouth resuscitation always raises hob with me... look!" I lift up to display my conscienceless organ, a bubble of liquid lubricity on its straining tip.

"What the hell's your little finger doin' hangin' around your balls!" Mousie sneers. "I see dozens o' bigger cocks ever' night at Irma's."

"Bigger ain't necessarily better," I reply, reaching under the mattress for the KY. "Now, then —"

"Now, then, the fifth first, man — I need a drink."

"Later."

"Hey, whose booze is it, anyway — mine or yours?"

"It's Irma's."

"Hell with Irma! 01' dingbat ruin my life, keep me inner sewer, work me like a dawg, whip me for a few tricks, drive me

to drink an' faggos like —"

"Please lay off the juice, Mouse — You're pickled in the stuff already and I have moral compunctions about plugging a plastered kid."

"Aw, man, it's on'y Scotch an' the Scotch is too Scotch to put much Scotch in their Scotch." He nearly falls off the bed laughing at his wet wit.

"Even so, how about a nice big glass of milk instead?"

"Look, man, I'll lay it on the line — no Scotchee, no screwie!"

I get the Scotch. Rolling onto his back, the boy grabs the bottle, kisses it, cradles it in his arms. "Now look in the toe of my left sneaker, man, an' gimme what's in there."

Suspecting another trick, I retrieve the sneaker and gingerly probe in the toe, draw out a squashed bit of amber rubber. "What's this — an infant's condom?"

"It's a nipple, stoopid — like what you had stuck in your yap a hunnerd years ago!" He puts a vertical finger against his lips and whispers: "Don't tell nobody but I snitched it from a sleepin' bottle's baby... sleepin' baby's bottle. Now put it on my bottle, please, man."

I fit the nipple onto the uncapped Scotch and hand both to Master Rumpot who swigs gustily, making sucking sounds so suggestive that my cock becomes obstreperous. "You wanna snort, man?"

"What I crave the most is you on your belly again so I can —" "I can't drink on my belly! You can do me this way, can't you?"

"It'll be hellish rough on your virgin sump-hole but my motto is: The humpee always calls the shots." I put two pillows under the boy's bum to get the target-elevation just right, then KY the squiggly little bull's-eye and my insubordinate arrow. "Ooh, it's so cold!" the kid yelps, contracting his sphincter on my slick finger.

"I'll make it a hot-spot in a minute. Now raise your legs and hook your heels over my shoulders." Nursing on his bottle Mouse complies, managing to kick me in the face with both feet as he does so. I hover over him, position my wet cock-tip against the pulsing little pucker,

gently push till I feel a slight give then thrust my rude can-opener hard through the stubborn lips into the steaming passage beyond which reluctantly accepts me then vigorously, blissfully massages my glans and shaft with ever-tightening muscular spasms. "Oh, Mousie, Mousie," I gasp, "you trick a treat and I love your organ-grinder ass!"

"And you're the m-m- monkey!" the boy hiccups. "Hey, don't lay on my bottle so hard — if it breaks we're both outa bizness!"

Now I plunge deeper into the voracious mouth hotly clasping my maddened tool and faster and farther until with a final frantic thrust my turgid glans swelling... swelling... burs—"

"Sweet Mousie," I sob, "I'm sorry but you're going to lose your little cherry any second now!"

"It feels good! Kinda like a li'l lotta... lotta li'l bees buzzin' around in there. Ooh, one just spit his load o' honey way up in me so far I can taste it!"

"That was no bee, baby — that was me, coming off. Am I your boogie-man?"

"Yes, you am! Yes, you am...! Jeez, what'm I say in'!"

My tricky Dick eager for a second round, I buss the boy's Scotch-kiss'd lips then once more line up dart and target. "And now —"

"And now," Mousie giggles, shoving me away and grabbing his own stiff little lance, "tit for tat!"

In the thirty-odd days and nights that follow, my jubilee joy-boy and I make love 'neath the silvery moon/sun/stars and Seventh Heaven and true to my word, I keep my precious suckling in bed as much as possible — to spare his fragile feet, of course! There's only one minor (expensive) drawback — I have to feed my sweet souse a quart and a half of Auld Peatie-Piss per day to keep him in fine fucking fettle.

One evening we dine at Ho Chi Minnie's Vietnamental Ptomainateria and with the ice-cream arrive fortune-cookies draped in black crepe. My cookie warns: Brace yourself for bad news!, and Mousie's mournfuls: It's 10 PM. Do you know where your Mother is? causing the boy to look disturbed and downcast. The poor kid probably has been a product of sordid foster-homes and houses since his earliest years but I refrain from questioning him lest I revive painful memories. Instead, I summon Minnie and loudly, irately complain that his misfortune kookies are an insult to an already outraged digestion.

Oh, Sad! Oh, Sorrow! Oh, Beating of Breast! The best-planned lays of Mice and men gang aft apley and the last trick is won by the wiliest player. The next afternoon ('twas Halloween, Eve of All Saints' Day) I early return from work, on fire to again catch my cock in my beauteous Mouse-trap but all I find of the little rat — pinned to an empty KY-tube — is a note and this is all he wrote:

Dear man -

I like your crazy style in bed but I'm going back to the cat-house 'cause Irma's my Momma and I miss her real bad so I reckon blood is thicker than boogery.

Yours truly,

Mouse

14. Eros Unchosen

Every night I hang out
with the other boys around
Playland in Times Square
and these men come to
look us over and maybe see
someone they like and
soon one by one all
the other boys find
friends but me for I
have an ugly scar
on my right cheek
from falling on a
piece of broken glass.
I wait and wait but
at last I go home -
if you can call it home -
and cry a little because
nobody wants me but tomorrow
I will try again.

"Mister, take me! I am clean,
I do not cost much
I have love."

15. Mistaken Identity

I will now take pen in hand to write about a time-lapse I'd just as lief forget and beginning with an Autumn in New York where there appeared to be a General Boy-Strike for I couldn't score even with a zit-faced fat four-eyed redhead I wouldn't've concupisced with anyway. Things finally got so bad that when I found myself going down on a nude statue of Endymion in the Metrophallitan Museum of Art, I decided to take my pernicky awful appetites to Topeka to visit an affluent aunt... true, boyesque conditions would hardly be better in that benighted Bible Belt but my wallet cried out for a blood-relative transfusion.

Never before had I inflicted my pediattrick presence on hostile Kansas as I'd heard it was Hell on sexual shenanigans in general and in particular on carnally cavorting with lads — so much so that even respectable heteros felt guiltily squeamish about bedding their own legal wives — double jeopardy as it were, and it were. Imagine my delighted surprise then to discover when I arrived in Topeka that the City was in the throes of a juicy scandal that rocked the State from Top to Bottom and from End to End — several prominent pillars of the church (male, of course) were caught with sundry Junior Hi-School boys in acts which my blushful pen refuses to describe. But Oh, Hosannah! Here I'd been tearfully regretting all those Sonflower State little cocks and assholes going to shameful waste, unloved even by their owners — when in reality Kansas kids are patently as partial to peni-ani play as most other right-thinking youngsters the world over!

Now you would expect that this sordid revelation of sublime public disgrace would cause the local Establishment to be more hard-nosed than ever about sex, straight or bent, but unofficially the exact opposite was the case. The heretofore largely virtuous lads of the area learned a pleasurable new way to make easy money and, of the men involved, two fled to Canada where I hear they're giving the French boys of Montreal a greenbackly gloriously hard time; one man tried to shoot himself (aimed at his ear but hit his mouther-in-law) whereupon he regained his common-sense and flew to Mexico to pursue the hot-tamale ecstasies of Aztec muchachos, and a fourth man was slung into the Municipal Slammer where interprising Boy Scouts call on him and with sly legerdemain slip their succulent suckables between the bars for five-buck blow-jobs. Thus at long last is dull Morality defeated and Boysex Blue Laws defied.

My aunt lived on the fringe of Gage Park and next-door squatted a long, low ranch-type house wherein dwelled a Golden Child named Oren — a milky 12 or 13er with a throwaway charm that immediately entranced me so I contrived to meet him one day when he was returning from school, telling him we were the closest of neighbors and I'd purely love to be his friend. Hitching up his tight blue jeans by the crotch as if his prick was getting too big for its britches, the boy with cool politeness says he will think my offer over and let me know his decision in due course — and it's then I dismally note that he wears the smugly satisfied, fulfilled look of a lad well-tended-to admidships from stem to stern but this only adds fuel to my infatuation and hardens my determination to cut me a slice of this so palatable piece.

That night I thrillingly observe that my bedroom-window is virtually within cock-spitting distance of Oren's wide-open ditto and breathlessly I watch while flesh-tinted blind is drawn down, strong light is switched-on as the Vision begins to undress — his form like shadow'd beauty

outlined 'gainst the near-transparent shade... watch as the boy's nakedness wondrously is revealed, my feverish eyes focussing on his slim penis which lustily juts out at maddening right angle to his slim body, yearningly ogle the precious part until suddenly the kindly light is cruelly quenched and I am left cursing my steaming rut as I think of what bare-ass'd bedded Golden Boy is probably up to now!

Impatiently I wait until crescent-moon'd midnight when all about me seems asleep including my left foot, then I creep from my window toward Oren's. No doubt I'm on a hazardous Fool's Errand and the kid has so thoroughly hand-sapped himself that there's nary a drop left for me but pee will serve in a pinch, plus hopefully such other perquisites as I perhaps can persuade from my pulchritudinous puer. Window gained without a mishap... ah, no screen! Beware, sweet prey, here comes a big Mosquito to sting your pretty suck-stick! Cautiously I tug up the shade then slither serpent-silent over the window-sill, over carpet to the bed — top sheet on the floor, boy on his back, legs spread wide, the measured susurrus of his breathing betokening slumber. Noislessly, inch by inch I snake onto the bed from the footboardless bottom, nestle my face between the warm smooth thighs, kiss the little penis which miraculously is already eagerly alert for pleasuring, its ruby-red taut head nodding to me as if in hearty welcome. Reverently I fasten my mouth upon the tender morsel, forehead gently pressed into the boy's hairless pubis, hungry hands caressing the firm satin buttocks, nostrils aflame with the heaven-scent of quickening passion-dew, adoring tongue tasting, tickling, teasing the heating young meat within me.

Eyes still closed in half-sleep Oren squirms, languorously sighs, raises one leg and then the other to dig his heels into the small of my back, arches his humid loins to force his love-dart deeper between my lips and drowsily murmurs: "I hope you didn't forget to lock the door, Papa!"

16. Drop Dead, Father-Image!

Too often a lad-lover's Hell is paved with good intentions. That was the case with captivating Cass whom I should've tied down with strands of spider-silk and blowed him bow-legged, then prick'd him in the most delicate, lubricate manner known to Man — but I'm getting ahead of myself like a rampageous cock in a nudist Chicken-coop.

At the time I was staying with an ancient great-aunt who had the first dollar her poor defunct husband ever made and I'd hoped to be her heir but she up and went and left it all to a Home for Strayed Pussy-Cats... if it'd been a Male Cat-House I wouldn't've felt so deprived for there by the Grace of God go I. This was in Opa Locka, Florida, which belied its name for search how I might I couldn't detect even the smell of a kid who wanted his hot little lock-box opened by my type of key. But the boysexual's sustaining principle and precept is: Don't lose hope — sooner or later some sweet something is bound to come up! and that very afternoon I spy a small native — one of those lightning-blonds who strike you witless with thunderous desire — toting a huge sack of groceries. I lope up to him and to allay any initial suspicions on his part, ask directions to the nearest Baptist Church. While shyly he's telling me he lives right next door to it, I gaze at a blue-eyed young face vulnerable as a slumbering infant's — innocence shines on him like a dazzling halo and precipitates me headlong into Love, *prima facie*. Ah, this artless little heart-stealer will be so easy to make that I'm actually feeling guilty in advance! Little did I know.

I relieve him of his grocery-burden and accompany him while he prattles away all about himself and I hear that his name is Cass, he's newly turned twelve (years, not tricks), his parents died in a car-accident and he has no other blood-kin so is now living with a foster-couple who I infer care only for the monthly check they receive from Children's Aid for the youngster's maintenance. Here I sense in him an overwhelming need for recognition and identity and the warm reassurance of being loved and cared for by someone for himself rather than what he represents in mere dollars-and-cents. I, of course, am gladly prepared to play fond Poppa to Cass — and since it's what's up front that counts, when I catch a glimpse of his denim-clad swollen 5 inches I'm avid to be incestuous Momma to him, too!

Arrived at his door, he thanks me for carrying his bag and yearnfully I tell him I'm staying not far away and invite him to drop around for such fun and games as are enjoyed by every emancipated Little Leaguer and Children's Rightists. He promises to come over the next afternoon, adding wistfully: "You're my friend, aren't you? I never had one before." (Small one, Friendship is Love without Wings! I aspire to be your Lover with friendship as a chaser.)

Soon Cass becomes my constant companion for a few hours each day (except Sunday) but my courtship creeps at a lazy snail's pace — my sweet fledgling is afflicted with unassailable virtue or some such arrant nonsense which is made worse by the too-obvious fact that his pants'd penis readily erects and long stays that way in pre-pubertal rigidity — a most propitious sign from on high. Though I'm dying for affectional reciprocity I contain my impatience, rein in my unbridled lust and sneakily impart cogent hints to persuade my pretty to Contrary Pleasures but clothed in Victorian euphemism: 'Temptation resisted is ecstasy lost', 'Lost opportunity can never be regained' and 'Virtue is its own punishment'. Cass looks at me with eyes limpid as

woodland pools and piouses: "Mr. Duke, the Bible says 'If sinners entice thee, consent thou not!' — would you like to play Old Maid with me?" Wreaked with acid havoc by this Casscara put-down, I seize his hand and slobber kisses on the soft warm inside of his wrist until he jerks his paw away and departs in pink confusion. Ah, well, Rome and some lads aren't made in a day yet have I possibly gone too far too fast with this wee case of Acute Puritanitis? Is he perhaps this very minute on his knees in the Baptist Church, praying his little head off?! No, he is back the next day fragranced with purity and wreath'd in shy smiles — and though my exchequer is ailing I now attempt to seduce Young Incorruptible with sumptuous gifts: a bicycle, wrist-watch, Billy the Kid suit and since he gets only rice and beans at home I take him out to dine on costly roasts, steaks and chops while I pine to eat only epicurean Casserole. And later we stroll in the lambent hibiscus night as he confides that he likes to read and though he's too old now for The Bobbsey Twins, he just loves Horatio Alger books, especially Ragged Dick. Gnashing my store-teeth in jealous envy, I refrain from informing my unworldly darling that Ragged Dick was a tale about a poor lad who had been clumsily circumcised and furthermore, Horatio Alger himself, who was reputed to be such a morally shining example for male youth, in hard fact so thirstily drained the kids in the Newsboys' Lodging-House that the weary youngsters were hardly able to stagger forth each morning to vend their overweight bundles of Hearstian headlines.

Still later while Cass and I sit side-by-side on the sofa watching a Shirley Temple film on TV (he refuses to look at anything more erotic), I press my face close to dreamy-eyes, inhale the springtime scent of his goldilocks and murmur: "My lovely, you smell fresh and clean as a newborn rosebud!"

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness," he sermonizes, "so every morning I wash as far as Possible and on Saturday night I wash Possible. "Then he blushes furiously as he realizes the horrendous Thing he has referred to and, excusing himself, dashes to the bathroom, forgetting in his flurried state to hook the door on the inside. Stealthily I follow and kneel to apply my bloodshot eye to the keyhole, hoping to discover that Cass is a normal boy, after all, and aroused by delightfully lascivious thoughts he has now retired to pound his meat. But no — I see him stand before the toilet, raise the seat, unzip and with a piece of elated Scot-tissue protecting his fingers, pluck out 5 glistening inches of hard-core glory followed by the beige skin-Cassket wherein his twin jewels repose, then spurt a Casscade of sparkling pee-pee into the ardent porcelain. Socrates, you got any of that there hemlock left?

Crazed with frustration I burst through the door, fling myself down and gaze up at the turbulent boy-fountain, but all I get is a splatter of warm wee-wee on my trousers as Cass, scarlet-faced, shuts off the stream and backs away. "The candle of the wicked shall be put out!" he preachifies — hellish inaptly for he puts his virgin taper back in his pants.

"Sweet child, be kind!" I sob. "I just want to suck your under-privileged prick a little bit and I guarantee you will like it, I will adore it and your neglected cock will positively jump with joy!"

"But, Mr. Duke," says the boy, seemingly with sincere regret, "you're like a kind father to me and I respect you too much to let you do nasty things like going down on me!"

17. Sweetheart of Sigma Chi

There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe;
Had so many sons
She knew what to do:
Her little boys suck for Harvard,
Her big boys fuck for Yale -
And Oh! how the money rolls in!

Long ago and far away when I was 19, I was as usual not only broke from boys but I'd recently lost a cushy job because a chatterbox 10er couldn't keep a secret, so I attended a certain grassroots college — not as a student but as assistant gardener, for I'd already had too much of Academe, literally just bare-assly skinning through high-school by the Grace of Oh, God! and the Principal, a rootin' Teuton Ph.D who educated me into equating scholastic A's with unlubricated lays. Fortunately, my bodily part that went over the fence last had already been stretched to reasonably tolerant dimensions by a 14er activist ass-artist named Clive so I was spared too sore an orifice. Candidly, though, except in an erotic emergency, I prefer oiling antecedent to intercourse, give or take — it's the effing principle of the thing.

It being Autumn in Minnie Sota and other Midwest matrons, pursuant to my horticultural duties I was raking leaves against a breeze when there skips by, ponderous text-books under one arm, about the primest piece of prick'd poultry I've ogled since the Franklin Del Ano Roosevelt Administration when Eleanor was President. But the wee cockerel's so young! What the hell is a surely not more than newly pubertal puer doing on a college campus — or is he perhaps campy-inclined? A Transgressional Investigation is imminently indicated. As my steaming orbs attempt to X-ray the sweet stranger's too-clothed self, he casts me a passing coy glance, the ghost of a co-op grin hovering about his lush lips... and hippity-hops on. Smitten with instant love-lust I follow him, dog his felicitous footsteps whereupon soon he is turning his head to flirtily smile at me, twitching his plump little rump like a sexy Bump of Knowledge and occasionally even skipping backwards presumably to show off the luring lump lolling in his lilaceous frontier — and his Come Hither corpus and demeanor persuade me he can at least be sampled, with a firm option to buy.

Anon the small idol and his bewitched disciple arrive at a ramshackle house within the college grounds. Catching up to him on the doorstep, I pant, "Hi! My name's Duke. I work here and have a couple rooms next to the unisex crapper in the basement of the Physics Building so would you maybe perhaps like to come over for an hour or two and we could... uh, plumb the Ups and Downs and Ins and Outs of Homo Sap, or acts to that defect?"

Lad bestows a cheeky smirk on me and trebles: "Gee, I'm awful sorry but I gotta do my homework now — I'm studyin' Unnatural Abnormality and the Modern Inhumanities."

"Well, couldn't I be your understudy or vice versa?" I yearn. "I'm nothing if not adaptable in every imaginable position of trust."

"Thanks oodles but I already got more help than I can handle," the kid spurns as he slams the door in my face. Obviously the little shit knows from zero about simple Humanity, much less Boy-manity! Stupid schools are turning out jungle savages now and that is not what I don't pay taxes for. But this youngling's power is stronger than ever and a lad who initially denies me is always a challenge so, trailing my rake behind me like the tail of a kicked cur, I continue to pursue this perverse pupil's orbit as faithfully as the Earth follows the Son, enroute learning from sundry leering undergrads that the youngster's nickname is Bim, he's a collegiate Sophomore at 13 and he's disreputed to be the hate-child of the spinster Dean of Wimmen and a sexually precocious Cub Scout who evidently got himself tangled in a knot he couldn't untie.

Alack, my sedulous shadowing of Bim's charmant physicality results as before — his eyes and anatomy whisper: "Follow me and take!" but his tongue ultimatums: "Scram!" though now I am wild to recline in his Seat of Learning and drink deep from his Fount of Wisdom. Tracker-tired, I drag-ass into the local cafeteria and try to drown my woes in what the joint is pleased to call coffee when the head-gardener, a short stocky 40-plus with wet mouth and humid eyes, comes up and sits down opposite me. Guiltily I stammer: "I was j-just having lunch. Uh, I hope my work is s-satisfactory, Mt. Um."

"You do well enough for lack of anyone better," he says, gnawing on a prick-shaped cigar, "but I notice you seem spellbound by our home-grown Infant Prodigy or Enfant Terrible Bim by name and ill fame."

All my ingrained caution suddenly forgotten, I blurt: "Truth is I'm so taken with that sweet piece that I can't think straight or even crooked — I want tenderly to touch him, taste him and smell him, love him, love him, love him! But he ever rejects me — he wouldn't give me the right time if he were Baby Ben!"

Mr. Um hitches his chair closer, conspiratorily lowers his voice. "Since you seem to be a sincere assoul-brother, I will confess that I too am grabbed by little nut-bearers but I like them so dumb they think Gone with the Wind is a fart in a hurricane. So I advise you to forget wise-ass Bim — he's not for you."

"But why? I wouldn't harm a hair of his head!"

"Because he's too damn class-conscious is why and in the pecking-scale you're below the bottom rung. But don't let that bother you — I can introduce you to a couple sexy sub-teeners who don't give a hoot what you are as long as you don't have a padlock on your wallet and are negative VD."

"Well, thanks very much but my heart belongs to Bim hook, line and sinker."

Mr. Um sighs, shakes his head, taps me on the arm. "I see you're more romantic than practic so I'm forced to break the bad news to you fast and ungently so you can get back to work."

"Wh- what bad news?" I wince.

"Like so — your seductive little Bimbo will never so much as let you sniff his dirty rosebud because he's strictly and exclusively the Sweetheart of Sigma Chi!"

18. Best as in Bestiality

Agnew lives in a small town near Sheepshead Bay, NY and in which I hid out for an interim to escape an irate Madhattan Momma who caught me sticky-mouthed teaching her yummy young son that what he had between his legs wasn't just a siphon to drain off pee-pressure with. (When dealing with Boys God's gift to Man — always end a sentence with a proposition.)

Agnew's backyard butts onto mine and since he's 12 and comely as a premature ejaculation I quickly contrive to meet him and to woo him with all the Etna'd ardor of my deprived exile, presenting him with huge boxes of his favorite confection (chocolate-covered marzipan nougats at \$4 the pound) and shooting baskets with him which I ever miss — I can't see the bloody hoop for his beguiling basket.

One lazy afternoon the lad and I are sitting side-by-side on his rickety back-veranda (he lives with an aged grandmother who is in complete rapport with the spirit-world — that is to say: the local liquor-store) and I gaze into Agnew's lambent eyes, caress his caracul curls, stroke the lambsdown softness of his cheek and subtly intimate that he could transport me to Highest Heaven if he would permit me to tongue-bathe him from cowlick to ten rosy toesies — plus other sweetmeat pleasures too penitentiared to prate about in public.

Oddly, the youngling is impervious to my heart-throb courtship; my blandishments bounce off him like hail on a cold tin roof — even when I murmur in his pastel ear that in my bed he'll be wearing silk pyjamas when he comes! Finally he gives me a sheepish grin and bleats: "I doan wanna put you down, Mistuh D, but I jist ain't too gone on futzin' around with guys."

"I see — you like damnsels. Well, that's only natural, nobody's perfect, but I can't say I recommend it at your tender age. As for me, I'd crawl over a dozen naked girls to get at a nice boy — even with his pants on."

"I doan like girls, neither."

"I get it, you make lover to yourself and certainly a boy's best friend is his fist — always conveniently at hand and truly the Hand that rocks the Cock shall rule the World!"

"I ain't used my fist since I were eight year old."

"Sweet Jesus, don't tell me you're a little saint who's both continent and abstinent — that's the worse perversion of all!"

Agnew furtively glances this way and that, then cups warm fingers about my near ear and whispers: "Doan go blabbin' it around but I love sheep!"

I shudder. Lizzie Borden loved mutton- soup for breakfast and you know what she up and went and gone and did! Besides, I feel monstrously sour-grapes rejected in favour of some damn ramheaded wool-gatherer but shortly I recover sufficient composure to mutter: "Well, chacun a son goo as the cow said when she kissed the milkman — but can a sheep really blow you with

felicited finesse?"

"Fuck suckin' — screwin' sends me the most."

"Historically-speaking, for centuries shepherd-boys have been pronging and later eating their woolly charges but I should warn you that Syphilus, a sheepherder in ancient times, thereby contracted the first case of syphilis on record."

"Shit, that mutton-head musta humped a ewe! I on'y dick lambs."

"Boy lambs, I trust?"

"What else?! Their wool is softer an' fuller of lanolin so they doan need a lube-job or nuthin' an' they doan baa their stupid heads off when I'm pluggin' 'em."

"Do you have to get them in a corner and tie them down before you can start shafting?"

"On'y the first time 'cause onct a boy-lamb gets it from me he wants more, lickin' my pants-fly an' buttin' his ass up against me like he can't wait for it! What I do now, see, is I wear rubber knee-boots an' I stick the lamb's hind-legs in the boots an' right away his tail flies up an' his little hole puckers out all hot an' ready for me!" The boy rolls his eyes and oscillates his groin in remember'd ovine ecstasy. "Y ow-wee, Mistuh D, frigassee of lamb is the best there is!"

Dolefully I sigh: "That's what Mary said about her little lamb. Well, I'm very happy for you in your devotion to animality but my exclusive yen is for two- legged sweet beasties though they do create problems now and then."

Agnew frowns. "I gotta kinda problem, too."

"Oh? Are you having trouble toilet-training your assoulmates or do you put Pampers on them?"

"Naw, nuthin' like that — but yesterday a big ol' hunka fuzz came bargain' in here an' hit me with a summons for keepin' sheep inside the City Limits!"

19. Virginibus Pueri

Boywise, when is a Virgin not a Virgin? It's impossible anatomically to detect a genitally Intacto urchin and a seemingly inexperienced and tight-mouth'd ass-hole may only be snapback super-elastic. Nowadays a vestal lad is almost as rare as a prepucio at the Last Supper yet many kids are clever actors in body, mind and demeanor and can credibly counterfeit that which they lack — thereby commanding a higher price, greater esteem and immense personal satisfaction as they laugh up the sleeves of their hustling tank-tops.

The attitude of lad-lovers toward virginity is mixed. Some snobisme elitists prefer to be sexually First in Line so they can break the kid in to their favorite style of four-balls balling and it is true that to acquire a youngster cellophane-fresh from his Mommy's apron-strings is the fond dream of most of us, yet one should keep in mind that the apparently accessible lad who is Untouched may well turn out to be an Untouchable. Other boysexuals are less difficult to please on this point — primarily they seek objects of Virtu and Virtue is more by-the-way though ever a delightful surprise. The average doter on the cock'd immature is grateful for what he can safely get as long as it's reasonably house-broken and doesn't have to be chained up at night.

As for the little males themselves, the majority of normal, aggressive, masculine lads from kindergarten-age up can't wait to lose their front-and-center cherry and aren't at all finicky how they bid it Goodbye. That 99 44/100% pure-looking choirboy warbling soprano praises to Maria Immaculata in the Cathedral of St. Paul's St. Peter is very probably counting the mini-seconds until he can escape to sweetly Sixty-nine with his lusty song-mates in the shadow'd semen-reeking Vestry. (Do girls compare clit- and booby-sizes like boys do Cox 'n Balls?) Anal-intercourse, of course, is OK too if the kid plays the active role though passivity is frequently permissible providing the frame of reference is keyed to the improperly proper definition.

An instance of the above was when I briefly cockanally communed with a peccable puer named Petey whom I met at a Tupperware Kaffeeklatsch where I got a lien on Petey and bought a Vidal Gore-red plastic Kotex-dispenser under the mistaken impression that it was a two-handled drinking-cup with no-drip lip. North of the neck and between the thighs Petey was no bargain, either, but his balsam bottom was ordained for pagan Pan-handling and his mellow as a Harvest Moon anusette was like a cherry-sundae every day of the week — plus he solemnly swore by his Mother that his dishy rear dimple had never known a penile spoon! The lad being willing to try anything new and blue if it's well-wrapped in green (three 10-spots), I speedily supplied that requisite and afterward in post-coitum curiosity I asked: "Petey-love, you sure fuck famous but how does it feel not to be a virgin any more?"

Patently contemptuous of my hinterland unsophistication, he replied: "Shit, man, that wasn't fuckin' — that was just plain ord'nary ol' corn holing!" Obviously he didn't know what a virgin was, though he wasn't. Conversely, a double-standard seems to prevail in the case of girls for I've heard herds of hetero teen-stallions snort: "If pigs put out they're no damned good and if they don't put out, what damn good are they?!" In contrast, my feelings toward sexy boys are bubbling over with tender loving kindness: If you can't lick 'em, to hell with 'em!

In Queen Victoria's prime during which she killed her spouse, Prince Albert, through excessive

sexual demands, Virginity was the Rule and not the Exception throughout the realm. To confirm this even while denying it, there dwelt a small exclusive Boy's Preparatory School in Bedfordshire whose curriculum included a Virgin's Club but I don't know what sort of initiation-test was administered to determine beyond a shadow of doubtful sphincter this Edenic (before that applesaucy Serpent) condition of being. An academic question, really, as the youngsters weren't cherry long and in fact a cherry short due to the Headmaster in person leading his young charges down the primrose path to a foreskin sin — an easy conquest, I'm informed, and actually aided by the admonitions of maternal parents: "Me muvver never told me not to hump boys — she just warned me against girls!"

The wise and wily Master of Head took many indecent exposures of his pupils performing the Rites of Eros and I've ogled some of this Devil's Handiwork which is drooled over by boyeurs even to this day. One flammatory photo depicts a nude grinning kidlet of about 11 on his back, between his raised legs a slightly older boy whose slender ass-auger is halfway in his buddy's sub-continent to the mutual bliss of everybody including the rumpl'd bed. Another naked tableau shows a smiling blond 12er cheeks-to-cheeks sitting his pretty pootie on the face of another lad with a taste for Master Brown and whose jaw muscles stand out in such strained ecstasy that you just know he's eating the orgasmic orifice for all he's worth. All good clean fun and such one-on-one boy-bacchanalias served to weld the male youth of Albion into a colonizing force that stunned the world with dismay and admiration. If Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton, the British Empire was won in the dormitories of Prep Schools.

To little note nor long remember but ironically apropos is the statement of T. E. Lawrence's brother that T. E. (better known as Lawrence of Arabia) died a virgin. Mirabile dictu! Reminds one of the Immaculate Misconception but the ballsy-wallsy truth is that old T. E. peeled many a plump juicy little Tangerino in Morocco, overslept with the beautiful Arab boy Dahoum and in Constantinople or Canstandicockle was well and truly screwed by an Ottoman Staff-Officer who presumably found Lawrence to be a superior brand of Turkish Delight for he took Seconds and Thirds in the on-offing.

Summing up the foregoing, the impartial reader must surely come to the ineluctable conclusion that a boy is Virgin if he's never 'known' a female — human or whatever will hold still for him. This liberal definition of the minor male Vestal State flatters the lad, edifies his lover (s) and allays the suspicions of the snarling Watchdogs of Morality so forthwith I am petitioning Noah Webster to amend his remiss Unabridged accordingly.

20. Shadow and Substance

In a skin-to-skin sense I'm a nature-lover from way back and I don't like to brag but I've been Organic Gardening roughly tenderly since I was 8 (started late but that's Fate), Green Thumb growing wee peni and tilling tiny ani gently as a butterfly's burp. I've raised posies: lovely boy-buds and blossoms, and vegetables: asparagus-tips tasty as a 6er's slim sprout, carrots (much in demand by rectum-oriented personalities), and Artichokes — Artie had a big one! No, Vagina, I never raised Kotexes — I'm scared stiffless of what might be underneath.

Sometimes I get a yen to fiddle around with evolved nature in the Wild if not the Raw — such as tads from 7 come 11 who in various degrees are generally primitive, savage, uninhibited, illegal and unlawful but awful fetching. The likeliest place to cultivate this type of elusive fauna is in their private lairs: playgrounds, parks, meadows, secluded sylvan glades or by the sandy shores of Gitchee Goombah. In approaching this wary and occasionally hazardous game, I employ a ruse that often is blissfully effective — that is, I invoke the shadow of a boy to aid me in snaring the substance of one. Lemme give you a horrible example...

The need having arisen, one May lay-day I prowl the local Fairgrounds which is deserted this time of year except for the odd explorative, exploitive, adventurous lad who isn't above a passive suck job nor beneath liberating any marketable object not cemented down. The scene proves boy-joyless but just beyond the east exit I spy an enticing little baton-bearer sitting on a lucky log. He appears to be about half-past 8 or a quarter to 9, shaggy blond hair tumbling about his rounded brow, dark-blue eyes, creme de fraise complexion — beauty unadorned. His tank-top is ragged, threadbare his jeans, sneakers holier than Swiss cheese or the Pope — evidently a poor kid but Midas-rich in golden allure.

Positioning myself for come-what-may, I kneel reverently at his feet, my nostrils blood-hound sniffing his body-bouquet like heady boysenberry wine. Kid crosses his eyes and sticks his wet pink tongue out at me but evinces no signs of alarm — so far, so good. "Hello, handsome," I ingratiate. "Did you happen to see a boy about your age around here? He usually wears only cut-offs and he's short, dark and toothsome." (The 'shadow', as aforesaid.)

"If I did I wun't tell you!"

Humph, is this one of those Under-achievers who won't even give you the sweat off their ass-crack? Doggedly I press on. "Dadgum it, Humperdink promised double-crossed-his-heart to meet me here — but I guess he doesn't need to make a buck today."

The kid's ears twitch, his eyes widen. "How was he gonna make a buck?"

"Uh-uh! I'll take the 5th amendment on that."

"Tell me — I could use some bread."

"No, it would shock your shorts off."

"Mister, I ain't wearin' no shorts an' the 'lectric chair might shock me but nuthin' else would, so give — let your bald hair down!"

"Well, uh, Humpy was going to let me go down on him for a dollar."

"Hell, you can do my Dirty Dick for six-bits!" And Fantasy becomes Reality as cute weeny-bop leaps to his feet, shoves jeans below knees, tank-top above belly-button and re-seats himself, wincing as the rude log-bark chafes his velvet bottom. Panting, I seek to part his bide-a-wee thighs but am summarily repulsed. "Whoa, twat-lips — cough up the scratch first!"

I give him a single which he whisks into his left sneaker with the speed of light. "Don't I get any change?" I snivel, ever exchequer-conscious.

"Six-bits plus tip, OK?" And he spreads his lissome legs, inviting me in.

At the moment I'm in no condition to argue — but what is this?! The tot's revealed personal tip is damn near non-existent, his limp, clipped penis hardly bigger than the filter on a crumpled unLUcky Strike. Try as he might, this unhung son would be hard-put to hump a plate of soft Jell-O! Making the best of a bad bargain I burrow into his baby-groin, marvelling at the clean fresh scent of him there, at length tongue-find and mouth-inhale the shriveled flesh-tube.

Surprise! Surprise! As I roll his short shrift hither and yon, giving it a good soaking and hoping for miracles — it does begin to quiver and quicken, to stiffen, to increase and multiply like the loaves and the fishes until it peaks into a 5-inch prickalilli that dry-comes 3 times in speedy sucksession. H'm, here is an extremely substanded sweet shadow, indeed, and staying on the vibrant big little member I try for a fourthcoming but kiddykins slaps me away. "Oink! Oink! Don't be such a pig — you awready taken six-bits' worth an' more!"

Feverishly I search my pockets for additional fellation-fee yet all I unearth is emptiness but for an ad touting edible lubricants in sex pure-Fruit flavors. Shamefaced, I haltingly suggest to my savourous suckee that he give me a last helping of his cock-confection on credit for which I'll gladly reimburse him tomorrow. He Bronx-cheers me and scornfuls: "That ain't the way I do bizness!" Bloody Hell! The denying dumpling has been this route before!

"But you will be here tomorrow, won't you?" I anxious.

"Lessen I die before I wake, I will — but since you like it so much, my dick has gone up to two bucks, includin' tip."

"Get lost, snotface — you ain't got the only sausage in the meat-market, you know!"

"Mebbe not, but I bet tomorra you'll be waitin' for me with your tongue hangin' out!"

Lordamercy, this cheeky twerp'll get along — if he isn't cut short by some economy-minded go-downer. Of course I acquiesce to the surcharge and reluctant to leave his impudent presence, we chew the fat for awhile during which I learn that he's called Ginger, he doesn't know how old he is as he's never had a birthday-present, and though Sex Education is not among his list of

acquaintances, he's often played Papa-&-Mama with a neighbor-girl and Papa-&-Papa with her 12er brother — he likes the latter better on account of brother bestows a dime a time but men like me hafta pay more, natcherly. Essaying to change the depressing subject, I interject: "By the way, why aren't you in school — are you playing hookey?"

The boy scowls. "I got 'suspended for two weeks."

"Don't let that bother you, small one. In my experience most Boreds of Education are a bunch of stupid knotheds. But why were you suspended? Did you pray out loud in class? Did you salute the American flag? Did you stand when The Star Spangled Banner was played? Or perhaps you only tried to sodomize your teacher, I trust?"

"No! I got kicked out for tellin' the honest-to-God truth!" "Some truths are more dangerous than dynamite. What particular such got you in trouble?"

"Well, in class we had this what they call Show an' Tell where you're s'posed to bring your fav'rut book or toy or like that an' show it around an' tell about it."

"Certainly an innocent scholastic pastime — and instructive, too."

"That's what I figgered but see, my fav'rut play-toy is my cock!"

21. A Small Idiot's Delight

'Twas on the Isle of Capri that I met him (my Parole Officer, that is) and 'twas on the Isle of Staten that I first laid (eyes on) Shan, my mumchance moron. No perjorative intended here for I'm a notorious numbskull my own self, felonied foul-up ever seeking the dimwit bedship with crackbrain'd concubini, achieved same with zany Shan, name music on my tongue, happy happy happy beyond the Last Hurrah.

Sitting on the soiled outskirts of St. George (dragon snoozing by his side), drowsily I contemplate a scowling hydrant resentful of its underdog status as canine comfort-station... lazily observing, idly musing when along comes this boy. There oughta be an edickt against coming boys, along or ashort — raises Hell with Lead Me Not Unto Temptation though into Temptation is legal if Tempter is toilet-trained. Lad-famished me wide-awake now, quivering nostrils sniffing the feral fragrance of a Junior Testicleer for there was a devastatingly definable feature about this cocky chick that instantly aroused — his blue jeans jutted out two full inches in frontal zipper-zone. Boy Scout knife in pocket, strayed out of orbit? Slingshot? Orgy-sized tube of KY? Hotsy-totsy young hard-on? Easy, man, you're jumping the beguiling gun you're not even sure is there.

Cruel little stranger takes no notice of dissolving me all eyes, sighs, stiffening of yearning, skips directly to fire-plug, confronts it affording me an even more unsettling side-view: clustered terra-cotta curls, biscuit-tinted flesh I long to spread marmalade kisses on and regally dine, midriff a prostrating profile of Stick-out now even more Stuck-up than before — an Erect Ephebo if ever was, truant from what Scythian shore? And then the tumescent young tantalizer unzips and extracts five ineffable inches of dawn-tipped delirium (big for its age but small for its birthdays) and proceeds to benison the insensate iron. A beverage from the tap that tittylates callously laving a mutt's latrine — Oh! it's a martyrdom!

Piss-hard drained but not appreciably wilted, youngster vigorously agitates his uncut dispenser of delight — ah, to be the tongue that rocks this cute cradle of come! but don't shake too hard, my wee darling, lest you have an accident to annihilate me. Hot-eyed I gaze as he crams his still dew-drop'd hose back into his thirsty pants and while carelessly he half-zips, a salacious Sealyham eagers up to the hydrant, excitedly inhales the bouquet of boy-bestowed brew, and avidly adds his two-cents' worth of irrigation... wish I'd thought of that! Hemingway once said that Death is the smell of a whore's skirt and of course he was familiar with such apparel but were you in earnest, dear Ernest? More hygienically esthetically I can knowledgeably state that vibrant Life is the immortal attar of a boy's briefs, can presently detect a wisp of fly-revealed white in pertinent puer bit of pink pubis-skin, too. Gotta make a pass at little angel-puss here: droll face of a teeny-flop troll, gray-green-blue mosaic eyes, lush wet coral lips inviting bee-sips, terra incognita of slim strange boy-body inciting intimate exploration... gotta make him, hysterical inevitability, but which modus operandi to apply? Let's try the Verveful Verbal Grope Inverse. "Little boy, don't you know you're not supposed to wee-wee in public? You're not only inviting me to riotous rut but you've also made me envious of that bless'd hydrant!"

"Ain't none 'o your bidness, mister, but I couldn hold it no longer an' besides, dawgs pee in the street an' is they any better'n I am?"

"They're not better, baby-dumpling, just different — their tail is in back."

Kid gapes down at his generation-gap (more rosy flesh than pale cloth showing now, God give me strength!) and frowns that I must be outa my mind 'cause he don't got a tail front or back. Delicious little dummkopf don't even know his own dummy though his fingers must still hotly tingle from handling it. Please, can I feel the merchandise, Master Macy?

Tremblant with illicit lust I suggest to the sweet stupe that if he will accompany me to my hotel-room I will gladly geography the precise location of his tail, plus other purlieus too punitive to prate of in the open — that there fire-plug just might be bugged. Hackles raised, halcyon half-wit hauls off and hollers: "Now jist hold your horses, mister, 'cause they is runnin' away with you! I mean how do I know you is not got evul designs on my body?"

"Pudding-pie, be not alarmed — a tattoo-artist was never I." "Thass whut you say but I been warned time'n again about strangers with cars an' candy-bars. Is you a stranger?"

Ogling mini-minor's yawning fly, I gulp, "Of course not! I've been around these scenic parts for years."

"Is you got any candy-bars, then? I is wild about the ones with nuts."

"I don't have any nuts on me to speak of but I've got a 5-pound box of chocolates in my room and there's sure to be a filbert or two hanging around in there some place."

"You gotta car, too? We could go for a nice ride to Bermuda ony I hate onions."

"Punchy-poo, I don't even possess a Hardly-David'sson tricycle but I've an enormous collection of comic-books featuring such hilarious sad-sacks as the American Snivel-Liberties Union and Congressional cut-ups in the House that is not a Home — you will laugh till you cry."

One flagellantly-lash'd eye closed, thumb and forefinger stroking his chin, Utopian urchin ponders deeply while shameless sucker I bated-breath hope the beauteous bait will bite. He does — as he rudely upzips his down-fly! OK, no sweat, I'll get it open for business again in short order or my name isn't... my name... my... Jeez, this is ridiculous, it's right on the tip of my tongue, know it as well's I know my own... no prompting, please! Oh, hell, skip it — I know the name of the game!

Flotant with inflation of boy'd anticipation, I whisk my ding-bat delicado to my lair where at once he endears himself by spurning my comics, declaring that pollytishuns stink — Polly wanna cracker? Yeah, Polly wanna cracker an' ever' friggin' thing else he can grab. However, my nutty bonbons enthuse the boy considerable, little almondine hardshell himself, becomes enchanting chatterbox now and confides that he's called Shan, he's like 12-teen, loves riddles: Whut's round upon round with a hole in the middle? A pugilistic prostitute? No, dopey-dilldock, it's a stove-pipe! Which came first, the hen or the egg? Don't be simple — you ever see an egg come? He hates his parochial school 'cause they is more prayin' in the class-room than humpin' in the washroom and he speshully can't stand New Math. I tell him I was taught only Old Math

which is mostly delightful subtraction, like 69.

"Whut's 69, mister?"

"That's where the 6 bites 6 inches off 9."

"Sure listens like sexy 'rithmetic an' I is gonna ast my teacher to switch."

"Better not, my son, my sun. — or the fit will really hit the Shan!"

Particularly in subjects intimate is the sweet dolt a charming dumbo — ever grist to my groin. This little gubbins literal don't know his ass from the Panama Canal and later when I partook of his rectumic rhapsodies, Shan afforded me passage as if I were a gunboat hurtling from the Atlantic to the Pacific, tight sentimental journey. Proudly daffydowndilly boasts that he's had Sex-Education from A to Zee-Zee at his mother's knee. (I had mine on my father's knee — I Remember Poppa, he had a chipped tooth in front that scraped.) Shan, beloved bonehead, knows it all and goes on to witless prove it: Birds and Bees? The Feathers eat the Buzzers. Where do babies come from? The stork brings them in his little black bag, boys are made the same as girls but it takes longer, the vulva is the uvula spelled backward, Vagina is short for Virginia, the Fallopian Tubes is the London Subway, toilet-water is just pee put where it should be, testicles is them there goddam exams teachers is awways springin' on you when you leas' expeck it, a prepuce is a Indian infant, Semen is salt-water sailors and Cocks is boy-hens that crow when they lay an egg like you, mister, Sheesh!

And throughout the juicy young jarhead coolly sits there on my strait and narrow bed, instead of me the lucky box of chocs nestling between his thighs — if his zipper was undone his nozzle would be nuzzling the nougats. Little knuckle-head doesn't just eat candy — he opens his greedy yap wide and wholesale hurls the confectionery down his throat, frantic tonsils dodging like crazy. Though suffocant for a bit of boysex I'm still tactful, hintful, look hot-pointedly at Shan's uptight fly-zipper, licking my lips. Nitwit noodle-head looks at a fly on the ceiling sweet estupido lacks the grace of simple hospitality. Other gambits prat-fallen, I despairing decide to employ the Pitch Direct.

"Shan, love, will you please let me blow you?"

"Blow me? OK, blow in my ear — it feels kind dusty."

"No soap, huh? Well, break your heart and just let me get a look at your prick of a cock!"

"You got one o' your own — look at that!"

"God bless you to hell for a blasted little teaser!"

"An' where'd you buy this cruddy candy — at the Five 'n Dime?"

"Oh, baby, at least let me kiss you — that's not too much to ask, is it?"

"Mister, I wouldn't let you kiss me if you was my own Momma!"

Moaning low, foul foiled fiend I shut my eyes, clutch my aching head, consider alternatives that include depressing demises. I'd take it to the Lord in prayer but doubtless He's entwined with His psycho analyst on that built-for-two black couch. Should I lover's leap out the window? From the 2nd floor? I'd only concuss my raging bone-on. Cut my throat? With an electric-razor? No hemp to hang nor pistol to perforate, so... poison? Hell, I'm already almost moribund from the deadly-nightshade of dunderhead denial. Turn the TV on loud so it drowns Shan's screams as I take the temptant temperamental will-he, nill-he? No, too shamefully amateur — any half-cock'd creep can rape. Dismally a Moment of Truth so face it, fool! The delicate prey has eluded you before — ever inquisitorial but nothing new, you've got scars all over your id-ego as souvenirs of boy-lost battles. Besides, this put-down little frazzle-brain probably wouldn't even know how to put his penis into your mouth — or addle-pated dick wouldn't know what to do when he got there. So chalk it up to sad experience, plaster a Good Loser smile on your silly puss, give the nugatory knucklehead a buck for his time and bid him an unfond adieu. Better luck next time with some other wee puppy-dog who knows his tail wags in front!

Mournfully I lift weary lids of resigned eyes to... to see... to behold Shan standing bare-ass before me, wicked grin on his chocolate-relic'd mouth. Suffused with ecstatic consternation I cry: "Baby-love, what is this — is that really you?!"

"Ain't nobuddy else an' I is a nudist — didn't you know?"

No, I didn't — why doesn't somebody ever tell me these things! My heated gaze embraces glowing pink perfection: tiny boy-niplets beigely erect, navel a concave moonstone nestling in satin flesh, silky-smooth hairless pubis sucrose path to the gem'd loins, aggressive penistinger thrusting out like a stiff thumb — gimme a ride, mister? Buttons popping I tear off my clothes, sweep beatitude of boy into bed, into my arms, curled half onto my chest, proffer of lush lips for frenzied kisses, one sweaty hand between hot young thighs fondling felicity, tremulous whisper against wet little mouth: "Have you ever been with a man before?"

"I don't jist eggzackly remember, mister."

"Don't crap me, sweet teasing — you ever been in bed with anyone else before?"

"Sure! I was in bed with my Momma when I got borned made her hoppin' mad 'cause I come out feet first."

"Oh, my untouch'd beautiful, I adore you — you even smell like a chocolate-covered cherry!"

"Thass your fault, mister — I is gonna be burpin' 'chocklut till next Tuesday!"

H'm, wonder what Shan-flavor'd chocolate would taste like? Food for thought. My hungry fingers caressing small meat-balls simmering in rich sperm-sauce, I pause to conjecture if there's Honey in the Horn. Feverish query against wee dripping tongue: "Can you give milk yet?"

"No, not the white stuff but I get a li'l sticky when I fool aroun' down there."

Praise the Lord and Pass the Semenition! If Nectar'd mucus comes, can Ambrosia be far behind? Shan's cock arrogant, now, demanding relief, and my ardent hand tightens about the warm moist love-spear, frictions slowly, gently until my wanton darling squirms closer into my embrace, bites my ear, murmurs: "Go faster!" Craving intenser intimacy I attempt to slip down, go down on downy little bed-warmer but the boy's urgent arms restrain me: "No, no, keep your hand down there — I is gittin' the feeling!" My fist a blur of speed now as I ravish the young mouth with violence of kisses, fascinated watch the lad's eyes become heavy-lidded, features slacken with paradise pleasure, breath quicken, sighs and sinbols of imminent bliss... rub faster, faster until suddenly Shan's lips writhe against mine as I feel the sweet spasms shudder through him, feel a wetness on my fingers, plunge down to lick up several crystal drops and a single pearly tear I strip out of the still throbbing boy-glans.

Youngster smiles down at me, tweaks my nose. "You wanna hear sumpin funny, mister? I knowed where my tail was alla time!" Clever Cupid with his beau-and-errors! Eternally hoodwinked by chronic puer hubris, I still never learn — if there's an idiot on the premises it is I, it is I, it is me! I bear-hug divine deceiver, twitter assininites: "Will you love me in December as you do in May?"

"How should I know — I is never been in May."

Operative word combusts me. "Fuck? You? Can I? Please? Oh, please!" Paradoxied pet shoves both hands under my nose, palms up, obviously itching and I put a 5-spot within the greedy paws. "Hit me again — you is gittin' a cherry, y'know!" Second fin joins its twin, swift flipflop of boy-body. Jesus, Mary in Joseph, sun and moon collide for if I've ever beheld a more bellissimo bottom 'twas in fig-leav'd imagination. The privileged prospect of penetrating so hyperbolic a behind cocks my gun anew — I feel double-barreled, loaded for bare.

Dithering with unholey delight I descend upon ass-I-call Corinthian Classical, pry apart the roseate mounds, sink my fever'd face into sweet cleft, tongue-search the tight pucker avid to be lip-serviced, penis-kiss'd, lingeringly savor the vestal portal supreme. Cooing pleasure-sounds, Cupidon shoves up hard against me as wet-slippery I caress his tiny hot-box pulsant with new-found passion: "Oooh, that feels so good!" Brief intermission for essential mechanics preparatory to Archimedean screw — inquire if Shan is a baby-oil boy or a KY-kid (my First Laid Kit, ever at hand, contains all the Penetration Paraphernalia bearing the Good Housekeeping Seal of Disapproval). Sapient sapling says: "Since gittin' broke-in's sure to hurt me more'n you, I want you should gimme a local anusthetic please, mister." OK, an infusion of glycerine plus novocaine for tender cherries and you won't hardly feel a thing — till it's too late. Lovingly I apply slathers of numbing goo in out up around Seflorito Assholito, little Latin from Staten.

"You all set for the Big Opening, baby-boo?" I ask solicitously.

The boy turns a face furrowed with last-minute doubts. "Uh, mister, how 'bout I give your 10 bucks back an' we jist call the whole thing off?"

"Oh, Shan, no! My cock would die from the shock. Tell you what — as a bonus you can have

the rest of that 5-pound box of candy.”

"Whut rest? I done ate it all!"

"Godamercy! This's the first time I ever made love to a piglet! Alright already, I'll buy you another 5-pounder, OK?"

"OK, but I want Rosemarie de Paris chockluts this time not that ol' Woolworth junk."

"Ouch! That's a total of \$35 for one possibly secondhand cherry! I'm beginning to wonder if it's worth it."

"Look, mister, I know a dozen guys would sell their wives to getta crack at my fresh fruit cocktail!"

"Enough, sugar-tit, I was sold from the start. Batten down your hatches and prepare to be boarded!"

I kneel over Shan while surprisingly he finger-forces his blushing loaves agape for my easeful entry, spreads his thighs wide, braces himself for my assault. Positioning my rapacious screwdriver adrool over the treat laid out for him, I gently rub his swollen head against the tight-furled boy-bud. Tinkle of soprano titters from my twitching partner: "Do that some more it tickles the most!" I do it some more to giggly squiggly beneath me and am just on the point of breaching beauteous bubchen-breech when there sounds a fusillade of knocks on the door: House-detective's rap, I know it well.

Exterior growl: "You in room 213 — you gotta woman in there?!"

"Only a Boy!" I insulted yell back, "so get lost or I'll sue you for Disturbing the Piece!"

P. S. — Don't never make boy-love on Staten, the Isle of. They don't bust you for Buggery there — just for double-occupancy of a single room.

22. How to Brush Fuzz off your Jump-Suit

Though the lover of lads never needs a vasectomy, which can painful the offended testicles, he usually has to be a double-jointed acrobat swinging on a mad trapeze between boy-heaven and fuzz-hell and if you insist on loving 'bad' boys or loving boys badly, at least once in your life you're going to suffer an eye-to-eyeball confrontation with a hunk of coppola which will usually occur suddenly if not unexpectedly — and if you're the average respectable law-abiding male your toes will curl in your overpriced Floorsheims and your heart will be either in your mouth or down there trying to join your alarmed nuts to make a furtive three's-a-crowd. However, this understandable panic will last only a few seconds so don't lose your head, upper or lower — hang in there and tough it out 'cause the old adrenalin soon will come to the aid of all good men.

Should you discover fuzz on your doormat, don't let them in unless you're shown a search-warrant and examine the document carefully to determine precisely what it covers — the Gestapo may be hunting only for renegade Republicans or runaway tomboys, though for convenience' sake they'd love to see all homos, actual or suspected, conspicuously display a pink triangle as they were forced to do in Nazi Germany.

Even if you get caught with some cute kid's cock massaging your tonsils, never volunteer any information beyond your name (Peter Brown), your rank (Boy-Lover First-Class) and your serial number (either Social Insecurity or the digits from your mug-shot at San Quentin, Leavenworth or whatever hoosegow hospitalied you). Be clam-mouth'd but physically cooperative for the fuzz have all the firepower — not to mention night-sticks, thumbscrews, handcuffs and other persuaders. Don't insult the gendarmerie either — even a dirty old sow resents being called a pig. Be polite and like President Lyndon B. Johnson when he yanked out his Colt .45 and said: 'Let us reason together', try to establish rapport with the officer, telling him you realize he's only doing his duty in trying to enforce a stupid law enacted by dumb-ass legislators who attempt to impose their fishy hetero sex-style on all and sundry. And who knows?! Perhaps the cop is a boy-fancier himself and merely wants to scare away the competition.

If nothing avails then allow the Cossack to escort you to the station-house and if you can afford it, promptly phone your lawyer who doubtless is a shyster even Scottissue would shun, but for a grand or two he can probably get the charge against you reduced from Highway Sodomy to Impairing the Moral Welfare of a Minor in a Broom-closet. If worst comes to prison worst, you just might by mistake be sent to the Warwick Training School for Boys where the juvie delinqs therein will be only too happy to contribute to the delinquency of an adult.

Though I ever strive to practise what I preach, in a recent topsy-turvy incident I did get a trifle burr-ass'd with the Polizei as I was somewhat polluted from Madhattan air and a Fifth of Four Roses — gift from a friend who is hetero but human. I was down on Times Square seeking a slice of impromptu impropriety when I glimpse this youngster surely on the sunny side of 13 with gamboge locks, amethyst eyes and a big Tor Rent' grin on his gamin face. A double-take confirms that he's verily a Nescafé lad — just add scalding-hot desire and stir, he has his own cream and sugar. Approaching him, I'm just on the point of uttering an unspeakable proposal when he lilts: "Hi, my name's Bonney — you wanna score?"

"Hey, I'm s'posed to ask you that!"

"So I asked first in case you was bashful or from outa town." "So how much? And break it to me gently — my wallet has a weak heart."

"Fifteen smackers an' worth a hunderd, easy."

"What do you do, pray tell?"

"Anything you can do, I can do better."

Eagerly yet with a groan I count out 14 one-dollar bills, three quarters, two dimes and a nickel which Bonney swiftly secretes in a pants-pocket secured by a huge safety-pin, slips his grubby paw in mine and...

And a heavy hand descends on my shoulder spinning me around to stare at an evilly-gleaming badge and the plainclothes-dick holding it, my young companion vanishing faster than an icicle up the Devil's ass-hole. (Bonney — wasn't that the last name of Billy the Kid?!) I wince at the rough arm-lock suddenly applied. "Come with me!" the fuzz rasps.

"Why?"

"Morals charge."

"I don't understand — am I charged with having morals?" "Sexual solicitation of a minor."

"Oh, man, have a little pity! For two weeks I went without lunch to be able to lease a sporting lad for an hour or two — and then you come sneaking up!"

"That's what you get for being careless."

I peer closely at my opponent. He's young and not unhandsome (must've been a Whiz-bang item at 12 or so), appears collegiate, not too hard-nosed and perhaps even vulnerable to a logical essay. "Officer, I'm the sole support of an aged parent."

"Prove it."

"I've also got a loving wife and... uh, six beautiful little girls." "You're either a liar or a bisexual — no help."

"I have many powerful friends at City Hall."

"Name one."

"Damn it, why're you hassling me!? I don't bother you and for all I know, your bag is nine-year-old females in pinafores and pigtails."

"If it is I don't get caught at it."

"Can I help it if I like boys? I was born in the Gay Nineties." "You look it."

"Listen, I never use force or violence or hard drugs on a kid. I simply enter into a non-destructive intimate relationship to our mutual benefit — everything sweetness and light and 'can you stay all night, baby?'."

"Skip the self-serving propaganda."

"Do you think I'm debasing myself by picking up a boy or demeaning the boy because I find him all that is desirable?" "Tell it to the Judge."

"Since when must Justice wait on Judges?!"

"You know, I've often wondered about that myself."

"Look, if the Establishment was strictly Homo and our positions were reversed, I'd bid you Good Luck and Ladspeed." "I bet you say that to all the cops."

"Does it make you feel proud to haul in a man older than this century?"

"It's really the Sanitation Department's job but they're short-handed."

"Is there a Queer-quota you have to fill — drag in 10 fags a day or you'll be pounding a beat in the sticks at the ass-end of nowhere?"

"No, but it sounds like a good idea."

"Why the hell don't you go after the pimps in their pink mink coats and purple Cadillacs? They're the real villains of the sex-scene."

"Well, see, they're usually young, strong, armed and fight back."

What to do now? I consider passive resistance — dragging my feet, clinging desperately to a lamp-post, yelling 'Police Brutality!' and appealing for aid from the passers-by. Um, I guess not — the passers-by are all either black or illegal aliens and neither gives a cold shit about elderly WASP Americans. And where's my bonny wee Bonney, the little rat?! Probably spending my hard-saved 15 bucks on his bosom-buddy and laughing at the sucker that got hooked.

In the gloaming the precinct-house looms shabby but sinister, fuzz thick as flies cluster'd about it. We arrive, are just about to mount the steps when a small figure dashes up, waving an official-looking paper. It's Bonney, big as life and twice as sassy and he winks at me as he shoves the paper underneath my captor's nose: "Here, I forgot to show this to you!" The cop reads it, snorts, swears under and over his breath, releases me.

"You're free — get the hell outa here while you can still walk!"

Rubbing my arms, I exclaim: "Did that sweet child get a Writ of Habeas Corpus?"

"No, the little runt's got a Street-Vendor's License — dated last Sunday!"

23. Caucasian Orientation

*East is East &
West is West &
Ever the Twain
Shall Meet.*

Most Orientals are so effing inscrewtable that I rarely waste cruising-time on them, Ming Toy excepted. Ming (called Toy-Toy in the vernacular) is Chinese and more Almond Joy than Lemon-hued. He was starch-boy in the Nanky-Poo Laundry (no tickee, no washee) but when his personal starch manifested itself in his agile chopstick at age 12, Toy-Toy promptly entered another profession (tax-free) where the catchword is: No payee, no tlickee — and withal he's most grateful to live in the United States as he is fully aware that if he peddled his little litchi-nuts in his home-town of Sukwon Oolong, he would be shot at son-rise for antisexual hanky-panky.

In addition to possessing straight black hair, crooked black eyes and a bent style of deportment, this accidental unOccidental has a rump you'd love to Shanghai, a Yangtze cock clearly visible though his sheer Peekin shorts and a catercorner'd way of covering the shortest distance between 2 points — his mouth and his customer's prick or ass, as the mood may be. He offers a de luxe line in blow-jobs, blissfully elevating you to a High Tor of screaming ecstasy from which you leisurely descend to a delicious lethargy and he can Mao Tse-Tongue your heaving anus with such chow mein finesse that you'd bet your bottom dollar Toy-Toy's long slender mouth-organ was slipp'ry slurping your purring prostate-gland!

Yes, Confucius, did you have a question? Do Chinese boys' fun-holes run crosswise? Not quite. Toy-Toy's tiny slit runs more Northwest by Southeast but I lubricate him with soy-sauce and hump him on the diagonal and we orient perfectly except that my left ball complains that even though he does most of the work and supplies 85% of the semen required, he is ever being crushed to death between his lazy twin-brother and Toy-Toy's right buttock — but I don't pay Lefty no mind as that cantankerous little bastard is always griping about something and confidentially I think it's just a case of plain old sibling-jealousy.

24. Misconceptions

*Ride a cockhorse
To Bunbury Cross -
And you get five years
If Horsie is under 16.*

One Laddy Luck afternoon I chanced on 12-year-old Damian who was rooting in a gold-plated garbage-can on Park Avenue near 60th Street where rich bitches walk pedigreed sons-offbitches in the simoleon sunshine. I almost passed the youngster by as he was so dirty-faced I didn't immediately descry that the grime masked an ethereally comely countenance more sexily desirable than Nelson Rockefeller's inherited though not merited treasure-trove. I took the boy home to my 'Efficiency Apartment' which is just rental-agent screw-sell for one super-expensive small room, mini-bath and kitchenette so mini- mini that when I stand at the doll-house stove my ass is in the living-room.

I feed Damian a whole Frank Purdue roast-chicken with fixings (despite the fact that a cute chicken eating capon is sheer cannibalism), bubble-bath him, Beauty-rest him where he proves eagerly amenable to my wildest yearnings, for I am whirligigged by his refulgent responsive rectum which welcomes my perfervid piston with such tightly slick smooth reciprocating-action that I explode 3 times in 30 minutes without once limpening or withdrawing. (Guinness Book of World Records, are you listening?)

While we rest, the lad confides that he has run away from Plains — not the Georgia Plains of peanut shell-shocked Jimmy Whozit? but the Great Plains out Dakota way. He has apparently left Home Sour Home under a cloud (Never darken my door again! — or does that pertain only to unwed mothers?) and though he gives no details here, I assume he had been playing the double-backed beast with a neighbor lass and got caught with his pants down. However, later he remarked that he hated girls 'cause the first and only time he fucked one her pussy scratched the Bejeasus out of his tomcat aifrontery.

To make a short story longer, before I know it I am so sick with love for delightful Damian that I can't eat, sleep or work and I'm constipated — so I gulp quarts of Perfidia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which is s'posed to cure Male Complaints but all it does for me is get my tongue stuck in the bottle-neck. Nevertheless I quickly recover when I discover that maladied though I might be, I never felt better in my life!

Alas, every rose has its thorn, every budding bloom a hostile bee within its petals to sting the life out of your nose when you but seek to sentimentally sniff romantic floral fragrance. That night Damian crawls into my bed, into my arms and mournfuls: "I don't know how the hell come but I'm in the Family Way."

A pregnant silence, then thunderstruck I can only mind-fragmented gasp: "But don't you take the Pill?!"

"What pill? I take you, don't I — and you're the only pill I know!"

Oh, Christ, he doesn't take the Pill! Why didn't he tell me the first time he let me in — I could've douched him with No-Knock Gas or used a Trojan though I hate 3 in a bed. But wait a minute here! Boys don't need the Pill or any other contraceptive because they aren't bodily constructed to conceive... or can they be altered? These days the bluddy medical-surgical wizards are effecting so many monstrous miracles such as changing females into males, complete with cocks, or metamorphiditing men into she-asses that you never know what in Blue Hades they'll come up with next.

Could I have knocked my li'l darlink up? Is this possible now that we're harassed by the Unisex Unethic? I sincerely hope not for I'd hate to inflict my face and sodomic metabolism on some helpless babe, expecially the prickly type. Still, in all modesty I must confess that while I was a hopeless dunce at conjugating in school, in lads I am pluperfect — or so my leering love-muscle informs me, licking his sticky chops, though naturally the little males involved generally have a diametrically opposite opinion.

Dazedly I gaze at supine Damian, his face dolorous, his hands behind his head, his whangdoodle at High Noon and invitational. Now he brings his knees up, spreading his legs and I glimpse just a teensy bit of his peekaboo anus — is it the Tender Trap that has caught this careless rat? Fearfully I inspect the boy's belly but it's reassuringly firm, smooth and even flatter than my wallet. Also, I know for a fact that the only morning-sickness he has is punching me awake at 4:30 am to carry him to the loo so he can minister to his leaksome needs. Nor does he have an overwhelming craving for strange and exotic foods — he merely demands filet mignon three times a day, medium-rare. And he can't have stopped menstruating even if he'd begun because he couldn't commence in the first place — or could the odd lad, perhaps tinkered with by a mad scientist, be able to menstruate internally?! Oh, this is all utter nonsense! The child can't be enceinte... or should I maybe take him to the Maternity Clinic to have his wee-wee rabbit-tested (Piss in the bottle, dear!) ?

But if the kid is sprouting a fetus, am I necessarily the father? Just to experiment, has he been fooling around with artificial insemination or some such? Has he borrowed a couple ovaries from some damn twat and stuck them up his bum? Has he deliberately gotten a bun in his oven just to spite me? Or could someone else have been humping him? Well, no... he's lived with me for three months and had no opportunity for extrafuckicular activities — or is the gestation-period in a boy longer than in a female? Jeez, I'm goin' NUTS!

First things first in any emergency, so after I've given squirming, panting Damian his evening de-creaming (you have to milk little boy-cows frequently or their swollen udders become painful), I caress his upper apple-cheeks and quaver: "Sugar-titsy, what makes you think you're pregnant?"

Ladling turns on me a visage reddening with outrage. "Are you out of your midget-mind, man? I never said I was any such thing!"

"You did, too! Not an hour ago right here in this bed you told me you were in the Family Way!"

"Oh, that!" The boy waves an airy hand. "Yeah, I did say that but I guess you don't understand

English too good, do you?"

Blushingly I admit I just barely squeaked through high-school with the help of a horny Principal who was come-and-gone on my affable ass — but I'm most talented at boy body-English!

Damian pulls a vinegar-puss at me and pursues: "Well, see, what I meant there but hafta explain 'cause you're so iggorant, was that when I lived in Pee Air, South Dakota, I just couldn't seem to get along with my folks. Like I'd ask my Dad to play Spanish Checkers with me and he'd bark: 'Don't pester me, I'm trying to finish a cross word- puzzle.' So I'd try to help my Mom with the supper-dishes and she'd yell: 'Get out of here, butterfingers, you break more dishes than we've got!' Then I'd go to my sloppy Big Sister and ask if she'd like me to clean out her messy drawers and she'd scream: 'Get lost, you randy little creep — go to your room and play with yourself or something!' So last I'd go to my bastard Big Brother and beg him to take me for a spin in his car which I kept washed and polished, and he'd snarl: 'Drop dead, runt — how the hell can I pick up a put-out pig with a snotnose like you along!' You dig me now, ol' Duke?"

"Poor Damian!" I condole. "Nobody appreciates you but me."

"Yeah, man, and that's why I hauled ass — no matter how nice I tried to be, I was always too friggin' much in the Family Way!"

25. Uptight Little Isle

Oh! to be in England now that Spring is here and here is Spring and I'm in England - geographically, not anally. I didn't sail the ocean blue to see the Changing of the Guard (no diapers involved) nor Big Ben (Baby Ben's more my yen) nor even the Boy Reserves — they're so primly reserved you can't even reserve them! What led me to Britannia was primarily to investigate Wilde Oscar's old haunts such as Cleveland Street and its accomodating kid-messengers and to muse on OW's conviction for sodomy which incited blowsy whores to dance in the streets and caused little joy-boys to deprivedly weep — for where now is Bliss? Also I desired to test the cogency — by personal contact if feasible — of Wilde's judgemental comment that:

*English lads by far are easily the best -
So who'd give a two-penny fuck for the rest?!*

though later Oscar wrote even more glowingly about the boulevard-boys of Paris...but who am I to doubt the taste of the most famous Queen of England?

So I arrived in London bulging with Great Expectations only to land in the worst pea-souper fog since that other queen, Victoria, hanged Disraeli for revealing that her grandson, the Duke of Clarence, was tongue-deep in the toothsome britches of teen-age Naval Cadets. I taxi to a hotel where the scenery vastly improves, for the page who shows me to my room is an English muffin of tender pre-pubertal summers, blond as sunshine and rainbow'd in a red pill-box cap with strap 'neath his dimpled chin, brass-buttoned blue bum-freezer jacket and rose-gold pants so skin-tight that his perky genitals and bounteous bottom stand out in cameo beauty. Ever a bookish person, there's nothing that sends me more than to turn over a thrilling page or two so I tip the wee bell-hop lavishly then tip up his pert mug to quaff a kiss from his lips — but little Buttons shrinks away from me so fearfully you'd think I was Lizzie Borden in drag. "Are you from Transylvania?" he tremble-trebles?

"I'm from the Disunited States that your King George the Turd lost at a Tea-Party."

"Thank God! For a moment there I thought you were Dracula's grand-daddy, aiming for my throat."

"Dear child, my aims are far more low down."

"I say! Are you the sort of bloke who believes that whatever is gone down on must come up?"

Trusting his cock isn't as clipped as his accent, I reply: "I'm guilty as heavenly hell in that respect so kindly list the dishy items available on your bodily menu — no matter how stiff the cover-charge."

"I'm not sure I grasp your meaning, sir."

"You're a Love for Sale lad if ever I saw one so permit me to get you out of that ridiculous

clown-suit and onto yonder couch to trip the light bumbasstic."

The youngling makes a moue of regret. "Indeed, sir, I'd love to take on a Yank for I hear they're top-hole... but I am bespoken to another."

"Are you a Bishop's sweet folly or a Deacon's delight?"

"Oh no, sir — organised religion is too painfully boring." "Well, truly your beauty is worthy of the Prince of Wales... uh, is he good in bed?"

"Charles is straight as a skeleton's bone-on, poor chap! Alas, I'm mortgaged to the Director of Public Prosecution. He has something on me - besides himself, that is." The boy blushes prettily.

"Inasmuch as your little well has already been drilled then come Sing Cuckoo with me," I entice, "for what the DPP doesn't know will never hurt us."

"Ooh, I wouldn't dare to take you in, sir — he'd smell you on me!"

"Are you implying that I stink?!"

"Not at all, sir, but the Director has a nose like a bloodhound and spies everywhere. However, if he should suddenly become morgue-bound I shall be wholly at your disposal. It's been simply ripping conversing with you, sir... Cheerio!" And kissing his hand to me in a lewd gesture, the boy smilingly makes his exit leaving me mired in a morass of chagrin. Either the kidlet is the Soul of Truth or he's adept in evasive diplomacy and the Art of Preserving Cherries.

The next day is fogless and in back of St. Paul's behind I am accosted by a Cockney nipper who announces that he belongs to the Boy Reserves so would I like to reserve him for the next hour or two? Since he's delicate of feature with a bello figuro and a piping treble sexy as statutory rape (male minor-type), I ask precisely what are the services he supplies. Wee gubbins declares that for three and sixpence he will wank me off while he whistles 'God Sod the Queen!' and for a pound-note he'll go all the way and back again as long as it's in front for his arse belongs to Jesus. A part being better than a whole nothing, I accompany the urchin through a succession of noisome alleys until finally with trepidation inquiring where the Devil he's taking me. He divulges that he has a bed in Clapham Common and he snickers so lewdly, VDly (?) that I assume he's AWOL from some tertiary-stage genito-urinary clinic — which unpleasing prospect scares me so limp I forthwith decamp after explaining that I just recalled a previous engagement with a straight-shooting choirboy in Winchester Cathedral.

In a park beside a lake I zero in on a dark-haired lad all tattered and torn and with the onion-stench of stale sweat about him, yet his face reminds of Pierrots and Putti and his crotch displays an optimum bulge — but before I can make my pitch he nudges me in the ribs and says: "You see that goose down there in the lake?"

"Goose?"

"She's my bird — I slam her 3 or 4 times a day, reg'lar. Cool! It's smashin'! You ever screw a goose, guv'nor?"

"No, though when I was about 10 a neighbor-boy introduced me to hen-humping but I had to lay off because my prick violently objected to getting egg on his face."

"Geese're better — nice and loose and they honk gorjus when you slip it to them."

"You ever sex'd it up with men, I hope?"

"Effing no! That'd ruin my reppytashun!" And the raffish ragamuffin proceeds verbosely to boast that he's a runaway from an Approved School, a Borstal in Sussex and a Remand Home and at this very moment Scotland Yard is looking high and low for him — in Glasgow.

Weary of the juvenile triple-runaround I'm getting, pointblank I offer the sweet smelly braggart two guineas to go to my hotel with me for bath, board, and bed.

"Bugger off, mate — I'm true to my bird!" And the nixy pixy scoots down to the lake where he begins crooning to his feather'd inamorata. Stupid kid is ignorant. His beloved goose is a swan — and male at that!

Fuming away, my eye is caught by a pub named The Golden Ass which certainly ought to be a hangout for high-priced boys willing to sell what they sit on, so I enter. No young flesh-merchants but the first man-face I see belongs to one Andrew Pleris, an old acquaintance and devout boysexual — also a turncoat Limey working for the Irish Republican Army as weekend terrorist. "Andy!" I hail, plopping down at his table. "You still making like Guy Fawkes?"

"Lumme!" says he, extending a corpse-clammy hand, "I'm Tom Fool in the flesh. For two months I've been trying to blow up Buckingham Palace but the gunpowder Belfast sends me is damp, the matches won't light and the fuses are solid asbestos."

"You're wasting your time — there'll always be an England!"

"Not if Ireland can help it."

"Ireland is powerless. God is an Englishman and takes care of His own."

"So that's what's wrong with Him — I've often wondered." "On the other hand, of course, mad dogs and Englishmen go into the mid-day son."

"Not any more, they don't. You still got the boy-bug?" "More than ever! How's Trix with you?"

"The perishin' kid left me for Sir Chinston Wurchill, got cheesed off with Chinston's eternal cucumber sandwiches and became a look-out for a smash-and-grab gang in Bermondsey, got busted and is now in Squirmwood Rubbs where he's making ..£50 a day as chief bum-boy."

"I always knew that kid would make the Big Time," I enthuse, "for he's the good old-fashion'd type who always gives you quo pro quid.. Ah, where are the boys of yesteryear that Bun-bury Rabidsom wrote so pink-holely about ?!"

"They're all in Tangier and points East, punking for oily Arabs."

"The Decline of the West. Believe it or not, I've been in the Big Smoke barely two days and got the brush-off three times!" The sterling old values are vanishing. Women's Lib, the Sign of the Fish, is taking over and brainwashing the youngest generation."

"By Heaven, it's a Crime against Nature!" I seethe. "Why, I can remember when the Son never set on the Bridish Empiah 'cause he was too busy laying! Now all the likely little John Bullocks are either in jail or abroad."

Plexis lays a powder-stain'd forefinger alongside his ship's-prow nose and closes one bleary eye. "Ah now, friend, 'tis not yet so bad as all that, doncherknow. Tell you what, I'll give you some clues to concupissant kiddies if you'll spring for a meal. Frankly, I don't have tuppence to rub together."

"By all means! Eat, eat and reveal."

Andy summons the waiter who is a frowsy old frump (born and christened Herman but transvestited to Hermione) with henna'd hair and a dirty pink petticoat for an apron. "Hermie, luv, bring me a pint of bitter, beans on toast, fish'n'chips and a large bubble-&-squeak." I shudder at the menu as earthy Hebe pirouettes elephantly off, scratching his skirted posterior.

"I know," Plexis shrugs. "The beer will be piss-warm, beans on toast is an abomination, fish'n-chips is shark-meat and deep-fried cardboard and I'd rather forget about the B&S."

When the offal appears, I stare in horror at the forgettable last item for it's noisier than Elton John and looks worse. Herman the Vermin puts a pudgy claw on my thigh and smarms: "And what's your pleasure, dovey?" I tell him I'd like a hot Sir Loin of Beef sandwich with plenty of gravy — but Hermorfydite goggles shocked mascara'd orbs at me as if I'd ordered poach'd Archbitchop of Canterbury on grilled Kotex.

"Ha!" cries Plexis, bubbles frothing from his mouth, "the only prime loin of beef in Britain today is in a boy's shorts — if you can corral the boy!"

"So give!" I grate. "Have some more beer — it might loosen your tongue." The brew shortly arrives — a gallon of pints, the foam still indented by an epicene thumb.

"Well, now," burps Andrew, wiping his lips, "pay close attention to the pearls of wisdom I'm about to impart. First, don't get caught with your pants down on Humpstead Heath as you'll be arrested sure as shit — not for sodomitic intent but for sartorial disarray."

"That's a warning not a clue."

"Patience! If you avoid the pratfalls you're halfway home. And stay away from Priccadilly Circus — it used to be Paleface Pickup Paradise but now the youngsters all go for ThirdWorlders. If you're not black you're nowhere."

"Now I know what Kipling meant by 'The White Man's Burden'!" I moan. "But what about Eton? I've heard it's literally a Garden of Eatin'."

"Yea, verily a Feast for the Gods and the Eton Boating Song is still

*Little boys are cheap today,
Cheaper far than yesterday -
But Peter Bottom's the bestest trick
Because he's got an 8-inch prick!*

but the damn place is also an ultra class-conscious closed-society where the bluddy little snobs share their goodies only with their peers and the peerage. Earls can blow them and Dukes screw them but a lousy Colonial like you hasn't got a rat's chance."

"Can it be ?!" I wail. "Why, just recently a good friend of mine met a delightful Harrow fourth-former who let him plow his sweet little furrow so often than he ran out of seed and bent his blade!"

"Then the boy was the rare exception to the rule and doubtless a status-rebel."

"Does this horrendous decadence extend to private prep-schools, too?"

"Unspeakable degeneration rife there as well, I'm afraid. True, those sublime havens are spilling over with democratic young Adams pubertally Abel to raise Cain but the grunchy Headmasters and Instructors thereof have got the striplings all sewed-up — they've cornered the market, you understand. If a pupil bends over for his pedagogue he gets an automatic 'A' in his worst subject."

"Damn it, Plexis, you keep telling me what I can't get! Christ knows I'm not finicky — I'll take almost any little thing that comes my way so give me a positive lead."

"Well, I know a retired Lord Chief Justice who keeps a redheaded boy in Golders Green and for a modest sum in three figures this illegal ignoble will give you dibs on the kid who is barely 10 and enjoys his work."

"Thanks dead much but forget it — I'm allergic to carrot-tops and I resent the general attitude here that an American's only virtue is the dollars he leaves behind!"

"My dear chap, nothing personal was intended, I assure you! And to demonstrate my good faith I will let you in on a closely-guarded secret known only to myself. Boy-hymens abound on the Maidenhead Road — that's where I found Trix!"

Early the following morning, Sunday, I'm trudging up and down the aforesaid road dodging mini-

cars all driving on the Left which doesn't seem Right — not a nonage spear-toter in sight though an oversupply of over-upholstered matrons on male bicycles from whom I hastily avert my affronted gaze. Then a slim, shining, bare-headed, bare-chested teenling on a Moped comes tootling along and stops when I call to him. "Wotcher, mate!" he greets. "You lost or just blotto?"

I mutter that I'm lost in a morass of unassuaged desire, to relieve which I'd appreciate the privilege of discharging his little spark-plug. Lad knits his smooth brow in puzzlement. "Wot's that, mate?"

I decide to be explicit. "Easy rider, would you be interested in an elegant blow-job done to the Queen's taste?"

Lad blushes from brow to belly-button. "Get stuffed, you tatty old tart — I gotta date with Idi Amin!"

So much for hopes of Moped pedication. In darkest despair I resume my peregrinations when from around a bend there roller-skate approaches a farouche faunlet of 10 or 11 with columbine eyes, narcissus nose, hyacinth cheeks, lush moist red mouth like a crimson tulip opening to the dawn — and pants with snap-open fly so hard-salami delicatessen'd that it sends my inseminator into rigid future shock. In shrill soprano the crumpet trills: "Cherry ripe! Cherry bright! Who will buy my cherry?!"

Hardly believing my stunned ears, I sprint up to him. "I'll buy! I'll buy!" I gasp, not even asking the price. Bathing me in a big rip-off smile, the youngster hauls out a bottle of withered, juiceless maraschino cherries. "Only sixpence apiece," he Judases, "imported speshul from sunny Lapland."

Taken aback (which I seldom am as my ass is nowise aesthetic), I inform the false fruiterer that I prefer cherries grown between limbs rather than on trees — and to stress the point I gently stroke the boy's bloated crotch, the exciting lodger within slightly curved and smooth and tapering at the tip.

"Blimey!" the kiddie gruffs, "that's a shockin' liberty you took and I'd call the rozzers but me and them ain't on speakin' terms at the moment."

Confident I have caught a slightly counterfeit impatient virgin and conscious of the persuasive powers of pelf, craftily I discourse of multiple pounds, shillings and pence whereupon the lad cries: "Good show!" and whistles piercingly at a passing taxi. As he clambers in, still on his skates, I aroused observe that his undulant bottom is as firm and round as two ripening honeydews - forsooth a Welcome-Waggin' tail loaded with promise.

Sprawled in the far corner of the seat, my companion permits no physical familiarities but serenades me with ballads which seem to indicate that he well knows the intricacies of the Great Game in all its aspects even though possibly he's never played it professionally. Loudly clearing his throat, he first renders a touching tribute to the military:

Oh, he may've been just a drummer-boy

But he was rotten to the Corps!

followed by

*You can hug him and kiss him all you please
But you need a crowbar to open his knees!*

succeeded by

When Daddy parts the dingle-berries
Sonny farts with joy!

which the fledgling sings so soulfully, assholefully that I'm more than ever convinced the sweet troubador is obtainable meat right down to the bone. As our cab stops for a traffic-light, a barrow piled high with Lesbians' Delight pulls up alongside, the hawker bawling: "Bananas! Bananas! Get your fresh bananas here!"

My brash young Briton leans out the window and yells: "Who needs you? I got my own!"

Dizzy with anticipated ecstasy, I stammer: "Sweet stranger, when we're more private will you let me p-peel your top banana?"

"You can peel it and eat it too, if you like," the boy laughs, "but watch out you don't slip on the skin!" Then he again clears his supple throat to air another aria but I press a gentle finger to his Scarlatta lips — we have arrived at decorum and my hotel. "What's your name?" I murmur, removing his skates and pocketing them, "just in case some flunkey here gets nosey." "Jan," he whispers back, "like in Janus, the Two-Faced God."

H'm, is there a sudden ominous chill in the air — or is it merely the usual inclement English Spring? In the hotel-lobby the desk-person, an ageing Medusa with pince-nez and a serpentine coiffeur, frowns at my juvenile prey's gaminesque exuberance. Hastily assuming a mien of Innocence Abroad, with disarming smile I confide: "This poor lad is a victim of maternal circumstances so I'm taking care of him till she sobers up." Looking dazed if not dubious, Pince-Nez raises no Hue and Cry — but in my room Tragedy strikes!

As I start to disrobe Jan, I become aware of a strong funky smell as of slathers of dried semen and since he's obviously too immature himself to ejaculate, the swirls of spunk-scent must come from coming others. Ah, well, not to worry — a boy-bronco broken to the bit is often best for bugging. I unpants my ambiguous angelico then as is my wont snail-slowly de-brief him...to discover to my horror the junior Tower of London in his groin that so fascinated me is not his own sweet flesh but a leering green banana! "What's this doing here?!" I groan, crestfallen.

"That's sucker-bait!" titters Jan. "Fools 'em every time!" and he plucks the infamous imposter from his crotch, tosses it on the bed. What remains between his thighs is virtually nil more of a stunted clitoris than a self-respecting cock, with a cord attached to the shriveled foreskin-tip.

"Kinda on the small side, innit?" the boy remarks somewhat wistfully. "I hadda tie a string on it

so I can find the fuckin' thing when I Water the Loo."

Oh, well, Jan's genitals may be falsies but from wee pricks do large whangs grow, under sufficient stimulation, so vigorously I commence to rub the dwarf twig, to lick and suck it, tease and tantalize it — but nothing begins to began and, in fact, the miniscule morsel seems even to have shrunk. Merciful Jesus, save me from a perfunctory penis that persists in presenting a low profile! "What's wrong, baby," I plaintive, "can't your thingumbob stand up for itself?"

"Too right it can't, chummy," says the boy morosely. "I s'pose it's too young"

To spare his feelings and a bruised ego, I forbear informing him that I've seen three-inch erections on year-old babies...and notwithstanding, it's hardly the kid's fault his frontal cherry(?) is a lemon but perhaps he nicely compensates behind. "Turn over, Janny-boo — let's see if your backside is brighter."

It isn't. His buttocks are more ribbed than wide-wale corduroy and what's between gapes swollen and inflamed with a wad of cotton stuffed into the jism-redolent orifice. Too evidently this little too-big pitcher has too often gone to the well and has sprung a leak. The kid squirms, spreads his legs with the ease of much practice, looks at me over his shoulder: "Well, what're you waiting for - aren't you going to fuck me?"

"Sweetie, it kills me to say this but I wouldn't even screw you with Plexis'prick!"

"Plexis? I know that nothing bloke — he always wants to hump on the cuff."

Sadly I reverse Jan and seek at least to deep-kiss his pomegranate mouth but he pushes me away — osculation is not part of his inventory. I sigh, fit to cry — my delusive delicatamite has flunked the rites of Eros in toto, so reluctantly I re-clothe him and fee him for his time if not for his unfruitful company. Perhaps feeling guilty because his penis wasn't up to the job and his anus too open for closed-circuit screwing, the boy departs almost apologetically — though I notice he doesn't forget to restore the green banana to its deceptive position of dishonour.

Browned-off with the misnomer'd Tight Little Island, I'm at the Airport eager to return to my homeland where I hear the latest admission to the Union is the unabashed 51st State of Sin. Then a hand claps me on the back and I turn to behold detestable Plexis, his pseudo-pimp face aglow with insular perfidity. "Leaving us already?!" he chirrups. "Didn't you score on the Maidenhead Road?"

"'Twas a fiasco and a farce, you bum-steering fake!" I holler. "Since you people lost your Empire you don't make boys like you used to."

"The trouble with you, my good man, is you've lost the Magic Touch and simply can't cut the kid-mustard any more!" And in a creaky falsetto, Plexis begins to chant:

*London Britches falling down,
Falling down, falling down,
London Britches falling down*

My Fair Laddy!

Too much too soon is the Last Straw so I slug him, hard he's smaller than I am. Amid gathering onlookers I pick him up and belt him again and again and ...and with good behaviour I'll get out of Dartmoor Prison next Spring, I hope!

26. Chicken to Go

Ten little hustlers, high on youth and grass.
One got hair-burns humping a Judge's ass.
Then there were...

Nine little hustlers, parading their pretty wares.
One got his nuts cracked, falling down stairs.
Then there were...

Eight little hustlers, sitting in a row.
One got amnesia, forgot how to blow.
Then there were...

Seven little hustlers, all so fine and sleek.
One got kidnapped by an oily sheik.
Then there were...

Six little hustlers, prone for Push'n'Shove.
One met a nice guy, madly fell in love.
Then there were...

Five little hustlers, bright eyes all a-roam.
One saw his Mommy coming, scampered off home.
Then there were...

Four little hustlers, of their kind so grand.
One got guilt-feelings, couldn't make it stand.
Then there were...

Three little hustlers, selling bliss for pelf.
One aped Narcissus, went down on himself.
Then there were...

Two little hustlers, yearning for a grove.
One got Holy and eloped with the Pope.
Then there was...

One little hustler, feeling Oh! so lonely
Till he took Jesus for his One'n'Only.

Ah, little hustlers, may your tribe increase-
Toward men good-will, on earth Heaven-piece!

27. Corky

*No, no, a thousand times No
He'd rather die than say Yes!*

- Hello, Ambrose, you're late, as usual.
- I almost dint come over but I needed the bread.
- Look, you little beast, never tell a man you go to bed with him just for his filthy lucre — it lacks sentiment and the romantic touch. Here, let's get those clothes off you.
- Dook, I...
- Umm, baby, you peel like a prime piece of passion-fruit, all pink and sweet and flavorsome! Upsy-daisy, into bed with you — let me plump up those pillows a bit. There, you comfy?
- Yeah, but...
- Now to wet my whistle with a big swig of your penis-parfait! Hey, why's your little fiddlestick so limp — you been playing naughty tunes on it again?
- I hadda couple real heavy wet-dreams last night that stickied-up my pajama-pants down to my knees.
- H'm, maybe you should've stayed home and just sent your pajamas to see me! Well, no matter, turn over and
- I don't want to.
-
- Oh, Ambrose, don't start that again! I've told you and told you I'll never screw you unless you give me the high-sign. Don't you trust me?
- I don't even trust my own Momma!
- My child, mothers and lovers are two different predators entirely.
- I know, but all you faggolas are only after one thing!
- It's true I'm after all of you but if one part is off-limits, so be it — I'll make do with the leavings. Anyway, getting humped is no big deal and if it's done right all you'll feel is a tickle to make you jiggle. Why do you think you've got that lovely little hole there in back — just to shit with?
- I don't...
- You enjoy getting blowed so you know your penis is not just to pee with — and the same goes

or your anus. You may not be aware of it but statistics prove that if all the boys who've been fucked were laid end-to-end, there wouldn't be standin-room for the rest of us. So bottoms-up, addy-buck, and don't be afraid — I merely want to swan-dive my tongue into your salubrious Subterranean See.

- Well, OK, but don't try no sneaky tricks or you'll be sorry!
- How can I — I've still got my zipper-stuck pants on! Umm, umm, your tasty loaves are warm and fragrant as oven-fresh... Hey, what in the name've God you got stuck up your rectum?!
- Only a cork, is all.
- Why? You got diarrhea? Has your Ambrosial asshole got the trots?
- No, I... uh, wanted to keep myself pure for when I get married.
- What the hell has your ass got to do with your wife?
- Never can tell — I might just up and marry a boy or a crud like you!
- Come off it, Fibber McGee — what's the real reason?
- Well, see, I thought you might wear me down into layin' for you so I shoved the cork in me for protection.
- Baby, do you want to ruin yourself?! Your tiny heaven-hole is a very tender, sensitive individual and that blasted cork feels bigger than the thermos-bottle kind!
- It's from a champagne-bottle.
- So some bastard's been plying you with booze, has he?
- One of my Momma's men-friends brought it over last night and they drank it all themselves, the cheap pricks!
- Does your Momma like whore on the side, maybe?
- No, on her back. So this morning I found the cork in the garbage-pail and stuffed it up what you're hot for.
- I hope you washed it off first, at least!
- I guess I did but I don't remember.
- You mean to tell me you crammed it in without using any lubricant?!
- I smeared it with bacon-grease.

- Ambrose, I am sorely disappointed in you, you've hurt me to the core of my being that you should so mistrust me as to possibly injure yourself by shoving some fucking French was that champagne domestic or imported?

- I don't know.

- Well, same difference, corkwise. Now, you grab your clothes and go to the bathroom and shit out that hell-sent cork and wipe yourself and then you get dressed and go straight home and tell your round-heel Momma she wants you.

Oh, Dook, ain't you even gonna drink me or anything?!

- No, you've disillusioned me beyond repair — so get going!

Intermission of one hour and 9 minutes — and though from beyond the closed, locked bathroom-door can be heard muffled grunts and groans, sniffles and sobs, I do not invade Ambrose's precious privacy. Giving birth to a cork is like having a baby — strictly a one-man job. Finally naked Ambrose emerges pre faced, tear-stained and panting and with a despairing wail belly-lops on the bed.

- Dook, do something! I've squeezed my guts out but the cork won't budge an inch!

- I don't blame it a bit — but what can I do?!

- Couldn't you suck it out, maybe?

- Sweetie, I'm a sucking fool but corks are out of my league.

- Oh, God, what'm I gonna do?! It's startin' to hurt me!

- In a case like this, I think the best thing is to take you to a doctor or perhaps a surgeon.

- I don't want no doctor horsin' around back there and besides, what would I tell him — that I like to push corks up my ass?!

- You could always say you bent over to tie your shoelaces just as your Momma opened the champagne-bottle and the cork flew up your cubby-hole.

- Damn you, Dook, don't joke about it!

- I'm sorry, baby. Look, how about I give you a nice strong physic?

- Shit, no! That'd bust my insides for sure!

- You're prob'ly right, An enema is out of the question, too.
- You gotta corkscrew? That should do the job.
- It would only screw the bloody thing further in.
- Try an ice-pick, then — you could sorta chip it out.
- That'd be worse than a corkscrew. Hey, I've got an idea! I'll soak your entry-way with plenty of baby-oil and then you squeeze like holy hell and...
- That won't work either 'cause I lathered myself up good in the bathroom but nothin' happened.
- H'm! Let's see, I've got a flashlight in this drawer here somewhere and... ah, here it is! Now spread your legs wide, Ambrose, and pry your ass-lips as far apart as you can so I can get some light on the subject.
- Like this?
- Yes, that's fine. Uh, open just a little wider, please... thaa-at's it. Aha! I can see the little bugger now and he seems to be having the time of his life! Oh, damn it to Hell and Damnation!!
- What is it? What's wrong?!
- You shoved the wrong end of the cork up you, baby.
- But it was the small end with the little metal cap on top!
- I know, but if the capped end went in last then I could probably get the cork out by applying an electro-magnet to the piece of metal. As it is, the big end has to come out first and that's going to raise Cain with your anal membrane.
- It's bad, huh?
- Sweetie, you've got a problem!
- It's your problem too 'cause I wouldn't've messed around with no cork in the first place if I wasn't scared you were goin' to prong me!
- Yes, Ambrose, I admit it's my fault too, but I trust you realise by now that it's better to get plugged by a cock than a cork!
- Dook, if you can get that friggin' thing outa me I promise you can fuck me till your cock drops off!
- Can I call you Corky, too? I never did like that silly `Ambrose' handle.

- You can call me Shit and eat me, if you want to!
- Ah, that's a grand incentive and it's given me an Einstein inspiration! Now you wait here, don't go 'way — I'll be right back.
- Where you goin'?
- Just to the Utility Room across the hall... ...Here I am again with the solution to our problem — sure God hope!
- What's that you're totin'?
- This is my new (J. Edgar) Hoover vacuum-cleaner, the super-charged model. See this hose-ke attachment? That's for cleaning out hard-to-get-at little nooks and crannies and so forth. Now you spread your anal-lips wide again while I insert the nozzle gently, gently in. Relax now as I start the motor — and let us devoutly pray that (J. Edgar) Hoover knows his suction-business!

Well, sir, would you believe that in two seconds flat that cork popped out as neat and pretty and easy as you please?! Only trouble is — now I can't get the goddam cork out of (J. Edgar) Hoover!

28. Chicken-Thief

Time was when I spent several months in a Florida Keys hamlet named Macbeth, trusting the penetrating heat of the inferno'd sun would cure a severe attack of arthritis (Arthur lent his pussywillow pelt to me for a brief spell and loved to ride me piggy-back but I overdid the transportation-bit, painfully undiscing my upper spine) and an acute case of boyitis (boy was first-glance beautiful, instantly infatuating me, but his troth was plighted to another and dismally faithful to the more solvent chicken-fancier who came before).

Days pass, sun Nepenthely heals, yet in my recovery I am beset anew with a compulsive yen for sleek young boy-flesh and likely little lads seem to be in short supply in this arid outpost of Anita Bryant-benighted Florida. Ah, but wait!... only seem to be for the following afternoon I spy a slim small faunlet, face pressed against the window of 'The Bike Boutique', obviously entranced by some gleaming goodie within. Serpentine up to closer ogle him, my pubic-hair crackles with sparks of lust for the kid's Southern exposure secedes me from all thoughts of prim propriety, his bottom-line beneath skintight jeans so Siren-seductive that I know I must confederate with this refulgent rebelation in order to form a most perfect union.

Now I sneak furtive side-looks at his profile — oh, rare! Froth of frolic golden curls cluster'd about the shapely head, lush sweeping eyelashes like tiny lace fans, slender delicately-delineated nose God knows must've been stolen from some drowsy Endymion, uptilt of dimpled lip-corner sweet semblance of subtle crimson mesmerism. Assailed with aching desire, I long to pull this little one's pants down right here in the street to savor his fore-aft fascinations forthwith. (Simmer down, you old fool, this suckling can't be more than 12 and Florida's anti-sodomy laws are straight out of the Hangman's Noose.)

Swooningly I observe that the youngster is making love with his eyes to a glittering ensemble of chrome and red lacquer on two wheels. Adjacent sign shouts: 'Super Flyer, latest model, 10-speed, all accesories — Special Sale-Priced!' Becoming aware of my presence and apparent admiration of his own object of adoration, the boy turns to me, face aglow — chartreuse eyes with dark arch'd brows, rose-gold cheeks, generous honey'd mouth, earth'd Eros!

"Ain't she purty?" he exclaims. "Gee, I'd give any thing to have her!"

"It's not a her, "I say jealously. "You see that long hard horizontal bar that fits between the rider's thighs? Only boy-bikes have them."

"Well, he's sure a beauty!"

"Yes, you ... he is that! Let's go in and see how much he costs."

Inside, the lad devours the Super Flyer in greedy gaze, stroking the sum of its parts with covetous hands. Up comes a monstrously overweight 50ish Ugly with a pasty smile and mean-looking pig-eyes that inspect me suspiciously then fasten on the kid. "Hello, Jonsi!" he says unctuously. "How's your mother these days?"

The boy darts him a passing glance. "She's jist fine, Mistuh Bunthorn. We come in to look at the bike."

"Ah, yes, a real bargain there." Fatso casts me a veiled sneer. "And you're a stranger in town, I believe."

"Name's Dukahz," I mumble, "from New York. Down here for the sun which has cured my arthrititis. Trust you never get it — hellish twingeful."

"I'm sure it was most agonising," he rejoins, looking as if he wished it had been lethal. I steer him into a corner out of hearing of the boy. "Uh... how much are you asking for that Super Flyer?"

He smirks contemptuously, as if he could read my kid-smitten mind and its Evil Intent. "A mere \$99.99 plus tax," he smugly intones, implying that I haven't seen that much lettuce in one lump since Jonah swallowed the whale. As a matter of cruel fact, I haven't and my appalled feet seek to beat hasty retreat from this haunt of high finance — I'm into Social Insecurity and have to watch my pennies. No use watching my dollars they're smarter than I am and ever elude me. Hopelessly juggling my asset liabilities I hem and haw, begin copiously to sweat — and then I chance to glance at Jonsi who seems to be rubbing his crotch against the hind-end of the Super Flyer. By some miracle of mental telepathy the boy now looks straight at me — smiling, eager, excited — and my myopic eyes clearly descry beneath his tight-stretched pants-fly a bulging inverted cross. Little hot-britches has gotten a hard-on embracing his boy-bike! I must have him with no delay, come mechanical Pegasus as illegal tender. I shall hock my Selectric typewriter and my gold inlays — who needs teeth! Every knowledgeable lad prefers a fellatively fangless lover.

"Reserve the bike for me," I say to Fatso, "and I'll be around shortly to pick it up."

"Cash, no cheques," he denigrates. "Dun & Bradstreet gives New Yorkers a bad-ass rating."

"Up yours and Bun & Dradstreet's, too," I reply with dignified restraint and attempt to annihilate him with Laser-eye but Laser's out to lunch. Going up to the boy who is now astride the bike, his anthemic little ass restless in the saddle, I Mephistomurmur: "If you would like to acquire this pedal'd Bucephalus, come with me to my cosy cottage and we'll talk it over." Trustingly he accompanies me, small warm hand in my nervous one — and as we depart I'm all too aware of Fatso's buzzard-orbs upon us. I have little doubt that shortly he will phone Jonsi's mother to warn that her son is consorting with a strange man who's a wormy Big Appler to boot!

In my den of siniquity I ask Young Innocent if he's acquainted with hard licker in mixed company (I never ply boys with booze unless they've had it before — it's taking unfair advantage besides being hellish expensive). Ambiguously Jonsi replies that he prefers a hard licker to a soft one — which info immediately elevates my evil organ until he adds that his favourite drink is corn-squeezin's which his Pappy used to bootleg but his Pappy's gone to his Reward now and his Momma is pure-hell hardshell Temp'rance. So I regale my vivacious visitor with Betty Cocker devil's-food cake with semen-white frosting and ice-cold lemonade subtly laced with Rasputin Brand vodka which tipple is the ideal seduction-libation for it tastes not, neither does it smell.

While the boy sips and sups I weave my wily web, telling him that I will buy him the bike and he can pay me back, little by little, in thrilling installments.

"Oh, Mistuh Duke," Jonsi poor-mouths crumbily, "I ain't gotta nickel to my name! Money jist doan never stick to my fingers."

I explain that mere dollars and sense wouldn't be involved here for he could blissfully repay simply by being nice to me. The lad frowns, mystified. "Whut you mean, nice to you? I awready nice, ain't I?"

"I mean that if you let me make you feel good, that would make me feel good, too."

Jonsi quirks a dubious eyebrow. "How you make me feel good?"

"Well, I'd rub your back. You'd like that, wouldn't you?" "Sure would!"

"And I'd rub other places higher and thither which would make you feel even better."

"Whut other places?"

"Like this pretty place, for instance." Boldly I put my hand between his upper thighs and massage gently — ecstatically feeling warm wee residents aroused within. For a full minute the youngster holds still under my manipulation then brushes my hand away, grinning wickedly at me.

"Mistuh Duke, you puredee know where it's at, don't you!" "Has anyone ever rubbed you down there before?"

"No, ony my own self — but I seen dirty pichers of stuff like that."

"Who showed you the pictures?" I ask, scenting unscrupulous competition.

"Dint nobuddy show 'em to me — I swiped 'em from a store in Miami."

Most auspicious — alluring Amorino knows the sex-scene in theory if not in practice. "So is it a deal?" I quaver wistwishfully.

"Well, I doan know. Reckon I better ast my Momma first." "Don't do that!" I croak hastily. "Women never appreciate these ballpoint niceties — this is just between us men!"

"OK, I give it a whirl 'cause I sure do want that bike. Hey, why doan you c'mon home with me now? You kin meet my Momma an' stay fer supper. We is havin' pig-meat an' red gravy, grits, collard greens an' sweetpertater pie — mighty tasty."

"I'm obliged for your kind invitation, Jonsi but I have to see a man with three balls."

Boychik bugs awed eyes. "Three balls?! Lord A'mighty, he mus' be a far-out stud! He fuckin'

you?"

"No, baby — he's just a little old Grampaw who owns the pawnshop."

"Oh, yeah, I knows him. He gimme six-bits once to run a errant."

"I love your accent, Jonsi. Were you born in Florida?"

"No, I's frum Vicksburg, Miss Sippi till a year ago." Kidlet brandishes a small menacing fist on high. "The Stars'n Bars Ferever! The South Shall Rise Agin!!"

"I certainly hope so in your case as I really go for Southern boys like you."

"Why? Ain't no diff runt to look at — ain't got two dicks er nuthin'."

"No, but they're usually wonderful in bed."

Youngster sniggers, winks. "Mistuh Duke, I's plumb skeered o' beds — my Pappy done kicked-off in one!"

Offering my condolences, I try to detain the sweetling for a jot if not tittle of preliminary romp but he's gotta go, his Momma being punitive pertickler about promptness at meals — but he promises to return bright and early the next morning, Saturday. At the door I beatifically sift my fingers through his goldilocks, bend to lick the living gold when budling lifts his baby-face and squeaks: "Oh, I awmost fergot! Kin I borry some jinglin'-money fer carfare?"

I stare, agape. "I didn't know there were street-cars in this small town!"

"There ain't!" he smirks, testing his boy-power. Despite hysterics from my budget I spill all my small change (69 cents including a rump-perforated Buffalo nickel) into his cupped paws — he may not be on the make but he's on the take, he's got my neck under his small foot and now he knows it. However, I possess myself in submissive patience for experience has taught me that in catching chickens your needs must be foxy. As Jonsi hurries off he gives me a behind salute, his erect middle-finger tauntingly stabbing upward. H'm.

Clutching my pitiful collection of pawnables, I call on Gram-paw Moses who is astoundingly generous for he assumes I'm one of the Chosen because of my big nose — luckily he didn't ask to see my cock (uncut) as a further credential. Next I visit Fatso and exchange hockship-loot for the Super Flyer which I wobblily ride home and park it in close-up views of Jonsi from my bed — if so be I can get him there. Then I pace the floor in fever'd anticipation of the morrow — I'm on the mad merry-go-round once more, head-over-heels for this lick-finger little enchanticleer, can't wait to eat him, drink him, sleep and dream him.

The following morning my Springtime sapling of a dozen summers arrives with the dawn, announcing that his Momma has gone to a WCTU-meeting in Tallahassee where somebody named Carrie Nation is teaching the good ladies how to wield a bar-smashing hatchet in the interests of neo-Prohibition — so he can stay all day with me, if necessary, to earn the 10-

speed apple of his eye.

I am touched — my downy little boy-pullit displays the virtue of gratitude in advance! Chicky-boo has breakfasted but asks for some of 'that funny-tastin' lem'nade you gimme yestiddy 'cause it go down real fine an' doan angry the blood like cornsqueezin's!' — sweet innocent begging for his own undoing! I mix the potent brew, thirstily he quaffs it, I fill him up again then usher him into the bedroom. With soprano yips of joy he falls on the Super Flyer, fondles it, hugs it, rips off his 'Make War, Not Love' T-shirt for cleaning-rag to dust and polish his passion from prow to tail-light, deluges the long narrow glans-red banana-seat with fervent smacking kisses — which last I wincingly observe with green-eyed pangs of sourest grapes. "One thing, my ardent dear," I gruff, "that damn'd banana-seat has definitely gotta go!"

"Why?"

"Because
it looks like a giant man-cock and it'd give me purple fits if you rode the fucking thing."

Boy bubbles with laughter, tinkling chime of temple bells. "Doan git yer balls inna uproar — I ain't gonna ride him bare-ass!"

I am sitting on the bed, on fire with consuming desire but I clenched-hands contain myself — fatal to rush things or you risk alarming the virginal prey. At length smiling Jonsi comes to stand between my spread thighs: "OK, Mistuh Duke, I reckon I's ready."

"Ready for what?" I wheeze in vertigo'd visions of bliss to come.

A faint blush stains the cheeks of my cherish'd cherrybim: "Well, like you said — I figgers you ain't givin' me no bike jist fer nuthin'!"

"You're a magic'd lad, lovely one," I breathe, overcome. "Your sweet face reflects classic Samothrace and I adore you more each passing minute!"

Small idol bats his de luxe eyelashes and shakes an admonitory finger in my face. "Doan go adorin' me too much, Mistuh Duke, 'cause that puredee scan'lous an' agin the Law!" Humph, my precious little wise-ass is not only a practicalist but he's obviously had put-down sex-education at his Momma's knee or some other joint.

"Thanks for reminding me I'm illegal!" I mutter acidly and plunge my face into his spun-silk locks, sweet satin suffocation — descend to lip-caress the soft warm hollow at the base of his smooth throat, sighing: "My pet, my own, you smell so young and fresh and clean you could be a living-colour ad for Proctate & Gambol!"

"Ain't my fault I'm clean! See, my Momma's a nut 'bout soap'n water, makes me take a bath ever'damn night. No use'n me to holler — she jist thumps my punkin-haid like it a beat-up ol' drum!"

"I've often wondered why boys and dirt are such bosom-pals."

"Dirt's more fun, Mistuh Duke — dint y'know?!"

Gently I begin to rub my small darling's back while I lick his firm young cheeks, tongue into the tiny nostrils of his gracile nose, press my avid mouth on his lush red lips. With sharply indrawn breath he tries to pull away but I hold him fast, nuzzle his ear. "Don't be afraid, little one, for truly I wouldn't hurt ally I'd just unzip it."

"But what are you — ?"

"Shhh, baby — look at the bike!" The boy's verde eyes swivel to the Super Flyer, begin to glow with wheel'd stars and slowly his lips part for me as I sow his milky mouth with deep kisses, capture his slippery pink tongue in tender suction that soon is thrusting into me like an urgent heating penis, his dew-sweet saliva wetting my face under his oral copulation while my tremulous hand steals down the lissom body, becomes love-sick explorer of the Eden between his thighs, unzips, invades palpitant fly, cups the precious young jewels bulging in tight briefs, beneath the cloth fondle hard little balls adrowse in their suede sleeping-bag, caress the velvety kid-cock quickening to my touch, hardening, leaping ...and suddenly I feel the boy's shiver of sex-pleasure agitate his lips and tongue.

"Doan do that no more!" he moans. "If you make me come in my pants, my Momma think I bin jerkin' off in 'em fer sure!"

"Does your Momma know you beat your sweet meat?"

"She ain't ketch me at it yit but I reckon she suspeck I do it 'cause she awways warnin' me it make me go crazy an' my dingdong'll fall off."

"You don't believe that bullshit, do you?"

"Well, I doan know is I crazy er not but my weenie's still hangin' aroun' jist as orn'ry as ever! Whut I figger is my Momma's mad jealous 'cause she ain't got no play-purties like you'n me."

I hug my sapient stripling in gender-rapport. "Right on and in — but don't let Women's Lib hear you say that!"

"Fuck 'em — I's all fer Boys' Lib! Please, suh, kin I have some more o' that lem'nade? I's drier'n a desert bone."

Elated, I rush to get it — huge glass, triple shot of Ivan the Terrible Brand this time, sprig of mint. Cherub glugs it down, upends the tumbler for the last tangy drop, staggers, his eyes criss-crossing — then he giggles, pats his belly, gustily blows his minty boy-breath in my face "Whoosh! Thass sure-nuff prime stuff! I c'd drink a tubful."

I promise seconds in the immediate future. Naked above the waist, now Jonsi shucks his cut-offs, mops his beaded brow, wipes my damply fever'd ditto and I snatch the holy garment to bury my face into the soft folds of inner fly, inhaling the heady penis-fragrance therein.

Youngling laughs: "Oh, man, you got it bad, ain't you!" and he plucks his briss'd britches from my grasp, flinging it aside where it lands squarely on that cursed banana-seat, then he laces warm tickling fingers behind my neck. "You wanna suck my titties, Mistuh Duke? I doan garntee they's milk in 'em yit but they jist about ripe, I reckon."

"Boys' nipples don't ever give milk, I regret to say."

"Why not? Tits is tits."

"Mom Nature was in an aesthetic mood and put boy-milk lower down." I bend to lave one amber aureola, nibble the tiny brown-sugar niplet which stiffens against my tongue, nurse on it like starved babe-in-arms.

Jonsi sighs, squirms, strokes my busy head.

"That tickle real scrumshus, Mistuh Duke, but suck the other'n now — he feelin' kinda left out." I dart to obey, wheeling between the two erect flesh-buds like a lunatic tennis-ball at play. Sensation-sated in that section, the youngster presses my head farther down on him to deep round of plump-lip'd navel and I scour the inch-deep hollow with fluttering tongue-tip, taste of warm cotton-candy, lick his taut belly and the soft slope of his partially-bared pubis. Set afire by this succulent arsonist, roughly I claw at his briefs to completely denude him that I might revel in that Supreme Moment when for the first time you get into a new kid's underpants to see what he's got! (Poor Zeus never knew this inoffable preface — that stupid eagle delivered Ganymede in the buff and no doubt snitched some delicacies enroute.) Alack, my contrary godlet has other ideas about being totally disrobed for he shoves my plunder-bent hands rudely aside. "Turn yer back, man — I takes off my briefs my own self!" Modesty at this late stage — or a juvenile rip-off? Steaming, I stumble to bathroom, undress, soak my fool head in cold water, eager-eyed return.

Slim legs wide, hands behind head in the stereotyped pose of bored junior-hustler impatiently waiting to be sucked-off so he can spend the resultant rental-fee, naked Jonsi sprawls supine on the bed. Striving to save bestest for lastest, I try to delay looking at the pubescent jewel-box but my gaze is inexorably drawn to the inverted B of hyacinthine thighs: Ah, yes, gemmous — and a basket of rich boy-bonbons as well. Smooth hairless delta, apricot-sized spermaries in a dimpled pouch snugged-up to cushion the slender curbing four-inch dusky-pink penis, fraise foreskin slight peeled to reveal rosy tip of plummy glans, moist meatus smiling out at me in wanton-mouth'd allure.

Small pyromaniac setting me hotter aflame, hungrily I plummet on the little body limn'd in lapidary beauty, my lips tracing Love on the refulgent young flesh, move down in sweet mist of desire and my face ardent embrace against satin-sleek boy-genitals, I engulf the vibrant little cock, gently tongue-strip the tight sex-skin from the pulsing acorn, feverishly suck suck suck the tender bulb while I fondle silken nut-sac damply clinging as softest eiderdown to my fingers. Slobberily fellate for five febrile minutes, seven minutes, ten — but nothing transpires! No burgeoning of boyhead, no erecting except my frustation. Have I been stiff d with an impotent no-stiff? Have I dumped too much vodka into my denying darling? Reluctantly I relinquish the slippery-wet little sex, look up at the kid. "Baby, you're limp as a wet tea-bag! What's wrong —

am I blowing you assbackwards or something?"

Jonsi pats my dejected pate reassuringly. "You doin' jist fine, Mistuh Duke — ony thin is my prick's kinda bashful aroun' strangers when he ain't got no clothes on. You gotta 'scuse him 'cause he like a li'l ole chile — you hafta show him who's boss or he doan pay you the leas' bit o' mind. Here, lemme hap'le him, he's used to me!" Lad seizes his shy member in brutal grasp, pinches, squeezes, vigorously rolls it between the rude palms of his fascist hands — and in a matter of seconds Little Dick is rearing hotly hard and uptight and six inches tall! "See?" exclaims the boy, pridefully. "I got 'im trained right smart — he knows if he doan stan' up an' ack nice I'll slap the piss outa him!

Intimacy of now aroused cock between my avid lips, gentle push-pull of Jonsi's warm loins against my adoring face. He tweaks my left earlobe. "You want I sh'd come in yer mouth, Mistuh Duke — er yank it out tereckly afore? I doan reckon my sticky stuff tastes eggzackly like vaniller ice-cream!" I disengage to cry: "Stay inside and flow freely, little one — I want every drop of your precious penis-pabulum!" Again his pink passion I absorb to up-down frictive caress in sibilant supplication — moist slip and soft sigh of silken sex-skin, leap and throb of steaming boy-phallus sensate bliss to my tongue. Jonsi stirs, moans, his knees raise and press together, his damask inner thighs clasping my head in urgent need. His eyes hot and feral, with mounting gasps he begins to fuck roughly into my mouth thrust thrust thrust till a wrenching shudder twists his sweating body. "I's gonna shoot, man, it's comin'... uh-hhhh! uh-hhhh!" and searing young boy-flesh arches frenziedly beneath me in the panting throes of convulsed climax, I taste his spurting love-juice like warm milk and honey, suck Youth from him and Spring and Ecstasy.

Still spasm-rack'd small face smiles up at me as I strip out the last pearly cock-drop. "You like to blow my skin-flute, Mistuh Duke?"

"Little mouth-organs are my favourite instrument, chickieboo. Did you like it?"

"Pow'rful did! I never got that much kick when I frigged my own self."

"I don't like to brag but Little Boy Blew's my middle name." Lingeringly I browse on Jonsi's lips and within, he readily accepting my caresses and shyly returning them. My lust-engorged adamancy still unassuaged, gently I shift the boy onto his belly. Instant shrill protest: "Hey, whut you fixin' edo ?!"

"Don't be alarmed— I merely want to survey your backside delights."

Delightful, indeed. Firm round rosy little buttocks that parted disclose the small heaven-hole like a plump pucker'd baby-mouth inviting kisses. I bend to lick and suck the Secret Sesame into quivering pout— scent of Moroccan leather (that damnable banana-seat again?), taste of chocolate brownie. Suckee moans, shoves his gossamer bottom up hard against my face. "Ooh, thass so fine! Blow my ass clean out, please, suh!"

Excitedly I suction the sweet vacuum until my tongue becomes numb and my lips develop a nervous tic. I sit up.

"Oh, man, doan stop now! You's got my poopy-hole in a hoowee connipshun!"

"Time out for a lemonade-break, OK?" I'm aiming for the Ultimate Goal which — if my usual bad luck prevails — I'll miss by a mile.

"Kin I have another hunk o' that cake, too?"

"Two hunks!" I get more high-proof lemonade and cake. Kid gulps and chowfs with noisy appreciation while I cuddle him close, eeling a hand under his sleek bum to tickle the wee joy-slit still wet from my zestful slavering, gently social-finger penetrate it as the boy wriggles and giggles and winks at me blearily. Sweet little rooster is almost ripe for the plucking now, I judge, as he drains his glass, belches loudly, falls back on the bed.

"Jonsi?"

"Y-yeah?"

"Will you let me?"

"Let you whut?"

"Well, uh, I'm not asking for myself, see, but my cock wants to know if you'll let him get into your ass."

"Fuck yer cock an' you too!"

"So OK! I hiss serpently. "I'll find another boy who really wants to earn that Super Flyer."

Baby-boo looks at his wheel'd idol through swimming eyes, sighs, shrugs. "Way I feels now I doan much give a shit whut happen so tell yer cock to go ahaid — I reckon it ain't gonna kill me to try it onct." He pauses to scowl fiercely. "But doan ast me to suck you off 'cause I'd never do that even for Gen'ral Robert E. Lee!"

Aboil with high blood-pleasure I dash to kitchen, return with a fifth of Mazola. Boy peers at it in owl-eyed dismay. "Hey, dumbo, thass for fryin', not fuckin'!"

"It says right here on the label, plain as day: This corn-oil is unsurpassed for corn-holing as it provides a delicious polyunsaturated screw that is completely recyclabel and biodegradable — so kindly turn over, little sweetheart."

Flopping onto his belly Jonsi pokes two pillows beneath his middle, spreads his legs wide in relaxed anticipation. Damn! Has some rival prick already copped his back-door Vestality?! Then I recall that he's seen pictures— no doubt the detailed How To Do It kind slanted for the hot-nuts pre-teen trade. Grinning, the boy watches as I self-consciously Mazola my modest but rigidly aspiring six stupid inches, then astonishingly with his own hands he pries apart his sugar-buns while reverently I anoint the virgin smile of my darling's anal blossom, on hands and knees

crawl over him, nudge the distended head of my rude weapon against the tender little portal expecting to meet stout resistance but my blade sinks through the tight but marvelously stretchable anal gate like a hot knife through soft butter. Suddenly there sounds a pillow-smother'd yowl and frantic clutching of sheet as my Cupid — wounded by an arrow not his own? — cries out: "Hey, pull outa me a minute — yer weight's crushin' my balls against the pillow!"

With understandable reluctance I withdraw my cursing rapier from his happy home to wilt in ejected rejection while the boy lifts his middle to switch his belly-compressed jewels to a safer haven between his thighs and says: "OK, man, you kin shove it back in agin but fuck me nice — that ain't no big ol' cunt you is humpin', y'know!" Jumping with joy, my revived cock hurls himself against the close-furled Dimple of Love which pulsingly expands to slowly moistly tightly hotly suck me in, in, into the narrow-walled slippery rectum as I drive headlong on and up the Pathway to Paradise. Now an entreative small voice pipes up.

"Mistuh Duke, when you gits done screwin' me, kin I please have my Super Flyer?"

"Yes, baby, yes!" I gasp, furiously thrusting deeper, harder, faster... then too soon, too soon the world is a sudden sweet shudder and dissolving in delight. When at length I shortly withdraw, the boy slips out of bed, wipes his naced little manhole on a corner of my pillow-case, dons his clothes and is a susurrus of small feet departing as he wheels his beloved boy-bike to the front door, mounts it like a horny lover and speeds off. "Jonsi!" I call after him, slobbering the verb, "come back first thing in the morning!"

He neither looks back nor waves and the last I see of him are the seductive rounds of his taut bottom undulating on that unspeakable Banana-seat as he pumps his mechanical inamorato down the street.

First thing in the morning the next day, I and cake and vodka breathlessly, yearningly await — but no Jonsi. Next day becomes a week, two weeks, three — still no pretty hide nor sunshine hair of my heart's fancy. My lips remember Jonsi, my fingertips recall so I hunt for him, seek him up and down every last street and by-way, encounter John, Juan, Johnny, Jonathan but none is the Incomparable One. Doesn't Jonsi live here any more?!

As last desperate resort I decide to contact bumptious Bun-thorn at 'The Bike Boutique'. Fatso knows the boy's mother and doubtless can clue me as to their present whereabouts, though probably he'll bad-mouth me for my suspicious interest in 12-year-old ball-bearings. I go to the bike-ship, enter. Nobody there, nothing but the rasp of my own thwarted chicken-hawk sighs midst a profusion of glittering mobility that seems to mock me. At the back of the shop I perceive a closed door, go up to it, am about to knock when from within I hear muted gasps and groans of presumably sexual excitement. I might've known! Fatso is playing with himself — who else would want to touch the repellent bastard!

I turn the knob, door cracks open, I peek inside. First thing I descry is a resplendent XL-350 Honda motorcycle. Next thing I see is naked awful Fatso on his hands and knees on a mattress and looking happy as a hippo in mating-time as his horrendous horse-cock pistons in and out

between the delicate rosy lips of nude little Jonsi supine beneath him! I am just about to burst in on them to pulverise Fatso and rescue my poor tortured darling when the boy pauses in his fellation to say: "Mistuh Bunthorn, when I gits done blowin' you, kin I please have my Honda?"

29. Misfortune Cookies

Though little peters are seldom saintly, it was St. Petersburg, Ha., that nearly disproved the rule — everything went wrong down there. Since no boysexual pimps were in evidence, I tried to procure for myself — wearing a crisp new fin as bow-tie proposition-posy, standing on the corner and whistling 'You! You never looked so good!' at all the likely lads passing by, the little misers fingering their pants-flies to make sure they weren't giving a free show to some poor, deprived boy-goner like me... but the only attention I got was from a nasty Nazi shepherd bitch who raised her leg and peed all over my Salvation Army sneakers (canine critic?). To reverse the 'America Last' ominous trend, I wrote to the Vatican saying: Isn't it about goddam time there was a Yankee Pope for a change? but I got excommunicated by return-mail though I'm not now nor ever have been a card-carrying Roamin' Catholic. Then I lost my job as rubber-tester at a condom factory because I couldn't maintain an erection from 9 to 5, Mondays through Fridays. Then I'm trying to fix my 6-inch (measured triangularly) TV which insists on censoring everything I view: no violence, no sex and particularly no lovesome lads in ads or otherwise — fate worse'n death. Not to too weep on your shoulder, to save money I move to the sleaziest slum in St. Pete (a promising address: 69 Dickson Road) where I'm reduced to squeezing three cups of tea out of one leaky tea-bag and seriously considering hurling myself into the nearest drownable body of water when there resounds a peremptory tattoo with kicks on my front door.

Oh, sure! It can only be the IRS, CIA, FBI or my extortionist landlady. Demented with desperate bravado I open the door, hackles raised and prepared to resist. Ah, on dunghills do fair lilies grow! Here is one in full flower, five small boxes under his arm — selling something, naturally. Sympatico boys are always selling something, box'd or not. "Hi!" he twinkles. "My name's Jay an' I'm —"

"Just a moment," I say and hastily throw a towel over the TV — what that censor-machine can't see won't hurt him. "Come in!" I invite my visitant vision, wishing for roses to strew in his path as he's a jonquil lad beautiful as Solitary Vice and sexier than Standing Room Only in a peg-house: a Yearling times 11 or 12, slim as an arrow shot into the air, windblown sun-bleach'd blond locks, pelt to surpass Parian marble, malachite-green acquiescent(?) eyes, masturbative(?) faint smudges beneath them, kindergarten ears, delicate nose, full-lipped mouth shaped for billing and cooing though chin is possibly a bit too firm and determined — but time will tell. Inciting apparel, too: lust-red sneakers, no socks; see-through tank-top pinpointing tiny rose-tipped niplets, poked-out Speedos over mini-briefs that stimulate me to soon try for a taste of Jay's young Fruit of the Loom.

Confident this little citizen has a pantsful of goodies, I ensconce him on my spavined couch, crouch beside him all ears to hear his soft-hard salesboy spiel though I've only \$5.39 between me and ignominious Welfare. The kid hands me a box — plain, no wrapping, no label — and croons: "I'm sellin' Boy Scout Cookies an' you look hungry so buy some, please? They're very... uh, vitamun an' like that."

"I didn't even know Boy Scout Cookies were on the market." Some silly Unisex shit, I assume — like girls donning Trojans and lads inserting Tampax.

"They ain't, exackly, but I was a Cub Scout till I got thrown out for not knowin' the diff'runce between boys and girls." "Come to think of it, what is the difference?"

"Mister, you wun't want I should tell you! Hey, open the box — onct you see the cookies you'll want 'em."

Flipping up the box-top I discern ten dime-sized morsels, amber in hue, ten cents apiece. "They look delicious," I tentative. "May I sample one?"

"Not less'n you buy a whole box... but wait, I'll give you a li'l taste." Jay spits on a forefinger-tip and scrooges it around in the bottom of the carton, then brings his crumby digit to my lips. Greedily I mouth his finger which suggestively tickles my tongue and informs me that his boy-flesh is even more savoury than his baked goods.

"Scrumbtious!" I laud "But at the moment I can't afford these bonbons as I'm broker than a politician's credibility." (I scent a buyer's market here if I can just handle the sweet vendor right!)

Pouting, the boy sprawls on the couch, his knees nudging mine. "Oh, c'mon, cheapo — you c'n buy one box, can't you?" "We'll see what develops." I pick up his left foot, dangling so temptingly near, shuck off the sneaker, cosset his pink warm immaculate little toes.

Jay raises to prop himself on his elbows and gives me the old Laser-ray 'Haven't I seen you somewhere before?!' cop-eye. "Are you a kink?" he gruffs, sneer-lipped.

"If by that you mean am I gaga over good-looking boys, then I'm kinkier than a kinkajou. So what?"

"So my daddy'd love to meet you."

"Really? Does he go for over-age meat?"

"No — he's head of the Morals Squad."

"OWWW-W000!!" I howl, instantly removing Jay's incriminating foot from my lap. He puts it back again. "Don't worry, man, I never rat on my customers. You get it? Customers!"

"OK, OK! I'll spring for a box of your product though it's barefaced blackmail!"

"Yeah, huh? To tell you the hones' truth, I wish my Dad was Mafia or like that."

"Why?"

"Well, none of the kids at school will talk to me 'cause my pop's a pig!"

Emboldened by this juvenile Ideology of Rationality, I lick-suck Jay's pedal appendages, one by

one: Papa Toe, Mama Toe (briefly) and their three teensy-bop sons — Dickie, Petey and Wee Willy Wanksome. The boy splays his nether digits for my fuller delight but sniffs: "You're wastin' your time suckin' my toes 'cause they ain't nevergonna come off."

"Lollipopsey, you got anything that can come off?"

"Las' time I looked, I had."

"Will you let me fool around with it?"

"Maybe — if you buy all my cookies!"

"I told you, Bubchen — I just can't afford it!"

"These cookies're speshul — I made 'em myself." His face contorts into an unlaundered leer. "An' they got sumpin nice you won't never find in Girl Scout Cookies nohow!"

"What, what, what ?!"

The boy clutches his crotch, shakes it at me. "I jerked-off three times in the batter!"

That does it! Passion ever scorning common-sense, I haul out my lone lorn fin and exchange it for the 5 boxes of Jay's semenic bakesmanship, chomp on a milk-fed confection: nice crunchy crispness, fragrance of frangipeni, yumsville in flavor — definite taste of pearly kid-stuff inspiring butterfly thoughts and pastel sentiments. But onward and upward to more elevating ecstasies and I claw at the boy's Speedo/briefs, try to pull them down but he bats my rut-damp hands away. "Nix, man! Anita the Orange would put the Hex on you!"

"But I only want to slobber on your juicy cumquat a trifle!" "Uh-uh, no way! I don't trust them sharp shark-teeth you got!"

"Nimsy-poo, I eat it so gentle I received the Blew Ribbon Award at the Oscar Wilde Suck-off Competition in the Gay Nineties."

"Lemme see the Blew Ribbon."

"Tennessee Williams, the awful turd, stole it!"

"Tough tiddy, man 'cause my answer's still NO!"

"Baby, you promised you'd let me horse around with your neigh-may goodies so —"

"I dint either! I said 'maybe' I would."

Hell, if there's one thing I can't stand it's a lad I can't stand — but one must persist and persevere, slowly with feeling. Suddenly, sneakily I attempt to feel his ass but he eels away from me. "Nix! Judianne Densen-Gerber would put the Evil Eye on you!" And Jay titters like the

tinkle of Japanese wind-chimes... at Pearl Harbor.

Tantalus-tot is a study in frustration — but Patience and Fortitude! I shall try for simpler blisses from Master Diabolical.

"Pretty popinjay, at least let me play with your Pet Stones." "If I had Pet Stones I'd throw 'em at you!"

"I mean permit me to tickle your testickles and rub your bulb, dear heart — it'll excite your sweet cock into crowing."

"Nix! My nuts're belly-stuck an' ain't come down yet."

Maddened by this negating young prick-teaser, I now become predatory Jayhawk, cast prudence to the winds and grab him. Twisting out of my sweaty hands he darts away, I in baying pursuit. He dodges behind a table, squealing: "You lea' me alone or I'll scream my head off!"

"Square! Fraidy-cat! Chicken!"

"I'll yell for the Fuzz!"

"Pig-lover!"

"I'll holler for the Army, Navy and the Marines!"

"Fascist!"

"I'll tell my Mommy on you!" he squeaks tearfully.

"Sissy! Mama's Boy!"

In a flash I circle the table but chaste chased Jay-Jay is agilely off and out the front door, smatching up the five boxes of come-cookies as he goes — a taunting laugh echoing behind him. The cruel bandito has robbed me of everything — himself, his comfits, my last fin, my fond hopes. Folly and Farewell!

Illogical as a female, not 24 hours later the little Redundance of Virginity is back and pounding on my door. Though my heart cries Havoc! masochist I let him in, curious to know what new Inquisition young Torquemada has thought up. Jay pushes me back on my sagging couch, stands before me, norths his tank-top, souths his Speedo/briefs to reveal a pinkly palpitant pipiska and plump twin-figged scrotum which cause my tongue to tauten with desire. Shoving these prime delicacies to within an inch of my dribbling lips, the wee worry-wart cries: "Here, man — eat and enjoy!"

Hands tight-clenched and fingernails digging into my palms, with will of wary steel I draw back

— suspicious as a foreskin in a synagogue. "Damn your cheating heart!" I snarl. "You're trying to entrap me, aren't you? You'll get my head between your thighs and then your daddy'll burst in with homicide in his eye and a sawed-off shotgun in each hand!"

With his hand on his cock the kid swears: "No, man! I'm pure-dee on the up-and-up this time so take, take!"

"But why this sudden change of mind? Yesterday you wouldn't even give me the fuzz in your dirty belly-button!"

"Cause I'm pissed-off with straights, that's why!" Gnashing his teeth, the boy bends to pluck a legal-looking paper from his left sneaker. "Here, jst lookit this!"

The document — signed by a Judge and several other official anti-bodies — is terse and to the point. It forever and in perpetuity enjoins, prohibits and forbids one Master Jay Peterson to make and/or sell Jerk-Off Boy Scout Cookies as Girls' Lib has the sole patent, exclusive franchise and universal monopoly on Scout Cookies of every size, shape, sex and description!

30. Around the World in LXXX Boys

I.

During his frigid stay at Valley Forge, the Father of Our Country warmed himself in a Concord, New Hampshire drummer-boy by name of Jebediah who couldn't drum worth a tinker's damn but he had the prettiest, most patriotically penetrable ass in the entire Thirteen Colonies and blew the meat-bugle so fluid-fluently that George took him home to Mount Vernon where he, Jeb and Martha became the first three-in-a-bed Love Triangle in unrecorded American History.

II.

Among pale pricks I've loved beside the Shalimar was a seraphic Kashmir kid embracing ten whom I fucked in a hall of the Taj Mahal, Mumtaz whirling in her grave, Indira Gandhi calling out the Sikh Army and shrieking: 'The Americans is coming! The Americans is coming!' My goodness, that Indira is such a screwball! Not mentioning any names but as far as I know, there was only one American coming at that particular moment but of course at the time I myself was in San Berdoo who is a good screw too.

III.

I met up with this newly-budded blossom of backhandedness on a beach in Capetown, at once worshipful of his sleek-smooth 12er body and innocent-as-milk 8er face but like most white South Africans he is appalling Apartheid — in present case, Apartheid from 50 bucks to get into his hide, he can't see me for Shit. It pitiful'd my prick not to prong him but the last time I saw \$50 in one piece was when Lizzie Borden made unkind remarks to her parents with an axe.

IV.

A rapacious ragazzo was Rico who had a knothole so tiny I virtually had to auger my cock into it with a vigorous braceand-bit action — quite soul-transcending I'll have you know but little Ricochet was real down-putting profane about my boring performance until I stuffed a \$20-bill in his gob at which he was all smiles, wanted a repeat matinee to standing-room only at the same wildly inflated Hustlers' Union pay-scale but I had to reluctant decline as I just didn't have any more of his stiff admission-price.

V.

In Thailand abide many Far Eastern Ecstatics among whom was a little Bangkok boy-prossie of nine who couldn't speak a word of English but his anus-Esperanto was so eloquently elegant that you'd swear you were screwing Yul Brynner and the King of Siam in person, Queenie looking on and tearing her hair at the superior skill of the kid's ass-antic technique.

VI.

Lorence was a luscious-to-look-at 1 ler Louisville lovely I chanced upon at the Kentucky Derby but when I took him to my hotel-room I discovered he had the clap-clap-clap front and back and which isn't the kind of applause that is music to my ears. I tried to steer him to a genito-bunghole medico but he balked like a scalded cat, saying it was from a fuckin' doctor that he got double-dosed in the first place — and the second place, too! I wrote real indignant to the American Medical Association about this but to date their silence is deafening.

VII-XX.

Thirty days hath Jimmy,
Johnny, Dick and Timmy.
All the rest have thirty-one
Except Petey who got Probation.
Goodness' sakes, what did they do?!
They threw stones at the Staten Island Fairy.

31. A Fancy Boy's Fancy

All wise and/or disillusioned cunt-chasers agree that a Good Woman is hard to find. I'm a nonage-scrotum-chaser and I will inform you that a Good Boy is even more difficult to come by for even when you do discover and mutually delight this rare kind of kidlet, God damn if almost overnight he doesn't desert you for a more rewarding lover or abruptly grow up to become a gawky hairy hobbledehoy fit only for females or gays or lesbians perversely hot to be unnaturally full-filled.

The only literally Good boy I ever knew was Fremont, a hoowee! sweetling who seductively streetwalked pigeon-toed and looked like a classically beautiful Venetian page, pet bedmate and idol of a doting Doge. He was a dulcet-voiced Oriole, one of those sorcerant Baltimore lads and until about 1969 that city truly was the best boy-town in the continental U.S. for it had a long tradition of man-boy love where affection — and dollar starved puers sought satisfaction by flagging down passing cars with 2, 3, 4, or 5 fingers displayed in indication of their price, subject to negotiation. Other ingenious tads brandished large placards reading: Bananas — \$3 each and up! And these boys were joyfully into everything: men's beds and 'dirty' pix and they were skilled male-actors in kiddy-porn flix and otherwise adept in doing 'bad' things good! Then in the early 70's some sow female got penis-envy jealous and upset the whole cherry-cart. All of a sudden there were blaring headlines in the papers, Mothers' Vigilante Groups stoning out-of-town cars, curfews and the FBI third-degreeing nine and ten-year-olds concerning their ecstatically pagan sexual malfeasances. Jeez, you'd think queen-bee J. Edgar Hoover was still alive! Verily Hate has ousted Love, War had defeated Piece and Baltimore now is a plague-town, boywise. Thus did lad-loving ancient Greece and Rome fall to the too-hetero, too-matriarchal invading Huns. It is to lament and to despair and to plot an overturn of our ultra-uxorious Establishment — sign up at the Sign of the Green Carnation.

When Fremont was ten his Poppa — a lip-lacerated lout who thought hair-pie tartare was the height of haut cuisine — ran off with an Avon Lady whereupon the boy's Momma — a frigid type who must've conceived Fremont by Remote Control — conceived a loathing for everything cock'd so whenever she saw her son she'd snarl: "Fremont, be Good or it gives the pancake-turner on your butt!" And invariably the lad would reply: "But, Momma, how can I be anything else but Good ?!" However, Master F was a clever kid and instinctively knew more about dick-dick sex than Masters & Johnson so like Dick Whittington he set out to conquer the world and though he didn't have a Cat, he did have a pretty Pussy and knew how to get the most out of it while getting the least in it — chicken with light stuffing but hold the dressing, garson! Naturally the boy's enticing indelicacies immediately became SRO-popular among devotees of the under-age dangle and for a brief gaga time Fremont's 5-inch taper lit my life for it could pre-coital pearl a dollop of diamond dew upon sincere suckplication, his puer-pure Perrier Water was prime to the last shake-out drops, his derriere was divine and if your penis was sanitary and not too longitude or circumferential he would maybe perhaps possibly permit it to penetrate that Snug Harbor betwixt his bouncible buns. Here the only fly in the ointment (KY) was that after you'd prep'd the F-er for pedication and were just about to enter him, the piratical little brat would adamantly contract his firm loaves, slamming shut his back door as he extended a greedy paw and demanded double the previous-set Price of Entry, which of course you would pay despite the agonised screams of your raped wallet never minded spending on luscious lads

who spent on me and Fremont never told me he had a 'headache' when I wanted to hump him (cunts please copy!).

Yet at other times we're all lubed-up for a rousing romp of AI when this kid who's never heard of Melville will malapropos hiss: "Mopey Dick, is the door for sure locked and the shades down and is that the phone ringing and I smell something burning!" Myself burning, cursing, I scurry around checking until my put-upon pecker shrinks to infant dimensions and it takes ten minutes of artificial respiration to get the prick in the mood again — Fremont chiding me for the de-lay! On occasion he'll play Papa in our Papa & Mama bedlamics and the first time this occurred I was unco wary for young boys are generally fierce fuckers and cruelly ply their little screwdrivers as if they're trying to drill a hole in a granite tombstone. To my gratified surprise Fremont shafted me gentle as a hen mounting a rooster, licking my left ear as he lightly thrusts and delicately biting it as he dry-comes which he can do about every 6 minutes so he stays up and in me for an hour or more — only withdrawing when my hysterical prostate-gland shrieks: "Time out, you bastards — or I squawk to my Union!"

Fremont's supreme pleasure is to be tongue-fucked and I oblige him for his bliss is mine and on auriferous afternoons or argent evenings I kiss-lick down his swansdown spine to his warm buttocks and the hot Playland between — a tight silk box that opens to lock about my taut tongue as I auger in and gripping me there for his panting delight as he masturbates to climax, his steaming anus a convulsion of spasms against my activist invader until I too morales dry-shoot in glorious reflected rut.

Ah, yes, this wanton little one was Good, Gooder, GOOD-EST in every sense of the word — yet Alas & Alack & Tearing of (Pubic) Hair! I only had the sweet child for a bare six weeks and it wasn't until after he'd jilted me for currency-greener pastures that I learned the boy's full name was Fremont B. Goode!

32. Mother's Day

"Hi-de-hi, Little sir! Where you going?"

"No place."

"What you doing?"

"Jist dopin' around."

"Would you like a nice Mr. Goodbar who's been looking high and low for a head?"

"Mama Say I shun't eat candy 'cause it rots my teet'."

"Then how about a jumbo chocolate-malt?"

"Mama Say I shun't drink milk 'cause it deprive a pore little calf of his dinner."

"Well, how does a hot-dog or a Big Mac with all the trimmings grab you?"

"Mama Say I shun't eat meat 'cause it heatifies the blood an' leads to all kindsa turr'ble sex-crimes."

"H'm, without even looking I can see that your mother is a pearl among women!"

"Thass what Mama Say."

"No doubt. Hey, I know what let's do! Let's go to the Bijou which is featuring a lovely horse-opera where the palomino gelding marries the girl and the hero rides off into the sunset cheek-to-cheek with the villain!"

"Mama Say I shun't look at movies 'cause they is jist spillin' over with barnyard-sex an' vi'lence."

"Um, would you like to come home with me and watch my new colour-TV that's painted red, white and blue?"

"Mama Say I shu'd stay away from the boob-tube 'cause it's radioactive."

"So would you maybe care to look at some dirty pictures?"

"They're not the least bit radioactive but they're wondrous exciting."

"Dirty pichurs? Mama Say dirtiness is next to dev'lishness but if you wash the pichurs I be tickled to look at 'em."

"Will do! Oh, by the way, what's your name?"

"Bunky."

"Bunky as in Bed or in Buncombe?"

"Both."

"H'm. How old are you?"

"Mama Say I'm too young to know my own mind so she do my thinkin' forme. What's your name?"

"I'm ...uh, the Reverend Furbish Lousewort, Minister of the Godspell."

"If you're a Rev'runt why ain't you got on a ass-backward white collar?"

"Well, see, it's my day off so I left it at home. Come along now, Bunky-boo, time's a-wasting!"

And miraculously the sweet innocent — you can almost taste his mother's permitted milk still fresh on his lips and the baby-dew lingering behind his ears — goes with me. Either he is playing hookey from his Maternal Monster's strangling apron-strings wrapt about him like a ball of twine or Mama hasn't Said that young boys shouldn't go home with stange men for you know what that leads to! A helluva lot of (sucked) clean little cocks running around town is what it leads to so quit your fussing, Mr. District Attorney!

And sometimes my cherubic chicklet trots hand-in-hand with me and other times he is skipping, dashing, whirling, leapfrogging Great Danes or little old ladies bending over to tie their sneaker-laces and I can't wait to get my mouth on that explosive little bundle of energy — surely making love to him will be like embracing a low-wattage electric-chair, the Ultimate Thrill! Home at last, I guide puffing Bunky to the living-room couch and ask if he'd like something to eat and drink. I always make it a Point of Honor to feed my pick-ups prior to sex-play as it improves their performance. However, the boy says: "Thanks but I'm onna speshul diet that Mama Say I hafta stick to."

"Don't you have a Papa?"

"Mama Say he passed away in the harness with his nose to the grindstone."

Christ, the perils of wedlock and the female half who too ruthlessly wields the whip! I shed a bitter tear for poor browbeaten Papa, prematurely dead of overwork plus no doubt overwhelming disillusion with matrimony and resultant heirs the flesh is ill to.

"Where's the filthy pichurs?" queries my impatient young visitor and I scurry to get them from their hiding-place in the cuckoo-clock, make a noisy pretense of washing and drying same in the adjacent bathroom and present them to my unaware prey. (They aren't really dirty pix in the judicial sense of the word, Your Honour, as they merely portray handsome young balleters nudely enjoying one another in every acrobatic way possible or undreamt-of.) As the boy pores

over them I watch his velvet-grey eyes darken, his nostrils quiver, his lips part and his wet pink tongue emerge, his compact bottom agitate against the cushions, his legs spread — and slavering I further behold that in Bunky's crotch The Son Also Rises far faster than it did in Hemingway's book.

Promptly I insinuate an arm about the boy's waist and approach my famished mouth to his seraphic countenance. His smokey eyes still mesmerised by my pictorial gallery of rogues roguish, Bunky snatches up the telephone beside the couch and without dialing but between giggles, begins to yell into it the flammatory course of my fiery wooing:

"Ma, the Rev'runt's makin' eyes at me!

"Ma, the Rev'runt's stickin' his tongue in my ear!

"Ma, the Rev'runt's kissin' my cheeks an' my nose an' my chinny-chin-chin!

"Ma, the Rev'runt's tryna suck my lips!

"Ma, the Rev'runt's openin' my shirt an' pullin' up my undershirt an' lickin' my titties an' now he's at my belly-button!

"Ma, the Rev'runt's unbucklin' my belt an' unzippin' my fly an' unbutt'ning my shorts an' he's takin' out my -

"Ooh, Ma! The Rev'runt's blowin' 'me!!"

And that, I must shamefaced confess, was precisely what I was doing — my mouth urgent on the boy's dick which must've been well-primed by the pix for it was hard as a diamond-head drill and I'd hardly got accustomed to the tangful taste of it before I felt the smooth shaft throb, the heated glans swell and with a convulsive lurch of his shapely loins and a shrill cry, Bunky erupts hot little globules of cock-balm across my avidly solicitant tongue, blasts out another spurt and a third before he is gaspingly spent.

I milk the pretty pecker completely dry and then as I start to nibble on the boy's tight balls his now limp penis sprays my face with a gush of amber wine before I can get the burbling little hose between my lips. When he's pissed-out and duly shake-stripped, my sexy sweet wants to do it all over again — once is not enough for Master Bunky — and his pell-mell prick is already calisthenic within my mouth when I note the time by my cuckoo-chronometer (Cuckoo is out courting the canary next door) and reluctantly I spit out the delectable morsel for it's 6:45 PM and at 7:00 sharp my boss is coming over for an evening of Gin Rummy and if adroitly I manage to lose every game, the turd might give me that raise he's been promising for months. More important, my employer is a Jewish gent who is uncognizant of the fact that I've contracted a chronic case of boy-virus, and with my own two ears I've heard him vociferate that in his Orthodox opinion all boy-lovers should be chopped into tiny pieces and fed to swine — a case of the Unclean devouring the Uncleanest.

Bunky pokes his stiffening prick against my lips. "Hey, Rev'runt, ain't you gonna suck me off

again? I got plenty stuff left!"

"Cream-puff, your company is stimulating and your cock a standing ovation but I must ask you to leave now as my boss the ...er, Bishop is arriving soon to pick up ... uh, last Sunday's collection and if he catches you here in shameless dishabille from neck to knees I'll be up Shit Creek without a teaspoon."

"I'll hide in the bathroom till he's gone."

"Dear heart, the Bishop has a weak bladder and uses the bathroom even more than Scottissue does."

"I'll go in the bedroom, then."

"You're in the bedroom, luvvums — this couch is convertible."

"So I'll wait in the kitchen."

"There isn't any kitchen, precious — just that hot-plate on the TV."

"Well, I don't care — I like it here an' I ain't gonna leave!" "Baby, please — you must go now!"

"NO! In fack, I think I'll stay all night!"

"But what would Mama Say?!"

Bunky gives me a big ear-to-ear Jack the Rip-off leer and coos: "Mama Say I shu'd sit right here till you gimme \$200 cash money or she is gonna rat on you to the fuzz!"

33. The Metric System Sucks

In Munich, southern Germany, I wasn't hunting for my identity as fortunately I'd found that when I was first able to distinguish a boy from a girl, but there was a connection as I was seeking to verify a report that Bavarians were passionately fond of the three B's — Beethoven, Beer and Boys (in reverse order) which in part was a life-style set by 'mad' King Ludwig II who was far saner than his persecutors. However, penetrative research into several local lederhosen lads demonstrated that their male elders were enamored of Beethoven, Beer and Bach (spelled 'Bock') and not much else including their Fraus — for these poor kids were spoiling on the vine for lack of appreciators of their grandstanding charms. Another ripening Puppenjunge of about 12 particularly appealed for he was wiener schnitzel in front and apfel strudel in back, one hand clasping a stein of baby-oil while he made a Fuck me! gesture with the other. Of course, I speedily accosted him and said: "Wie geht's, Ich Liebe dich, do you suck?" (I never mince words in dealing with furriners though frequently I make a hash of it.)

The boy dry-spits like I'm a bad taste in his mouth and sneers: "You speak German like a dog with hydrophobia!"

"Why, you snotty little Kraut!" I exclaim. "We beat the shit out've you in World War Two so show a little respect!"

"Not me you didn't beat — I'm still fighting."

"How about loving?"

"I do that even better."

Enroute to my hotel I learn that the youngster's name is Hansi, bed is his Theatre of Operations wherein he's skilled in all sexual manoeuvres and though he prefers Deutschmarks to Dollars, he will make an exception in my case for I am his first customer since a week ago last midnight. Casting a glance at his intimate intersection, I inquire: "How much've you got in that cute leather pants of yours when it's stretched to the fullest extent of the Law?"

"When I got up this morning it was all of ten centimetres."

Ten! With parched tongue I dry my salivating lips, conscious that I'm hotly in the mood for a big bratwurst for a change even if I have to gag down half its length — but do you know what?!

When I de-tog Hansi in my room — saving pants for lovely last - I discover that 10 centimetres translated into God's System of Weights & Measures adds up to a measly 3.937 inches.

34. The Lady or the Tiger

*Tiger, Tiger, burning bright
In the ardours of the night -
What loving hand or eye
Could limn they luscious symmetry?*

The Blakian above was my Alma Puer pep-song at good ol' Gomorrah Junior High and which we students always chanted while engaging in intramural contact sports on trampoline or bed or green mossy sward and now that I yamma man or what passes for one, I still pantingly practice those lovely lessons learned at (between) a lad's knees. Presently I'm residing in the Southwest on the bedraggled outskirts of the Mojave Desert and having some difficulty with my new neighbor next door — almost before he's moved in, he's pounding on my quailing portal. "Peace!" he greets in a warlike whoop. "I'm Horatio Horn-blower."

"Are you related to Horatio Alger?" I query. "He was a horn-blower too — till the Newsboys' Union boycotted him with a blunt instrument."

"He sounds like someone I'd despise to know," this Horatio huffs.

"Uh, I came over to borrow a cup of gin — my lady-wife Griselda is ovulating or her water's breaking or some such taradiddle and she needs a stimulant."

"I'm strictly WCTU myself," I mendacious, "but you'll find a liquor store just two blocks west."

Hornblower sniffs and clumps away — not in the direction of the grogshop. That afternoon Tiger and I are in our backyard playing a grope-game called: 'Penis, Penis, Who's got the Hard-on?' when Horatio again manifests himself, gawking at us like the Virgin Mary in a peg-house. "Is that youngster your son?" he asks, looking down his snoopy nose.

"Heaven forbid!" I reply. "I'm above Incest except when I'm underneath. This tasty titbit is Tiger, a marvellous bargain I picked up at Neiman-Marcus in Dallas during their clearance-sale in the Boys' Department."

Horatio blinks. "He don't look like no bargain to me!"

"You should only see his buttercup bottom in the buff! Tiger is an Orphan of the Storm who ran away from home — a casualty of his parents' incessant Battle of the Sexes. Now he warms my bed on cold nights, cools me down on hot nights and rules me with the iron rod between his velvet thighs."

My youthful fun & gamester bares his fangs at Horatio. "I'm a macho pachuco honcho from Tampico an' I hate gringos!"

"Tiger's got an imagination as wild as his Yum-Yum," I explain, "but as you can readily see, he's blonder than the son-flower blooming in his pants and his last name is Fairchild. As

Shakespeare says: 'What's in a name if it ain't fittin'?'"

"I'm nubile to boot!" grins the boy, plucking at his precocious 11-year-old tool-kit.

"What's `nubile'?" asks the neighbour nervously.

Fondly I define. "That's a ladling who gives cream when you milk his third teat."

"Wh-why is he called Tiger?" mutters Horatio, looking an iota dazed.

"Cause I'm a man-eater!" the boy snarls. "I like my meat raw!"

Adoringly I add: "I like his cherry-tomato glans and his sentimental asshole who always takes pity on my eternally hard-up cock."

Hornblower turns from white to red to sickly green. "You mean to say you two have s-sex together?"

"What else? Obviously there's little point in loving females."

Hand to brow, Horatio stumbles away and he and his'n avoid us for a week during which I hear from the postmistress — a garrulous old biddy who I'm positive would love to have her itchy cunt scratched by Tiger — that Hornblower is not only a hard-shell fundamentalist pulpit-thumper who would beat you to death with the Bible, claiming it was God's Will, but he is also the kind of low-life who puts ice-cubes in High Life and sips it through a straw (Miller Brewing Company is hopping mad). Horatio's first wife (common-law and common) was a stinkweed multiscent named Millicent (even her fingernails had BO) who eloped with a Rotarian Roto-Rooter whose nose luckily lacked the sense of smell so -

I interrupt the news-bulletin as gossip bores me unless it concerns little ball-bearings running around loose. "I trust Mr. Hornblower's current wife gave birth to a bouncing boy?" I say sincerely.

"It was a false pregnancy," my informatrix sniffs. "Personally, I don't think Horatio's up to it! Oh, before I forget — there's 39c postage due on your letter from the tax-collector."

Late the next afternoon I am reading The Hardy Boys Discover Sex (they found it while taking a shower together) and Tiger is downtown casing Mopeds — I can't afford to buy him one so he's trying to figure out a way to safely swipe same. I'm just getting to a hot part in the book where the KY catches fire when en masse the Hornblowers vulturally descend upon me, both appearing sternly devout, dedicated and determined but with one eye on the nearest exit. Griselda is more penny-plain than fancy and looks as if she'd been put together in the dark by a demented Max Factor and a deranged Dior.

"We have come," Horatio solemnly intones, "to convert you to heteromania... uh, I mean heterosity."

"That's biased selective immorality and a futile endeavour, my officious buttinski, for way back in the womb I was converted to boys — the only True Religion."

"You are uttering blasphemy!" shrills Griselda, white-lipped. "If God intended men to love boys, He would've created Adam and Everard!"

"And so He would have but what could He do with just one lousy spare-rib except make a woman out of it? It requires an entirely different kind of bone to make a boy."

"Listen, Dukahz," Horatio harrumphs, "if we can't persuade you to see the Light then we just might be forced to report you to the authorities as a degenerate pervert who holds the fatal Cup of Sin to the Pure Lips of our Innocent Youth!"

"If your brains weren't so addled by dogma you'd realise that your so-called Innocent Youth know more about Sin than I ever knew existed. Furthermore, I think you're perverted for messing around skirts but it's none of my business and I don't intrude on your privacy."

"But the Good Book tells us: 'Male and female created He them and the female cleaved unto the male'."

"If a female cleaved unto me I'd take a cleaver to her."

"Oh!" shrieks Griselda, brandishing a brass crucifix in my face. "You are the Devil Incarnate! Satan, get thee behind me!" "I'd gladly do so, madam — if you were a boy."

They stare at me speechless, benumbed so I decide to spread baby-oil on troubled waters. "Now look, folks, let's be reasonable about this. You think you're right, I know I'm right and we could argue till Hell sprouted icicles, to no avail — so why not put the issue to a definitive nitty-gritty crash-test?"

"What kind of test?" croaks Horatio, cautiously.

"First let me ask your good lady here when her last period occurred — no offence intended, ma'm; just the facts, ma'm."

Griselda blushes, bridles with awful coyness and bleats: "Three weeks ago day before yesterday."

"Excellent! Now these are the basics of the test — the four of us will go into a remote part of the Mojave Desert for a ten-day stay. We'll bring pup-tents and ample canned-food but only sufficient water to supply each of us with one quart a day for everything — drinking, cooking, washing. We'll take one change of clothing and the usual camping-equipment plus a carbine in case of marauding animals. Also books, transistor radio, smokes but no booze or like that."

Griselda blanches. "But I must have my cosmetics and my Tampax and my douche-bag and my douche-powder and my deodorants and my —"

"You may bring only protective aids such as salt-pills, sunglasses and tanning-lotion. Tiger and I are going without KY or any other lubricant."

"And what is all this Garden of Eden primitivity supposed to prove?" Horatio grumps.

"I'm confident it will prove that as love-objects under stress-conditions, the boy is far superior to the female. That's what this whole schmear is about, isn't it?"

"But stress-conditions seems highly unfair."

"Not at all! If a person is superior in a stress-condition then he or she has got to be even more superior in a normal situation, right?"

"Um, well, yes, I suppose so — more or less."

"So do you both agree to submit yourselves to this harmless little Trial by Ordeal — or do you fear the outcome?"

"We are not afraid," says Griselda, loftily, "for we practice sex in the natural normal approved man-woman God-given way!"

"Ah, but is it the better way? Time will tell."

On the following morning the postmistress' grandson Ebenezer, in his Country Squire Station-Wagon (I don't even own a fuckin' velocipede!) conveys the four of us and our gear to an isolated spot in the Mojave, carefully doles out a quart-canteen of water to each.

"You'll be sure to come back tomorrow with more water, won't you?" says Griselda anxiously. "Yup, one quart per day per person, like Granmaw said but frankly I think you people're nuts."

"Ebenezer, lemon-squeezer," growls Tiger, "nobody ast for your suckin' opinion so haul ass before I shove my foot up it!"

Horatio, the boy and I set up two pup-tents and the bottled-gas stove, store our canned rations beneath a tarpaulin, dig a straddle-latrine and a garbage-pit behind some rocks, pause to survey our temporary domain. Nothing but sand, rocks, dead cacti and more sand, emphatic sun and deep-blue sky overhead — but a picnic-atmosphere prevails: Tiger is elated, potential adventure straight out of Beau Geste! The Hornblowers look smugly assured as they settle down with Vogue and The Christian Messenger, now studiously ignoring the boy and me. Early days yet, folks — we've hardly even begun to begin. I decide to keep a desert logbook.

1st Day: All's well. Faithful Ebenezer returns with our daily agua-quota. Beef-stew for supper. Passion in a pup-tent — I substitute deep kisses for KY and my bedmate gets a giggling-jag. Griselda whines that we're making too much noise.

2nd Day: All's well though Madame Hornblower acts put-upon as Zsa Zsa Gabor in a nunnery

because Horatio asked her to please use the straddle-latrine instead of piss-pooing every which-a-where on the sand. I tell Tiger that George Sanders, one of Zsa Zsa's ex-husbands, killed himself so beware of women! The boy says he ain't figgerin' no wimmen less'n they're rich and old and blind and let him count their money. Intelligent little bastard — perhaps because he refuses to go to school. He's taken to running around naked-naked except for his Anita Bryant shorts which show two Florida oranges fruitily fellating midst the green groves of Gestapo-land. Spaghetti and meat-balls for supper.

3rd Day: All's fairly well. Grisly Griselda wanted to take a sponge-bath but her spouse wanted to shave and they spilled all their water-ration in the hassle. Tough tidty, folks, but you'll know better next time — or will you? Tiger boasts that he can shoot the smile off a skunk's ass at 200 feet — so he fires the carbine at a Gila Monster sniffing around the food-cache and hits a cactus that got in the way. Never a dull moment around my pretty tiger-cub. Franks and beans for supper. My life, my love, my everything farts in my face as I suck his heavenly little hump-hole... I inhale deeply and go back for more. Heigh-ho the merry-oh, ain't we got fun?!

4th Day: All's medium well. The H's not wasting water on bathing or shaving but tempers frayed as Griselda objects to Horatio's stubble. I don't shave either as Tiger likes the rasp of my beard on his hairless pubishka and balls and buttocks and anus and mouth and eat your heart out, Horatio! Corned-beef for supper.

5th Day: All's still medium well. The H's hoarding their agua now, sipping it slowly and quarrelling over equal division of the precious fluid. After my matutinal coffee I give my share of water to Tiger, get it and his share back in his pee-pee, fair exchange is no robbery. Kidney-stew for supper.

6th Day: All's stenchily unwell. Griselda's got the bloodies and the stink is vomitous. Tiger moves our tent to a sweeter-smelling site then we go for a walk in the desert. He finds an arrowhead and I find a Trojan-box with one unused but dried-out condom inside. The boy suggests that I pull the rubber over my head as it would improve my looks 1000%. I threaten him with a punitive hand but he kicks sand in my face. Chili con came for supper.

7th Day: All's unwell. Griselda's still flowing and looks as if her Persona hates her Imago. Sun seems 20 degrees hotter and not the slightest whisper of a breeze. The H's guzzled all their water then wished they'd saved a little for a rubdown. We could all use a bath except Tiger for I tongue-bathe him every night from the knees up. He'd be clean anyway as boys can go without a shower for weeks and still smell fresh and sweet except perhaps for their busy hands and feet. I point this out to Horatio and he looks thoughtful — or maybe he's got a belly-ache. Joking with Tiger I tell him that poor Horatio looks as if he could use a really earth-shaking piece of ass so why doesn't the boy give him a little bit out of the kindness of his heart and part? My darling wrathfully replies that he wouldn't even let creepy Horatio lick his used toilet-paper! Spam and yams for supper.

8th Day: All's unwell. Madame H tried to bribe Ebenezer to bring her extra water on the sly but true-blue Eb just shifted his wad of cut-plug chaw-tobacca from left to right, spat and drove off. Now the H's aren't speaking to each other. My beautiful bronzed bed-boy is still happy as a hog in a synagogue and I'm even happier for I'm in him. He has caught and tamed a cute tufted-

tail kangaroo-rat so it eats out of his hand even as do I in more intimate places. Canned chicken and dumplings for supper. The boy and I sixty-nine until the tent collapses — more fun, more babies killed!

9th Day: All's swell — for Tiger and me, that is. Gruesome Griselda still flying the red flag but Horatio diaper'd her with his other shirt so the stinkum is not so stank. Not her fault, of course, but there it is — without cosmetics and all the other feminine claptrap most women lose 'face' and The Curse is their bloody legacy from erring Mother Eve, the original Snake-Charmer. Such a difference between her and Tiger — each morning the boy arises sleek and bright and new-minted as if overnight he were born again, but she slops around looking like something the Polite Pussy tried to cover up but the ground was frozen. That afternoon I am drool-lipped devouring The Hardy Boys Fag for Harvard, my sweet cub is sitting beside me trying to make his cock stand through Transcendental Meditation alone, Milady Hornblower is snoring in her tent and Horatio ambles up to join us, his humid eyes on my companion. He seems a trifle wild-looking and unhinged around the edges but possibly the intense heat-haze lends that illusion. Totally without warning, Tiger's dick erects so fiercely that it threatens to burst the seams of his shorts and forthwith he thrusts his social-finger deep in my mouth to delicately indicate that he's in dire need of immediate tension-relief so — Be still, my heart! eagerly I accompany him to our canvas boudoir. When I return, leaving the sapped-out boy to siesta-replenish his vital fluids, I find Mr. H engrossed in the Brothers Hardy. Guiltily he drops the succulent smut and squeaks: "Peace!"

"Piece!" I more pleasure-practically reply. Horatio coughs, clears his throat.

"Mr. Dukahz, I'd like to talk to you about that little discussion we had the other day and which led to this... uh, ill-fated excursion."

"Ill-fated? Tiger and I are enjoying it immensely — it's like a pluperfect honeymoon."

"That's all too painfully obvious. Now, mind you, I'm not admitting that you're right and I'm wrong, you understand!"

"You're not, huh?"

"No, indeed! But lately I've been... er, sort of comparing the sexes, as it were."

"Comparisons are odorous in females. You mean you've been contrasting my tent-mate with yours, don't you?"

"Well, yes, and I've come to the conclusion that... that... uh,

I really don't know how to say this without offending you." "Speak freely — I've a sneaking notion that you're about to flatter the boy and me, too."

"Alas, I can't help myself — it's bigger than I am!"

"So pray elucidate."

"Very well, shamelessly I'll bare my soul for all the world to see! Please, Mr. Dukahz, with reference to your Tiger and my Griselda — for God's sake, let's switch!"

35. The Unboy 'Conspiracy

In recent months I have with loathing and indignation viewed overage girls and under-talented women shamelessly presuming to assume the roles if not private parts of Pinocchio, Candlestick Jack, Little Boy Blue, Peter Pan, Tudor Edward VI, Hansel, The Little Prince, Peter Piper, Little Jack Homer, The Artful Dodger and even poor little Tiny Tim. Ah me! I suppose it's only a matter of time till I am outragedly exposed to a twat'd Christ Child whose impotent Daddy is Josephina and the Holy Ghost is hermaphroditic with an ejaculating clitoris.

Liberated ladies in the entertainment field, kindly lay off boys for only other males can play and lay little lads with anatomical authenticity and without artificial aids. In addition to burning your bras and (by all means!) your used Kotex, you and your sex as a whole should be content to take the 'r' out of Mrs., the Male out of Female and the Man out of Woman as I heartily approve of such and am foresightedly purchasing large blocks of stock in Dildo & Vibrator, Inc., whose products are already in franti-cunt'd demand.

36. Aupres de ma Blond

*At the side of my fair one
How sweet it is, how sweet it is ...*

Anita Loose wrote that gentlemen prefer blonds so perforce I pant after the dark-haired little cuties and the winsome imp who currently sexes my sheets is damn near perfect: Jordan by name, fun is his game, he's just barely 146 months old, says I'm a fairy nice man and he's beautiful right down to the taut tendons and tender hollows in the backs of his nacreous knees. More to the point, sweet Jordie has the morals of an alley-cat, a Naked Lunch ass and a milk-shake cock whose sperm-bank is virtually inexhaustible for he always has a big helping of bubbly cream on tap as he climaxes with buttock-clenching ardour, his plump bulb and tiny anus throbbing in idyllic unison. In a recent popularity-contest at his parochial-school, Jordie was unanimously voted the Boy Most Likely to Suckseed so thus and otherwise we while the wanton hours away in an orgy of love and lust and laughter — a good time had by all but Herr Beautyrest.

Alas, such Edens never last and mine came to a screeching halt one gloomy day when Jordie arrived and with tears in his eyes informed me that his family was moving to California, like tomorrow. "But what will I do?" I wail. "You are ideal, your fuck-fee is modest and if you leave I'll never find your equal this side of Paradise!"

"I'll send around my buddy, Pinky," says practical Jordie. "He's nowhere near as good as me but he just might could fill-in till you come across something better." (Greater love hath no boy than he who lays down his lover for a friend!)

Pinky shows up the next afternoon and he's about the same age, height and weight as Jordie but Jesus! what a difference! This kid's pecker is only so-so, his balls are ho-hum, his bottom is a bummer and his face should only be seen on Halloween. At least he isn't a redhead, being drably ash-blond and nicknamed 'Pinky' due to his possessing the pinkest cheeks and pelt I've ever seen on boys or roses — can he be Dracula Junior who slurps blood all night?! Right off the bat he bad-mouths my humble slum abode and I don't cotton to the little prick nohow for he reminds me of nothing so much as an animated turd and I'm just about to give him the heave-ho when he sneers that it's beneath him to make love in as sorry dump like this so he whisks me off to his parents' plush pad on Park Avenue where it transpires that his Momma is in Napels because she simply adores Italian salami with meatballs on the (under) side and his Poppa slaves 10 hours a day in his hot-seat on the New York Stock Exchange so we have the place all to ourselves except for a Black cook-housekeeper who ignores us as she's convinced that all Whiteys are not only decadent but colorless.

Pinky has his own room and bath and Prince-size bed but when it comes to sexing it up with another male, his methods are bizarrely brassiere — I have to wear one of his Momma's tit-cradles in addition to a wig, elaborate make-up, girdle, purple-lace stocking and chartreuse panties which I must confess are far more comfortable than ball-hugging briefs or shorts as the waistband doesn't curl and they give my pitiful jewels ample breathing-space and room to expand in. Nevertheless, protesting this ridiculous masquerade, I remark: Pinky, if you're so

gone on dressing your partner in transvestite gear then wouldn't it be much more authentic if you got yourself a piece of cunt to wear it?" The sapient lad wrinkles his nose and snarls that he's allergic to fish, thrusting into my hand a gold-lace fan which I have to toy with and play the coquette, tapping him on the cheek with it and simpering: "La, young sir, how you do carry on! I vow you quite turn a poor girl's head!" Whereupon aroused and panting Pinky roughly hurls himself onto me and feverishly gnaws on my wincing bra — then frenziedly ripping of my feminine accouterments he febrilely thrusts two rude fingers up my posterior `twat' and without benefit of even the slightest dab of any sort of lubricant, proceeds ferociously to hump me which naturally is a tight fuck for him but it's an agonizing screw for Yours Truly and don't think my outraged anus took it lying down!

Well, sir, under the circumstances you'd certainly expect that I'd get shed of this little monster in short order but the fact is that every week-day from 9 to 5 I'm in Pinky's rapacious embrace except at noon when the cook, contemptuous eyes averted, serves us a delicious lunch in bed and there's plenty of prime booze at hand by means of which I get my unsuspecting asshole so thoroughly pissed that he don't hardly know what the hell is going on — much less what is getting into him.

*At the side of my fair one
How sweet it is, how sweet it is...
Because, you see, Pinky pays me
Generouslee!*

37. Present but Unaccounted For

In a temporal-spatial sense, historical perspective is as elastic as a joy-boy's well-oil'd asshole and particularly in crackpot California you can be walking along the Coast anywhere from just North of San Francisco to just South of the Mexican Border when all at a onceness you are plummeted back in a time-space that can extend from yesterday morning to Eve in the Garden of Eden. Geochronogists term this the Space-Time Warp but I've been thus 'warped' and I'm convinced it's all the Fault of that goddam San Andreas who's about as saintly as Liz Taylor's twat. Like last Tuesday afternoon I was strolling along Ocean Avenue in Santa Monica and admiring my new honky-white Homburg reflected in the rear-view mirrors of parked Porsches when all of a sudden by Imperial Command I am shaking hands with the Little Corporal who is currently shackled-up with Saint Helena on the Isle of Elba — and as usual he was full of complaints and his namesake brandy. "Duckass," he nasals, giving my moniker the Gallic pronunciation, "I am pissed-off in every direction."

"That little upscrew at Waterloo, I presume?"

"Perfidious Albion shafted me there but mine was the moral victory. However, my chief griefs are female — Josephine wants to come back to me, God forbid, and I can't get rid of Helena."

"But, Boney, you're the only man in Christendom who's been privileged to hump a saint!"

"And lived to rue the day! I have to keep her caged-up at the other end of the island because she never washes that bushy cesspool between her legs which she thinks is Holy."

"I smell what you mean." I gag, inadvertently inhaling a whiff to windward.

"The awful bag calls it the Odour of Sanctity!" winces my host, holding his nose. "Speaking of gash, what I had in mind is wedding Elizabeth the One and thereby ruling her realm through the marriage-bed. Liz is Welsh, you know, and hates the English as does everyone else including the English so she should be an easy pushover for my Latin charm."

"I regret to inform Your Majesty that the Virgin Queen's fuck-hole is so tiny that she can't even menstruate."

"Merde! Another stinker! Well, how about Victoria? She's a dumpy old fart at best but she is an Empress."

"Nappy, you'd be bored to death by Vicky even while you were mounting her as she's just a German hausfrau who's so cow-stupid she thinks a drag-race is two screaming Queens in hoopskirts competing in the 100-yard dash."

"Sacre bleu, Germans are out — they stomped my ass in 1870! Still, there's Elizabeth the Second who I'm positive can't be getting much from that senile Boy Scout, Prince Philip, so undoubtedly she'd appreciate a macho Frog who fights with his feet and fucks with his face."

"Sire, Liz the Two is Teutonic too and a jumped-up boorjwah who has delusions of grandeur. She has decreed that English royalty may enter or leave a vehicle only on the right side though I'm sure that if her Rolls' right side was on fire she'd be the first to exit through the windshield, glass and all."

"Mon Dieu, Heaven preserve me from someone who thinks she's more regal than I am — there'd be no living with her. But what am I to do? I must have that kingdom at all costs!"

"Your Fidgesty, there never has been a truly English ruler of that Untight Little Isle since Richard the Turd, also called The Crookback."

"Ah, yes, I knew him well — a worthy man, though much malign'd."

"What you may not know is that his direct and sole descendant is a twelve-year-old schoolboy in England named Eric who is the Class of Passion and the Mold of Porn and even more beautiful than your little son, the King of Rome."

"Oh come, Duckass, if you're suggesting that I marry this Eric to become his Prince Consort then you're barking up the wrong AC tree! Boys are more haughty and independent and infractable than cats though I must say they could only be an improvement over the sows I've had grunting in me bed."

"There's no need to wed the lad — you merely support his claim to the Crown and establish him as the rightful possessor thereof wherein you will be Regent, the real Power behind the Throne!"

"Mon ami, that is a scheme worthy of my own devious brain — but I can't leave this cursed place until my Grand Army is reorganized and ready to march."

"No problem — in the meantime I shall be happy to act as your Ambassador to the youngster."

"Done! You are now Ambassador Imperial, Minister Plenipotentiary, Envoy Extraordinary —"

"I also want to be Eric's Page of the Bedchamber when he becomes Monarch."

"You can be his Royal Inseminator if you like and I'll even hold him down for you! Here, have another tot of this lousy brandy before you rush off."

Two seconds later I'm at Winchester School asking to see Master Eric. When he arrives I blink dazzled eyes for verily he is fairer than a Sussex rose — though considerably thornier.

"Napoleon who?" he frowns when I've laid my plan (and my heart) before him.

"Bonaparte. You remember! First Consul, Emperor, Conqueror of Europe, Josephine's henpeck'd husband?"

"Oh yeah, him. Last time I was in Paris I jerked off on his Tomb in the Invalides."

"Then you wasted your sweet sperm, peachy-boo, for Nappy's alive and well and kicking on a rock in the Mediterranean."

"Um, well, maybe we can work something out with Henri Three — he's got the hots for sugar-blonds like you."

"Hanky Panky's so swish I'd be embare-assed to be seen in bed with him."

"Frederick the Great, then? He'd fight to the death for you and your favors."

"I've had Freddie — up to here! He humps with his sword and spurs on."

"The Borgia Pope's just dying to get a mouthful of you and he'd lay the Holy Roman Empire at your pretty feet."

"I can't stand them spaghetti-benders — they eat pizza while they blow you and my pecker hates pepperoni."

"Hey, I know just the man — James the First!"

"Jimbo stinks like a dead mackerel and I've had better head from the Headless Horseman."

"Since you know Jamesie, I suppose you're acquainted with Shakespeare, too?"

"Willy, the Bard of Avon Calling? Sure, I know the fucker." "Tell me, is it true that he's gone on comely boy-actors?"

"Is he?! Why, when I was playing Juliet at the Globe Theater I used to call him Shylock 'cause he was always after my pound of flesh!"

"Did he get it?"

"He got a clout in the kisser is what he got."

"H'm, you're hard to please but I gopher laddies who're hard to please — you should pardon the expression. Let's see now, who else might appeal to your pernickety taste? Ah, I have it! Since he's so fond of Bert's Lance, I'm positive the President of the Disunited States would back you to the hilt if not deeper."

"Good ol' Jimmy-boy with the Cheshire Cat grin? That's a laugh! He don't know back from front nor pricks from peanuts."

"Little No-no, you talk like you don't want to be King of England!"

"Who'n hell would wanta rule this crummy piece of real-estate? I'm aimin' for the toppa the heap!"

"Don't tell me the Emperor of the Western World is sniffing around your scentful bottom ? !"

"Hadrian? Naw, he's nuts-deep in some fuckin' Bithynian boy."

"H'm, it can't be Zeus for he's so tangled-up with Ganymede that you can't tell heads from tails."

"Look, wise-guy, by this time next Friday Ganymede will be out on his ass and I'll be in — Prince of the Earth and Heaven, too!"

"Well, congratulations! It couldn't happen to a nicer kid — or could it? Uh, Eric love, I was just thinking ... since you won't be doing anything here at his dopey Winchester School between now and next Friday, couldn't we sort of kind of commingle, like? I mean, I'd be humbly grateful for a smidgen of headcheese or any other toothsome titbit you'd kindly care to toss my way."

"Not on your life! I'm savin' alla myself for the King of the Gods!"

"Then how about a dollop of wee-wee? Surely you can't save that until next Friday!"

Not waiting for an answer, impetuously I attempt a grope that is sincere but not so genteel as I'd intended for all of an abruptness I'm staring into the business-end of a firearm that .30-caliber bore the same name as the boy's School — and laughing fit to kill, sadistic Eric pulls the trigger.

P.S. Now that I'm back in Santa Monica and trying to get my head together, I would just like to say that if any Doubting Thomas reader of the foregoing thinks that's the way it didn't happen then how do you explain the bullet-hole in my powder-burned new honky-white Homburg?!

38. A State of Mind

"Baby-bunting, have you ever been screwed?"

"Oh, man, have I! Ony ever' damn day an' sumtimes twict on Sunday!"

"That's all I wanted to know! Now where did I put the KY? I'm always misplacing it — a Freudian slip, no doubt."

"Hey, waid a minnit! I ain' tawkin 'bout no friggin' KY!" "But, sugar-boo, I just asked you if you'd ever enjoyed the delights of passive humptididdle and you said you had."

"I dint say no sucha thing! Where my pants — I is gittin' outa here!"

"Hold it, tootsums. We seem to be communicating on different levels so I'll put it this way — really and truly haven't you ever had a nice gentle cock up your pretty ass?"

"NO! I is virgun from top to bottom."

"Oh, come off it, honey-pot! All afternoon I've been deep-kissing your nectar'd mouth and ears and armpits and bellybutton besides blowing you three times so you're no virgin — at least in front!"

"I is too virgun! In fack, I is virguner than that ol' Mary who fool aroun' too much with the Holy Goats an' got caught!"

"H'm, I suspect you're either non compos mentis or simple semantics is the villain here. Tell me, sweet skewbrain, what is your definition of 'virgin'?"

"Say what?"

"Say it like this — what does the word 'virgin' mean to you?" "Is you stoopid or sumpin'?! It mean sumbuddy from the State of Virginyuh an' I borned an' bred in Richmon'!"

39. First Come, First Served

My, isn't that sweet? Father and young son playing a game together. No generation-gap here! What? Oh, grandfather and grandson, are they? So charming — perfect rapport. What?! Fairy godfather and — ? No, snoopy-skirts — senile sex fiend and small boy victim.

In reverse order, Dana and Doodoo. Dana he, Doodoo me, nude we in bed playing a goddam game. Dana's several current problems bandaged or assuaged: scrape on his right knee, blister on left heel, 29 tempestuous minutes of remedial spelling-reading instruction (Columbia Teachers' College, you couldn't Look-Say teach an asshole how to shit!), me I yearned only to sex around a trifle, y'unnerstand, for Dana he is a magnetic suckafuckalorum ladling with blue-black bang'd locks, mocking azul eyes, impudent nose, taunting red wet mouth that invites depth-charge soul-kisses and his soft hard warm sleek little body seduces all five senses and ESP, too. But Dana he wants to play chess so of course we play chess, I sitting propped against pillows, vibrant boy with his back to me sprawled between my legs, my right hand where every moral respectable law-abiding American adult male's digits shouldn't be, my palpitant penis pressed into the satin-smooth hot little buttocks'-cleft, chessboard atilt betwixt Dana's silky thighs — and I having the far side of the bluddy board perforce must ass-backward move against myself, sorry story of my life! Frankly, I never could make head nor tail out of the perishing game nohow for the idea seems to be to screw the King, bugger the Bishop, cornhole the Knight, jerk off the Pawns but never never never fuck the frig-gin' Queen! Well, who'd want to — given a toothsome baby-love clasped tight belly-to-back?! Meanwhile, this existential exchange between dewy young Youth and hoary horny Old Age:

Your move, Doodoo. I just moved. No you dint, Doodoo — I watchin' you! I did too move! I moved this here sinful-looking Pawn. Jeez, those itty-bitty little pieces plunge me into phallophilic blisstasy — if they were blush-colored they'd look precisely like your precious little peeknuckle! Don't talk dirty! Dana love, you don't know what is dirty and what is ain't dirty. I know one thing for damn sure — you is a filthy old man! So why you come to see me every day, rain or shine? I come for your two bucks, stoopid, not for you! Besides, you is the only cocksucker I know that can play chess. (Candid little crud, isn't he?!) Cuddly-boo, you ever noticed that when you win a game your pretty pink penissimus stands at attention but when you lose your sweet barometer falls? Why's that? Doodoo, can't you ever keep your crummy mind above my belt? No, and don't look now but you ain't wearing a belt. I is gonna give you a belt in your big yap if you don't shut up an' move! OK, I move this lovely bit of suede skin down and then I move it up and down again and up down up down Seesaw Margery Daw —

Doodoo, if you don't stop foolin' around with my pecker I is gonna git dressed an' go home! Ha! Ha! You can't go home 'cause I hid your pants! Then I put on your pants. Ho! Ho! I just sent them to the cleaners! So I go home in my birthday-suit... move!

All right, I move south to these squirmy little pet-stones. My goodness, they're hard as hick'ry-nuts! If you don't quit squeezin'em they is gonna be mash-potatoes. Doodoo, please take your hand outa there — how you expeck me to concecrate on the game?! OK, I take my pawn away and sneak it down under here! Heavenly days, I can feel your hot juicy little fun-hole! That jake with you? If you jist feel — but you put one finger in I go right home an' tell my Momma what

you is awways doin' to me — I warnin' you, Doodoo! Oh, Dana darlin', you let me do it before! That was before — this's Behind. Baby, why're you so mean to me? Don't call me baby — I ack older than you do! True, true. Tell me something, sugar plum. Why do you always call me Doodoo?

Because. Yeah, I know — but why? Because because. Tiddly-boo, cease the double-talk or I'll shove the Queen headfirst up your sweet-honey'd hot-box — not that she wouldn't love it! I don't wanna tell you 'cause I'd be talkin' dirty. Tell me, angel-puss, or this chessboard goes bang out the window! OK, you ast for it! See, when I was a kid — When you was a kid! How the fuck old are you now?! Oh, Doodoo, I is told you an' told you — I is nine goin' on ten.

So, nine creepin' on ten, what happened when you were a kid? Well, then when I hadda take a crap I'd say, 'Mommy, bring the potty, I gotta make doodoo!' Oh, poopy-doo, you're crueller than a woman scorned! Here I adore your body and assoul and you call me shit!

You hadda know so I told you. Hey, checkmate! I got your King by the short hairs! So you've fucked-up my King, have you? OK, what you say we forget this silly game and partake of a nice slice of sexual reciprocity? Speak English, Doodoo — I ain't no friggin' dickshunary. Getting to the bottom-line, can I please ride your Golden Ass? No! You promised to play three games of chess and this here is only the first one. Anything for you, kiddy-boo, and if you win all three will you let me mount you bareback? Maybe, I'll think about it... an' don't talk dirty! How many times I gotta tell you? OK, I'll be good. Your move. H'm, I move this jerky-looking Bishop. Oh, Dana, I do admire to kiss your angel ears! Is they dirty? Uh, they're not the most sanitary in the whole wide world and that's a fact. Then lick them clean 'cause I is awways catchin' hell at home for scummy ears. Your move. OK, I move here. That the wrong way, Doodoo! But this's the right one. Oh, God, you're like a sweet little ginger-bread boy — I want to eat you up! If you is turnin' into a cannibull, Doodoo, I is haulin' ass! An' whut I jist git through tellin' you 'bout playin' with my pecker? You said `Naughty, naughty!' Well, I change my mind. Keep on playin' with it — faster, harder, hold it tight! Happy to oblige, babba-loo! Rub-a-dub-dub/Two balls in a tub! Oh, Doodoo, whut you doin' to me?! I is gittin' a funny feelin' that's diffrent! How is it different? Ooh, it like I gotta pee real bad but not like that either an' it ain't like bein' jerked before but kinda like sump'n super is gonna happen! Uh, oh, ooh, faster, Doodoo, rub me hard ! Like so? Yes, yes! Oh, I'm... I'm... Oh, ooh, 000h, DOOdo!!!

And I'll be a no-good bastard if nine coming on ten with a maoaningly violent convulsion doesn't copiously explode virgin boy-milk all over the Queen on the chessboard! Quick as a wank I snatch up Her Lucky Majesty to suck clean her saturated self, then last-drop strip still-seeping little Dana — ineffable First of Things few mortals know!

But now I'm much concerned about Queenie. Some of Dana's divinitied dew must've penetrated her privates as she is belly-swelling more each time we play with her — the boy proudly crowing like the macho little cockerel he is. Well, it's precisely what my Granmaw was forever dinning in my skeptical ears: `Cazzymeer, my pore idiot chile,' she used to say, rapping the bowl of her corncob pipe against my shrinking skull, 'never fergit that a boy's First Come is so carnation powerful it can knock-up a knothole!' (Uh, Dana says you should kindly 'scuse me for

talkin' dirty.)

40. Around the World in LXXX Boys

XXI.

Anticipating sonatas of Suck, farandoles of Fuck, I followed this flirty sweet-ass child four breathless miles but when I caught up to him and made my pitch it transpired that the youngster's already got a madly jealous swain who's encased his cherish'd Cherubino in fine steel-mesh briefs secured by a burglarproof combination-lock. Naturally I'm much chagrin'd by this display of defeating armour but have to admit that the kid's End certainly justified the Means.

XXII.

Nasarul was an eagerly brownsome Ceylonese of 12 whose spicy anus smelled of ginger 'cause he was fond of curry. In a moon-madness moment I tongued the sweetling's unswabbed asshole and discovered I liked curry, too — even though I got it secondhand.

XXIII.

I was not only inebriated but drunk and on a boy-jag when I picked up this chatoyant houri with balls standing in the entrance of Police Headquarters. I whisked him home, paid him in advance, took him to bed, forgot what I took him to bed for and fell asleep. Late next morning I wake to find him gone but a hosanna note pinned to his pillow said: 'You dint blow me er nuthin' so I jerked off twict onna plate in the kitchen. See you tonite. Love, Flip.' I rush to kitchen just in time to see the cat lick up the last of Flip's thick crystal kid-come.

XXIV.

LePage was the last name of this adhesive Amoroso whom I recollect most vividly as I was not only stuck on him — I got stuck in him. How it happened was, the little punk had an urgent date with his girl so to save time I used a small Stafford's Glue bottle to dilate his bang-hole during which the rubber-top came off the bottle resulting in much spillage but neither of us noticed this in the heat of the ensuing penetration. Well, sir, I was mucilaged solid as cement in that epoxy'd stud for three hours and 72 minutes before he was finally able to shit me out. He coughed up the rubber-top two days later.

XXV.

Sweet 12er Puk initially repulsed my improper advances for he is pure as distilled angel-sweat but it was infatuation at first slight for me so I persevered with young Mission Impossible, telling him that man-boy love was the most natural passion in the world for it was simply a case of like hot for like, no complicated Battle of the Sexes nor strange and hostile bodily territory involved — and at long last I get him nudely supine on my bed and kiss his pink cock-head and lick-suck it and shyly he whispers: "Uh, just what'm I s'posed to do here?!" and I reply: "You just lay nice and loose and let me do the driving till Nature takes its course." And at once it's apparent that little Puk has an inborn hard-on for fags because in half-a-minute flat his stiff penis is pointing at the ceiling and a quarter-minute later he gasps: "Ooh, Duke, I'm awful sorry but my erection's gonna self-destruct in 5 seconds!"

XXVI-XXVII.

Ivor had skin soft as pink whipped-cream though he was not so oompy as his brother Ian (no

class to his screwing) nevertheless he was a damnsight better than their sister Imogene, a sadistic menace who I'd despise to fuck even with Pinocchio's prick. And look, Imogene, will you kindly stop writing to me on the back of pages torn out of the California Penal Code, Sodomy Section? You're about as subtle as a hangman's noose. And no, you fishy freak, Preparation H is not a gargle; if it's gargles that send you, I heartily recommend Lysol full-strength. Also no, I know nothing about the care and feeding of undescended testicles but if you possess same with a cock adjacent then forget the Lysol and come see me instanter — could be we can work something out.

XXVIII through XXX.

During the course of my carnivorous career as a boy-lover I had the ill luck to encounter three beautiful brothers (12, 10 & 8 and a quarter) who right up and told me to my scandalised face that they much preferred their fists to my personalised, custom-made fellation. I told Wkynken, Blynken & Nod (thus called because they were asleep to the most paramount of sexual pleasures) that their sweet orgasms, wet or dry, just go to waste in dull guilty self-abuse and accruing no lovely cash or other benefits — whereas a professionally-done blow-job can not only enrich them but catapult them way up alongside the heavenly cherubim impaled on the bony lap of God Himself, balm of Gilead for lubricant. Alack, this trio of jerks were neither impressed nor persuaded and pursued their perverse way with dogged determination. I strive to flush these bull-headed little turds down Memory's toilet but Oh! they were so beautiful and in fancy keep coming back to haunt me. I trust, however, that some more plausible prick than I will be able to convince the sweet auto-erotics that fellation beats masturbation — hands down.

XXXI.

Despite his Nipponese name, Kenji was pure impure Scandian — a heavenly psalm of pink, white and gold just negotiating puberty and endowed with a fissionable penis, lemonade-tasting pee and droplets of creme-de-cockao come. I was happily content with just these boyish benisons but my headstrong prick who headlong rushes in where even I fear to tread is wild to become a member in good-standing of Kenji's select inner circle and to that end roughly essays to assay the lad. Alas, my swashbuckling prick and I both get dumped on our respective butts for Kenji is a veritable King Kong of Karate.

XXXII.

Dexter was dextrous in connubial capers for he was blessed with dextrose-tasting sperm, sucrose-savour'd wee-wee and a glucose ass but I had to give him the heave-ho as he was just too damn drafty for my piece and comfort. See, his favourite article of diet was any kind of bean from Lima to Mexican Jumping and his resultant farts were so hurricane that he blasted my tongue out of his blow-hole every time I tried to Annie Linctus him. I even had his rectumic exhaust Midasized but to no avail for when next I humped him, his breakwinds were even more prodigious than before and blew my out-bursting semen back into my balls.

XXXIII.

The first sight of Eustace magnetic'd me from a 100 feet away and even though fireflies cluster about his fire-fly and he intimates he'd love to have his inner-tube blowed out, discretion dictates that I abjure his hyperbolic presence for the boy's Mama who was Miss Vaginal Deodorant of 1962 is now a top topless wrestler and his Papa is a burly longshoreman by day and a knockdown-dragout bully-bouncer in a Bowery saloon by night. Fiendishly frustrating in

toto as Eustace looks much like his Mother who is pretty pretty in a Circe sort of way and he also has a lot of his Father in him — about 8 inches.

XXXIV.

A little tittyboo with ethereal allure was Merle whom I lured to my lair by means frowned on by the United Minor-Workers' Union but it's every man for himself these days. Kid let me denude him, revealing a perfect penis I was permitted to look at but not touch and rapidly I'm reduced to a tearful stutter-and-beg man but Merle merely turned his back to me, bent over, parted his bravura buns, focus'd his tiny anal lens at me and said, 'Click!', taking my photograph with his brazen Brownie camera. I have the picture right here though I had a terrible hassle processing it for the kid squawked to High Hell when I sat him in the developing-tray, complaining that the chemicals burned the shit out of his asshole.

XXXV.

Vergilio was the name of this succulent slice of gaminerie whose only fault was he had a twin-sister Virginia who was a pest of the first order — every time I saw her I reflexively reached for the Flit. Once through the U.S. Postal Service yet she sent me a postcard of San Quentin in colour and on the back she wrote: "Dere Cashmere: Is there such of a thing as a 'swinging fuck'? Not that you'd tell me but I'm astin' anyway. And if you don't stay outa my kid-brother I am gonna squeal on you to the fuzz. Your sincere friend, Virginia." For a minute there I seriously contemplated sending her a bomb in a box of Farmer's Fanny Chocolates but my better nature got the worst of me and in a triple-sealed letter I politely replied: "Yes, Virginia, there is such a thing as a 'swinging fuck' which embraces a trifle of acrobatics where you hang a bare-ass boy (her own kid-brother, as a matter of fact) by his heels from a friendly chandelier, suck him off, drink him then stand on a rocking chair for a nice Rockabye Baby screw — but be careful that the chair don't skootch out from under you which might cause you to fracture your erection. Love and Hisses from Kashmir".

41. Nocky

*"Oh!" he cried in accents wild,
"Pull it out or I'll get a child!"*

Despite whole libraries of contradictory falsities, when a young boy goes 'wrong' it's usually his peers or his parents who are to blame — not pederasts. Yah, I know, I'm prejudiced — but I've heard a helluva lot of pertinent case-histories which bear me out. For example, there's Nocky whom I encountered slumped on the curb beside a suburban mail-box when I went to post a letter. He was about 12, small, slim, gracefully formed and sweet-faced though tears obviously were about to break forth so I sat down beside him, proffering a Hershey Almond bar by way of introduction.

Two Super-cheeseburgers and a Double Banana Split later I learn that the sad stranger's name is Enoch but he's called Nocky, he's half-past 13 and, is toting a spilling-over carload of woes. Most grievous of his sorrows is that he dearly loved his father, dead of cancer this past year, and his frivolous unmaternal mother has ever made it painfully clear that Nocky was an unfortunate mistake — she'd wanted a girl, if anything, and furthermore the boy's very conception was an irritating case of mistaken identity: hot for zig-zag but half-asleep, Mommy-poo had fumblingly shoved an Alka-Seltzer instead of her diaphragm up her impatient twat (puzzled at the time by the unusual but not unpleasant effervescent action), but Plop! Plop! Fizz! Fizz! Oh, What a Relief it Wasn't!! for Nocky was the outcome nine months later, Mother Dear being a reluctant but adamant anti-abortionist. As if that weren't traumatic enough for the poor lad, he now has a step-father, a tall, dark and loathsome tennis-bum who is hung like a stud-stallion and sneeringly refers to Nocky as 'Runt' or 'Small Change' — and the boy's cock-smitten Mama callously concurs.

Gradually I console the child, imbuing him with a sense of his own worth and importance and before long he brightens considerably, smiling and chattering until I venture to put an avuncular arm around him and he snuggles so close that I'm emboldened to slip a hesitant hand between his warm thighs. At once he spreads his legs wide, obviously grateful for the personal attention and my intentions — and since he's been temporarily locked-out of his unhappy home while his elders are doubtless double-back-beasting on living-room carpet or kitchen-table, Nocky readily accompanies me to my home, pausing enroute for chocolate layer-cake and cocoa... a well-stuffed kiddie is a gilt-edge investment, I always say, and generally pays off in the end.

Alack! When I disrobe my young protege preparatory to bedding him, I find myself faced with a bear-market — his livestock is more than somewhat depressed for he's bony-limb'd and torso-scrawny, his lips are out of kiss-bounds, his titties are midget umber smears on his meager chest and his belly-button is more lint-than lust-producing. Of his cock he apologetically remarks: "I guess my Dingus wun't give Linda Lovelace no thrill, would it?" and which is the under-overstatement of the year for his two-inch clipt penis can't take a firm stand on anything, not even an ejaculation and his dwarf testes are more fiction than fact and they don't swing loose, half his infant scrotum being still fondly attached to his perineum. But I am touched by his modesty and his need for affection and ego-bolstering so I praise to the skies all his parts and

lick, tongue and suck same (plus acquiring a pee-pee transfusion of pure puer plasma) to Nocky's shrilly vocal delight. For a few hours, at least, he has forgotten his tribulations.

Then I turn the boy over — and widen my eyes in astonished surprise! In the derriere-department Nocky is unexcelled for he sports a beautiful bower behind — round firm pair'd pink radiances guarding the sweet sanctuary within. By the sheerest good luck I've went and gone and got myself a foundling divinely fashion'd to be fucked, he has no moral objection to being fucked, he'd like to be fucked as he's often pleasurably finger-fucked himself in the lonely reaches of the night — but he's scared shitless of being cock-fucked au naturel because he might get knocked-up... and nothing I can say will convince him otherwise.

In the meantime my impetuous prick, drool-lipt at the prospect before him, is clamouring to get a piece of the action so heatedly I wheeze: "OK, Nocky, no sweat — I'll wear a condom though such isn't really me, you understand. I don't like anything between my cock and an asshole except a thin film of lubricant."

The boy declares that you can't put no faith in rubbers 'cause the to-and-fro friction wears holes in 'em — and then where would he be?! "So I'll give you a soap-and-water enema right after I come — flush all those fiendish little seeds to hell down the toilet." Nocky opines that an enema would be too late 'cause them sneaky seeds travel a mile a minute once they get into your rectum.

So what to do? Passive and active, we're both eager to hump but can't agree on the modus operandi. For a solid hour we amicably, torturously wrangle until finally Nocky says: "Well, mister, you been real nice to me so I'm gonna do it your way and take a chance on gettin caught — but first you'll hafta go out and buy me a boy-size diaphragm and a bottle of them there anti-baby Pills, y'know?"

Briefly I wonder why he is so afraid of the impossibility of coming down with child but perhaps some of his mother's aversion to pregnancy has rubbed off on him. At any rate, I'm relieved he didn't also demand IUDs or foams or douches or rhythms that don't rhyme so I delay not in the speed of my departure. At the local pharmacy, the Pills prove no problem to procure but the druggist (a closet-hetero if I ever saw one and who patently suspects that I'm a cradle-snatcher) curtly informs me that I must be sex-identity confused for diaphragms are a redundancy in a boy whereas they're a necessity in, say, a nineyear-old girl but she would have to come in to be measured.

Covertly shifting my stiff-neck'd ramrod to a more comfortable position against my belly, I groan: "The device is for a morfydite so just give me the smallest size you have and hurry, please — I'm in extremis!"

Home again, Nocky gulps down three Pills while lovingly I lather his more or less virgin eyelet with slathers of Jerken's Lotion and wincingly he pokes the diaphragm deep inside him, shoves it farther up him with the aid of my screw-happy ballpoint pen. Crawling over him, I guide my leaping cock to the infra-red little interstice and gently roughly slowly swiftly push and push harder and...

And Oh, God! the sweet kid fucks fabulous, instinctively he seems to know how to work up under a good man or his sociable finger and too quickly I feel the onset of a shivery delirium and sobbing I thrust all the way in and...

And that devilish diaphragm must've had a powerful spring in its backside for no sooner did my rock-hard glans butt against it than I'm being propelled — shrieking cock and all — out of Nocky so forcefully that I land on my back on the floor, my load spraying all over the ceiling.

42. Wet-Dreamer

Once upon a June night, scent of roses, moonlight, in my bed a lovely lad wet-dreamed in my mouth.

Marny, hair like sunlight lock'd in amber wine, boyface limned with Nature's own hue, form sculpted Phidias perfection, 12-year-old runaway from Dover'd Delaware where milky striplings sexily tongue L's into W's — 'I wike to be feewated if you'd wike to feewate me, pwease, sir!' Marny, small god available, hungry, tired, dirty, lonely, stumbles home with me to be fed, bathed, comforted, my reward a grateful smile, mumbled shy promises of later delights. Weary little one falls into my bed, like a hurled stone plunges inot deep slumber. I join him, not embracing, not caressing, marvel at rose-glow of small boy-body, reflection of crimson-shaded bedlamp? Lamp out, lewd moonbeams intrude, subtly ravish unaware young flesh. Avaunt, moon! Envious Luna, away! You have fair Endymion, this fairer love is mine!

Shrouded lamp lit again, now the reverent nightwatch, lover's vigil to wakeful wonder and admire. Lyre-shaped breast. Bright copper coins of nubbin nipples and surround. Navel wee alabaster chalice inviting brimful kisses. Pubic curls delicate scroll of gold. Penis slim pink prism palpitant. Scrotum tender lotus-bud in warm pool of thighs. Worship and adore — here is borrowed Cupid, bow-and-arrow alert for the target heart.

Church-tower tolls midnight, bewitched hour. Voyager to some distant disturbing shore, boy twists, squirms, reach and flex of supple young limbs as he turns toward me. Lips parted, his milky breath quickens against my cheek as slender penis stirs, cushion'd on nether thigh grows, become lustrous little Lance of Love. I slip down to rosy penis-tip probing beyond circle of satin-soft sex-skin, intimacy of privacies scant inch from bliss, closer move, breathlessly lip-surround but do not touch, do not touch the swollen throb of yearning boy-glans, contained heaven, wait in ambiance of soon ecstasy.

Restless lad urgent now, lissom body tenses, a sharp twitch and moaning gasp, impassion'd young loins convulse and I feel vibrant penis leap in my mouth as its ineffable offering to Eros streams hot across my tongue, pulses liquidly again and again. In beatific hush of time I hold my small darling's creamy reverie within then reluctantly swallow to solicit last pearl'd drops, beautiful dreamer quiescent beneath me. His so precious gift unknowing bestowed, youngster sighs, stretches, slips out of me and gently I gather him into my arms, enfold him tenderly.

What does a dream taste like? Like Paradise Possess'd.

43. The Unpaid Bill

I'm most gratified it's the case, but how come the proclaimed juvie delinq or the undetected wayward lad is usually far more personable, desirable and sex-sociable than the uptight youngster who dully trods the straight and narrow? Possibly Socrates, who loved wanton bathhouse boys, could enlighten us but he's presently so plastered on hemlock that I can't get a coherent word out of him.

A Boy About Town is Bill and a shining example of the delectable sexual delinquent you'd love to take home to Mother if Mother was out. The kid's just barely a generally bare 13, pillow-tumbled dark hair, liquid lapus lazuli eyes, peppery stuffed pecker and a tight little caboose atwitch for pleasure-trips all almost invariably for free!

The delightful truth is, Willyum is a near-genius at tickling the ivories (pianos not craps) and a Whiz-Kid at chess where Bishops kiss his fingers and Queens lay at his touch. And if you Innerspring him and dally-dilly with sweet Billy you'll find he's not the least averse to total foreground lend-lease and then he'll turn over as docilely as a page in a book or in the court of a misogynist monarch — and the incredible culmination to the whole transaction is that the lad is as preoccupied with plans to improve Steinway or defeat Splashy that he forgets to ask for the wages of his stripling sins. Naturally, he soon is famous far and wide as 'The Unpaid Bill', becoming so popular with boy-consumers both impecunious and affluent that wherever he went he was trailed by a long, panting queue like the tail of a comet in heat. Of course, I was right at the head of the cortege myself as I was afflicted with a severe attack of the Micawber Malaise at the time, so eating on spicy Willy was often my only square meal of the day.

For two haut cuisine months I free-loaded on and in absentminded Bill, gorging on gourmandities — and then catastrophe struck! The boy had a twin sister, Beast to his Beauty, who discovered her brother's body-phianthropy and promptly brought it to a screeching halt. She appointed herself his business-manager, treasurer (whereby he still never saw any of the money he made) and Guardian of the Goodies — but in a most crude and commercial manner. She made the bemused boy carry a sandwich-board on which was emblazon'd his gourmet menu in huge neon-red letters, thusly:

BILL OF FAIR

Above the belt, both sides \$10

Below the belt, front only \$20

Below the belt, back only \$30

Below the belt, both sides \$40

Everything, with KY-sauce \$50

Fetishists' Special!!

Used condoms, boy-size, contents intact: \$0.98

44. The Merboy

At the start of the fifth month of that memorable year I thought I had the world by the short hairs and yanking hard. For once and too seldom I was solvent, I had a good job and was on the eve of a three-week vacation — but shortly I felt like yelling Mayday! Mayday!'in S O S despair for every dazzling little hustler I solicited spurned me to stroll off with reds, yellows, blacks and browns trailing ethnic guffaws behind them. What the hell is this — Swat the WASP Week or something?! OK, possibly insects like me are treated more civilly in New Jersey across the Hudson so I rent a fishing-shack on the Atlantic shore just north of Tom's River — a town that' sheer Zilchville, lemme tell you, for I fell in the River and young Tom, if any, was conspicuous by his absence. And though I don't immediately encounter any likely little body-merchants selling sea-shells by the seashore, the fresh salt-air and unseasonably benign sun are so relaxing that on my first night in the Garden State I am dozing in my chair, too lazily comfortable to go to bed. Then suddenly I hear a clear young voice calling my name, summoning me with a beguiling urgency...

I stumble to my feet and out the door and though I'm clad only in swim-trunks I feel no chill in this midnight hour. Dazed, I look about me. A full moon in a cloudless sky bathes sand and sea in a limpid brilliance but the shore is deserted. Then I peer seaward and behold a slender naked form limned against the horizon like the quintessence of youthful beauty and grace, the ardent ocean caressing his thighs. Mesmerised, my eyes feast on him for he is the magic dreams are made of and inexorably as the tide follows the moon I approach him, nearer see a seal-sleek body halo'd in a shimmering mane of aureate loveliness, on his sweet child's face an expression of pure and godlike appeal. Can he be an illusion, a mirage? Is he the Sorcerer's Apprentice, up to tricks? But enough of rhetorical redundancies! Here is the little one you've long been seeking so try your luck and ask not Wherefore? Yet fantasy still seems to possess my senses until hesitantly, breathlessly I touch his hand, feel warm firm-soft young flesh. "Who are you?" I whisper, spellbound by an enchanted lad. "Are you a sea-sprite, Father Neptune's pride and joy?"

The boy laughs in an arpeggio of silvery notes. "I am whatever you want me to be." His voice is a muted soprano with an arousing undertone of sensuality and though obviously he is playing some childish game with me, I shall humor his capricious fancy.

"I can't have met you, seen you before for surely I would remember — yet you know my name!"

"What does it matter? I am here so you name me and that shall be my name."

"Then I'll call you Merboy for I found you in the sea."

"It was ordained that on this night and in this place you would find me and know me."

"Beautiful stranger, I am grateful but you speak in riddles I do not understand."

"You will — but do not waste time on words for soon I must leave you."

"But you'll come back, won't you — tomorrow, today?"

The argent notes of the boy's laughter sound again in the hushed air. "That depends on you for I am you and your will is mine."

Ah, yes, here is a lad who evidently is well aware of the power of his charms and — a bit overly-indulged, perhaps loves to tease with enigmas that have no solution. As for me, I never could resist the irresistible — if it bears the ineluctable accouterments of a boy. Thus my errant glance strays to the junction of his thighs and though his damask delta does no yet flaunt the proud ensign of puberty, his limp penis is a long slim smooth pendant of felicity that even as I stare, entranced, stirs and stiffens and elevates — the silky veil of love-skin rippling back from the tapering glans. A frisson of flaming desire coursing through me, I fall to my knees as the boy moves into my embrace, my hands tremulous on the firm rounds of his small bottom, my face reverent against the warm sex, my mouth summarily invaded by the leaping young lancet of lust that hotly sears my tongue then thrusts in frenzied rapine until plummy cock-head swelling, swelling, bursting, the panting boy shrills with ecstasy as his pulsing penis pours out its creamy bliss.

All passion not yet spent, my new-found darling strips himself inside me, pulls me to my feet, offers his lips, my tongue exploring his milky mouth while his hands slip between us to grasp my swim trunks, slide them down my flanks till they collapse around my ankles. Stepping out of them, I kiss the boy's closed eyes, his flush'd cheeks and the soft sweet hollow at the base of his throat as my fingers once more feverishly seek the compelling lure of his buttocks, parting them, gently probing the pink pucker'd grotto within. Avidly responding, the youngster rubs his heating genitals hard against my engorged member then twists to present his posterior. I clasp the fair stranger close, my eager hands finding, fondling his reviving penis while my lips swim in the surf of his silken locks, descend to caress the smooth nape delicate as gossamer velvet, redolent of roses. Our bodies twined in hot communion, now the boy seizes my rampant arrow, guides it to his target and writhing against me, gaspingly impales himself upon it.

With a rush of overwhelming desire I feel my questing glans dilate the close-furl'd anal-bud to swiftly, swooningly snake out the slippery-tight little love-nest, sucked on and farther in by my skillful Merboy's rectal contractions. Then wondrously I realise that I have but to stand still and wholly enjoy — my generous partner's backthrusting and the mounting wavelets of the incoming tide thrillingly do for me my penile jousting in the Lists of Love, surging against me with ever-increasing force until moaning with the ineffable pleasure-pain of imminent climax I jackknife over the boy, roughly bending his supple body to fully receive my sperm'd ardour and...

And then I woke up.

45. Bittersweet

As a fastidious connoisseur of junior bodies beautiful and one who has impeccable sex-tastes, I collect first emissions rather than first-editions and... Oh, don't raise your eyebrows at me, Sigmund F! I didn't initiate an international con-game that has fleeced billions out of naive millions! And bye-the-bye, Freudie-poo, if you need help to kick that cocaine-monkey off your back I'll be only too glad to analyse you — for \$50 an hour, you furnish the couch and KY.

Fade-in to New Orleans, circa 1932, where I worked for a brief spell in Schmeltzenfahrter's Pickle Works (front for the largest illicit whiskey-still south of Chicago) and where every Friday the entire town was richly fragrant with the aroma of roasting coffee-beans cum chicory, jumbo banana-splits were 13 cents, two-feature movies plus Bingo were 15 cents for adults and the aforesaid java was a nickel a cup with a huge chocolate cookie included — though it was always somewhat unsettling to stroll along the levee and look up to see Old Man River bumbling along. And New Orleans above all the rest of the benighted U.S.A. for the dark-eyed, olive-skin'd little Creole lads with their beguiling smiles and AWOL morals — far more adept at salacious salubrities than their more ballyhoo'd sisters.

On Mardi Gras Eve Schmeltzenfahrter's was blown-up by a Scarface Al Capone henchman so perforce I am jobless and though I'm scarcely a Master of Head, I've ever yearned some day to be Headmaster in a totally unprepared Prep School for Boys — thus to gain a bare living/loving I now resort to my favourite avocation of tutoring backward youngsters (ball'd-type exclusively) in the usual elementary subjects while hoping to sneak in some snide instruction on such basic essentials as OI, AI and AL. Shortly I acquire a promisefully prurient pupil who, though no Creole, possessed a countenance of such arresting beauty that it was virtually Indecent Exposure in the First Degree, and immediately the owner thereof pertly proclaims: "My name's Candy but I'm called Candy 'cause I'm so sweet!" — which he is, in a sugar-diabetes sort of way. A well-developed blue-eyed blond of 12, Candy is deficient in mathematics but so atwitch with the tinnabulant lusts of puberty that he looks as if he could readily be taught that one guzinta one just wonderful — but I haste not too hurriedly lest swift hazards befall.

On my first afternoon session with this little Louisiana hotpot at his home, I quickly discover that conditions are ideal for devilish deeds as Poppa is at work and Momma is at her bridge-club — nevertheless conscientiously I set to work to explain the mysteries of digits to Master Sweet Stuff but it's like trying to teach Yiddish to Adolf Hitler for the confection'd young cretin can add one to one and come up with 111 which naturally is true only when you're dealing with rabbits. Also he gets Arabic and Roman numerals mixed-up — when I ask him what five times five is, he scribbles down: `XX5' which undeniably is correct but would cause a computer to cut its throat. Furthermore, the kid obviously has a very low-motivated personality for he pays little attention to my painstaking pedagogy, instead suggestively running his hands up and down his wide-spread inner thighs and making slurpy sucking noises at me. Now I can take a hint, especially when it's a highly ornamental and semenental six inches (as later transpires), so I lean forward and gently stroke his pregnant fly then nervously fumble for the zipper-tab. Winking lewdly, Candy shoves my hand away, leaps up and in a trice is standing nude before me, inviting my inspection. Well, sir, I swear to God that kid is built like a Tiffany shit-house, all gemmous

superbities and my awed gaze sweeps down the honey, smooth tapering torso to the hairless Pississippi Delta, to the up wardly mobile slim penis and below to the doeskin-soft car touche containing two miniature cannonballs, potent ammunition factory for the cock'd gun above.

"Turn around!" I wheeze, swallowing a rush of saliva.

The boy spins to present the twin'd spicy loaves of his fruit-cake ass, slightly parted to reveal a moist brown raisin in the son and I bend to give it a loving swipe with my tongue but Candy again reverses himself, his pink pricklet a rose is a rose is arose 'Mat teasingly brushes my nose.

"Can you come?" I query hoarsely.

"I c'n come but I can't shoot," the boy says fuefully. "You reckon my period is late or somethin'?"

ti H'm, just now I'm sure I detected a distinct scent of dried ism on his dick but could be it belongs to somebody else I'd rather not think about. Ever the instructor, I say: "Perhaps you don't beat your meat right. It has to be done with finesse, Pertinacity and due regard for the dignity of your dingle-dangle."

"Hell, man, I bang the sorry bastard silly but he won't spit!" Slyly he adds: "Maybe if you sucked me it would bring my milk down."

Though I can scarcely keep my lips off him, I say sternly: "If I go down on you do you promise to study real hard?"

"Sure, sure, man — anything you say!" And he grabs my head in both hands, pulls me against him and sinks his square-root of ecstatic evil deep within my mouth. "Ooh, that feels good — all tight an' hot an' slimy! Does a cunt feel like that? ...uh, 'scuse me for askin' — I c'n see you're busy."

Busy as a dizzy bee am I on the little maleness erect and demanding inside me. Yanking the boy's foreskin roughly down on his thrusting Limb of Satan, my tongue like an amorous eel slithers around and around his sensitive bridle and acorn while forcefully I thumb-and-forefinger masturbate his penis-shaft and suddenly we tumble to the floor in a welter of books, papers, pens and passion — I flat on my back and Candy sprawled over me, panting: "Jesus, man, I'm gettin' that good gone feelin' like I'm really gonna blast this time!"

I redouble my attack on the boy's sweetmeat and succulent seconds later feel his glans bloating, cock-stem pulsing then convulsing and with a shrill scream Candy comes in blissful chaos, sending salvos of virgin sperm ricocheting against the walls of my feverishly soliciting mouth. "Oh, wow!" the trembling boy moans. "Oh, wow!"

"Wow, indeed! rasps a harsh voice above us. "That I should live to see such abomination!"

Still interlocked in oral-intercourse, fearfully my partner and I peer up at the interloper. Eyes

glinting like lethal dagger-points, Candy's Momma glares down at us. The boy recovers his sang-froid first. "Look, ma — no hands!"

Reluctantly, forebodingly I disengage from Candy's wilting penis, a thin thread of sticky come stretching from his cock-lips to my mouth. Greedily, ill-omen'dly I suck it in and scramble to my feet, embarrassed as an Orthodox Jew with swine-flu. Momma sears me with a scalding glance. "I pay you to give my son remedial instruction in arithmetic and I find you giving him French lessons!"

Sensing the maternal menace in the air, traitorous Candy squeals: "He made me do it, ma! I didn't want to 'cause I'm a good boy but he held me down, forced me!"

Standing there with semenic heaven in my mouth and egg on my face, I figure it's all up with me, I'll be shot at sunrise so Just Break the News to Mother — in present case she'll probably dance with joy.

"Well ?!" grates Momma. "What do you have to say for yourself? And stop licking your lips when I'm talking to you!"

"Madam," I reply, "it's as your son says — he's a very good boy."

"You want me to call the cops, ma?!" blushing Candy yells. "Hey, maybe they'll put me on TV — 'Sex-Fiend Rapes Boy!'... Keeno!!"

"Go take a long hot bath, Candy — and try to forget your terrible experience."

When the boy has departed, Momma stares at me like I'm something that has oozed out of an unflush'd toilet, then contemptuously she sniffs: "I'm not going to call in the police too much undesirable publicity would ensue and my friends might get the idea that my son is the type of boy who attracts degenerate scums like you. Now get out of my house and never show your face around here again or my husband will fill your miserable hide with buckshot!"

Love-criminal that I am (and shamefaced at getting caught), I creep out like a whipped cur with his tail between his legs. I don't blame Momma — in her shoes I'd doubtless do the same. What hurts, what's bitter as gall and wormwood is that two-faced little Candy!

Printemps, springtime in New Orleans but for three days I gloom about the streets — no job, no boy, no hope, no joy. On the afternoon of the fourth day I'm at home thriftily laundering my shirts and sighing over past pleasures when a knock-knock sounds on the door. Sudsy-handed I open. It's Candy, brash as ever and twice as lovely. "Go away!" I groan. "Make like horse-apples and hit the trail!"

"That ain't polite, man — I wanna talk to you!"

I try to shut the door in his face but the little hellion shoves his foot in, then his knee, then himself. I want to kiss him and I want to slap the piss out of him. "Does your Momma know you're here?"

"What my Momma don't know won't hurt us — she's at a bridge-tournament in Baton Rouge." Smiling, he lays a warm hand on my arm.

I fling it away, overwhelmed by his still-rankling perfidy. "Youse is a viper!" I cry, distraught. "Youse is an asp in my bosom! I loved you at first sight, I trusted you and you turned on my like a cornered rat!"

"Aw, man, I'm sorry an' I 'pologise — I don't know what got into me."

"All right, apology accepted — now please leave."

"Aw, man, don't be like that! Look, can't we just take up where we left off?"

"We left off with you telling your Momma damn lies about me!"

"I mean before that — you got my first come, remember?"

"Me neither!" Smirking, the boy rolls his eyes. "Momma said you were givin' me French lessons an' that's why I'm here — I want more lessons like that!"

"Then go enroll in the Berlitz School of Languages."

"Aw, man, I said I was sorry so be nice to me! Why you gimme such a hard time?"

"Because I think you're a selfish, arrogant, untrustworthy little brute only out for your own pleasure."

Candy sighs with exasperation then begins to pace about the room, head bent, hands clasped behind his back, lost in Hell knows what devious thoughts. Then red-faced, avoiding my eye, he comes to stand before me. "Lissen, man, tell you what I'm gonna do. If you give me more French lessons I'll give 'em right back to you — with bells on!"

46. Sinema

*Eden, Eden, burning bright
In the canyons of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could e'er depict thy ecstasy?*

Wm. Blake (amended)

On Chicago's West Side there long ago dwelled a decrepit moviehouse called the Eden which more aptly might have been named the Paradise for that's what it was, though the little males who comprised a good bad half of its clientele variously referred to the place as the Pee-Pee Palace, the Jack-Off Joint, the Cockarama or the Blowing Alley. The seats were rickety, stickety, armless and uncomfortable, the toilets were skunky sewers, flakes of plaster from the ceiling dandruff'd your head and shoulders and the films were un-American foreign dreck such as Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables* which is French for Miserable Lays — but no one minded as the show on the screen ever ran a poor second to the epic antics of the audience, the popcorn was cheap, hot and fresh-butter'd, the lighting was benevolently sub-fuse, there was no restricting Children's Section or restraining white-uniformed matrons or nosey ushers — in short, a sanctuary whose erotic like I much doubt we shall ever see again this side of martyr'd Sodom.

Females shunned the Eden for the feral fragrance of boy/ man semen, wet or dry, hung so heavy in the potent air that the weaker sex feared Immaculate Conception by ethereal aerial impregnation alone — if a mere Ghost, Holy or not, could knock up the Virgin Mary, what might happen to them in a jismic stud-dive like this?! (Quintuplets, prob'ly — all Mongolian idiots.) One unaware spinster, shopping-weary, entered the place to sit and rest her feet — but when she donned her bifocals and saw what went on around her, she got an attack of the Screaming Meemies and had to be carted off to the nearest loony-bin.

Conversely, a steady stream of men and boys could be seen Passing through the garishly-lit but dingy portals of the Eden money-changers in a shabby Temple of Trade. Lads came to exchange Love for Money, to play for pay, often to proselytise and persuade: 'Try me — you'll like me!'. Men came to exchange Money for Love, the age old barter system, flesh for hire, sex for sale — but on a superior, more refined plane for while a boy can be an Establishment trap set to snare the unwary, he is also a small god and a devil-imp, inspiration and exasperation, revelation and reeling intoxication, all things to him who has the wisdom to perceive and the courage to appreciate. So cherish a likely lad when he comes your way, tenderly love him before the Night of the Long Knives descends and there is left nothing but memories that bless and burn behind cold steel bars.

Some men came to lust and were lost in a strange and gentle enchantment. Others came hoping to find the ideal little being and that perfection of rapport that is the acme of pursued happiness. There were disillusioned husbands seeking a more rewarding intra-sex relationship, hidebound heteros suddenly curious to see if just possibly they might be missing a more

profound and satisfying intimacy and single males from 18 to 80 unabashedly desirous of juveniles of their own sex. There were even fathers and young sons incestuously inclined and fleeing from the too alien and demanding omnipresence of females. They came to this place as to a haven for the Eden was literally a Palais de Laissez Faire where anything goes — and comes back again and again. Here Nature took its course along a delightfully different and offbeat path where Forbidden Fruit was ripe and ready for the plucking.

Frequently the sound-system broke down and immediately the more raffish youngsters supplied their own ribald dialogue — a pretty but over-apparel'd maiden on the screen evoked shouts of: 'Take it off! Take it off! Let's see your pussy, baby!' and if a girl and man appeared, the damsel was raucously advised to: 'Let him in your panties, Ava/Bette/Sophia/Marilyn/Greta/ Joan/Rita — give 'im a piecea fishpie!' Being opportunist practicalists who admire the expedient, no boy ever bothered to trek to the rest-room when his bloated bladder sent out urgent warning-signals. He simply hauled out his nozzle, hung it over the edge of the seat and let fly so that lyrics of liquid tinkling constantly could be heard from hither, thither and yon — a deplorable waste but I did my utmost to engulf one or another amarylline freshet at the source. And having peed in situ, so to speak, like as not the lad would his hose shake and shaking become erect and erecting he would his pudding pull until a shower of rich vanilla-sauce sprayed the back of the seat in front of him — a criminal expenditure of vital essences but doubtless the boy's pubertal cum-bag would refill so rapidly that if shortly he were suborn'd by some fellation-bent senior citizen, be assured that the man would not depart empty-mouth'd.

Crowning the proscenium of the theatre were the traditional masks of Comedy and Tragedy but here both appeared to be broadly smiling at, approving, even envying the actors in the penisorium-anusorium auditorium below. To the left they beheld two 10-year-old youngsters lip-lock'd in puerile passion, their hot little hands busy in each other's wide-open fly. To the right an adult male head descended, avid mouth agape as a slim young prick wet with pre-coital mucus rose to meet it. And near one of the red-lit exit-doors a graybeard lies prone on the floor, his nether garments around his ankles, on top of him a lad of about 14 similarly disarrayed, his smooth glossy buttocks fiercely rising and falling as he humps his joy-panting partner. Truly, to be fucked by a 14er (give or take a few years) is to be inoculated with Flaming Youth, a chrismatic rejuvenation of body, soul and spirit — or so I've been misled to believe.

The Eden was open round-the-clock and round-the-world and on my initial visit to this licentious Liberty Hall and when I realised the orgiastic ambiance that prevailed, I wanted to live there 25 hours a day but Alack! — my libido was willing but my wallet was weak and my boss in the salt-mines was unsympathetic to absenteeism on account of amour. It was also on my first visit that I had the unbliss to encounter 13er Alaric who came in, sat down beside me and eyes glued to the screen, kept him self to himself so reservedly that I concluded he was some nutty little oddball here solely to see the film. Then he turns slightly and I catch a glimpse of an illegal mouth and illicit eyes in unlawful countenance so I feel safe in reaching down and gently stroking his privy-purse of pleasure — but the kid squeals, shrinks away from me and hisses: "Jesus, don't touch me there! I got circumscised yesterday and it still hurts like fire!"

Abjectly I apologise and solicitously inquire: "Are you now one of God's Chosen or did you have adhesions?"

"Naw!" replies the boy disgustedly. "The damfool doctor told my stupid Mama that I wouldn't jerk off so much if I was cut — little he knows!"

"Doctors are clip-crazy," I agree, "they go mad when they see an innocent little prepuce hanging around loose. Fortunately I was spared a scalping when the sawbones saw I was all prick and no foreskin."

"Will I get as much kick outa wanking as I did before ?" the kid queries anxiously.

"Beauteous bald-head, I wouldn't know. You'll have to ask B'nai Briss or somebody." I look at my watch. "Anyway, I sincerely trust your piece rests in peace until it's again ready to make loving war with your fist or come what may." I start to get up and search for a more accessible urchin but the boy grabs my arm.

"Don't go, mister! It'd kill me to get blowed right now but I could give you a lap-fuck."

"My lad, that sounds like money from home... uh, how much?"

The little usurer quotes a price stiffer than my rampaging cock but I'm flush at the moment so I count it out, bill by hard-earned bill. Kiddie stows the wad away in what seems to be a secret drawer in his drawers and chirps: "I hope you brought screw-lube with you 'cause I'm tight as a goat!"

"No, dammit — I didn't dream I'd need it in a movie!"

"No sweat — they sell all kinsa shit in the lobby but my asshole likes Suave the best."

My penis is partial to Suave, too, as it's tinted a delicate glans-pink, isn't greasy or sticky, doesn't dry out and it's edible with a taste like rose-petals steeped in champagne so that after applying it to pertinent parts you can lick your fingers clean with hearty appetite. Hurrying to the lobby I see a whole Impure Food and Drug Administration assortment of bang-balm, including Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream, Glycerine and Rosewater, Jerken's Lotion, Preparation H for Juniors, Hiawatha's Original Papoose-Oil and even Sloan's Liniment — though I presume the last is for aching backs rather than torrid screws. Behind the counter is a blond youth some 17 summers away from the womb which is too old for me though he must've had platinum-appeal when he was 11 and as he hands me the Suave, he smirks: "Hump in good health, papa-daddy!"

"Same to you, sonny. You gettin' much?"

"On and off."

I rush back, unscrewing the cap of the tube as I go — to see not even the shadow of Alaric, much less the substance. I look under our seats and high and low and all around... no boy. Despairful, I clamber onto the stage, cup my hands of my mouth and shout: "Alaric, come back, come back, don't do me this way!" And at once the delighted minors in the audience take up the cry: "Alaric, come out, come out, wherever you are — your auntie wants you!" Result as before

— the circumcised little bamboozler has indeed forsaken me. My wallet on the verge of hysterics, I morose out feeling like an ardent bride deserted by her second-thoughts groom just as she's about to climb into the wedding-night bed. Creeping home, I ponder the perfidity of puers who rip you off — is it crude larcenous greed or a resentful protest against the age-status differential? Ah, well, it's typical boy-nature at times to be cruel as a constipated tax collector — you got to expect it and you'd better learn to live with it. I've just learned a costly lesson and the lesson is: The next time a boy bats his big baby-blues at me... I'm going to forget the lesson.

On my second visit to the Eden the day following, I take a seat on the middle aisle and just as I'm getting settled I see loping up toward me a seraphic sub-teener possessed of the Total Works: hair a silky blond bouquet, anamalous azure eyes, rabbit-twitchy wee button-nose and a Yes-saying wet red mouth. For all the world he looks to be a sweet little seed-merchant who's the direct antithesis of awful Alaric so when he comes abreast of me I stop him by thrusting a hand between the legs of his corduroy knee-pants and stage-whisper: "Have you got the time?"

"It's supper-time an' if I don't git home right quick my Mama'll larrup my butt!"

"Please, baby, just a 3-minute quickie — in, up, over and out."

"Gee, mister, I don't think I can — I already popped twice." But even as he's saying this his fingers are unbuttoning, a 4-inch erect pink boy-part is emerging, approaching, connecting with my lips, inserting itself as the youngster begins to pump his slim loins against my face. The aggressive young penis feels slippery-warm against my licking loving tongue and tastes butter-salty... obviously my coition-cooperative companion has generously shared his popcorn with Little Dick! And now I become conscious that the raffine ragamuffins around us have become aware of the scene and giving loud voice to their enthusiastic approval — half of them rooting for me: "Go, man, go!" and the others urging on my panting participant: "Come, kid, come!" And in 3 minutes flat damn if the delightful kiddy doesn't come with a gasp and a sweet shudder — a single creamy spurt but powerful for I can almost hear it go Splat! against the roof of my mouth. And just as I'm about to strip the delicious dart of love it's whisked from my lips and into corduroy confines as its owner dashes up the aisle not even waiting for his fee or can it be that he peddles it for free?!

Verily, no perfect thing ever endures. On my third visit to the Eden a month later, I found to my horror that it was Paradise no longer. The Planned Parenthood Association and the Anti-Abortion League had bought the place and diabolically converted Boy-Heaven into a Home for Illegitimate Mothers.

47. The Cholesterol Kid

*Why does a Chicken cross the road?
'Cause a faggy old Capon's on the other side.*

Which came first, the chicken or the Eg(bert)? Since in present slap-happy happenstance the latter is the former, indubitably they came together. Egbert is a downy little chickaboo of about 12:15 on the calendar-clock with a soufflé of yolk-blond curls, scrambled brains behind a hard-boiled mien, pullet-size scrotum'd eggs newly pregnant with baby-making juice and a chanticleer cock that forsooth is something to crow about. I spied him in the Poultry Exhibit at the East Judas, South Dakota County Fair where we speedily became chummy, he confiding he was named Egbert 'cause he was an incubator infant on account of he was born prematurely due to his Mama having been scared out of her half-wits by a radical Rhode Island Red rooster fried on fermenting silage, so the lad is looking for a nice plump hen to take home and fuck the hell out of to sort of revenge his Mama and himself against their feather'd foes and he asks if I'll help him in the pedicative process, like holding Chicken Licken for him and parting the pin-feathers while he rapes her. Blushfully I decline such fowl-play as some thirteen months ago I clutched a female White Wyandotte with a face uglier than Frank Perdue's between my lacerated nude thighs for an engaging wee corn-holer named Cyprian I was trying to get on the good side of but it eventuated that the little chicken-shit was bad on all sides — so I whisper a countersuggestion into Egbert's shell-pink ear that to be sucked-off is far more sanitary and sending than to be ass'd off by some squawking clawing cluck who is anything but amorily cooperative.

Eagerly the boy agrees that a blow-job is easier and pleasier and do I want to do it here and now or in a double-decker seat on the nearby Ferris Wheel? Though I'm frothing at the mouth with fellative lust I opt for the safer course, escorting Chicken Little home and we're no sooner inside the door than I'm down on my knees downing the kid's pants and shorts and go-downing his sprightly come-uppance until with blissful gasps he strains against me, emitting fast, furious and free-flowing as he fills my mouth with creamy meringue — making me his forever or a day in condensed time, too soon evaporated.

Since it turns out that the boy coincidentally and conveniently lives just across the street from me and egg'd on by my insatiable Id to Love Thy Neighbor, I strive to make a habit of Egbert but he can spare me only an hour or two a day — I suspect being otherwise occupied in hatching dark plots against Henny Penny and her cackling siblings. He's also adamantly one-sided in sexual shenanigans — totally Assent in front but rock-bottom Dissent in back as I morosely discover when I attempt to poach on his bon vivant bum, though he's Johnny on the Spot enthusiastic to lay me whenever I'm caught with my pants or my defences down. Alas, this hardly indicates that the kid regards me with undying affection — on the contrary, he displays the most open and unabashed cupboard-love and ironically this hinges on hen-fruit. See, the boy is gone on eggs (exclusively sunnyside-up), apparently operating on the principle that the more eggs he eats, the less chickens there'll be — a reasonable assumption though somewhat genocidal in nature.

However, at home Mama allows her fledgling only one small egg per week, telling him that

these shell'd deceits are more dangerous than artillery shells for they'll fatty up his arteries sumpin dretful — whereupon Egbert pouted out his lower lip, dug his heels into the kitchen-linoleum and shouted: "Fuck my arteries — I want eggs!" Whereupon Mama gave her pride and enjoy such a swat that it sent him hurtling out the back door and into a patch of ripe eggplant forty feet away. Hence every morning the kid comes to my house for a second breakfast, wing-flapping his arms and soprano-crowing: "Urr-a-urr-a-O000!" and I feed him his favourite food without stint for it makes a youngster's hide and hair beautifully glossy and I've been eating eggs every day for damn near six decades and I've yet to tangle assholes with Mr. Art Teriosclerwhatsis.

And this auspicious morning naked Egbert is sitting on my likewise lap at my kitchen-table devouring a fried foursome of his delight, plus fresh-squeezed Anita orange-juice, cornflakes and half & half, cinnamon toast, Canadian bacon and cocoa with marshmallows — all lovingly prepared by me but if I venture to steal a bit of bacon from his plate he snatches it from my mouth, hissing ominously and trying to strangle my erect penis between his powerful buttock-muscles, so about all the sustenance I get is his proffered greasy fingers to suck clean. And now the sweet bastard decides he wants four more of his consuming passion: "But make the yolks more gooey this time, Duke baby!" Sighing I ease out from under my burping guest, weary to the refrigerator, extract a quartet of the required item — but on my way to the stove I slip and thunderously fall flat on my prat, hitting my head so hard on the foot of the sink that I see more stars than Hollywood ever heard of.

"Jesus!" Egbert shrieks, his voice fraught with anxiety, "didja break the eggs?!"

48. The Little Unsaints of San Juan

*A tisket, a tasket,
A bulging little basket!
"Where are you going,
My pretty made?"
"To get milked, sir," he said.*

San Juan, in the 'Enchanted Isle,' should be called San Pedro From Whom All Blessings Flow for the plethora of potent little peters prancingly present and, naturally, the consequent abundance of eager peter-eaters — largely foreign rather than domestic. And since the proper study of Boykind is boys, I spent six hecstatic weeks there in the summer of 1966, drunk on cheap booze (rum 99 cents a fifth in the supermarket) and cheaper boylings — 25 cents and up. With the help of Chock, a resident friend who is reputed to have befriended every comely little cock in the Metropolitan Area, I found a reasonably-priced small apartment opposite the Caribe Hilton and kitty-corner to the Normandie Hotel with a public beach adjacent — and the following is a by-blow account of my sojourn in this West Indies Eden.

July 28: Exploring the environs. Unlike most Stateside Ricanitos the kids here gaze directly at you, a thrilling question in their calorific eyes. The majority of them are needy but very industrious, shining shoes or selling papers and dear knows what else, including themselves. On Avenida Ponce de Leon, the main drag, I pause to look at a display of cameras in a store-window and in seconds a slim figure materialises at my side, begins to comb his brownilocks in the window's reflection and glances my way with glassy invitation. He's perhaps 14 with a lean foxy face and sexy smoky eyes so I touch his hand, he squeezes my fingers with heatful promise and I tow him home. However, in bed he doesn't live up to advance billing — won't kiss (lie no gusto besar!), won't let me lovingly inspect his ass (about one kid in four has this anally-denying attitude), and his lengthy penis is severely phimosed, only the cock-mouth visible through the tightly-clinging lips of the prepuce. This puts me off for delicious though fresh boy-cheese is, even that delicacy be comes rancid and sour if it hangs around too long beneath an unretractable foreskin.

July 29: From the balcony of my third-floor bordello I can see the nearby Red Rooster Restaurant which I call the Bicho Rojo (Red Cock) because within its shadow cluster several young limpiabotas (shoeshine boys) but they rarely shoes shine. Chattering among themselves they wait, all eyes and ears and twitching nose for the possible score — and soon a Pontiac pants up and a heavy-set, middle-aged man leans out, beckons to a lively urchin nude above the waist. The youngster hands his shine-box to a companion, scrambles into the car and the vehicle pollutes away. How nice! The kind man has taken the little boy for a ride — or vice versa?... for when they return an hour later, the adult looks dull-eyed and listless but the kid is all smug smiles like a crocodile digesting a fat lady. I'd admire to snaffle one of these vibrant Shoesies but they're too dangerously close to my lair and the wise beast of prey never fouls his own nest, doncherknow. Chook sends over a cockapert cutie named Carlos with whom I dicky-dally away the rest of the day and night.

July 30: Last night 9er Carlos got me plastered on daiquiries and his retrousse penis so I lost

this day to a hangdown hangover.

July 31: You have to be a careful Comparison Shopper in this island paradise. This afternoon, 10 blocks from my abode I spied a fiery little enchilado who picked me up before I could likewise him; eight blocks from my domicile I saw a raunchy preteen item far more appealing than the first lad but I passed him by, not wanting to hurt the amour propre of the boy-in-hand. Six blocks from my passion-pad I glimpse a third youngster vending his hot nuts and sexier than the other two combined — but I avert my dazzled eyes, hurry home and make do with mediocrity.

August 1: The fuzz in this town all seem barely into their twenties and they're enthusiastic hell on the crasser criminal element but let the boy-lovers (who are mostly profitable tourists) strictly alone as long as they don't start pulling boys' pants down in the street at Low Noon. Strolling on Ashford Avenue in the posh Condado section, I hear shouts of `Dook! Dook!' blasting me from behind. Turning, I behold Carlos bearing down on me, followed by three other kids even younger. A cop is about 30 feet away but he studeidly ignores us, scowling at a suspicious-seeming Volkswagen. The kiddies all want to go home with me but in this instance there's no safety in numbers so I distribute consoling small change and take a rain-check.

August 2: Today a Warm Baby of maybe 10 with exquisite eyebrows and fancy stitching on his blue denims begs me for a nickel. I give him a dime and tell him he can earn ten times that much if he'll do right by me but he sopranos: "Oh, I'm too young for you — I can't squirt yet!" I explain that he needn't necessarily be in the lactation stage to more than satisfy me but he darts off in blushful confusion. Shy tots are a rarity here this one must be from the Virgin Islands. Later in the park I bump into something wearing cut-offs, T-shirt and thick glossy dark-blond hair down to its shoulders and puzzled, I ask: "Are you a boy or a girl?" Something thumbs its crotch at me and to this day I still don't know whether it was a Shaker or a Wiper (my buddy Scottissue hates the latter). Discouraged, I'm about to spend a quiet evening reading *The Choirboy's Revenge* when Carlos drops in trailed by his kid-brother who is precisely nine months younger than his sibling.

August 3: I sit on a low wall bordering the beach behind the Normandie Hotel and watch a score of youngsters cavorting in the water, grab-assing and such and occasionally, in deeper water, I descry a lad with swim-trunks shoved down and one hand midriff-busy — obviously pleasuring himself though generally not to completion for self-abuse doesn't put money in your pocket like getting blowed does. As I watch, a fully-attired brash 5er with emancipated grin scrambles up on the wall beside me and supporting himself with one grubby hand on my shoulder, rips open his buttoned fly and proceeds to pee on the sand below, his scintillant stream jetting out a scant inch from my face. Though my thirst is intense, I don't slake it as I'm already the cynosure of too many curious eyes so I feign indifference until the wee urinator wanders away. I'm just about to leave when a sweetling emerges from the water, takes up a bundle of clothing from a shelter'd nook and perches on the wall so close that I can feel his cool young warmth. As he doffs his trunks he turns slightly so that I have an unobstructed view of his penile ensign waving on high before he conceals it inside his briefs. When he is dressed he smiles at me, I smile at him and without a word being spoken we walk off, hand-in-hand in heaven.

August 4: The hustler-grapevine must be buzzing like mad about me for today I have seven visitors — an A.M. trio and a P.M. quartet, one and all dropping their pants as soon as they enter and beating their meat to demonstrate their penis-potential. As a rule or a yardstick, Puerto Rican boys are heavy-hung and it's somewhat inferiority complexing to observe a 13er flogging himself hard for me by using both hands, one two inches north of the other! Some sappy sexologist has stated that Spanish lads are addicted to masturbation almost from birth because their mothers constantly suck the infant member (penis-envy?) and the fathers frequently stimulate the baby prick to proudly exhibit to their friends how upstandingly macho is the chip off the old blockhead.

August 5: I meet Junior, a 13er polluelo beautiful as a five-figure tax-free pension. He would've been my favorito but he has adhesions which prevent his foreskin from being fully drawn back from his glans so he finds fellation exceedingly painful and shortly gave up the Great Game as the dolor outweighed both the delight and the dinero.

August 6: I pick up 12er Papo, a winsome Prince of the Pavement with enamelled eyes and bare feet sand-scoured squeaky-clean from much play on the beach, but I no sooner get him in bed than he says: "Ya me viene!" (I already came!) and by Hell, that's what he multiple must've done as I couldn't get a drop of milk out of him in four hours of sweaty suctioneering.

August 7: Jorge (pronounced Whore hey!), a darkly handsome chicolito of 13 comes to call or calls to come and it's most evident that the hot sweet elixir is bubbling in his slim loins but he's another sexual non-sequitur for all he wants to do is hump me, declaring that screwing feels the best and at the climax makes his dick half an inch longer and the glans thicker than fellation does. I refuse to cooperate in such penile heresy and bundle him off. Most Puerto Rican youngsters have this super-masculine urge to bang you and occasionally I take on the younger kiddies when such is their first experience of anal-intercourse, amused by their- manful efforts to get their little pegs into the knothole — they usually don't but wincingly I assure them they did and then they go around bragging: "I fucked an American! "

August 8: I get cussed-out by a paper-boy and bad-mouth'd by a Shoesie because I didn't take them home! Both were prime bait for suckers but I had a previous date with a wee fisher-lad who sold cockles but not mussels and loved to have his snorkel sucked in the shower. He is waiting for me at my door, bright-eyed and eager and already half-undressed. He stays until 11 P.M. and is just about to bid me good-bye when he decides he needs another shower — his ears feel dirty!

August 9: This evening a lad followed me home unbeknownst to rumbefuddled me until he groped my butt as I was going up the stairs to my lair so I figured he was adept at man-boy games besides being so sly and silent-footed that he'll probably end up on the Vice Squad or become the Cat-Burglar Sought on Three Continents. Says his name is Chacho and that he's an Andalusian gypsy, wears a thin gold hoop in his left ear-lobe, narrow gold links clasping his left wrist and ankle. Big ball'd and sweet cock'd, rear hemispheres taut and tempting, sharp-cut delicate features 'neath the dark shaggy helmet of his hair — in toto a little conquistador who I thought would afford me fiestas of fellation but too soon I dolefully discover he's got a one-way dick that only wants to fuck ass and Chacho hauls out a pair of pink girl's panties he's swiped from Padin's Dept. Store, makes drink-sodden me don them and assume the prone position,

through the cloth chews on my defenceless buttocks until he's erected to the proper penetrative adamancy, rips off the panties, deluges my hiccuping asshole with Oil of Olay (aptly named but inaptly dries out too quick), plunges in and carried away by his own creamy lust humps me so long and so painfully that I feel like poor St. Sebastian mortally wounded by a thousand arrows all in one super-sensitive Spot — and this definitely is not the sort of anal relaxation I enjoy. I hurry into the shower to cool off my lacerated rump and when I return I find Chacho has decamped with the contents of my wallet (\$4.56) and my prized credit-card to a peg-house in Punksutawney, Pennsylvania.

August 10: Today I acquire 12er Pancho whom I call Boo (short for Boo-Hoo), a weepy little booblitcki who says he's a norphan and swears he can remember like it was yesterday the very hour he was born with all the blood, sweat and tears attendant for both concerned parties — hence his constant blubbering. That may be, of course, but my own private opinion is that his lachrymal ducts are as leaky as a pissing cock and clever Boo exploits this to his decided advantage. Since his only visible means of support seem to be between his knees and his navel and are very nice indeed and in deed, this at once brings out the Mother in me for this sweet tear-jerker gives me full conjugal rights and it is a touching sight to see him approach me with brimming eyes, KY in one hand and Kleenex in the other. And after every sex-session of whatever nature, my small cry-baby agains turns on the water-works and sobs: "Nobody loves me! Nobody cares!" So forthwith I cuddle him, gently caress him, make much of him until he smiles through his tears and says: "Let's play Fuck-a-Luck!" which is the bastard offspring of Hearts and Gin Rummy where if he loses I get a free piece of ass but if I lose I have to sweeten his personal pot with three bucks which I can ill-afford but I never win because the cagey kid keeps making up new rules in his favor as we play. Alack, I had Boo on only six occasions of costly heaven — then he met a more affluent lover who took him to Bermuda to reside among the onions which, I gather, will cause the lad to joyfully weep more than ever!

August 11 thru 15: Days and nights exclusively with Booboo.

August 16: This afternoon Chook's brother Chad (obtusely hetero) got married in the Chapel of St. John the Supine and I was invited to obsequies where both Low-an'-Grin and Mendel's Sons wedding-marches were rendered appropriately off-key. The mother of the bride usually sheds freshets of tears at these affairs but this mother all but danced in the aisles, the father looked immensely relieved as if he'd got rid of a monkey on his back and the bride herself seemed to glow with unholy victory though she was so heavily-veiled (probably with good reason) that I could see nothing of her face except an ominously determined chin — 'Here comes the Bride' and God help the groom if he can't come. As you would expect, what most engrossed my eyes, ears and super-Id was the all-boy choir in their scarlet cottas and white surplices — impish faces, angelic voices — and particularly appealing was one rococo youngster evidently strayed from some cinquecento baroque cathedral, his sweet satin self evoking silken sins behind scarlet altars in an aura of incense and dilative devotive candles.

After the ceremony I hastened to the vestry hoping to encounter that aphrodisiac kid but all the choristers had changed and left so I went on to the reception where I ate the spun-sugar bridegroom off the wedding cake, wishing he was the sixyear-old ring-boy who'd looked far more tasty. Then I somehow caught the flung bride's-bouquet which surely was a lucky omen

for just as I'm going back for ninths on the champagne and caviar-stuffed shrimp salad, I behold the beauteous beat of my heart — 12 his years, faun his ear, Innocence in an Eton jacket(?). 'O Come Let Us Adore Him!' the hymn admonishes us so I thread my way to him and am on the point of uttering worshipful praise Owed to a Nightingale by me and Keats when the youngster laughs a soprano cricket-chirp and says: "I know who you are and what you want but I ain't for sale!"

My goodness! You'd think San Juan was some gossipy small town in staid New England! "I can't afford to buy you," I reply, "but I was hoping to rent a little bit of you here and there."

"Forget it! I'm a good boy!"

"Sweetie, there aren't any morally good boys except perhaps in the womb for boys are born to sexual mischief even as man is born of woman. You may not believe that but I'm sure I can convince you if you'll just give me a few moments of your valuable time. Here, let's us go behind this genuine imitation palm-tree in the corner where we can confabulate more privately."

"Hey, hold it! I ain't — "

"Don't get your testicles in a tizzy, baby! I've never yet raped a kid at a wedding-reception — it would play hell with my closet-image."

Hesitantly he suffers me to nudge him behind the palm-tree where tenderly I decently assault him, tickling his ears and massaging the back of his neck and shoulders. "What's your name?" I whisper, kissing his brow.

"Cisco — short for Francisco."

"I bet you were named after St. Francis of Assisi who was for the birds."

"How did you know?"

"A little stool-pigeon with loose bowels told me." Gently I begin to tongue the kid's near ear while my right hand rubs the small of his back and my left hand strokes lightly up and down his taut crotch. His breath quickens, then he tries to squirm out of my embrace. Holding him tighter, I murmur: "Hasn't anyone ever tongue-bathed your pretty parts before?"

"N-n-no!" he sighs, suddenly quiescent in my arms.

"Haven't you ever peed in the pool of your lover's mouth and heard him greedily gulp your sweet water down and felt him wring out your little foreskin to extract the last precious drop?"

"N-o-o-o!" he quivers, pressing close against me.

"Haven't you ever had your lover lick and suck your little asshole until it gets all hot and wet and swollen and open — ?"

"Stop! Stop!" the boy cries, wresting himself from my grasp and clapping his hands to his ears. "I can't stand any more!" (He's already standing — on his feet and between his thighs.)

"Little darling, you won't have to stand. You can sprawl in naked comfort on my bed and let ecstasy possess you — so come home with me now!"

Avoiding my burning gaze, Cisco shakes his head. "I can't. I've got choir-practice in a few minutes."

"Then later — for a First Night of Love!"

"Tonight my Bible Class meets," he mutters — then he looks directly, solemnly into my eyes. "But tomorrow afternoon... maybe! and blushing furiously he flees like a hare before the hounds, his trim little tail the last I see of him bobbing through the dense crowd. Will he let me teach him the exciting catechism of his Body to counter-act the dull catechism of Church — or is he just another false-promiser?

August 17 to My Departure: The usually clement Caribbean weather lets me down this afternoon that Cisco is maybe due to arrive, assailing the city with heavy rain and lashing winds but at 3 o'clock a knock sounds on my door and I rush to admit my sweet songster, faithful to his word but soaked to the skin. Quickly I get him out of his wet clothes and into my dry bed to dry his damp pelt with my desire-parched lips but plagued by the passing thought that more sexy youngsters by far have rubbed their stiff little dicks and piggly-wiggly bottoms up against Messrs. Simmons or Castro than any other man in bedlamic history. The boy shuts his eyes tight as I slobber down his warm smooth body to the holy family jewel'd in the satin casket of his thighs, kiss the shy glans peeping from pink prepuce, suck in the limp little penis which swiftly firms, hardens, lifts to prod the roof of my mouth — and suck-suck-suck the lively morsel until with wild indications of pleasure Cisco cries out and heavingly squirts bursts of hot slippery kid-stuff across my eagerly lapping tongue. When I've stripped the milky residue from the lad's still-erect injector, I say: "You liked that, didn't you?"

The kid opens his eyes but puts a making hand over them. "Y-yes."

"And something that feels so good can't be so bad, can it?" "But they tell you it's bad."

"Pay not attention to them — listen to what your body tells you for it incorporates all the natural wisdom of the ages."

Here Cisco demurs at giving me his pee-pee until I point out that pissing rinses out the last bit of sticky come which otherwise might gum up his urinary-duct — and he lets it down in a sweetly scalding rush that fills my thirsty mouth almost faster than I can swallow. Coming up for air, I notice for the first time that my twice-drained young virgin has a small Bible and a Rosary beside his pillow. "Well, forevermore!" I exclaim. "What are these for — protection from heathen sex fiends and other Americans?"

The boy unveils his eyes, sits up, regards me gravely. "I brought them along so if God happens to see me in bed with you, He won't get mad and send down a rain of fire on us."

"You are my lovely Guardian Angel and it's always advisable to play safe so I'm exceedingly religious, too, but my creed is the worship of beautiful lads like yourself and harassment from the Law et cetera is a violation of my constitutional right to Sexual Freedom — don't you agree?"

Cisco knits his brows, purses his lush lips. "I don't know but I could ask my Confessor for you."

"I got to but I'll say it in English 'cause my Confessor understands only Spanish."

Hugging my clever little dissimulator, I nuzzle my appreciative tongue into his dew-fresh armpit and at once the kid's eyelids snap shut again. Unmistakably he likes my erotic attentions but evidently he salves a possibly guilty conscience by persuading himself that what he doesn't see doesn't exist — his glance even shies away from his own nude and perfect body. Having sampled Cisco's anterior, I am ravenous for his posterior and slyly I say: "You know, dear heart, I envy you!"

"Why?"

"Because you're sitting on the Treasure of the Indies!"

The boy raises himself slightly to peer at the sheet beneath him — then he reddens and scowls as he catches the drift of my meaning.

"That's the worst sin of all!" he shudders.

"What is?"

"What you want to do with my... with what I sit on."

"Oh, come on, baby — I'm sure you've heard about Mary Magdalene, one of the whores in the Bible."

"I ain't s'posed to read parts like that but I do." Another suffusion of pink stains his cheeks.

"So then you know that Mary sinned much but she was forgiven much because she loved much — even as I love you."

"I don't remember that bit but if it's in the Bible I guess it's OK."

"So turn over, sweetheart — I want to love you much on all sides."

"But what are you going to do back there? I don't want — "

"I will strive to give you pleasure, my wary darling, but I won't try to fuck you for I never rush things. As Billy Shake-Spear once told me: 'For want of restraint, many a screw has been lost!'."

Sighing, atremble with misgiving, Cisco finally rolls onto his taut belly. Ah, yes, an Ole ass forsooth — the delicately-seamed perineal path between the twin bowers of bum-bliss leading to a pink, smooth-lipped, slightly open anus and I press my upper cheeks betwixt his nether ones and begin noisily to slurp at the entrancing wee hole. The boy gasps, squirms, moans then he shoves up his bottom to meet my rapine tongue that sinks deep as I can get it into the sleek slippery grotto and there is a faint fragrance and taste of soap and heating young membranes pulsing against the lengual ravisher. As I lick the inner walls of his opening, Cisco pantingly responds with frantic copulative movements in reverse, the bed-springs setting up an envious clamor. My traitor tongue tiring at last, refusing to stay stiff and pointed to my purpose, reluctantly I withdraw. A wail of protest from my amorino, then he slithers onto his back and stares at me with awe.

"Well, St. Francis," I say, fondling his erect nipples, "did you like being tongue-fucked?"

He smiles, flushes. "You know I did — but how can you like it?"

"Baby, your ass is as sweet to eat as a hot-fudge sundae and it lasts far longer!"

We pillow-talk for a while but the boy skillfully evades any personal questions about his parents or his home or even himself, though managing to imply that he is pretty much his own master. Some kids lead private lives as secret as spies' and essentially tell you nothing — volubly. Suddenly my bedmate pulls a corner of the sheet over his face and points to his midriff where his recharged penis is again stiffly aimed at the ceiling. Taking pity on its engorged distress I once more honk the little horn which soon releases a cadenza of liquid notes quickly followed by a flood of sparkling holy water. Now Cisco says he must leave so I give him a buck and dress him, in the process caressing his parts anew while studiously the boy looks away. "You'll come back tomorrow, won't you?" I beg.

"You can count on it," he replies, "like early."

That night I dream of him, see his seraphic face and form with the vividness of total recall. We are naked in church in front of a crowd of spectators, the boy-choir is chanting: 'Let Sleeping Dogs Lie, Let Singing Boys Lay'; Cisco is on his hands and knees before the altar and I am bent over him, trying to force my cock into his Glory Hole but it's way too small. "Can't you even get the head in?!" my partner shrills disgustedly and then I wake with a start, it's 8 o'clock in the morning and my dream-child is hammering on the door.

I let him in, my eyes immediately entangled in the nipper's zipper which is half-open, then I notice the kid is wearing wraparound mirror sun-glasses. Aha! A sharp minor, this one — he wants to watch me make love to him but doesn't want me to see him watching! A beguiling mixture of piety and perversity, he's again accompanied by his Bible which he stuffs under the pillows, and his Rosary which he suspends from the head of the 7 faucet, shakes it at me and says: "I saved my fruit-juice for you, bed. Now he rips his fly completely open, digs out his fluty in case you're thirsty." I need no second invitation to drink deep and since he's already had his morning meal, I breakfast on denuded him — a shockingly high-protein diet but most necessary to avoid heart-trouble or cause it.

After making the sign of the Cross and kissing his thumb, today my pretty songbird lets me kiss him on the lips and teach him the sloppy joys of soul-smooches and tongue-swapping. Then, arpeggios tickling my esophagus, he croons into my mouth the good news that he's going to skip choir-practice at church and practice here—but his repertoire is an odd one, albeit suggestive. Introductorily he trills the lazy cock-sucker's refrain from 'The Lost Chord' — 'Seated one day at the organ, I was weary and ill-at-ease . . .' and I'm mulling over possible hidden insults here when he switches to: 'Mine eyes have seen the glory of the Coming of the Lord!' — which certainly must've been as nauseating an indecent exposure as you're ever likely to behold. Taking a deep breath, now Cisco launches into a third lively ditty which I fear is all too true-to-life, being rendered with stentorian and heart-felt sincerity:

*'I am Jesus' Little Man —
Yes by Jesus Christ I am!'*

and when the kid strains for an alpine note, his precocious prick-let erects to oscillate like a mad metronome and I bend to lick up a drop of crystal honey seeping from the quivering glans-lips. Carried away, I thrust my head into the velvet noose of the boy's thighs and begin adagio suction of his allegro instrument, squeezing his hard little nuts to sooner surface the semen — but Master Contrary pulls out of me and queries: "What d'you s'pose would've happened if Christ had been a girl?"

"We'd all be a bunch of bare-ass pagans, happy as the day is long."

"Like us right now, huh?"

As I nod in fervent agreement, the boy re-inserts his penis and I'm just getting it into a nice state of wild excitement when he whips it out again - he feels an oversize crap coming on. In the bathroom he perches on the throne, does his noisy business and is about to tear off a piece of Mr. Scottissue when he spies the bidet, asks what it's for. In reply I turn on the up-jetting coozy-cleaning stream in the forepart of the sanitary device.

"Oh, it's a drinking-fountain!" Cisco cries and leaps up to gulp from it, then turns to squat his tight bottom over the lucky geyser and squealing with delight as the bubbling water scours his wee poopy-hole. I do like a clean boy though sex-smelly little pricks take my fancy, too. My lovely chorister remains all day with me which whets my appetite for still more of him so I ask him to stay overnight — but the youngster's face sobers in sudden dejection. "You wouldn't want to sleep with me," he mutters.

Is my singing-boy up to larks again?! "Why not?" I say. "Do you kick the sheets to shreds?"

"I wet the bed," he whispers, his ears reddening in a semi-blush.

"Well, a bit of boy-pee never hurt nobody and I've got a plastic-cover on the mattress." (I don't have a cover but I've got something even better.)

When we retire about midnight, drowsy much-used Cisco instantly falls into a heavy sleep and after a few minutes I slip down and tuck his tired penis into my mouth for a last goodnight caress. In the morning I watch him slowly wake then swiftly sit up to examine the sheets. "Hey!" he exults, "I hadda dry night!" Extravagantly I praise him and so as not to impugn his false victory, I don't tell the sweet undryad that he copiously pissed three times in his slumber but not a drop touched the sheets 'cause I had his leaky spigot in my mouth all the while he slept. (Here I trust the Recording Angel gives me full credit for my good deed of the night!)

As the Edenic days too fast pass, my sapid suckee spends most of his time with me except for choir-duties and singing at weddings or like disasters and I discover that the Cisco Kid brooks no rivals while his is the boy-in-residence, hurling his Bible at all other lads who come to visit me, or lashing them into precipitate flight with his steel-beaded Rosary. Jealousy in one's inamorato is, of course, the sincerest form of flattery.

I now enjoy all of the youngster's parts and privities except his anus — so naturally I speedily convince myself I can't live without it, despite the hump-hazards. In New York if they catch you in the bare-trap of a 12-year-old fun-hole, you Sing-Sing the blues for six years minimum. In San Juan they shove you into La Princesa who is not a pretty girl but a prison. And though I have not yet plumbed the ecstasies of Cisco's Nether Heaven ('Maybe I'll let you in tomorrow!' — but tomorrow never comes, poor chap!), he does permit me to intercourse his armpits and between his thighs, calves, soles of his feet and the inner walls of his warm buns. Then one evening just as I ejaculate in his capacious navel and wishing it were the close-lipped belly-button enshrined betwixt his buttocks, the boy surprisingly says: "Would you like to fuck my asshole for a change?" At long last the Lay of the Latest Minstrel!!

"I sob "YES!" in English, Spanish and Sodomese, scrambling for more KY and pillows and trick-towels and other paraphernalia of the perfect pedication — but when we're both ideally poised for connubial conjoining, my treasonous prick suddenly wilts like a spear of boiled asparagus and all my efforts to revive the renegade reneger are in vain. Hysterical with mirth at my limp low-downity, cheeky Cisco sopranos:

*'Hallelujah, I'm the Glory,
Hallelujah, amen!
Hallelujah, I'm the Glory,
Christ is risen again!'*

"Shaddap, already!" I grump. "You and Jesus don't hafta rub it in!"

Instantly the boy oozes contrition, kisses my cheek, pats my shame-faced penis, promises he'll be open for business in the morning — but he almost forgot that right now he must leave to attend special religious services and he flings on his clothes and is off, mirror-glasses and all. The morning and Cisco arrive together, the latter spilling over with willing smiles and eager invitation — but just as I'm unzipping his pants he appalled realises he's forgotten his protective Rosary and Bible and he hurries away to get them, up-zipping as he goes. For a solid hour I impatiently, frenziedly, hopelessly pace the floor, then finally the boy phones, saying he's had an emergency-request to sing at a funeral — my own, no doubt, though I don't dare to ask.

Moments later I get a second phone-call, this time from my boss in New York who reminds me that I've long over-stayed my vacation and if I'm not back on the job in 24 hours or less then I can apply for Unemployment or sell apples in the street.

Cisco (sans mirror-glasses!) comes to the airport to see me off and behind the bull-dyke of two fat lesbians from Ann's Arbor, Michigan, I kiss my downcast darling, assuring him that I'll return during the Thanksgiving Holiday and squeezing his fidgety pecker beneath the thin cloth of his cut-offs. "Take good care of this for me," I whisper. "Don't let anybody else use it!"

The kid grins, slaps his bottom. "I'll take care of this for you, too!"

In New York I work like a dog not to think too much of my Indies Eronemos, counting the tortoise seconds until November 24th. Four days before Thanksgiving I get a cablegram from Chook breaking the news that Cisco has entered a seminary in Madrid, Spain, to study for the priesthood. Ah, cruel! Piety has overcome Paganinity, seminaries have vanquished semenaries, Bible and Rosary have triumphed over KY and non-existent plastic mattress-covers! Nuns become the symbolical Brides of Christ — if I know Cisco he will become the diabolical Groom of Jesus.

49. Around the World in LXXX Boys

XXXVI THRU XXXVIII

O how I wish again/I never saw Michigan! On a moonlit playground in Ypsilanti it was recently my good/bad fortune to behold two cockspur lads fucking on a see-saw... in the middle of it, naturally, while a third pants-down lad waiting his turn as screwer, screwee or both, made the teeter-totter totter-teeter and which illustrates the whoary old adage that boys who stick together often become stuck together. Now my name isn't Humphrey as in Mr. Lauren Bacall but I'm always fascinated by this Humpty-Dumpty pastime so hat in hand I humble up to the tumptididdling extroverts and ask can I please take part in their innocent game. Ah, yes, 'twas ever thus: from infant's hour I've seen my fondest hopes decay! In present case, the youngsters were demonstrably hot-ass for each other but they reported me to the local Gestapo for visually assaulting and verbally battering them!

XXXIX-XXXX

Biblical sources understandably are mum on the subject but the primal instance of homosexual amour was when that apple-toting serpent sneaked into the Garden of Eden looking for Adam for whom he had a passionate puppy-love and it's to be regretted that the two never did meet — I mean if you get reamed by a snake you purely know you've been screwed. How somever, the poor serpent inadvertently ran into Eve who immediately misappropriated the apple, having an inordinate yen for Forbidden Fruit — and that's when all our troubles began! More aesthetically, the first-recorded case of boy-love in history was when Abel raised Cain who shot off into the bushes — but Abel got guilt-feelings and refused to bend over for Cain so that's why unable Abel became fratricided.

XXXXI

There should be a National Boy-Lovers' Day honouring all those red-blooded, white-lipped American males who do their patriotic best to imbibe at least 30% of all that potent population-potion dangerously bubbling in the loins of lovely laddy-bucks. Indeed, if it weren't for civic-minded pederasts' tireless efforts, soon the thunder of little feet would lethally trample us all into genocidal dust. In California there are more kid-lovers than kids so I consider mentioning the foregoing to Governor Brown but I just don't trust a man with a name like that! Apropos, not too unrecently I was talking to the Mayor of San Francisco's younger son, a cutie-pie with mattress-eyes, and wondering what a mayoral offspring's meat tasted like though I'd suppose that a junior political penis would be more promise than performance. The youngster asked me what my name was and I told him I was known as de Laval because I was a milk-separator and specialised in skimming the cream off lactating boys. Quick as a billy-goat's erection, the kid's got his fly open and his peter out and says: "Start skimming!" After I've lovingly skimmed him and stripped him and tenderly kissed his moist limplicity he shows his gratitude by sticking a horse-pistol in my ribs and skimming the top off the contents of my wallet — though he did leave me \$0.35 for bus fare.

XXXXIII

Lester wore a crown of dark curls, illicit azure eyes, cherry-jubilee mouth and a body that would be highly illegal in a matriarchy. He was a little Knight of the Night I came across one wintry eve

peeing amber endearments in the alabaster snow: I suck! Like a dog in heat I sniff the place where the boy peed and it smells Yay-sexy! so hot for Heaven I take him to a nearby motel that features room-dispensers of condoms, Kotex, KY, baby-oil, etc. plus closed-circuit TV porno-films which are all deflatingly hetero but they excite sweet Lester to a madness of mating (my cock and his mouth) and after sapping me so thoroughly that my balls collapse like prick'd balloons, this little twig from Attila the Hun's family-tree tries to drown me in the queen-size ruptured water-bed.

XXXXIII

It was in Horsefly, Kentucky, about a week of years ago that I ran into 13er Gene — literally ran into him with my Schwinn bicycle which is an outrageous Schwinndle as it's almost impossible to control because it's a machoboy-bike who mayhemly resents being ridden by a man. I rush to pick up bowled-over Gene who is blueing the blue-grass air with novel bits of profanity, dust him off and give him the once-over. Well, yes, indeed! He is a sexy genie with the light-brown hair in a cascade of silky ringlets, harlequin-apparelled in tie-dyed T-shirt and jeans, blue sock on one foot, green on the other — eyes to match. I invite him to my vile villa to wash up and forthwith he with unmitigated gall bestrides my bicycle who warmly accepts another boy in his saddle and we set off — I on foot and panting to keep up with my wheel'd companion. At home I learn that jejune Gene is a backwoods vagrant from Tennessee with a frustratingly vague manner because he can't decide whether he wants to be dully virtuous like the Baptist preacher said, or to be ecstatically wicked like most other intelligent lads are — and to help him arrive at a favourable decision, I wetly tongue his sine qua non asshole to give him a sample of the harmless 'wickedness' I have in mind. While he's dazedly recovering from the anal sensations I've aroused, I massage him with sufficient moola to convince the kid beyond doubt that the Wages of Sin are stupendous. Not being a youngster given to halfway measures, Gene goes all the way in bed — but as usual I soon screwed myself out of probably the best piece in the South at the time. One evening preparatory to administering lay-therapy to my sweet sheet-mate, I grab the Extra-Strength Musterole instead of the Vaseline — in a haze of impelling lust not realising my grievous error. Well, sir, that Inferno'd fuck resulted in my sitting with my screaming cock in a tray of ice-cubes for the rest of the night while I had to listen to Gene laughing at my plight until tears ran down his cheeks. Obviously he feels no pain at all so I'm forced to conclude that Tennessee boys are blessed with asbestos-lined assholes.

XXXXIV

Ashes to ashes,
Dust to dust
If boys don't get you,
Obituaries must.

Can Lobotomy cure Sodomy or vice versa? Can castration prevent asstration? Are Carter's Little Liver Pills more humanitarian than Carter's Peanut-policies? Is it better to have Loved and Lost than never to've been Screwed at all? These are the burning issues that presently confront politicians and other perverts including 13er Milton who was born in Butztown in the Keystone State but was better known as the Pittsburgh Pincushion until he graduated to become the Pennsylvania Pegboard. As is my wont and want, I'm forever backtracking on boys (phallophoric Devil hot for the angel-anus) but that's really not my fault for my intractable prick keeps bounding off after some lubricious lad and perforce I have to follow it but I should've

made love to Milton with my hat — grabbed it and ran. Fact is, when I first glimpsed him I was Svengali'd by his monumental beauty and the way his butt stuck out, completely failing to note his mandragora locks, maladroitness smile, sepulchral laugh and the dead-reckoning in his eyes.

As I chaperon him to my tacky flat he says I don't need to pay him anything if I fill his sexual needs and incredulously, deliriously I muse: 'Why, here is Paradise Found!' — but when I've degotged him and begin taste-testing his bodily elements I find that his lips are so chapped that they abrade my own and his tongue rasps my mouth like a rat-tail file, his nipples are ingrown, his navel is a needle's-eye in his belly and his surly-looking dong doesn't measure up to my rigid standards for it refuses to spit or even stiffen and it resemble a hacked-off 2-inch segment of stale liverwurst, so hopeful of a consolation-prize I take the kid's pee but that has the flavour of a shaggy dog's bath water though I don't criticise as I never his Peter Pan to a boy's face. Expecting little or nothing, I turn the youngster over but am joyfully surprised for Milton has the kind of ass that is a veritable Path to Glory, with dimpled buns that inspire kisses and a smooth puckerless pink anus that winks at me in heated entreaty as its owner holds his loaves wide in a tacit plea to be cocksinated. Patently the lad has a gregarious asshole, fond of visitors, so I slather gobs of goo on the hospitable little orifice and plunge in, the kid's meat-grinder rectum soon causing me to sob etudes of ecstasy and after no more than a scant score of feverish thrusts I seem to ejaculate from both ends of my dick — finally to collapse atop my writhing fuckee, exhausted but still coupled so my prong can soak in his own hot juices. My partner is somewhat less edified, grumbling that I came too quick to give him pleasure — and apologetically I promise to do better after a few minutes' rest.

Alas, during the ensuing week I painfully discover that Milton is a slave to his rectum, his erogenous zones are all in his asshole and his itchy niche is never satisfied. He's a juvenile Satyr and though I'm no Priapus I do my damndest to full fill his demanding aperture but I'm just not up to it despite the pleasure of having the boy eagerly stimulating my woebegone pecker, avidly licking and sucking it to half-hearted erection and even politely putting it in for me — for shortly I feel like slaughter'd Death, my back, balls, dick and vas deferens ache and belatedly I realise I'm screwing myself into an early grave in a fruitless attempt to satisfy this boy-nympho. Merciful God, you'd think his rectum was a vagina! Reluctantly, I'm just about to inform paradise lost Milton that his ass is too much for any normal male to copulatively cope with when he announces that he's leaving me for pubescent Siamese-twins, each with a Sanforised 10-inch cock.

XXXXV

Grady has no problems about 'masculine adequacy' for at age 9 years and 8 months his over-achiever epididymis enables him to ejaculate far more semen than I could coax out of myself at 15, which naturally afflicted me with a bad case of penis-envy, I encountered Master Precocious one late August afternoon on a secluded Malibu beach where, his Little Boy Blue swim-trunks doffed, he was pantingly engaged in stuffing half-a-dozen peppermint-balls up his tiny fun-hole, followed by almost all of a peeled banana. Then he grinds his trim buttocks around on and against the caressive sand until he comes, his stiff unwee dick pulsing jismly in the tintinnabulant twilight.

Steamily stimulated, the kid slowly extracts the fucking fruit (shaft mint-tinted but amber at the tip) and devours it with gusto, giving drooling me nary a bit. Now a stray German-shepherd

comes loping up, indubitably attracted by that Olympian aroma, that celestial scent of sex-play'd boy-privities irresistible alike to lad-lovers and other fastidious beasts and begins to rintinnabulant lick Grady's genitals and candy-fruited anus — to the moaning delight of the writhing leg-spread boy. Overwhelmed, I shove the cursed canine aside and take over in my bestest fellatio-expertise fore and aft — but tactless Grady doesn't appreciate my superior technique! Whistling up the eager-eyed, tongue-lolling cur, the boy kicks me away and sneers: "Lay off me, man — Lassie does it better!"

XXXXVI THRU LXXX

(Deleted by the Censor)

50. The Hock-Shop Kid

One early afternoon I was sitting in a secluded section of Central Park watching two squirrels fucking (both were male) when from some bushes nearby there emerged what surely must be a little Lad of the Evening who knows it pays to advertise for around his neck he's wearing a gold medallion marked **PIECE!**, the front of his white T-shirt is blazoned in red: **LET'S GET OUR SHIT TOGETHER!** and the shirt-back proclaims: **SERVICE STATION, BODY PARTS SUPPLIED.** The youngster sports a crest of cockatoo-curls, intriguing dark orgasm-smudges under his sea-green eyes, a loose wet pouty mouth and withal he exudes sexiness like a leaky sieve. I can even smell his ass evidently he inadvertently sat in a bed of catnip while he was being blowed in the bushes and such sucklings are a gallon of 200-proof booze to a boyaholic like me so I smile ingratiatingly and invite him to squat and chew the fat for a spell.

Warily he sits down beside me but he's somewhat distant at first and which I approve of as the safest younglings are those who are hot with you in private but cool to you in public — for who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of hostile hovering heteros?! However, the kid warms to me considerable when I tell him I'm writing a How-To book for boys who aspire to become hustlers and I would appreciate his help as he seems to be a most attractive member of the second-oldest profession himself. He proudly admits to his and says he'll be glad to assist me if I'll give him star-billing in my project. Quickly I assure him he'll be the hero and chief protagonist in my opus which I'll entitle: *The Kink and I*, me being the kink. Seeking seductive details, I ask how long has he graced this beauty-starved Earth.

"Take a number from 12 to 13 an' that's me. My name is Horace, pronounced 'whore-ass' but I'm famous in the skin-trade 'cause I've got three balls so my friends and lovers call me 'Pawnshop'."

"Really?!" I marvel. "Triple testicles are something I'd have to see to believe."

"That can be arranged. My third nut is a sorta stand-by and fills in when one of the other two gets ejaculation-fatigue from too many blow-outs."

"I should be so lucky in the semen-factory," I wistful. "Uh, when did your private parts first go public?"

"When I was 8. See, I was born on Sodom Road in Brewster, New York so I guess I was a natural for the meat-market gig. Then a week after my eighth birthday my folks emigrated here to New York City which is a foreign country and it's been Rowdy-dow an' don't look now! ever since. I didn't make out too good till I was 9 an' got me an agent."

"Oh, Lord, don't tell me a sweetling like you belongs to a pimp! I hate those goddam Gentlemen of Leisure — they should all like yesterday die with a hard-on."

"My man's strictly a respectable agent, he only takes 10% generally in trade — and he vets all my customers, weeds out the undercover fuzz an' S-Ms an' VDs an' other hassle-types."

"How does he test a patron for analVD?"

"Ain't you had no sex-education in school?! He puts on a surgical glove an' sticks his fuck-finger up the score's bang-hole an' if the finger comes out with pus on it or smellin' kinda sickly-sweet, that bastard is O-U-T out! 'Course, I get the last say so if some John vets OK but I don't like his looks or sumpin then I show him the door, kindly come back never."

"Little Pawnshop, what do you think of my looks?" I simper, steeling myself for the candid worst.

"Your face looks like month-old uncollected garbage but you ain't too bad, considerin'. See, I go for old men 'cause they're more gentle an' grateful an' pay more. Young shits're too rough an' short on bread an' Bim-bam, thank you man! so I tell 'em to go find themselves some Times Square punk from the sticks."

"What's your opinion of hetero men?"

"You mean straights? Most of 'em need both hands to find their ass in the dark but I don't bother them if they don't bother me. In fack, for security reasons I refuse to be seen on the street with a John unless he at least passes for straight — even though he turns out to be a screamin' queen in bed."

"Have you ever had a hetero man for a client?"

"Sure, lotsa times. See, they get fed up with stinky cunt-fish an' figger they'll try a nice piece of boy-meat for a change an', y'know, some of 'em get so hooked on cock-cock sex that it's their whole bag from then on!"

"Do you consider yourself straight — or otherwise?"

"Oh, I'm bent as hell — but only for my kid-brother."

"Do you think your hustling had anything to do with your becoming bent?"

"Naw! What caused it was when I was 5 the pig next door made fun of my pecker 'cause it wouldn't sand up when she played with it so she goes an' blabs about it in kindergarten and all over the neighborhood. I never forgot that an' it still makes me see red."

"How do you feel about passive anal-intercourse with your patrons?"

"It ain't my fav'rite hobby sheetwise but if the John is right and the price is right and my mood is — I fuck. Next question."

"Do you take your scores home with you or go to their place?"

"Neither. I meet the John at my agent's apartment. He's an ex-Marine and sorta watchdogs for em while I'm entertainin' but the poor guy's gotta bad case of closetrophobia."

"You mean claustrophobia, don't you?"

"No! He can't stay in the closet an' he's afraid to leave it but I'm on tap when he wants me."

"Do you have any gripes about your career as body-merchant?"

"Well, I hate it when a trick blows me but don't swallow my cream — that's a put-down an' a damn insult! Guys who don't like come shouldn't suck cocks, right?"

"That's what Miss Lesbian said. What do you like best about self-merchandising?"

"The way it makes me feel. When a preacher or a banker or a perfessor or some dignified-lookin' old fart like that is on his knees goin' down on me an' kissin' an' lickin' an' sobbin' an' slobberin' all over my dick I feel ten feet tall, I'm somebody — I got boy-power!"

The rhapsodical ragazzo certainly has power over me for suddenly I hear myself importuning him for an immediate helping of his tween-thigh boy-titty. "Are you nuts?! "Pawnshop hisses. "We dassn't do it here!"

"Then let's go into the bushes where you unloaded before." "Oh, that was only my kid-brother — he gets it on the house."

"Does he hustle, too?"

"Naw, he's a goody-goody, teacher's pet, likes school — all that square jazz."

"But he loves peter?"

"My peter is mother's milk to him but he'd rather die than admit it. Look, man, if you wanna make it with me then see my agent — here's his card. You get his OK, I'll be glad to show you what a three-baller can do!"

"I'll fly him on wings of desire," I sincere, carefully stowing the card in my wallet. "Uh, Pawnshop love, I just now happened to notice — what's that white spot there on your pants, next to your fly?" The boy looks down, curses softly. "That's my dopey brother again — he gets so excited he awways spills some of my cock-juice." Plucking a snowy snot-rag from a back-pocket, Pawnshop is about to wipe away the offending stain when I stay his hand. "Let me have it!" I beg.

"But the stuff's cold an' prob'ly lost all its flavor by now." "No matter — you made it so I want it."

The kid laughs. "You're a real hot-pops, ain't you? OK, back to the bushes!"

Behind a clump of maidenhair ferns I kneel and pull the boy close, my blood thick with lad-lust and my lips sentient as antennae as I bend to lick up the congealing blob of sticky heaven, but

instead of tasting sweet tangy boy-come I get a stinging tongueful of... sour pigeon-shit.

51. Aaron's Rod

Jewish boys can be as beautiful as that Dark Angel God kicked out of Heaven because Angel was getting far more votes than He was, but I've never had much success with them for they're either so intellectual that they can't keep their minds on lovely low-down subjects like their genitals or asshole, or they scorn sharing the sheets with a Goy because they're imbued with the denying principle that Tips that touch pork shall never touch mine!' Besides, a very good friend of mine went stark staring mad trying to retract the foreskin of a Rabbi's grandson and an old schoolmate (San Quentin, Class of '69) had a most unfortunate experience with a cinnamon-skinned Semite from Casablanca who was circumcised on Wednesday and couldn't piss till Friday.

Aaron is one of the Chosen and I chose him on account of the yarmulke he was wearing was that succulent shade of pink you see on a boy's glans or the inner walls of his anus. He has raven hair and ebony eyes in a stylised young face, cuddly-small-for-13 body, compact rosy cheeks coming and going plus that indefinable air of a put-out puer so I accosted him expecting it'd prob'ly cost me. To my and my wallet's mutual delight, we find that the charitable lad prices his ass well within our assets so arm-in-arm all three of us go home together, Aaron limping slightly due to his having got his left foot wedged in an antisocial spittoon at his recent Bar Mitzvah.

During a pre-romp snack, my cherubin pick-up proves to be Orthodox though not bigoted for he chowfs his way through half a whole baked ham and then complains it's not kosher. Tartly I tell him he's a cannibal case of one hog eating another — to which he retorts: "Ha-ha, you're a bigger ham than my Uncle Milt. Pass the mustard." As the kid eats and I play attentive servitor, he mouthfully confides that in his search for sexual-identity he strayed off the Path of Pure Reason onto a delirious but divine Dirt Road and he's gaga about every delicious downward step of it. Impatient, I suggest: "It's just 29 giant steps to my youth-bed so shall we retire?"

Aaron's rod is a cutlet, of course, but what's left is Grade Triple-A meat and though he's Jewish he's all hot pagan boy once he feels a mattress beneath him and a lover over him, one of those paradise perfectos with a reciprocating-action ass that's a joy to hump as the analring is mildly relaxed but the rectum is tight as a drum — and the talented kid wiggles and squiggles his snug bottom onto and around my flaming torch of love until I'm in down to my balls, up for rectal grabs and fast losing control of my penile self.

During the tea-room tete-a-tete that ensues, I drink from my guest's Leaning Tower of Pissa then tongue-provoke his barber'd dicky-bird into frenzied creamy tantrum. While I milk his pubic prefix for residuals, my ormolu junior partner in crime exhaustively examines my prepuce inside and out, declaring that mine is only the second one he's ever seen and he greatly regrets having lost his own. Very obviously briss is on hubris to emancipated Aaron for now he says: "You can have more fun with a cock that's not scalped, can't you?"

"I'm not in a position to pass judgment on that," I reply. "You'll have to ask some sexually-active kid who got sliced shortly after puberty for he'd best be able to compare caped and uncaped

penis-reactions in pleasure situations. Personally, I think circumcision is as primitive and savage a custom as having your teeth filed to points or wearing a tribal ring in your nose."

Aaron nods in fervent concurment, then he asks: "Do you think I could get a foreskin grafted onto my pipi?"

"Nowadays surgeons transplant hearts and God knows what else so I'd suppose tacking on a prepuce would be mere child's-play."

"The main trouble is in finding a donor, though," the boy glooms.

"Why don't you inquire at a maternity-hospital? No doubt they throw out a dozen or more little boy-skins every day."

"But they'd be way too small for me — I'd need an age-size 13."

"H'm, detached pubertal prepuces like that would be very rare in the United States, I'm afraid. On the other hand, Moslem lads are often clipped around their 13th year but I don't know any young Mohammedans here in New York."

"You mean Arabs?"

"What's in a name? They're really Semites, just like you." "Oh, hell, I wouldn't want an Arab foreskin — it might give my prick terrorist ideas."

"Aaron, baby, never let politics or religion interfere with your sex-life — it's sure to fuck things up in general." Jokingly I add: "Tell you what — when I kick off I'll leave you my wee bit of epidermis in my will. It's almost like new — hardly ever been used except on weak-ends."

The lad looks at me intently, as if calculating my life-expectancy and what he sees evidently seems promising to him for he shifts to bring our whangs together, butting his glans head-on against mine and gently pulling my foreskin entirely over his sweeling knob. "It's a perfect fit!" he exclaims. "Like it was special made-to-order for me!"

I'm forced to agree though it doesn't do my amour propre any good — the kid's male logo is as big as my own despite the fact that I'm four times his age! Aroused anew by the boy's fiddling with my centrepiece, I pant: "Aaron, love, the all too few titbits I've had of your multiple charms make me want a full meal so can you stay overnight?"

"I really shouldn't," the youngster smiles, "but seeing it's you, I just can't refuse!"

Sucker that I am, I'm always overwhelmed by this too-seldom flattery from boys and after a brief pause for supper we return to the four-poster where I more leisurely dine on the superior cuisine of my cute concubino. Upon request I suck the sweet chef to sleep whereupon surprisingly I doze off myself a most unusual occurrence when I've got a comely, compliant kiddie in my arms.

By the very nature of their sex-preference, most if not all boy-lovers are acutely sensitive to real or fancied warnings of danger from every possible or improbable source. At some time in the night I awoke feeling vaguely disturbed. Then I become conscious of a more localised sensation and my eyes fly open to incredulously behold Aaron crouched over my groin, his left hand grasping the foreskin-tip of my limp penis and stretching it taut while in his right hand the little hellion brandishes a double-edge, two-faced, scalpel-sharp Gillette razor blade.

52. His End was my Undoing

Ho! Ho! Ho!
You and me -
Little brown bum
How I love thee!

Recently I misspent some time in Texas and as far as I'm concerned it's a hellish State of Futility, immediate or delayed. For example, never make passes at boys' asses in Lampasas for there the wee studs respond by making a pass at your prat with a booted foot. I went on to El Paso hoping it would live up to its name and chanced on a precocious little lad with a cute little curl right in the middle of his pubis (he was taking a pants-down pee at the time) but he must have been virtually impotent for though he said he'd love to accommodate me, he ruefully admitted that his dick wouldn't stand unless a 30-piece band played the Star-Spangled Banner in waltz-time. Fleeing to San Antonio, I picked up a gamy young Mex-Am who for his fee in advance agreed to let me romp in his turbulent Gulf of Mexico but while I was registering at a motel — 'Sam Houston & Son' — he somehow got mislaid and I had to go to bed alone in the Lone Star State. In Dallas a youngster so sexy that he erects my prostate-gland propositions me, showing Foto-mat prints of himself going down on a man and being fucked by same — and I'm just about to whisk the affirmative actionist to some secluded rendezvous when his mother comes caterwauling up, clouts Sonny on the ear and drags him away, filthy pictures fortunately concealed in time to escape Mama's Medusa eye.

Hasting to Fort Worth, I spy a captivating mini-minor cooling his heels and his crotch on the steps of the Public Library so I sit down beside him, launching into a glowing description of the raptures and roses of Sodomice Vice when he gives me a sidelong Satanic sneer and in da-dit Morse Code taps out on my knee: 'A Texas Ranger is watching you!' In despair I repair to Austin where just inside the City Limits I encounter a little item of juvenilia with a high pleasure-potential including a bottom that's tops and he readily assents to sharing his goodies with me as he rubs his thumb and forefinger together in the age-old capitalistic gesture. But just as I've handed him his fee a blue-jowled chooch in a red Lamborghini purrs up, stops, kiddy leaps aboard and they tootle off amid gales of rip-off laughter — I've been fleeced by a sharp little bastard who patently knows which side of his butt is best breaded. Crestfallen, I slink over to Waco and there, leaning against the side of a house with a red light over the front door, is a wee article of about 12 with a mouth that's all wet red invitation to bacchanalia so I make my pitch but the fledgling cuts his hand at me and says: "Oh, man, you're way too late! I'm plumb sucked-out an' fucked-out an' I'm waitin' for my pig who's comin' off shift tereckly." Ready to welcome almost any little thing that's ball'd and below the Age of Consent, I hurtle on to Houston but a huge sign in the suburbs shrieks: FAGS AND OTHER FREAKS — STAY AWAY! Feeling more like a member of an endangered species than I abnormally do, I furtive over to Amarillo where meets my hungry gaze a barefoot boy of lewd aspect and lascivious deportment who hair-piks his South Afro blond fluff and chirps in Afrikaans: "You wanna lick my dirty feet, mister?" I'm tempted to take him (sans feet) for he's cuter than Cupid's twin-brother — then he smirkingly divulges that his cock is strictly cunt-program'd so I bid him an unfond adieu. Minutes later I come upon a ne plus ultra stripling but he jogs by so fast that I couldn't catch him even if I put salt on his tail.

Of love, honour and joy bereft I decide to try Galveston as a last resort and as I get off the bus there he is (or is he?) — a small Raggedy-Andy, unkempt and unkept, bending over to tie a sneaker-lace which causes his frayed cut-offs to slip partly down his hips, revealing almost half the vulnerable cleft between his sleek smooth buttocks: a taut, toasted little rear-end I longed to tailgate in copulative collision. He straightens, turns and bated-breath I behold locks in dark silken riot, eyes of forget-me-not blue, beige-chiffon cheeks, Etruscan nose, generous free-wheeling mouth: in essence a toothsome gingerbread-boy, brown from beach-sun — but will he let me eat him?

Noticing my spellbound stare, the wee lamb practically walks into this wolf's jaws for he smiles, comes up to me and bleats: "Say hey, man! Did you just get off the bus?"

"Yes, I did." He looks to be an elevenish 12 and acts about 8 — a most favorable combination for little-game-hunters like me.

"I love buses 'cause I was born on one an' I'd ride 'em alla time but I'm broke."

Is this an opening for a pass? I decide it is and say: "I'm bound for New Orleans and I'd be glad to take you along if your folks don't mind."

"I'm on my own an' I'd love to go with you but I can't pay you back."

"Money isn't the only way you can repay me," I say and glance pointedly at his crotch.

"I know!" the kid snickers. "It's an even swap — a ride for a ride, OK?"

That's a glowing promise but boys are often great promisers and indifferent performers, as any fool knows. Perhaps I'm buying a pig in a poke but it's a most charming piglet and frequently one has to be adventurous and take a chance or you end up in bed sleeping with yourself which is hardly arousing company. Of course, there's not much opportunity for amour on a Trailways or whatever but love will find a way, so they say, and ten minutes later we're on a Greyhound headed East, the kid positively neonic with bright delight and chattering that he's one-eighth Kiowa Indian on his aunt's side and his name is Nahmi which is tepee-slang for 'I dint do it!' I tell him I once knew and adored a beautiful, bountiful lad who was one-quarter Comanche. Nahmi shrugs and sneers: "Them Comanches is all poor-red trash an' wun't know a scalp from a screwdriver."

"I hope you like palefaces," I say nervously, trusting the kid hasn't heard of Marlon Brando and his anti-white antics. Hell, I was loving pubertal papooses when Marlon-poo was still pooping in his 3-cornered britches. Putting a warm hand on my thigh, Nahmi assures me that he prefers palefaces on account of he ran away from the Reservation where he lived because the tribal elders wanted to put him in a Home for Backward Boys.

"Backward, my ass!" I indignant. "Why, you're the most intelligent lad I've met in all Texas!"

"It ain't that kinda backward," my fellow-traveller explains. "See, when a boy is good-lookin' like

I am they strip him bare-ass an' make him ride bareback on a pony until his nuts shrivel up an' die. Then they put a dress on him, call him a bardash an' fuck him like a girl — ony backward."

"Shocking!" I exclaim hypocritically.

"Shit, Indian boys use each other like that lotsa time but I sure-God dint wanna lose my balls!"

"That would be a crushing blow to us both," I mutter distractedly and pull my sweet 1/8th Original American onto my lap so he faces the window. No one is sitting across the aisle from us and blessing the high seat-backs that screen us fore-and-aft, I slide my hand beneath the waistband of his tatterdemalion cut-offs, find he's wearing no undergarment and caress his velvety delta, try to snare the precious little flesh-tube. Nahmi scowls. "You're makin' yourself right to home down there, ain't you?"

"Do you mind?" I whisper tremulously.

"If I minded I'd be yellin' Blue Murder by now, wun't I? But take you meat-hooks outa there."

Sighing, I comply — then I see him unzip his fly and spread his legs. As my hand flies back to Paradise he grins impishly, sticks out his tongue and flutters it between his lips. This time my searching fingers encounter his firm little stones, tickle them until the suede-soft sac tightens against the base of the stiffening young totem-pole above. "Can you squirt?" I query.

"Couple nights ago I did — for the first time!" the boy says proudly.

"I go for little newcomers," I wheeze. "Did you have a wet-dream or make love to your fist?"

"I jist used two fingers an' my thumb, like awways."

"Hand raised pricks are the best by test." I rub his wee tom-tom to grandstand-play, feel the throbbing sting-ray stab at my palm with sharp thrusts, continue the frictive felony until Nahmi softly moans with pleasure. Now my base basal metabolism impels me to rush in where even devils fear to tread: "Do you suppose we could do it h-h-here?" I stammer.

"Sure!" the youngster gasps, his face tense in a rictus of rut. "Scrooch down on me an' I'll cover your head with my jacket."

Aflame with oral lust I bend to bury my face into the kid's hot crotch, mouth the tender morsel and tongue-beat the boy-meat to come the cream, my head bobbing up and down like a lunatic Yo-Yo. Sweet Nahmi is quick on the trigger, fastest gun in the West for in two and twenty shakes of his lamb's tail he groaningly emits, his forceful ejaculations nearly KOing my uvula then splashing back on my tongue which detects an appetising flavor of almond yoghurt. As I finish stripping out the last of the divine sediment, the boy cries: "Look! Look!" Licking my lips, I raise my head and follow his pointing finger to see four laughing laddies mooning beside the highway — a rare bouquet of lovely bun-blossoms, publicly displayed.

"Them boys is naughty, ain't they!" my companion says severely, his dick still hanging out of his

fly. "They ain't got good manners."

"They look exceedingly well-reared to me." I reply. Then I clasp my small critic in a bear-hug and whisper in his ear: "Never in my whole entire life did I dream one could make so much love in a Greyhound!"

"Why not? Dogs do it alla time."

My insatiable hand again spiders into Nahmi's fly to caress his sociable cock, loves to mingle — but the alert youngster shoves me away, hastily upzips and scrambles off my lap. "Watch it! We're stoppin' inna town!" As substitute, thrillingly I sniff my penis-scented fingers — chicken-lickin' good!

When we arrive in New Orleans some hours later, I want to take my little child-bride (ball-bearing type) to a hotel for a more uninhibited honeymoon but Nahmi hasn't yet had his fill of buses so I suggest that he come to New York with me — all the way by his favourite transportation. Poppet sparkling-eyed agrees and giggles: "We're the Rolling Stones for real, aren't we?!"

However, the vehicle we finally board for the Northeast is neither Greyhound nor Trailways but possibly belongs to the Wayward Bus Line for it meanders all over southern Lousiana, piloted by a graybeard scarecrow who talks to himself, ignores STOP signs and takes frequent nips from a bottle marked HADACOL (short for Hard Alcohol, judging by its effects) — which evidently alarmed most of the passengers for soon the bus is almost empty so the boy and I take over the long, unobstructed seat in the rear to more comfortably resume our love-play. Here I debate the risk-reward ratio of back-seat fucking but decide it's not on for our demented driver seems to take great pains to hit every goddam pothole in the road and I'd probably no sooner get half-way in my pretty inamorato than I'd be bumped out of him, he and my outraged dick yelping loud enough to wake the dead. Fortunately, an academic point as just then the bus comes to a screeching halt — the front left tire has come off and goes helling down the highway in front of us.

Temporarily disillusioned by maverick buses, Nahmi makes no protest when we retrace our route about a quarter-mile to a motel where I sign in as 'Hugh E. Long & nephew'. In the shower we detergent each other during which the boy sees my cock for the first time and promptly christens me Heap Big Chief Little Meat — 'Chief' for short. (I'd slap the shit outa him but it would only be a waste of energy as he's already taken a pissless crap.) On the pale pink sheets the kid belly-flops to stretch and bounce with luxurious abandon, my eyes hypnotised by his little brown bum — pure hard-core porn in the flesh. Avid to explore the anatomy of his anality I join him, eel between his slim thighs to gently bite the taut half-moons, pry them asunder to sniff the attar of boy-ass, amino-acid ineffable; lick the seam'd downward path from scrotum to the wee scarlet hump-hole, slightly open to reveal palest pink within; wetly tongue the tiny slit until Nahmi's plump young pootie writhes with bliss and my procreative digit clamours to get into the act.

At length tearing my mouth away from the lad's steaming hot-spot, I murmur: "As the doughnut said, 'The hole is greater than the parts'."

"So go screw a doughnut."

"My sweet First American, be nice or it gives no more bus-rides. You don't object to your lovely moon being full, I hope!"

"When other kids fucked me it only felt like a turd in reverse — but you're a man!"

"Oh, baby, you're not going to back out now?!" I wail. "I may be a man, opinions differ, but I'm also Chief Little Meat, remember?"

"Oh, yeah, I forgot!" and the tactless young pipsqueak guggaws so deafeningly that it abrades my cock's already shaky self-esteem. "Chief Cigarette-Prick! Little Finger Band Medicine-Man!"

I nip his anal—lips in fond reproof. "So, beauteous bus-boy, are you going to give me room-service or do I hafta — ?"

"You got slipp'ry-stuff?"

"Right here on the night-table — Dr. Fuch's Assoul Jelly for guaranteed painless penetration. Uh, tell me, what did you young braves use in your gang-bangs — bear-grease?"

"We peed in it an' worked it in good with our fingers."

"Tsk! Tsk! That's a shameful waste of aqua pueri. The glop I got won't dry out and I'll even warm it up for you so it doesn't pucker up your tender rectum." Squeezing some jelly into my palm, I hold it there until the chill is off then thoroughly lubricate the anal-foyer to quivering anticipation. Guiding my rampagous beastie mouth-to-mouth with its natural prey, I'm just about to auger in when...

"Chief?"

"Now what ?!"

"Gimme sumpin to read while you're futzin' around back there 'cause it'll prolly take you an hour to blast off."

"Uh, here's the Gideon Bible — improve your mind while I'm behind."

"Not that!" They awways leave out the best parts like Lot's daughters an' Sodom an' Gomorrer. Get me some comic-books."

"Such as?"

"You know — Tarzan of the Rapes, Jack Armstrong the Un-American Boy, Alice in Scoreland an' like so."

Sighing, I get into my clothes and am out the door and halfway down the hall when I'm peremptorily summoned back. "Bring me some diff'runt kindsa candy-bars, too. I read better onna full stummick."

"Anything else, O Lord and Master?" I sarcastic.

"If I think of sumpin, you can go back for it."

"Now look, honey-bunch, let's get one thing straight. I may eat your ass but I ain't taking no shit from you!"

Nahmi giggles. "I jist wanted to see how far I could go too far. Now hurry up while I'm in the mood!"

I stumble out and down the stairs, fully expecting I'll have to comb this small town for the required articles but in the far corner of the lobby is a huge stand with everything from soap to nuts and presided over by a tadpole of about 7 who gives me a big gap-tooth'd smile and he would be ideal for predatory purposes but he's got fire-engine-red hair which automatically wet-blankets his appeal to my libido. I pick up a handful of assorted candy-bars and am browsing midst the smut-classics when elatedly I perceive a round dozen of the rare, privately-printed, unexpurgated issues of Batman and Robin which came out shortly before Bobbin sued Ratman for committing adultery with the Kips Bay Boys' Club. I take my selections to the counter where Carrot-Top itemises them, bags them and chirps: "That'll be 20 bucks even-Steven 'cause Steven's my middle name."

"Twenty dollars?" I wince. "Seems awf'ly steep to me."

"That includes a tip fer my piggy-bank," the tot beams. "I'm savin up to git married."

Sheese! Rip-offs galore in Lousy Anna! I pay the slap-happy hetero and speed back to my assignation — if he's still there. He is, bless his balls! and meltingly grateful, even to holding his ass-cheeks apart as I plug into him... O Ecstasy! Nahmi fucks with a flair, so hot and sweet and sleek and tight and in-drawing that soon I feel as if my glans is battering against his delicate sigmoidflexure as his expanding economy contracts blissfully around my rampaging dick. Close-joined as incestuous Siamese-twins in heavenly connection I know I must adopt this nonpareil bed-boy, officially or otherwise, for his piece of ass is so paramount that I'm convinced I've got two cocks, each potent as stallions and -

And suddenly the door quails under a machine-gun rat-a-tattat knock that can only come from the local Gestapo. "Police! Open up or we break down the door!"

Fuzzastrophe! I attempt to pull out of my perfect pedication so Nahmi can hide under the bed while I act the outraged citizen whose privacy has been invaded but I'm held in sweet incriminating stasis — the boy's rectal muscles have clamped tight in panic and my cock is so stiff with fright that it can neither ejaculate nor wilt. I'm up shit-creek with a hard-on.

Size 13 boots burst open the door and 2 cops rush in — both young, hard-faced, contemptuous and impatient. While one brandishes a search-warrant and reads me my Miranda rights, the other bruisingly prods me with his pistol. "Get the hell outa that kid!"

"So help me God, officer — I can't! I'm locked into circumstances beyond my control."

"So we'll take you both in. The kid's a material witness, anyway."

"Now wait a minute! Just what am I being charged with?" "You transported a person across a State Line for sexual purposes — violation of the Mann Act."

"What d'you mean — Mann Act ?!" Nahmi shrieks, livid with fury. "I'm a boy!"

53. Captain Kiddlet

*Tom, Tom,
The Piper's son,
Stole my heart
And away he run!*

Recently I received a letter from a non-fan accusing me of attempting to popularise the 'unspeakable crime' of boy-love. This, of course, is a vicious canard and nothing could be remoter from my intent for it would be as detrimental to my sexual lifestyle as (in another context) a miser advertising on TV that he kept a hoard of greenbacks beneath his mattress — robbers would be rife. Speaking of robbers...

His baptismal name is Thomas, he's obscene and 13 and his dear departed Daddy used to be head-flutist with K.Y. & the Sunshine Band but I call the sweet dastard Dodo — not because he's extinct (which wouldn't be a bad idea) but because Dough! Dough! as in bread is his consuming motivation and constant refrain. In his greed for illicit pelf he tried to become a cat-burglar but his Buster Brown shoes squeaked so loud that they woke even the most slumbrous householder. Dodo switched to sneakers but they too were so noisy that the poor lad was forced to face the humiliating fact that it was his feet who squeaked, not his footwear. Undaunted, he tried his hand at the five-finger freebie profession, swiping everything that wasn't red-hot or nailed down but the trouble with Dodo is his eyes are too big for his capabilities as he doesn't just want to shoplift every portable thing in sight — he wants to lift the whole damn shop onto a flatbed truck and cart it away, so of course he got caught and was sent to a Correctional Institution from which he escaped by donning a dress snatched from the Superintendent's daughter and undulating out the front door, wiggling his padded bottom and jiggling his bouncing boobies (two Florida oranges strategically placed) while under his breath cursing the transvestite indignities he has to endure to preserve Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Financiness. I become exposed to Dodo through the discourtesy of another itchy-crotch'd urchin and this is how the contretemps occurred -

On the lam owing to a bum-rap for rubbing a boy-masseur in Times Square (the authorities were extremely squiffy about massaging a ten-year-old asshole with my forty-year-old short-arm), I spent a couple exile years in a town somewhere between Succasonna, New Jersey and Boysie, Idaho north of Sinsinnati, Ohio where I early find a madcap imp who is like peanut-brittle in that the more you eat him the more you want except that toothsome Peanut has made my heart grow even fonder of him due to his inexplicable absence for the past three days. (Most boys little realize the havoc they wreak in such blithe and heedless unconcern for Love ever is of a lad's life a thing apart whereas it's his lover's whole existence.) So I'm at home by the telly-phone hoping the prodigal sonny will at any moment show up or at least give me a ring, in the meantime improving my mind with an elevating treatise entitled: Tom Swift in a Peg-House. Then I become aware of a light tapping on my door as if made by a woodpecker with a sore wooden pecker.

Expecting Peanut, I rush to open up but what swaggers in is a pint-sized unknown of about 12-plus with an aura of wash-&- wear innocence and a manner all breezy tongue-in-cheekiness.

This character flops himself into my just-vacated favorite easy-chair, puts his feet on the coffee-table, cuts his cruel azul eyes in my direction as he casts me a wolfish grin and sneers: "You're the Duke of Suck, right?"

Noting that the unmannerly little turd still has his milk-teeth (presumption of virginity? !), I cautiously reply: "I wouldn't go so far as to say that!"

He flaps a childish, chubby hand. "I don't blame you for keepin' mum but I won't tell nobody if you ack nice to me."

Sensing subtle extortion in the limpid air, I should've kicked the little creep out on his ass right then and there but he has a highly persuasive je ne sais quoi quality about him that grabs me between the thighs so I tentative: "To whom or what do I owe the displeasure of your company?"

"Peanut told me about you."

"Peanut! What happened to that sweetie?! I haven't seen him for days."

"He got busted for statutory rape."

"Lawksamercy! But you mean statutory rape, don't you?" "Don't tell me what I mean! He got fuzzed tryna hump a broad inna Museum."

"But that's still statutory — "

"The pig was that marble cunt with her arms missin'." "The Venus de Milo?"

"I guess. Anyways, Peanut knocked her down which broke her legs off, too, an' he had his whang out an' was tryna pull that stone rag off her pussy."

I leap to my feet. "I must go see the poor child, get him a good lawyer and —"

"Siddown, meat-head, that kid's off his nut — dint you ever notice? Peanut's so pointy-headed that if you threw him at a dart-board he'd stick there."

"I know! But on the Springmaid he was a disk-to-dawn orgy." "Man, your orgy's gonna be in the clink till he's 21 so forget the fucker! I gotta proposition to make to you."

I feel myself actually blushing. "My goodness, the last time a lad proposed to me it was a case of mistaken identity — he though I was a tomboy."

"This ain't eggzackly that kinda deal. Uh, ain't you gonna spring for a drink or sumpin you ain't got no manners, maybe?"

"I'm sorry, young'un. What would you like — Coca-Cola? Seven-up?"

"Hell with that hogwash! Set up two beers for two queers." "Will you settle for root-beer?"

"That's horse-piss. You got like corn-whiskey?"

"Oh, c'mon, baby-face — you're not old enough to drink." "I was drinkin' five minutes after I was born."

"Kiddy-boo, booby-milk isn't booze."

"It is if your Mommy-poo's an alcoholic."

"Whoosh! Well, I've got a half-gallon of Old Cundrum I received for my birthday but I should warn you that it's 90-proof!" "Sounds good — even if it fights back."

I bring out the bottled-in-unbond, shot-glasses and salted goobers in memory of the late lamented Peanut. My brash visitor pours with professional dexterity and as we quaff he regales me with his vital statistics until presently I say: "This is all bluddy interesting but I though you were going to propose to me."

"I'm comin' to that. Peanut said you fought in World War Two."

"I fought to stay out of it but I lost and ended up in Okinawa." "Were you scared?"

"Sweetie, I was scared shitless so at least I didn't dirty my britches."

"But you dint run away?"

"If I did it was in the right direction 'cause they gave me a tin Bronze Star and half a Purple Heart."

"Thass what I been lookin' for," says Dodo as he pours us another slug. "A guy with guts."

"I got plenty guts in bed!" I leer, seduced by his girlish eyelashes and boyish pants-cleavage. "Would you care for a free demonstration?"

"Cool it, you ol' goat — we'll maybe talk about that later."

"I hope you're not one of those flaky little bastards who gives you a promissory-note and then never honours it!"

"You do right by me an' I'll do right by you." He glances about the room, tut-tutting. "This shitty dump looks as if you sure could use some scratch."

I bristle like an insulted porcupine. True, my rented cottage is ramshackle and dog-sorry but it's clean and it's Home. "Now listen, you sawed-off young runt, I resent — "

The boy waves a placatory paw. "No offence, sport — I'm broker'n a paralysed hoor my own

self.”

"Honey-bunch, don't look now but you're sitting on a prime asset more precious than rubied diamonds!"

"My hind-end can be negotiated — if you meet my terms." "Which are what?" I gulp, feeling my pubic-hairs stiffen. "A dollar down and \$0.50 a week?"

"You should live so long! Sport, whadda you think of banks?"

"You mean like the West Bank of the Mississippi? It's all wet."

"Don't goof around, man — I'm serious."

"Merciful God, don't talk to me about banks!" I wince. "Those fascists foreclosed the mortgage on the farm where I was born and raised, they ditto'd my grandfather's bustle-factory and my great-uncle's hoopskirt shop but if you ask them for a measly little loan they throw rocks at you! They're always telling you: 'Patronise Your Friendly Neighbourhood Bank'. Yeah, sure! 'Deposits Welcome, Withdrawals Drop Dead!'"

"You ain't as stupid as you look!" Dodo approves, patting my knee.

Seizing his wrist, I slobber kisses on the moquette-sleek underside. "On the other hand," I pant, "always patronise your friendly neighbourhood fag — deposits welcome, withdrawals abhorred!"

"OK, I'll patronise you for five Big Ones."

"How's about five Little Ones?"

"Them you can wipe my crappy ass with!" Alas, the kid's creed and screed is not the chicken-feed I offer, for he yanks his wrist away from my feverish lips and replenishes our glasses. "Now look, sport, we both need money, right?"

"Boys give me molten white gold for mere pieces of printed paper — sweet young flesh bartered for a tatter'd fin or sawbuck so I never have enough long green," I bewail. "But the trouble with money is that it always costs too much."

"I know where there's oodles of dough jist beggin' to be took."

"Where, where ?!"

"Inna bank, natcherly."

"So I suppose you're going to play Jesse James' kid-brother and —"

"What else?"

"Oh, wake up! You're not even at the Age of Consent to rob banks!"

"It ain't that, you klutz! It's jist that I'm so fuckin' small I can't barely see over the bank-teller's counter an' I'm figgerin' on suing this damn town for buildin' the sidewalks too close to my ass."

"Lovey-boo, the best things come in small packages."

"Yah, like poison. Anyways, since I am so short thass why I need you to help me get the loot."

"Good Heavens, do I look like the sort of person who'd commit a crime?!"

"Shit, you're awready a crim'nal 'cause you sex it up with boys."

"That's hetero stupidity, not mine — but this Willie Sutton kick of yours is out."

"Aw, c'mon, sport — be a sport. I'm a boy an' you like me so you should gimme a hand an' we'll split the take 50-50."

"Sweetie, it's just not on! I'd get caught heisting a piggy-bank or swiping candy from a sleeping baby."

"Thass 'cause you're a dum-dum an' shouldn't be let out alone. But if you do eggzackly what I tell you we'll live rich ever after."

"No! Jeez, you're nuttier than two Peanuts!"

"Relax, have another drink — you're fallin' behind."

"And don't try to get me plastered! It's no go, drunk or sober."

Dollar-signs in his eyes, the wee bandit regards me thoughtfully as he sucks on 01' Cundrum. "Sport," he coos, "did I ever tell you I'm a virgin?"

My unmentionable part comes to sudden Attention. "Really?!" I dubious, my cynicism in this area being the inevitable result of experience.

"Hones!! I ain't even jerked off lately 'cause my dick an' my fist hadda lover's-spat. An' I ain't had nothin' up my asshole but an oral thermometer onct when I had the mumps."

"Will you show me your vestal goodies?"

"Be glad to," Dodo smirks, "an' they're all yours if you help me do you-know-what."

"I'm not committing myself to anything till I see what you got. You probably don't half measure up to what Peanut carried around in his britches!"

"I'm Quality, not Quantity — or are you a friggin' size-freak?"

"No, baby-doll — retail cocks have staying-power so introduce me!"

Slowly as in a strip-tease, little Tom-tit inches his pants and shorts down his hips to reveal the delicacies beneath. Sacre Blew! I behold a slim smooth penis palpitant with puberty, tight foreskin intact and which the boy carefully, wincingly retracts to denude a smegma-spiced scarlet glans wafting incense from the Altar of Boyness. I blow my steaming breath on the swelling slick-shiny head, into the tiny slit until a bubble of crystal elixir seeps from it. Swooningly I bend to lick it up but Dodo's sly forefinger gets there first, sweeping up the ineffable drop and transferring it to his stuck-out tongue. "Um'm'm, good!" he tantalises, smacking his lips.

Plainly this penis'd Circe is versed in the wiles of coquetry that lure bucolic louts like me into a Life of Crime for at once I'm red-hot to sip boy-sperm — but the fleeting Prick of Conscience is not reflected between Dodo's thighs though I'm all Prayer and supplication for his Nay cockissity. Ruthlessly Billy the Kid weans me from my hopeless-hoping lingam-yen to the more important business at hand. "Now you gonna help me, sport?"

"Cruel "Cruel teaser, I've only seen part of your juvenile Playland. Perhaps your backside is something to make strong men flee for their lives!"

My outlaw guest gives me a hit in the head that makes my ears ring, then he stands to present his stern — and I fall to my knees in adoration. It's ever an ascendant joy to glimpse the full moon in broad daylight but here I'm gazing into the fabled Promised Land sought by all boyeurs bent on inner-directed behavior. My ball'd siren cups his pinkly glowing young buns in a brief auto-erotic caress, then pries them apart to unveil a curlicue of delicate beige anal— membrane that gives off an elusive fragrance of hushed Holiness or sour grapes for when I attempt to plunge my face between the warm loaves, Dodo impatiently twists away. "You've seen an' smelled what I got but you ain't gettin' a taste till you — “

My heart a summer Valentine, in my cups and hiccups I blurt: "OK! OK! I'll help you and may Laddy Luck be with us!" What the hell, I'm ever ready to go out on a limb if that's where the juiciest fruit resides. "Now can I sample your delicious privacies?"

"No! Not till after we get the bread, safe and sound."

Safe and sound in the local hoosegow, more likely — but presently avid to ravish such puritanically mercenary prohibitions, I plead: "It's customary in monkey-business transactions to give your associate a little something to bind the deal."

"So I'll give you my I.O.U."

"Oh, baby, please — for sweet charity's sake, if nothing else! I realise you're the Master of your Prick and the Captain of your Asshole but what's a bit of sex-play among thieves, so to speak? And remember that even an unbroken cherry spoils if you keep it around too long."

"Nope! I know you kooky fags — onct you get what you want it's jist `Goombye, man, an' don't

slam the door as you leave!'."

Where did the little wise-ass acquire such wearisome logic? Surely it could only have been from hustling! "I'm not like that!" I cry.

"So turn your damn thermostat down an' drink up!" The heartless bandido brims my glass then pulls up his pants, fastens it securely and plops his verboten bum back into my easy-chair. "Now pay strick attention to what I'm gonna tell you 'cause it's important!"

"Yes, professor."

The wretched imp kicks me in the shin but his frayed sneaker softens the impact of his hard young foot. "Sport, there're three banks in this lousy burg an' I cased 'em all. First, there's the Bar-dash Junction Savings an' Loan."

"What's this `Bardash Junction'? It sounds faintly familiar but —"

"Thass the name of this here town you're livin' in, you poop-brain!"

"My God, I thought this was Gays' Mill, Wisconsin!"

"Thass acrost the Mrs. Sippi from here. Jesus, you musta been a whiz at Jography when you went to school back in the Dark Ages!"

"I did OK," I say huffily. "I never learned anything but I never forgot anything and I made out aces with my teacher!"

Dodo aims another kick at me but skilfully I avoid it. "Anyways, the Savings an' Loan is a dud 'cause they're jist breakin' even — they ain't gotta friggin' penny to spare."

"Heavens above! But how do you know?"

'Cause the bastards admit it! Right on the lower left-hand corner of their front window there's little brass letters an' figgers which say:

Assets — \$10,987,654.32
Liabilities — \$10,987,654.32

so knockin' over that joint'd be like tryna get milk outa my tits!" "The perfidy of financial institutions — boasting that they're practically bankrupt!" I groan. "It's incredible!"

"It don't surprise me none. Second, there's the Cody County National which — "

"Oh, no! Oh, no! I got \$10.66 in that bank and I'll be damned if I'm going to steal from myself!"

"Don't get your balls inna uproar. That place is out anyhow 'cause it's right acrost from the P'lice-Station an' it's got a feisty young guard who's trigger-happy — if you said Boo! to him

he'd shoot up the joint, includin' himself. That leaves the Midwest Trust."

"H'm, I don't trust Trusts — they never trust me!"

"I don't trust you either but Midwest is jist the ticket — a pushover! They gotta guard who's damn near as old as you an' needs specs so we don't need to worry about him. An' the payroll-teller is a young cunt who's new on the job an' looks like she's scared of her own shadow so her we'll hit."

"Now wait a minute — don't count your chickens before they're even eggs! What about cameras? I'm not at all photogenic, especially in larcenous circumstances."

"Button your lip an' lissen!" Dodo grunts. "This's the sticks, not the big city so Midwest ain't got no cameras or alarums 'cause they think a guard is enough an' there ain't any bank ever been knocked-off in Bardash Junction. Best of all, Midwest carries the payroll-money for the ony factory in town."

"How in hell did a snip like you ever find out all this ?!"

"'Cause I'm smart, see?! I got to be buddy-buddy with the janitor there. He thinks I'm so innarested 'cause I wanta work inna bank when I grow up — Haw! Haw!"

"H'm, does this bloody janitor go for boys?"

"Yes'n no. The poor guy lost both his nuts in Korea so I let him suck my balls 'cause he's got this crazy idea that might make his own grow back in again like second teeth or sumpin."

"Well," I sigh, "that sounds about as reasonable as everything else you've told me but I can't just stick a note in the teller's face saying: 'Give me all the money!'"

"You stick this in her face!" and suddenly there's an evil-looking pistol staring me between the eyes.

"Dammit, Dodo, never point a gun at someone unless you're going to shoot him!"

"Thass what I aim to do! Bang! You're dead!" The little desperado pulls the trigger and a jet of water hits me in the face to dribble down my shirt-front. "Relax, sport, it's ony a water-pistol I liberated from the Five'n Dime but it looks realer than real, don't it?"

It does. To malefactors a thing of beauty though a toy forever and perfect for our purpose — it would scare the living crap out of Dillinger himself for it has a Luger snout, a Mauser breech, a butt by Smith & Watson and a Roy Rogers Trigger. "Put it away!" I shudder. "I prefer the popgun in your pants."

"That squirts water, too!" the kid smirks. "Now we hit the bank tomorrow sharp at 9 A.M. when it opens."

"But tomorrow's Friday the thirteenth!"

"It's also payday so lotsa extra loot'll be on hand — the factory only pays every other week."

"Well, let's put it off until the 27th. According to the Pederasts' Almanac, tomorrow is a day men like me should go to bed with a good boy."

"No! We'll make out OK if you jist don't get cold feet an' chicken-out." Oh the boundless confidence of Youth! Defeat is not a word in their bright lexicon. In the meantime, my feet are blocks of ice.

"Sport, you know what I'm gonna do when we get the bread? I'm gonna spread it all out on the bed an' then I'm gonna take my clothes off an' roll around in it bare-ass!"

"Can I roll around in it with you?!"

"Sure — but I wanna be on top! Hey! Here I'm gonna make you rich but you don't even gimme no supper! That ain't polite!"

Gushing apologies, I rush to the kitchen and prepare pork-chops, French fries, Greek Salad, lemon-meringue pie from the Swedish bakery. After he's gorged himself, even to snatching succulent bits from my plate, the boy announces that he's decided to stay all night so he can keep a Warden-eye on me — and my heart leaps to my throat. "Will you sleep with me?" I wheeze.

"Sure — if you got twin beds so we can sleep together sep'rate!"

This beau-&-error Cupid takes delight in weaponless wounding me — or does he want to save me from a near occasion of sin? Some boys aren't made in a day but tomorrow, with luck, I shall wallow in his hooligan charms one-on-one.

After intently watching and knowledgeably criticising a 2-hour crime drama on TV, my urchinesque Mephisto yawns widely and roughly knuckles my head. "Time for beddy-bye, ol' Pops — gotta be up bright an' early in the mornin', y'know!"

"Yes, daddy!" I simper — and get a thump where it hurts the most. The boy heads for the bathroom but I grab his arm. "What're you going to do?"

"Brush my teeth with my fingers an' take a leak. Why?" "Then at least give me your leak — toilets never appreciate such niceties."

"No! Our deal is you'll get everything with trimmin's after!" "Jeez, you're another Lord Byron — mad, bad, dangerous to know and you've got a heart of stone!"

"Thass me, sport!" he snickers as he slams and locks the bathroom-door.

In my lonely twin-bed I morosely await his return. Pistol in fist, he appears and comes to stand

beside me, smiling with tender malice. "Open your mouth, thirsty-boo — I gotta nightcap for you." Humoring the little brute I gape wide, expecting a burst of near scalding tap-water. What I get is cold by now and metallic-tasting but unmistakeably it's fizzy boy-pee and I gulp it thankfully.

"I pissed in the washbowl and sucked it up in my six-shooter," Dodo giggles, "so don't say I never gave you nuthin'!"

Evading my grateful embrace he sheds his outer garments, to my dismay retaining his undershirt and basketball-style shorts. True, he does have balls in a basket but is not the body more than raiment?! Plummeting into bed, he says: "Sport, will you rub my dogs a little? They hurt like hell!"

I leap to comply, scenting an opening-wedge to more intimate areas. His small slender feet are clean, dry, odorous of white woolen socks and active boy — but as gently I chafe them the unsettling thought intrudes that busy hustlers often have tender feet from all that streetwalking! Then I lose even this modest fleshly contact by attempt to lick the tiny pink nails of my cross and am summarily kicked away. Resenting this caricature of concupiscence, I seize the boy's floor-flung pants and tongue the fragrant inner-seam of the fly, savoring the acid-drop sweetness of pubertal penis-effusions while Dodo hoots mockingly.

I go back to bed to toss and turn, cursing this so-near tempter more virtuous than a ground-glass vagina — he's unnatural, he's a sin against mankind, he's... then I become aware of the other bed shaking, springs squeaking and the boy's tense murmuring: "Ooh, it feels so good... good... good... oh, WOW!" Hurtling across the room I switch on the light, bent on lapping up the fruit of the merry masturbator's handiwork — but Dodo is flat on his back, innocent hands behind his head, cock peacefully inside his shorts whose crotch is dry as the Sahara. "Fooled you!" the little beast crows with an ear-to-evil grin. "Now go the fuck to sleep, sport — we gotta busy day tomorrow!"

To have a hypnotic kidling in my room but not in my arms is not conducive to slumber and I lie awake until the crack of dawn when I fall into a fitful doze — only to be rudely awakened at 7 a.m. by fiendish Master Pitiless who painfully pinches my piss-hard penis beneath the tumbled sheets and shouts: "Rise an' shine, Jesse James! Breakfast in two minutes!"

The sweet felon's got his head together, I'll say that for him as he produces pork sausages down to a turn, delicately crisp waffles awash in butter and honey, piping-hot strong coffee. "Who taught you to cook so scrumptious?" I praise through a stuffed mouth.

"My belly, who else ?!"

While we eat, Dodo plays Fagin Junior again as he gives me final D-Day instructions. "Now, sport listen good! The payroll-window is the last one toward the rear of the bank an' beyond that is a little hall leadin' to the back-door."

"Which will be conveniently unlocked, I suppose!"

"No, it won't, but next to it is the men's-room. When we get the loot we run in there an' out the window — it has bars on it but I loosened 'em so they'll fall out with a hard shove."

"How in the world did you manage that?!"

"I conned the janitor — he's another cement-head like you. Outside the window is an alley that ends in a free parking-lot where there'll be lotsa cars we can hide behind if anyone's chasin' us."

"Marvelous!" I admire. "You make it sound like we just might get away with this madness."

"We will if you don't all of a sudden get shit in your blood." Digging in a pocket, Dodo extracts two yard-long pieces of cord which he proceeds to bind tightly around his pants-bottoms at the ankles.

"What's that in aid of?" I query.

"You'll find out when the time comes." He cocks an eye at the kitchen clock. "Almost zero-hour, sport! If you got dark specs an' a wide-brimmed hat, put 'em on for disguise."

I have and I do. Inspecting me critically, my mentor in criminology approves the smoked glasses but pulls the hat-brim down to my eyebrows. Dashing to the bathroom, he returns to hand me two small balls of cotton. "Stuff these in your cheeks, daddums — it'll make your ugly mug look fatter."

"Aren't you going to wear any disguise?" I mumble, cotton-mouth'd.

"Nobody ever looks real close at a boy unless he's a chicken-hawk," Dodo shrugs, "an' you're the only hawk in town, far's I know."

"How much money do you think we'll get — if we get it?" Young Robbin' Hood purses his lips, narrows his eyes. "I figger anywhere from 40 to 50 grand."

"Oh, God!" I sigh, trying to visualize how many strippable striplings even half that sum will buy! Now Dodo brings out his water-pistol which I carefully stow in my pants-pocket and we set out to walk a crooked mile — actually a mile and a half as the crow flies. Beautiful day — cool, summer-fragrant, sweet bird-song from all around. Will it be my last day of freedom or of even drawing breath? My character is ever swayed by reckless little males and Character is Destiny, the sages say — so what will be my Fate? My dark foreboding is scarcely lightened as we pass a dead-end street on the corner of which is a somber edifice draped in black crepe and surmounted by a huge sign which sepulchally announces in ebon script:

*SIXFEE-DUNDER FUNERAL HOME
ASK ABOUT OUR LAY-AWAY PLAN
PAY NOW AND DIE NEVER!*

Over the front-door of the mortuary Gothic letters mortally remind:

*Abandon all Hope
Ye who enter Here!*

Hastily I avert my eyes from this obscene epitaph which I trust does not refer to the portals of our destination, then furtively peer over my shoulder. Always look back — what's following you might be a Badge-r!

Some seconds later my spirits lift considerably when in a store-window I descry a boy-manikin fetchingly attired in a blue Eton-jacket and skin-tight cream-color'd pants. How much is that laddie in the window?! He'd be lovely to lie with when live loves were lacking and I nudge my companion. "Ballsy-boo, see that kid in the window? I swear he could be your twin-brother!"

Dodo looks — and spits contemptuously. "Yeah — but has that friggin' dummy got a cock an' a asshole?!"

"I s'pose not," I say dejectedly. "Art never totally copies Nature." Seized with sudden rut, I cry: "Oh, heart-sweet, I can't wait till we get home and vary all this thuggery with a little buggery!"

"Easy, you ol' fart! Never count your chicken before he's hatched a nest-egg... an' take your hand off my bum!"

Jesus, what's the matter with kids these days? The little pricks don't cooperate like they used to. Maybe they eat too much meat but personally I suspect a deep dark plot to grind all us harmless boy-lovers under their heedless heels. Arouse and beware — the juvenile Huns are upon us!

As we near the center of town I become conscious of dampness in the region of my groin and looking down, I see a large wet spot in a conspicuous and embarrassing area. "Dodo," I whisper agitatedly, "did you fill that confounded water-pistol of yours?!"

"Course I did."

"With your pee?"

"Sure — so if you got thirsty you could shoot yourself." "Dammit, your piss is leaking in my pants and..."

"That gun don't leak!" the boy grates. "You're wettin' your own self 'cause you're so yellow-belly!"

I could argue the point but we've arrived at the Midwest Trust which is a grotesque copy of the Parthenon in pink stucco and plastic brick, and we are the first customers to enter as the guard unlocks the front door. Inside we traverse a fake-marble floor into which is set a blown-up replica of a \$10,000 bill — Mr. Chase, Salmon P's forbidding visage glowering up at us though why anyone would want to chase salmon pee is beyond me.

Dodo discreetly effacing himself behind me, we come to the payroll window where the first thing I notice is a plate attached to the grille and indicating the teller's name — one Miss Kerridge. Then I see the teller herself and it's no wonder the poor girl looks upset as a pregnant rabbit beset by ravening wolves for who wouldn't be highly disturbed when you're saddled with a name like that?!

"My dear," I say, covertly revealing the pistol, "pray do not be alarmed — this weapon is quite harmless but I am in sore need of all your money so that I may consummate an Affair of the Heart, you understand." Unfortunately or luckily, nervously I inadvertently press the trigger slightly and a few drops of amber fluid are expelled onto the white Formica counter-top which instantly turns a dark-brown, wisps of smoke arising from the splotch. Saints preserve us! Does Dodo's pee-pee turn into deadly vitriol on Friday the Thirteenth?!

"Don't shoot! I'll give you the money!" quavers Miss Kerridge, turning even paler than the whites of her eyes. "Here! Take, take!" and she starts shoving packets of banknotes at me which I speedily transfer to my accomplice who gleefully stuffs them down inside the waistband of his pants, distributing the bundles evenly about his nether limbs so no tell-tale bulge betrays — the cords tied about his pants-bottoms preventing any of the lovely cash from leaking out. Good God! The kid's a genius at nefarious tricks! Mark my words — he'll go far!

Just as Miss K is bringing out the last wad of currency the front door bangs open and four stocking-masked men burst in, waving sawed-off shotguns. "This is a stick-up!" the leader shouts. "Everybody freeze!"

The girl collapses in a dead-faint. I feel like joining her but shielding little Dodo from view with my quaking corpus, I grab the final stack of luscious lucre and thrust it into his eager paws. "Take the money and run!" I hiss.

P.S. He's still running.

54. Incest is Boring, Relatively Speaking

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water
Jill got knocked-up and
Jack Blamed it on the pail.

Let all good men come to the aid of themselves and ponder this ancient and eternal truism. Female Hecate guards the gates of Hades but male Cupidon (Cupid's kid brother) stands sentinel at Heaven's portal. The wise man will heed the very obvious `handwriting on the wall' here and will sedulously follow the eminently sapient sexual-signpost displayed: CUPIDON IS PARADISE, HECATE IS HELL.

Recently I got carried away by juvenile scholastic surroundings and the arousing scent of little male bodies en masse and was caught by a man-teacher going down on a panting 12er in a toilet-booth of the local Boys' Junior High. Teacher being a 250 pound-six-footer, he subdued me over to the nearest police-station but when I came up before the Judge or Magistrate or whatever, he turned out to be a Justice of the peace who was either drunk, demented or a boy-addict himself for he dismissed the case because I'd swallowed the evidence. This was in Florida and the next day Anita Orange hit the Miami fan like you-know what so I fled north and west to a town Corset-Cover, Kansas (according to my zany Atlas) where I'd heard the kids shoot first and ask questions afterwards.

I rent an apartment so mini that you can't even swing a kitten in it, much less a cat, and then go on the prowl but I see nary a likely lad, quick-triggered or slow, so I consult the phone-book for the Rent-a-Boy Service which boasts it has branches all over the United States — but they don't got one here. Then I note a listing for Save Our Children Society and sweatily I call them up, inquiring: "Can you save me a nice boy-child, blond and preteen for tonight, 8PM" But my goodness!, the reply I got — and from a ladylike-sounding female at that — would've scorched the balls of a brass monkey! Still, this Bible-Belt Midget metropolis seems to be very sexually aware for when I stroll through a small park on the way home I see signs all over the place that readily caution: LITTERING & SCREWING PROHIBITED! or does that refer to four-footed fornicators?

I'm just unlocking my door when from out of the shadows of the unlit hall there materializes a little personage of perhaps 11 on his next or last birthday and who looks like a randy young plow-boy fresh from the farm who's eager to sow his virgin wild oats or dry orgasms in my mouth. He's clad in white sandals, red tank-top and tight blue cutoffs which in back nicely delineate the lovely rounds of his little porte-cochere and in front outline the pirky presence of a jujube cock which surely would be ecstasy, retaining its inimitable flavor to the very last.

In a breathless rush, the kid stammers half-shyly that he saw me move in this morning and he's called Zip as in Zipper, he lives across the hall, his Dad is the Super in this place and do I live alone?

"Yes, I do!" I respond, sensing a situation fraught with delightful possibilities. "Come in and partake of some fresh-strawberry pie and ice-cold milk," I invite, hoping that later with the application of a bit of moola I just might get a more intimate box-lunch from between the boy's bumptious buns — though of course man does not live by breaded ass alone.

Sweet Zippo (he lights my fire!) gobbles down my comestibles, thanks me kindly and then asks to see my bedroom. Good gracious! can't this hot-pants cutie even wait for it? All agog I escort him to my sleeping-chamber and he exclaims: "Good-oh! You gotta d-double bed!"

"Would you like to try it out?" I seduct. "The mattress is no Beauty-rest but it's wunnerful bouncy."

A slight blush stains the stainless samite of the youngster's cheeks and he stutters: "Well, uh, you see it's like this — I'm real g-gone on somebody but my folks're awful old fashioned so we can hardly ever g-get together, specially in a nice private p-place like this. So I figured maybe you'd lend us your b-bed for an hour or two now and then. You could watch us have f-fun if you want to... and like that."

"Why, surely!" I cry, moved by Zip's evident infatuation for his best buddy? his bosom-pal?! 'Thank god for little boys and their puppy-love crimes passionel with their male age peers particularly since laddies in such senses are usually apt to be very sexually generous to the lucky man who provides a secure comfortable haven for their aphrodisiac antics and eventually you can enjoy all their juvenile charms yourself — if you play your tongue right.

Zip thanks me effusively, shakes my hand and peel-mells off before I have a chance to use my tried-and-true zip-code method to get into his pants — if only just briefly to view how he's outfitted. But when he and his little friend show up to voluptuous my sheets I'm confident I can get a piece of the action. In three minutes flat the Superintendent's son is back — wiyh a girl! "Hi!" he says breezily, "meet my s-sister, Citronella." Aghast I stare at her — a cutesy-pukesy dirndl'd object maybe a year older than her brother and the type of macho face who ends up in Who's Zoo.

"Call me Nolla" she rasps, giving me an Eve-ill look that seems to imply she knows all about my affectional preference if not my elective affinity.

"Mother of God!" I wail, "are you two balling each other?! Just wait until Anita Bryant hears about this — that's too much All in the family and — !"

"Why so?" interrupts gremlin Sis. "The ancient Pharaohs did it all the time, with bells on."

"Sure they did — with the result that poor King Tut died at 19 and Cleopatra went to bed with an asp!"

"I got you pegged, you freak!" Nella sneers. "You're queer for boys! Do you give good head?"

"Not for you, I don't!" I shudder.

"Well, you keep your filthy hands off Zip — he's mine and don't you forget it!"

I turn to modest, self-effacing Little Brother, huddled in a chair. "Zippo, don't you know you might get your sister pregnant? Being what she is, she'd probably give birth to a two-headed Mongolian idiot and then your ass would really be in the sling!"

"Baby-brother is ten and milkless as a retarded heifer," scoffs Sis contemptuously. "Besides I'm on the pill." She guffaws raucously. "You wanta know why he's called Zip? It's 'cause he made a zip-gun to shoot rats in the cellar with but the first time he fired it he shot the nail off his left big toe!"

"Aw," mumbles Zippo, blushing, "you d-didn't hafta tell him that."

My heart goes out to the vulnerable boy and I glare at his tactless sibling who scowls back defiantly. So it's the Battle of the Sexes, is it? Well, sweet Zipper is worth fighting for and I enter the fray with zest. "Zippo," I say shyly, "you're far too young to fool around with females because a boy-cock who hangs out in Cuntsville is sure to come to grief, one way or another. Lads should stay away from Pandora's Box until they're old enough to know all the hazards, even if they can't cope with them. Believe me, girls are never what they're cracked-up to be and, in fact I once knew a lovely 13er stud who was a hoarhound for girls and pursued fornication with dedication but now he's going steady only with Penny Sillin — a therapeutic lass if you're not mortally allergic to her chemical embraces."

Poor Zip looked confused and shuffles his feet but horrendous Nella, the vixen fox, shrills: "You're just another sick samesex bastard who's green with clitoris-envy 'cause you know damn well females are the essential sex for we basically are superior, live longer, have more erogenous zones and an unlimited capacity for orgasms!"

"That's because Mother Nature rules the world," I groan. "The sexes are not equal and never will be until all human beings become morfydites yet female chauvinists are ever agitating for equal rights."

"And we've just begun to fight!" menaces Sis, looking daggers at me and Little Brother.

I ignore her and address Zip. "Boy-lovers like myself flee the smothering womb but heteros are trying to climb back into it tricked by an illusion that never ceases to mock them."

"That's fag propaganda!" Nella snarls.

"Is it? Zippo, are your parents happy together?"

The boy looks down, mutters: "They fight like cat and dog."

"'Twas ever thus! Females are the deadlier sex — passive yet devouring, eternally manipulating you to their own selfish purpose."

"Don't listen to him, Zip"! Nella cries. "He's just trying to get you for himself!"

"Are you ?"kid-brother asks, regarding me warily.

"I would like you to give me a trial-run," I say earnestly, "for you might find the grass greener on the other side of the sexual baricades and frankly, sweet Zippo, I think your gargoyle sister is ripping you off bedwise."

"Like How?"

"Like I'm convinced she's using you for more her pleasure than for your own. For instance, does she suck your cock hard so you can mount her?"

"No she don't — and she gets on t-top!"

"Just as I suspected!" I wince. "But you suck her twat, right?"

"She wants a lotta f-foreplay," mutters Zip, reddening.

"Do you like it?"

"No, I don't! Her hole smells like s-sour milk and sometimes I get hair caught in my t-teeth."

"And a bad taste and foul breath. Well, I would be overjoyed to entertain your little penis within my lips and prove to you that getting blowed is far more ecstatic than fucking because the mouth has a blissful tickler called the tongue, you see."

"I'm no creepy cocksucker like you!" spits Nella, kicking at me with her pointy sexist slippers.

"Too right you're not!" I spit back. "You make your poor little brother do all the dirty work while you lie back and count your bloody orgasms!"

"And they're really bloody, s-sometimes!" Zip shudders, making a face.

"That's what you get for chewing the rag with Sis," I say, "but I would never subject you to such stinky indignities."

" You'd like to get into me, too!" Nella taunts, "but you don't have the guts to ask for it."

"My undear girl, isn't it a pity your mother never had any daughters! And for your information, I'm not the type that likes a mole that can root in any tunnel. My penis moves only in the most refined circles and females don't possess them."

"He wants to fuck you, Zip! Sis guffaws. "He wants to shove his big old dick up your little pink ass!"

"That's more than you can do!" I say, tartly. "But don't worry, little Zipper — I would never do anything without your wholehearted permission and cooperation."

"Zip, if you let him mess around with you then you're just as queer as he is!" Nella hollers.

"Don't you believe it, little brother!" I put in. "There are dozens of very masculine kids who love to play around with their own sex. You see, only men can fully appreciate a young boy for only men were once boys themselves and thereby know how best to pleasure the male in body, mind and spirit. Besides it stands to reason that cock is better than cunt because only two cocks are capable of total sex-play with each other. Hell, females can't even use a stall-urinal... at least notwithstanding!"

Seeking to extradite the boy completely from the toils of his vampire sister, I take his hand and whisper into his ear the ineffable delights of my fangless fellation, agile-tongued Annie Linctus (no relation to that whore Cunnie Linctus), and exciting Water Sports between dry sheets.

Sweet Zipper stares wide-eyed at me, then squeezes my hand and says to his sibling: "Citronella, why don't you run along home. I'm gonna stay here w-with Duke a spell."

Breathing fire, Nella reaches under her skirt and yanks out a zip-gun, aims it between my eyes. "You keep away from my brother!" she shrieks. "Go take a walk and leave us alone or I'll blow your brains out!"

Truly Hell hath no fury like a female fearful of losing a practically non-collapsible piece of pre-pubertal boy-meat. I stare at the ugly snout of the weapon, momentarily transfixed as a baby rabbit eye-to-eye with a hungry cobra and wondering if all this time horrific Big Sister had her brother's gat hidden in her horrendous gash — and then Zip nudges my thigh. "The gun won't shoot," the clever lads says, "'cause I took out the f-firing pin."

Infuriated, Nella squeezes the trigger three times in vain then hurls the pistol at my head. I dodge it and it shatters a cupid-wreathed mirror on the wall. Seven years' Bad Luck but for whom?

"So it's to be Total War, is it?" I say to the sputtering young harridan. "OK, let the best man win! Zippo, it's high time you learned some Facts about Females — especially since you've been tricked into dining on hair-pie. Know, then, that twats of all ages suffer from vaginitis and which can infect you by contact with penis or mouth."

"That's a foul male chauvinist lie!" Nella barks, whetting her long pointy fingernails against her chair-arm.

"It's foul, indeed! Now, there are three common causes of this skunky disorder. First, there's candida albicans, a fungus which produces a thick white discharge resembling rancid cottage-cheese and has a stale yeasty odor. It causes intense irritation which renders intercourse extremely painful. Are you listening, sweet Zipper?"

"Yeah, Duke — I'm all ears!"

"Heed and beware! The second malefactor is trichomonas vaginalis, a young protozoan which

produces a profuse, foamy, greenish-white, foul-smelling emission that itches and burns and which can result in a urinary-tract infection. Are you listening, noxious Nella?"

"I hear a big wind blowing but I don't pay it no mind."

"There'd be less air-pollution if you did. The third villain is *haemophilus vaginalis*, a bacterium which produces a creamy-white or grayish bad-smelling discharge that —"

Pale and shaken, Zip raises a trembling hand. "I can't stand to hear no more, Duke, but thanks for wising me up!" He darts a wincing glance at his sister. "Go home, Citronella — you stink!"

Nella of the so fair, so gentle sex gives us a superior smile as false as Delilah's when she tricked Samson into the barber-shop and rasps "Zip, you get your little ass into the bedroom and you, Mr. Deep Throat, you go fix me a ham-and-Swiss on rye and a pot of tea. Now snap-shit, both of you!"

"And if we don't?" I bristle, hackles rising.

"If you don't, I'll rip my dress and holler 'RAPE!' so loud the whole town will come a-running — and I'll say you did it, Mr Sex Fiend, while my bastard kid-brother held me down!"

I look at poor Zipper, he looks at poor me, poor we sigh and he creeps toward the bedroom as I creep towards the kitchen, my tail between my legs like a puppy-dog who's been naughty behind the aspidistra. Undeniably, we've lost the battle — but who do you think will win the War?!

55. The Penis Mightier than the Sword

*The gladdest words of the tongue or pen
Are these — 'I like old men!'*

June 2: I've gotten a little behind in my love-life (he was nice in front, too!), a wee fancy-piece sprig from the Forbidden Fruit tree with passion in his step and perversion in his pants, irresistible as a naked choirboy toting a rainbow pot of gold and every day/night since February I knew him inside and out and he was a lovable good-for-nothing who could be bad-for-five-bucks but this morning I awake to find him gone, a note pinned to his pillow which said: 7 love you, Pops, but you just ain't got enough money. Have a good day. Dinty.' My heart leaps, he loves me! but even as I read the rare welcome words they fade from my sight — Dinty, the sweet shit, has written his farewell note in disappearing ink!

June 3: When you lose a lovely lad the practical thing to do is speedily find a replacement to help assuage your grief and though I had not so early sought to go where Eros is, Eros came to me on the IRT, improbable Scoreland. I spy him standing in a corner of the crowded subway-car and the first sight of him shreds hard-on holes in my male-order shorts: with time off for good behavior in his Mummy's womb I'd say he was about 11, tumble of dark-brown locks o'erhead, piquant face informed with classic beauty, polychrome eyes, tiny dimples bracketing his sulky mouth, complexion the transulcent sheen of fine ivory china — a pedestal-puer worthy of worship who oddly wears a narrow leather `dog-collar' around the Corinthian column of his shaply neck. My eyes descend to behold tiny erect nipples thrusting against his white-on-white T-shirt, Blue Boy cut-offs close tight as a tattoo outlining in exciting bas-relief his burgeoning young penis.

Bemused with beatitudes of sweet privities concealed beneath denying denim I catch his eye, wink at him. Haughtily he glares at me, his bottom lip curls, he dry-spits — then he winks back at me! Ah, he's one of those ineffable charmers who blows hot and cold at the same time, delightfully malapropos kids who are seeds of the Dragon, born of Lilith and with a hatred of Lavender but an overpowering Lust for Lust. They're the very bestest but usually damned difficult to bed. One can but try.

The train stops at Time Square and a horde of people push in, under cover of which I inch over to the boy, get to the rearward of him, observe that he's got the apparently, apparelledly humpiest hind-end since Cupid's bottom got pronged by one of his own boomeranging arrows. Scrootching down a little, I plaster myself against the young stranger's backside, his buns a perfect convex fit into my gluttonous groin as my right hand sneaks round him to cuddle the conjuror cock which perceptibly harder hardens, lenthens, swells under my gentle stroking, squeezing — and the little imp holds unstilly still for it as he butts his hot buns hard against my frantic frontpiece then thrusts his crotch deeper into my agitant finger, love-sick explorers in his Levi'd passion-pit and I'm just climbing onto the rampageous roller-coaster of approaching climax when the train stops at Chambers Street and my so briefly-snared prized prey suddenly breaks free from my ardent embrace and darts out the door, I following him like Mary's little

lamb adorant of a boy'd St. Peter I've yet to see, catch up with him at the foot stairs, put a hand on his shoulder. He turns, snarling like a corner'd wildkitty. "Do I know you?!" the little hard-ass spits, snooty-like.

"No, but I know the lovely contours of your prick and your pottie which were seductive samples so now I'd admire to see the merchandise unwrapped."

"Bug Off, fuck-face, or I'll call a cop."

"Baby, I've an idea that you don't appreciate fuzz any more than I do so let's be friends. Uh, why do you wear that dog-collar?"

"Cause I'm a dog — Bow-wow! — an my bite's worse'n my bark!"

"Why do you think you're a canine, for goodness' sakes!"

"Cause my Mummy says I'm a son of a bitch — and she oughta know! Look cunt-lips, if you're tryna to make out with me, forget it! I'm a piece-worker in the trade an' you ain't the piece I'm lookin' for."

I suspected he was a Page in the Pecker Parade of Times Square or purlieus, probably voted Hustler of the Year by the Junior Chamber of Carnal Commerce and bears the fingerprints of several hundred hot-handed customers all over his epidermis, besides which he's an acidulous little citizen with a high threshold of negation and though I want him like people in Hell want ice-water, I decide to play it very cool, detached and indifferent. Handing him a card with my address, I say: "Here, pass this on to one of your little fuck-mates in Playland — I'll give you a commission on every acceptable item you send over."

Contemptuously the boy wipes his cut-off'd ass with my card but he doesn't throw it away as he flies up the stairs, mocking laughter trailing behind him.

June 4 thru 7: No boys. I prowl the West Side Bus Terminal, 42nd Street from 6th to 8th Avenues plus environs but see nothing that hones the boyisme senses into illegal desire, behold naught of the engaging Unknown, L'Inconnu, Master Terra Incognita and his Divine Afflatus though vividly I remember him — the feel of his slim young body pressed against mine, the sexy scent of his wanton curls, an odd but arousing blend of tar-soap, toasted catnip and the spicy fragrance of nubile young ball-bearing. God! I don't even know his name yet now I long for him more than when I first glimpsed him. Shit, I'd get drunk but I don't even have the wherewithal for a pint of bowery sauterne.

June 8: A hetero friend gives me a demijohn of Warsaw brandy he says was made by naked Polish orphan boys who with their little feet trampled out the vintage where the grapes of bliss are stored. I take a sip and am assailed with a 30-second amnesia-gap followed by a floating sensation of complete euphoria. H'm, those kiddies must've peed into the mash as it squoojed between their toesies — prime stuff and I've always liked Polish boys for their high polish. I put the booze away until I can share it with a small companion in need of seduction, then head for

my monastic bed toting The Sixty-Nine Positions of Boy-Love (actually there are only a mere 67 1/4) when I hear a fumbling and a grumbling and a tumbling at my front door. I open up and there he is — my dog-collar cutesome clinging to the door jamb and grinning woozily at me. "Hi, boss!" he mumbles. "You tol' me to send over an asseptable item so I sent myself."

Do I get a comm... commitch... what you said?"

"Are you sure you're asseptable now?" I query doubtfully.

"Thass what the hole's for, ain't it?" He steps into the room and promptly falls flat on his face, bouncing a little; I leap to help him up, brush him off but he bites my ear. "Thanks, bwana — didja know you got lumps in your floor?!"

"You get lumps on your head, puppy-boo! What're you high on — Mother's Ruin?" He reeks of toasted catnip with strong undertones of tar-soap, but his breath smells only of Springtime in the Rockies.

"Naw! It's jst I been suckin' a little too much on Mary Jane. Jeez, I really love that pig but she keeps jackin' up her price ever' time!"

"You suck Mary Jane?!" I say, appalled.

"Sure! I inhale her from either end, blow her outa my mouth and nose an' she sends me right up there thumbin' my cock at the man in the Moon!"

Goddlemighty! The sweet goofus likes girls and muff-dives them back and front for bad measure! I'll have to remember not to kiss him on the mouth. "Loony little lap-dog," I grump, "I don't approve of boys going down on girls — it's an unhygienic and humiliating posture that undignifies the masculine image!"

"Who's tawkin' about girls! Maybe you doan know Mary Jane is Maria Juana, the Spik grass-goddess."

That explains his braised-catnip smell but I'm alarmed anew. "I don't like you smoking that crap," I grit. "It's probably loaded with poisonous paraquat!"

"Thass ony on the shit from Ol' Mehecco. My stuff is strickly American - speshul from Poughkeepsie."

"Pot from Poughkeepsie?" I dubious. "That's as unlikely as Saints from Sodom and Gomorrah."

"They grow it in a big ol' greenhouse there 'cause it pays more than orchids."

Suddenly the kid sags against me, clutching my thighs for support and instantly my maverick hand asks a question between his pant'd thighs, is answered by an emphatic exclamation-point. "You want it, don't you?!" Ion fire breathe.

"Hey, down, boy — doan get so fresh! We ain't even been innerduced yet!"

"I'm Duke — who're you?"

"My name's Kefi on Thursdays."

"Kefi's an Arabic appellation like Kif. Are you an all-out Araboy — one of Allah's favourite sons?"

"You'll find out!"

"Well, where do you come from? I can't quite place your accent though your nicely hard `R's' sound like my natal Iowa."

"I come from my cock, stoopid, an' stop squeezin' my dick — it's ony a piss-hard that needs drainin' awful bad. Where's your bathroom?"

Picking him up in my arms I raise him high, bend my head to his Vee and my mouth a Venus fly-trap I unzip his cut-offs with my store-teeth (chipping a molar), burrow into his gaping shorts to behold a gemmous penis of purest ray obscene that aggressively springs out to challenge me — a slim salacious fiveincher pecker pink and hard as coral, masked by a generous fun-skin whose velvet lips are triangular, a topaz drop of escaped wee-wee clinging to the tip and which I speedily lick up (waste not, want not). Wincingly Kefi skins his prepuce back to expose the shiny swollen violet-pink acorn from which another amber drop seeps to join the first on my grateful tongue. U'm u'm 'm! Boys taste so good it's no wonder they're illegal!

"Do you take it into your head for the Pause that Refreshes?" the boy snickers, putting a hand on my head to press me deeper into his Coca-cola comfit-crotch. "You'd better or I'm gonna pee all over you 'cause I can't hold it no longer!"

I take him in, feel a kiss of piss against my tongue, then a thrumming flood and piously/peeously I drink his Holy Water, too precious by far for mere cathedral-fronts. Alack! One always hopes a new youngster's wee-wee will at long last taste like Cupid's bittersweet tears when his arrows have all missed their mark — and though Kefi's cock-eau doesn't quite measure up to that Undine ideal, it's closer than any other boy'd brew I've been privileged to quaff. Master Dog-Collar shakes himself dry inside me, whisks his deflated faucet out of my mouth, tucks it safely within his cut-offs, unzips, scowls as I carry him bedward. "Hey, I doan wanna go there!"

"Why not, for goodness' sakes?!" I gulp.

"'Cause my dick's got awful bad manners — he spits in bed, the prick!" Flurry of giggles from my bundle of joy.

Kiddy-boo has a nice sense of bawdy humor and likes to tease, which in masculine boys is very often a form of flirtation. Dear God, let me please him and keep him and cherish him for he looks to be one-of-a-kind. I deposit him on the sheets, grateful that once more my Spartan bed has a Babylon boy in it, degarb my ugly corpus, slip off my quaint visitor's blue sneakers (later I

drank pink champagne from them and though the sneakers were flavorful, the wine was third-rate), remove his white woolen socks and his T-shirt exposing taut three-quarter-inch niplets inviting my fellation as Kefi plays with my hairy ears and confides that to tell the truth, he's from Dildo, Newfoundland but his Mother is from Salem, Massachusetts and her maiden-name is Endor.

I pause to look at him, "Baby, are you into Shakespeare?" (How else would he know about Endor?)

"Who the fuck's Shakespeare? I doan remember gettin' into nobody by that name." Impatiently he pushes my head down to his belly-button which is round and warm and deep and clasps my tongue as I probe it. Here Master Yack-yack asks how old I am and I reply that years don't matter — they're just depressing delusions and disillusiones practised by calendars and life-insurance companies. My bedmate says he don't know how the hell old he is but his Grandma told him he was right smack-dab in the middle of the Pubertal Zone.

Instantly alert to possible competition — even from the distaff side — I quaver: "Does your Grandma go for boys?"

"Shit, no! See, when she was young she was the first male-impersonator West of the Mrs. Sippi an' she's hated cocks ever since!"

I suspect Kefi is a big fibber but now the antic child slithers from beneath me, reverses himself and his capering little toes twinkle up my belly and chest to sweetly insinuate themselves between my lips to tickle my tongue — then he shifts again to offer his dewy armpits (even his sudor is tartly sexy!) but before I can fully enjoy them he is again urging me down to his major Theater of Operations, evidently now being in rut enough for the Main Event.

I peel down his cut-offs to see pale-blue shorts red-imprinted in front: PRIZE INSIDE! and in back: COMBAT ZONE! Inching his underpants down, a plump plush hairless delta comes into view, followed by his cock now a thrusting circumstance and rearing over tender young grapes rapt in their pink flesh-leaf rare strapp'd beauty, lean and clean and classical! Kefi thumps me on the head. "Don't just look at it — do something! Make up for lost time!" and he presses his apex'd penis, hotly straining to go into orbit, against my lips.

I lick the glossy pink-violet glans, tongue into the tiny mouth, feel the spasm'd jolt of response and in a sudden spew of joy-juice the boy gasps out the hot drops of his penile unguent all over my face, come dripping from my eyelashes. (The little activist's certainly got viable sperm, meaning: 'Have seed, will travel!') Hastly I strip him of his prick-tonic which tastes like warm whipping-cream spiced with almonds and then Kefi is upon me, sucking up his semen from my bedewed countenance — "It's too good to waste!" he says, echoing my own sentiments. Then, his lips still sticky-glistening with his own peerless emission, he shyly kisses me on the mouth and I savor anew the unique flavor of his boy-balm — from a corner of my eye adoring his wilting penis against his thigh, spent like the dying fall of an arrow shot at the moon. Ah, the overwhelming magic of Illicit Love, particularly with the legally more dangerous boy!

Now I clasp my warm sweet darling close, my fingers swooning on the smooth silky rounds of

his bottom, feel between to caress the Secret Place, turn him over, pry apart the satin-slick loaves. Kefi's heaven-hole is a tender-lipped narrow slit that yet opens readily to receive my questing tongue tremblant in his attar'd dell — his ass smells like crushed carnations, the budding bloom of carnality — or has he recently been humped by a flower-child! I begin intense but gentle Annie Linctus (known as AL in the trade) and who is a boy-lover's best female friend for she persuaded more youngsters to yield their ass-hole virginity that anyone/anything else over or under the son — but this little one demurs! "I know you want to fuck me, bwana, but I savin' that for sumbuddy speshul I ain't met yet."

Naturally I'm hellish disappointed but it's touching to know he's still vestal (or says he is!) and perhaps later I can achieve a wet-deck screw after he's been opened-up by that 'something special' so I give a final fond lick to the poppy-lips of his opiate anus and say "OK, little buddy, I never take from a lad what he's unwilling to give but I trust you won't forget me if conditions change." I bend to buss the nacre'd hollows of his sweet tendon'd knees and the kid crosses his legs, elevating his backside.

"You can screw me between my thighs if you want to," he invites. "Some guys like that even better than the real thing!"

"Thanks a million, baby, but that's too messy and not exactly my idea of Gracious Loving. However, I'd love another go at your cock — do you think you can blast again soon?"

"Sure, but you'll hafta play with my dick a bit 'cause he don't get stiff too quick the second time around if he ain't hadda rest." The boy flips onto his back and then with impish laughter hides his jewel-box behind his close-clasped thighs. "Look, boss, I'm a girl! I ain't got nuthin' down there!" Now he spreads wide his legs, yanks up his quiescent pecker and presses it into my hovering face. "Love him up good, bwana, an' he'll spit for you!" Kefi murmurs.

Lying beside him, head to foot, I blow into the tiny opening of his limp cock, lewd baby-talk to it and soon the little sleeper stirs, yawns, rises, throbs, smears a pre-coital kiss on my lips and I engulf it, suck it with vigor, scourging the underside where the sensitive bridle dwells. The boy sighs, moans, twists, his hand grabs my near-to-bursting member and I feel his tongue skid across my glans, around and around it, then his mouth — a carnivorous red rose — fastens on it and his gentle yet forceful go-downing mimics and surpasses my own fellative play, his cheeks hollowing as he sucks and licks with a wild tongue more arousing and versatile than any I've ever known, our passion-sweat pasting our bodies together in a tangle of writhing limbs — and This is what Bliss is as wrenchingly I come just as Kefi's penis in a sweet spasm shudders out a spray of warm boy-honey in my mouth.

Afterwards we lie arm-in-arm in languorous ease and gratefully I kiss his brow, kiss the luxury of eyelashes like dark lace shadowing opalescent eyes seemingly ever-changing from gray-green to blue-amber and all tints between — trick of light and delight. "Thank you, little Kefi," I say, nuzzling his ear.

"For what?"

"For sucking me off. It was the wonderful best but I wish you hadn't been so expert at the job!"

He hit me hard on the arm — in macho boys a sign of affection, present case wonderfully excepted. "I dint blow you Mary Jane did!"

"Well, give the dear girl my compliments — she gives head much better than I do but then I'm sadly out of practise."

"If you wanna know the truth," Kefi scowls, "I hate to sex it up with a man!"

"Then why do you come to see me?"

"Cause I love to hate! What time is it?"

"It's a nickel to midnight."

"Jesus, I gotta go!"

"Stay, little one. Stay, for thou art beautiful!"

"No can do, bwana — but I'll see you tomorrow maybe."

Still somewhat pot-dazed, the kiddy's a trifle unsteady on his feet as I clothe him, escort him to the door. "Keep your legs crossed," I caution, enfolding him in a farewell embrace.

"Keep your balls crossed!" he snickers, gives me the Victory Sign with one finger and is gone — and it's only when I'm in bed again that I realize my fey mignon is evidently not the C.O.D. type. Or did he forget to ask for his fee?

June 9: At 10 PM my various and weathervane love shows up in an odd mood between elation and dejection and obviously letting his mouth run on but with his head turned off for the preening peacock-boy declares that his ass should be in the Hall of Fame and his dick is worthy of the Nobel Piece Prize. Silently I wholly agree but vocally I scold: "O' erweening pride must be denied and mortified and set aside as far too snide lest —"

"Why, bossrsmirks my Evil little Weevil, batting his filigree eye-lashes. "You sound like you been goin' down on Mary Jane too!"

I ignore the affront and inquire would he go for some delicious home-made blueberry muffins and marshmallow-creme cocoa to sort of stock-up his sweet sex-machine. He hangs out his long wet red tongue and pants noisily — exciting indication that he likes something or thinks he'll like it and for about 16 1/2 supernal seconds he permits me to suck his drippy tongue before he shoves me away, demanding the grub which I prepare and bring to him where he regally lolls on the living-room sofa. As he greedily stuffs his gob I open his pants, agog to mine the quick-silver of his boyish loins but when I decant his cock I find that it's wilted and listless and hanging its wee head in sapless shame — and though I jiggle his balls like dice in a cup and vigorously strive to erect his Dispenser of Delight, Kefi's pecker remains more flaccid than a third-hand

condom.

"Goddam it! I cry, "who's been at you?"

"I been at myself!" the boy snarls. "Is that OK with you?" "

Urn, well, yes, I suppose so, you're entitled — but you ought to know by now that a suck-job is three times as good as a mere hand-job."

"Not from you, it ain't! You're strickly Amateur Night in Blowsville!"

"That's not the way you acted last night!"

"I was too polite to tell you then but honest-to-God, boss, you suck anusthetic — I doan get no feeling!"

In my experience the comelier a little ball-bearing is, the more outrageous are his whims and fancies and though this maverick sex-pot puts me down so thoroughly that I have to look in a mirror to see if I'm still there, I humor him and humbly promise to do better in the future — if he'll kindly give me another chance.

Kefi sniffs loudly and goes on to critical that I cook like Typhoid Mary and my home-made muffins are so concrete that they could crack black walnuts — then he orders seconds on the cocoa and ask's if there's any more muffins left! I serve them to him on bended knee and graciously he chirps: "Thank you, Master — you may drink my pee if you like."

Master! The cunning young bastard knows he's the master and I'm the slave but I'm happy with my shackles and penile servitude and Kefi-piss is always welcome so I return to his hypnotic little water-pipe soft-warm and squiggly-wiggly in my mouth, smoke it till it gushes with abandon — and as I famished quaff him, the boy sips from his cup of cocoa and snickers: "In one end and out the other — that's the way it goes!" Pee and Sympathy.

"You drink neat!" the impudent imp approves, pulling my ears as I relinquish his drained-dry tap. "You keep your mouth on it careful an' doan spill a drop!"

It is now approaching 12 PM — will my sexy Cinderello and his under-achiever prick again vanish at midnight, leaving my heart a shatter'd glass slipper? He will and as he leaves, I say: "Come back tomorrow — early!"

"I'll be back," he promises glibly, "'cause I got a big bone to pick with you!"

"And if you take a shower before then, don't wash beneath your foreskin!"

Kefi gives me two stiff fingers and slams the door in my face. Ten seconds later he's banging on the door and when I rush to open he's poised spread-legged on my threshold, drops his pants and suffocatingly I see his penis arching between his smooth slim thighs to proudly stand — a naked warrior eager for amorous battle. Desperately I lunge for it but the larky lad darts

away amid caws of mocking laughter.

June 10, 11, 12: No Kefi, leaving the endless nights/days to loneliness and to me. Little lads are more cruel than Caligula they could teach ruder torments to Attila the Hun, Hitler and Attorneys District.

June 13, 2 AM: I'm awakened by a dear familiar voice serenading me in the street, two floors below: "Bwana, boss, effendi, master, prick — wake up!" I sprain an ankle leaping from my lovelorn bed to the window where I behold my hebetetic Hyacinth, obviously high in Maria Juana. When blearily he catches sight of me, he shrieks: "Oh, Auntie dear, come outa the closet an' see what I've got for you!" — and fumblingly he unzips his pants-fly, with difficulty extracting his soaring young Gallop Pole to tauntingly flaunt it at me. Under the circumstances, he's about as welcome as hand-cuffs so I hiss: "You little hell-hound, d'you want to ruin my reputation? Either get your ass up here or get lost!" Alack! Guffawing widly, Youth is on Wing with a contemptuous flirt of his hand and hind-end... the Goodbye Look, forevermore? Not likely without bounteous Severance Pay!

June 17: At 8 PM the anti-climax jackanapes shows up, his candle hotly aflame but he's not about to quench it in my mouth for he's extremely browned-off: his pot-pimp from Poughkeepsie has failed to deliver the essential Nepenthe. I strive to kiss the maledictive scowl from my perdition-puer's puss but he warns me to leave him alone or I'll be eating a fist-furter while he strangles me with his dog-collar. Clearly the benighted little by-blow has come to scoff and remains to revile but his pecker and his dander are up of which the former magic weapon is of distinct allure so I suggest a smidgen of Faerie Queene fellation but Master Null & Void snarls that his dick is so sunburned, chapped and chilblained that it can't bear to be touched, beside which his creamery is on strike (dairy dilemma!), plus his come is stuck up in there somewheres, refusing to come out and also his nuts are all balled-up so he's thinking seriously of getting castrated and circumcised as just a crew-cut cock alone ain't so heavy to tote around! Wanton caprices of a madcap boy — I know them all too woundedly well but still smitten with gossamer Kefi-flesh, I propose a harmless interlude of tongue-twisting Annie Linctus. Promptly my ame damne spits: "Shove it, slobbo! I got piles, pin-worms an' heat-rash all over my pottie!"

Egad! So far, so bad — where is my erstwhile lad so disdainful of dull virtue?! Is he mortgaged to another who now has sole property rights? Whatever, in comparison Jack the Ripper was a most commendable and clean-cut character. Yet I don't throw in the trick-towel for most kids are kind if you get on their blind side so I beseech him for the mere bagatelle of going on his balls but he woefuls that he's got torsion of the testicles which hellish torments him. "Then give me your pee!" I plea, "and though you may charge \$1 per squirt which is wee-wee inflation at its wurst and I should complain to Consumers' Protective League — still I'll pay it for I want to get something from your vivid personality!" In an irrelevance of modesty my beatific boy-angel cast out of Heaven woofs that he'd rather piss in the aspidistra or on the floor and anyway his bladder is as empty as my wallet. (By God, he speaks the truth there!)

Now it occurs to me that perhaps my boy-nymphet is pissed-off because I haven't made the

long-green obeisance to him so I promise that on my pay-day next Monday I will remunerate for his inestimable services and please excuse the unconscionable delay. Sneering that he doan need no money, Kefi starts pulling wads of crumpled bills from his pockets and throwing them on the floor. Scrabbling around on my hands and knees I pick up the lovely lucre, smooth the crinkly notes and hand them back to him — a total of \$82! "Where did you get all that loot?" I enviosly exclaim.

"I gotta money-machine right bach here!" the boy smirks, slapping his ass. (Sweet Jesus, is he Ananias the Second or a peripatetic hump-hole for hire to all comers? Please, let's not think about that!)

"Since you're so flush and I'm so otherwise, perhaps you could lend me five?" I entreat.

"Why, sure — any time!" Kefi replies — and hands me a Buffalo nickle. (The miserly little crud doesn't know it but I'm \$5.05 ahead of the game for I swiped a fin from his moola when I gathered it up from the floor.)

Put off by his put-down, I sarcastic: "Does your mother still think you're a son of a bitch?"

The boy stares at me blankly. "What mother?! I'm a norphan 'cause my dear Mommy was kilt by a hit-an'-run ambulance an' my damn Daddy who was a plastered beer-taster for Pabst Brew-in' Company one night fell into a 10,000-gallon vat of lager an' ain't hide nor hair of him has been seen since — Pabst or present!"

I should've realised it sooner — charming oodball Kefi lies like a rug, he plays with Truth as if it were his own Cock. Of course, no child lies in these retrogressive Freudian shrunkby-shrinks times — he simply is unable to distinguish between exciting fantasy and boring reality, yet if whatever Master Dog-Collar utters is mendacious, then the opposite of what he declares can be no falsehood, right? This engaging credibility-gap changes my concept of him considerably and for the better but bald-faced I accuse: "Sugar-tit, I think you lie in your teeth!"

"Sure I do!" he replies impatiently. "It was my favorite subjeck in school." Then the outrageous urchin proceeds to warn me about loving other lads, including himself! "They're no good for you, boss. They'll rip you off or get you into all kindsa bad trouble."

"Oh, come on!" I protest. "I realize that boys are by definition a brief ecstasy, a transient bliss but they're superior, they've never caused me serious hassle and are as necessary to me as the best of my heart. Ah, if lovely lads were only immune from the years' slow stain and the inevitable erosions of maturity!" "You're talkin' stoopid!" the boy scornfuls. "Like... where's your wrist-watch?"

"On my wrist, naturally" I peer at my left wrist — no watch. Win.

"See ?!" Kefi crows, holding up the adroitly-snatched timepiece. "In my sleep I could rob you blind! Bwana, you're so way-out dumbo I guess thass why I go for you a li'l bit."

"That last is another fib, no doubt," I cynical and attempt to take him in my arms but he elbows

me away, accuses me of malign neglect and orders me to shed my clothes as he has an impelling yen to play Dentist and fill my Anal Cavity. (Open wide, please — you won't feel a thing!)

Hey, diddle-diddle, little cat wants to fiddle! and I'm scarcely averse though it's not my preferred method of absorbing a youngster's sperm but eagerly I disrobe and turn to denude my criminous confrere but he's already shed his cream-colored pants and WASP shorts in a snowfall of garments about his ankles, kicks them off and bum-rushes me towards my couch of disorderly conduct. In it he pushes me onto my back, crouches over me, invites me to suck his prick more fully erect for the major operation he has in mind and anew my ardent eyes drink in the soft pink fig-leaf of his sac delineating the wee sex-stones cast in loveliness, the drape of delicate cock-skin masking the sweet sugar-lump of his glans — intricate genital topography of a boy, at once so precious and so vulnerable! — and then my head is caught in the abrupt pincer-movement of his fascist thighs, his quickening penis a sudden flesh-melody in my mouth. Avidly I tongue the tender bridle, intent on looting Kefi's dick of its liquid gold but he detects my sneaky ruse and roughly cuffs me on the ear, causing an involuntary contraction of my jaws: lucky I wasn't wearing my store-teeth or rude kiddy-poo might've lost half his most valued possession! Withdrawing, he commands: "Now turn over on your belly an' get get your ass in gear 'cause I'm ready to ride!"

"Hey, hold everything!" I demur. "Barely 20 minutes ago you told me that your cock was constipated and your come wouldn't come!"

"Honest to badness, that was a little black lie!" the kid snickers with an air of evil innocence.

Planily I'm Daniel in the Lyin's Den — but will I emerge unscathed?! "Now, look, poochy-poo," I ultimatum, "I'll only hold still for a rocking-horse hump or you can forget the 'hole thing!" (This positioin is most advisable when you're dealing with a possibly too mayhemic young citizen as you can really lift him out of you if he proves to be overly ram-bunctious.)

"OK, bwana," assents the sweet impeacher of my virtues, "so up with your legs!"

Oh, shit! the little wise-ass knows all about the subtle Scientifics of Screw! Sighing, I hoist my knees to my chest, shove my feet right-angle ceilingward and promptly Kefi is upon me, his raging dick hot for the target. "Hey, lubricate me!" I affrontedly cry. "I'm no two-bit twat in an alley, you know!"

Ignoring the new tube of KY on the night-table, my aggressive ravisher spits three times on his fingers, smearing his copious saliva in, on and around my shrinking anus. Then fitting my feet into his armpits he feverishly attacks me, missing the bull's eye at the first lunge and complaining that I oughta have hair around my ass-hole like a cunt does so his prick could find it even in the dark! Now Kefi's key connects with my lock and he drives in so forcefully that I gasp with pleasure-pain and wail: "Bang me easy, dammit! You're sending my prostrate-glands into a gag-reflex!"

"Shut up an' start rockin'!" the little deep-dicking devil snarls. "Do I hafta do all the work?!"

Masochist that I am where pretty boys are concerned, I commence to rock and roll — but my God! Kefi's only got five slim inches but the way he uses them you'd think a cop's law-and-order truncheon loomed menacing between his thighs! and it's all too dolefully obvious that my pagan infil-traitor has bitten so deep into the Apple of Sodom that his crude animal-nature is uppermost, not to mention that the typical masculine boy-cock ever has a mind of its own, a half-tamed wild beast hazardous to live with but I make the best of a bad deal/ordeal and ironically inquire: "Am I tight enough to suit your Majesty's rigid requirements?"

Digging his Passion Digit mercilessly farther into me, he pants: "Boss, to tell you the truth you ain't eggzackly the Lay of the Land but you'll do in a pinch!" And the Voodoo Kid renews his assault — he fucks with unfinesse, hara-kiris my ass with his snickersnee shaft, his pile-driver prick pounding into me as if it were a stake he was driving into Dracula's heart... and perhaps it is, symbolically. But finally the wee rapist goes too far, thrusts into me so brutally that my poor rectum becomes one long loud silent scream within so defensivley I shove my feet up, lifting the boy out of me and just as I do he ejaculates — his thick love-juice bedewing the ravaged niche between my buttocks and oozing down my perineum.

Cursing me, Kefi falls onto my posterior, burrowing his head into my inflamed recess to lick up his essence of immortality. "It's too good..." he mumbles -

"...to waste!" I fervently agree, reaching for his still-seeping penis to get my share of his boyish emission.

June 18, 19, 20:No Dog-Collar Boy — Siberia of my heart.

June 21: Beginning of Spring and with it Kefi arrives at 10 PM, full of insults and Amor, his breath spicy with Vat 69 and his denim'd crotch with 69 — or self-abuse. "Hi, bwana!" he smiles. "I'm Kefi — remember me?!"

I hear his name and I'm aflame. "You little crap!" I cry. "Do you like to crucify me?! Where've you been the past three days?"

His luminous eyes reflecting the falsehoods I hope he's telling me, my Angel of Light says he and a man-friend named Peter Dickinson (Dick-in-son?!), called Picollo Pete for short, have been busy beating up fags and pimps and other enemies of boys.

"Do you go to bed with this Picollo Pete?" I jealous. (Naturally I hate to see that evening son go down — on somebody else!)

"Boss, I'd purely admire to sample Pete but Anita Bryant got to him first!"

Humph! Cold comfort and I say: "Baron Monkeyhausen, you are fibbing your pretty little head off and you know it!"

"How did you guess?" the kid laughs. "As a matter of fack, I was kidnapped by a buncha White Slavers — Oh, man! did they throw the blocks to me! I have been screwed six ways from

Sunday!"

"I don't believe that, either."

"I dint think you would," the boy grins, turning on my dazzled orbs the full glow of the fun-light that lies in his chameleon eyes — and lies and lies and lies! "OK, boss, where I really been is I been consultin' with my lawyer about suing my Momma for parental malpractise."

Confused by his antithetical prevarications, I sneer: "So you're back with your Mommy again who was s'posed to have passed on to her Heavenly Reward!"

"Poor me!" Kefi laments. "I never left her!"

I'm trying to sort this out for elements of veracity when my vivacious visitor crosses his eyes at me and snickers: "A kid I met in Playland told me you loved shit-sandwiches but I said that couldn't be true 'cause you hated bread!"

Irefully I retort: "Look, ass-hole, if that's an invitation then forget it because the day I eat your shit it'll have to taste like unadulterated filet mignon with horseradish on the side!"

"Thanks to Piccolo Pete," Kefi smirks, "I got the fillet mignon — if you've got the horseradish!"

I inform my blithe but unruly Spirit that if his cock weren't so classic and his ass weren't such a masterpiece and if his absence didn't create chaos and dark night wherein his pretty penis raped my dreams, I would send him back to Piccolo P, and the White Slavers who doubtless already rued the day, hour, minute, second they encountered an anti-type like himself!

Master Unique responds: "Are you out of your pointy head?! I doan know anyof them creeps! K.I.S.S!" he confusingly adds, spelling it out.

"Why, gladly!" I cry, all of a sudden moved to sentiments protective and grateful and bated-breathful as I pucker up my oral portals to ecstatic smooch the boy's already seemingly kiss-or-fellation-swollen lips — but I get the flat of a small rough hand in my face, propelling me pratward.

"Bwana, you big hunk of ugly, K.I.S.S. ony means: Keep It Simple, Stupid! so get your clothes off if you want to go to bed with me. No, waid a minnit, I'll do it for you!" And expertly rude little fingers vandally de-clad me, buttons popping, seams ripping, untender pinches bestowed on the most sensitive parts of my shrinking anatomy, my disrober insultingly intimating that if stiff pricks were vended at \$1 per inch, /would get change from a three-dollar bill! When at last I am cowering in pre-figleaf Adamic nudity midst the pool of my garments, the boy seizes my embarrassed dong by the scruff of the neck and painfully pulls me into the bathroom where he perches on the toilet-seat opposite the six-foot mirror set into the bathroom-door and directs me to take his dick in my mouth and keep it there while I in turn undress him, he looking into the glass as I work for he wants to see not only the reality but the reflection of my performance which had better be good or caustic criticisms cum fisticuffs will be forthcoming!

Avidly I accept the challenge which is a new ploy to me though foolishly I thought I knew everything about sex-play with wee laddies but I forgot that A Little Child Shall Lead Them — Hell only knows where! Kneeling on the achingly threadbare bath-mat I seek to unzip the fly of Kefi's Blue Law pants but he's already got his excitable little lust-lance out to nuzzle my lips, hard-soft and wet-ripe for suck-love, delicate veil of roseate sex-skin peeling back to reveal the thrust of strawberry glans aggressively emerging and moist with a meringue of pre-coital mucus. Prayerfully I absorb the precious morsel, feel it explore my mouth to thrust and throb with growing desire, the heady scent of the boy's exposed groin like a benediction in the air.

Kefi lifts his feet to help me as I pull off his sneakers and socks; a bit of bending and reaching and off comes his blue-for-boy-babies T-shirt; he elevates his accommodating bottom so I can slip his pants down and away so all that remains is his white shorts, stenciled with a large green YES! on the fly-front and a larger red NO! on the back. Fucking negativism again! or doesn't the kiddy's Puritan ass know what his Pagan cock is up to?! When I bitterly mouthfully protest such a one-sided state of affairs the boy leers that if I ast him nice he just might let me switch his underpants around — like bass-ackward, thus tactitly permitting me to enjoy him posteriorly.

"Like now?" I again numble around his rampant dick still deep within my upper cheeks.

"Like later — ten years later! is the Inquisitional reply.

Sighing, I unsnap the ambivalent shorts, ease them down and around dangerous curves, as I do so contriving to sneak my wily social finger between the firm mounds of the angelica ass to caress the yielding warmth of criminal cohabitor's Heavenly Spot and at last my beautiful one is in his birthday-suit (does the mirror blush at sight of the nude beloved?!) and his penis is still within my lips — a succulent feat impossible to accomplish had briefs or boxer-shorts been involved, but I get scant praise from Master Contrary who sneers that numerous others have done the identical dire deed much quicker and kickier and made him blast at the same time!

Incensed by this unfair fellative put-down and more than ever hung-up on his honeydew hangdown, I burrow my face deep into the boy's loins to mercilessly harass the bone of our contention and Kefi wraps tightly around my head, frou-frou sibilance of his silky thighs rubbing against my cheeks as wildly he fucks my mouth for his belated delight — and sharp upon the stroke of midnight my small Cinderello's body quivers, his facial muscles tense, he pants in simulated passion of an ersatz ejaculation, whinnying loudly as he writhingly emits nothing!

"Whew!" the little falsifier groans, exhaustedly. "You gotta big load outa me that time!"

"I got a load of bullshit is what I got!" I grump. "You didn't come!"

"I did too come! I squirted an' squirted!"

"Then where's the strippings?!" I grate, forcefully milking his cock.

"See? You're dry as a bone!"

"So I faked it — so sue me!" Kefi snickers. "How'd you know?"

"I had my thumb on your thermostat and it didn't jump at the sucko-logical moment. Also your ears get red when you really spurt."

"Look, wise-ass," the boy scowls, "I doan like to sex it up with guys smarter'n me!"

"Relax, baby," I reassure. "You're far smarter than I am for I never had \$82 to toss carelessly on the floor — not even in payday in the saltmines!"

"OK, boss," the kid grins, "I accept your apology. Now gimma my pants."

"You're not leaving?!" I wail in despair though handing him the requested garment, masochist that I am.

"Relax, bwana, I'm jist huntin' for Maria Juana who's somewhere here in my damn pants... yeah, here the little cunt is, safe'n sound!" and Kefi hauls out a cigarette-case and a lighter that are so multi-karat'd heavy gold they could only have come from the vaults of Fort Knox. He opens the case to display a dozen oval-shaped fags that look precisely like legal Melachrinos — cleverly devious deception. Tweaking my obtrusive nose, my Unpredictable Unusual chirps: "Now you carry me an' Mary Juana to bed an' the three of us'll have a ball!" In bed the boy makes a tent out of the light-green upper sheet, creating a hazed and romantic aqueous underworld though its more practical purpose is to hermetically contain the fumes of the joint he ignites, politely offering me the first drag but I decline for pot and me don't agree, even if it's from pure Poughkeepsie. Ah, yes, Mary Jane does indeed share our bed and abet our aberrations but she's persona grata — the only girl (besides Annie Linctus) I'd ever slept with.

My egregious male mattress-mate is determined to get me at least halfas high as he intends to become and while leisurely, flavorfully I tongue-bathe the voluptuous salt-sweetness of his small boy-body (subtleties of face and form to narcotize the senses!) he blows grass-smoke into my eyes, ears, mouth, meatus, anus. My tongue and my hands a flurry of feels, gropes and caresses, I could wax eloquent over the moist dark honey in Kefi's ears, over his gracile corpus cool and fresh and clean as the dawn breeze from a secret summer sea. Seeking to lick his smooth young throat, my questing lips encounter leather and I cry: "Hell, when I undressed you I forgot to take off your dog-collar!"

The boy's hands fly protectively to his neck-ornament. "Leave it alone! Without it I'd feel bare-ass naked!" (The vagaries of little ball-bearings are an eternal feast of paradoxical surprises.)

After smoking three joints in quick succession my dreamy-eyed darling stretches languorously, sibilant whisper of dark curls against pillow, and a small warm hand comes up to touch my cheek. I turn my mouth into his calloused palm, kiss it, kiss his dimpled lip-corners and his lips and the pearly gates of his teeth and sip the crystal dew he tongues out to me. Does my peerless puer know the worth of his beauty that he bestows it on humble me for free?!

"How d'you feel, boss?" the boy murmurs.

"Highly illegal! Do kisses constitute criminal conversation?" "Ast Mary Jane — I won't know. Kneel over me, bwana. Scrooge up close an' I'll make you feel even better!"

Prickling with anticipation I haste to obey, my inflated prong nuzzling Kefi's chin. The boy snakes his slim wicked tongue out and draws my foreskin over it like a snug flesh-condom, flutters his pointy tongue-tip around and then into my glans-slit and soon, too soon a blissful tingling suffuses my body, focuses in my penis and gaspingly I shoot into the youngest's soliciting mouth, collapsing onto him as wrenchingly I expulse burst after burst of pent-up rut. Choking a little, Kafi greedily gulps my forceful exudate, thoroughly milks me for the ultimate drop but alack! In Heaven I am in Hell! The sweetling is far too fellatively expert for my peace of mind — when did Innocence flee those pastelic eyes? Is he just anybody's boy for the taking or as his errant fancy leads him? I would hate to think so for selfishly, jealously I want the fair Dark Stranger for my undeserving own.

My enigmatic enchanter lazily smiles up at me. "My blow-job sent you, huh?"

"No adequate words exist to describe — !"

"Yeah, thass what I figgered. I'm gone on come 'cause it's loaded with protein an' good stuff like that, ain't it?"

"Yes, indeed — especially fresh young sweet boy-sperm. In fact, nowadays a clean cock — preferably one attached to a minor — is about the only thing you can eat without fear of getting cancer!"

"We got lotsa enemies, ain't we? Cancer an' cops an' Mommas an'fuckin straights an' shit knows what!"

"Don't despair, baby. Boy-love is the inevitable, inexorable rave of the future and we shall prevail — if we live long enough."

"Hey, boss, you thirsty? I gotta gallon of pissarooney I jist doan need nohow!"

Scrambling between Kefi's wide-spread legs, I seek to fasten my lips on his limp faucet but my addle-pated young drink-dispenser wants to do it diff'runt for a change and he bids me to hold my horses while he draws up his capacious prepuce to form a family-jewel'd chalice — then concentrating mightily he fills the flesh-beaker, cutting off the wee-wee flow just as it's about to spill over. "Slurp it up, boss, an' I'll give you some more!" he directs — and I do and he does, brimming his ineffable cup a score of times before he is drained.

"You're so good you're bad!" I praise as I shake the boy's spigot loose from the last acacia-tinted drop. "I've never had any other kid who was capable of such delightful Stop-and-Go pissing — they always griped that it was too hard on their urinary sphincter, or scabrous words

to that effect."

"Any dope can do it," Kefi shrugs. "It's jilt a case of mind over matter."

Being in a jovial mood, now my protean perfecto plays Edgar Bergen ventriloquist with his Charlie McCarthy penis, squeezing his glans so its tiny lips move as if verily speaking to me, the boy adroitly throwing his puppet-squeaky voice to create an eerily lifelike illusion. But what the disrespectfully ribald prick says to me is an insufferable insult and affront, casting scurrilous aspersions on my forebears, my appearance, my sexual performance, my everything — and I'm just about to slap the shit out of the cheeky little upstart when Kefi draws his foreskin over Charlie McC's loud-mouth, indicating that the curtain is down and the Show is over. However, the boy's vigorous manipulations of his cock-head have swollen his Pride and Joy to a compulsive desire for more exciting action and Kefi cries: "Deep-throat me again, bwana — I think I can explode for real this time!"

Needing no second invitation, I plummet upon the flesh-rose flowering between his thighs exquisitely formed to be clasped about a lover's neck and suck in the boy's blossoming bud, my lips lascivious limpets clinging to his lingam as I play arousing handball with his Testicle Twins. Then my intractable Rightist social-finger, carried away by its own unspeakable lust, serpents beneath my bed-buddy's Botticelli bottom, between the smooth buns, against the wee asp-hole hot and wet and open for felonied monkey-business — and delicate pink membranes steamily part to admit my invasive digit, clasp it lovongly.

"Oh, yes!" Kefi moans, wildly thrusting between my finger in back and my mouth in front. "Now rub my bulb — hard!"

Forcefully I massage the little lump beneath his balls, at the same time agitating my fingers deep within his mute and honey'd ass-lips and suddenly an electric shudder galvanizes my squirming suckee, his penis leaps against my tongue — cock-arrow eager to find release from the taut bow of the boy's straining body — and I feel ripples of bliss course through his arch'd flesh, then a hoarse sobbing cry and the writhing loins convulse against my face as the boy pumps into me his hot young urgency, his copious come a string of melted pearls unstrung, his simultaneous anal contractions milking my finger in sweet emphatic passion.

When I've thoroughly stripped my little concubino and avidly licked all his moist pungencies from my social middle-digit, I extol: "Kefi, baby, that was the most ecstatic orgasm I ever savored in my whole entire life: a perfect sexual blushing of your penis and ass-hole in exciting conjunction — as Queen Victoria used to say to poor pooped-out Prince Albert."

"That's 'cause you keep your mind on your work an' blowed me sorta half-ass good this time!" my too-candid scapegrace belittles.

My amour propre sorely wounded, I indignant: "Listen, snot-face, I been sucking boy-cock off and on since I was 8 so I damn well oughta know my business!"

"You ought to but you don't! In fack, I've got kickier head-jobs from a 2-year-old milking-machine an' that's gospel truth!"

Ah, well, when my Love swears that he is made of Truth, I do believe him — though I know he Lies. Anyway, it's usually useless to argue with a prized puer — if he loses the dispute he gets up, climbs into his pants and goes home or to an even direr destination. The Great Game is pot-holed with pitfalls, nevertheless the players are legion for the jackpots are frequent and uniquely enriching.

Now Master Bad-Mouth hangs his tongue out and pants, indicating his cigarette-case evilly gleaming on the night-table. Well-trained, well-broken to the imperious boy-bit and spur I ignite a joint, insert it between my juvenile tyrant's lips, place an ash-tray conveniently to hand. Rewarding me, Kefi flips onto his belly, points to his plummy unplumby bum in every aspect the Ass Beautiful and makes loud lapping noises echoed in my own oral yen. Worming my way betwixt his legs, I nudge my chin into his plush cleft, for the first time noting that my prone partner sports a tiny arrowhead birthmark at the base of his spine — inverted signpost to Paradise. "Oh, Kefi," I adore, "thy body is the Temple of the Holy Ghost!"

"You mean ter say I'm haunted?!" the boy snickers, blowing pot-smoke at me over his shoulder.

"Shut up! And thy buttocks are the Deep Seat of Holiness!" "No shit?! So rim my Holeyness or I'll blab to the law!" "Yours to command, Your worship!"

Forthwith I pry apart the warm loaves to reveal the tiny red raspberry within, pucker'd mouth beckonig, and Kefi winks his nether eye at me in analiptic solicitation. Blowing on the little recreation-center to cool it off for comfortable eating, I wedge my senile cheeks between vibrant young ass-cheeks and feverishly lick the Forbidden Fruit, my hand slipping beneath him to rub his quickening cock hard against his lush pubis. Inflamed, I switch to tongueing the seam of my boudoir-buddy's perineum while my oversize nose fucks the delicate clove-scent of his carnation cubby-hole — but my tender embraces are lost on my pot-smog'd companion. "Hey!" he impatient. "Light me up again, fag — my fag's gone out."

"Wait until I slip into something more comfortable," I say as I slide my stiff tongue into the boy's red-satin aperture. He gasps, quivers, relaxes, forgets about fags to sighingly revel in my indictable caresses.

Alack! Annie Linctus is ever a chancy bitch and again she screws me! After about 40 minutes of mutually pleasuring my Pretty's poppy-hole my tongue — instead of developing a nice tireless rigor mortis — suddenly curls up in my mouth and tries to crawl down my throat, bitterly complaining of utter rim-fatigue! However, in present case there are compensations Kefi rolls on his back and smiles down at me. "Bwana, I hate like hell to admit it but you do suck ass real fine!"

"So once you approve of me wholeheartedly, do you?"

"You said that — I dint! Now get me a drink an' another joint."

"Would you like a glass of nice cold milk?"

"Are you kidding?! I've hated milk ever since my Momma's giant leaky titties damn near smothered me to death! Bring me some booze — the hiccupier the better."

"Now just a minute, baby," I temporize. "I never give hard likker to kids who've never had it before."

"Oh, boss, wake up! The first time I got pissed was on Dixie Bell gin when I was 7 an' they hadda sober me up in the horse-trough."

Yeah, well, the sweet fabricator is no doubt fibbing again but on his own head be it so I get the libation — a tall glass of Warsaw brandy camouflaged with an innocuous slice of lemon and a symbolic cherry floating on top. Little muggins takes a huge gulp without blinking an eye — no brief amnesia ensues with him but certainly the onset of euphoria for he nods, smacks his lips, hangs out his tongue and pants: "Wow, effendi, thass grand poison! What is it — skunk piss?"

"It's a brandy made by wee little orphan boys who gave their all in its distilling."

"Sheesh, I believe it 'cause it makes me feel like I wun't wanna tell you!" He empties the tumbler and holds it out to me. "Fill 'er up again, bwana — thass prime crazy-juice for sure!"

"Did I hear you say 'please'?" I hint.

"No you dint, creepo! You're sposeta please me 'cause you're the one who's breakin' the law but I'm jist a innocent little kid what doan know from nuthin' about sex an' dirty things like that!" And cruddy-boo dissolves in a gale of taunting laughter at his specious put-down.

I seize the glass and resentful kitchenward, vowing revenge for I've become totally convinced that Kefi is well-experienced in everything that can possibly happen between two males in bed and naturally I want to get my share — always a parlous undertaking, of course, but where others have succeeded, why should I fail? (Don't answer that!)

Locating a dusty quart mixing-glass in a cupboard, I wash it out, throw in a quintet of cherries (it's pitiful, by the way, that I'm far more familiar with bottled cherries than I am with boy'd ones!), brim it with brandy, affix several sugar'd lemon-slices to the rim, tote it back to my Lie-in Lovely who is sultanly smoking a fresh joint which he puts briefly aside to graciously, unthankfully accept my offering and quaff deeply from it. Vulture-eyed I watch him as I play with his small slender feet, licking his splayed little pink toes and sucking them while I palpitant observe him luxuriously sipping Warsaw foundlings and inhaling Mary Jane's butt. Month-long minutes pass but Patience! Soon something's gotta give and shortly something does — the drained glass slips from the boy's hand and his half-inch grass-stub smolders redolently in the ashtray. Removing both, I intently regard him. His fulgent young body wantonly spread out for my visual delight, he stares back at me with lack-luster eyes, a string of crystal spittle drooling from a corner of his dimpled lips which hungrily I kiss up. "Kefi!" I say sharply. "Can you hear me?"

"Huh?"

Obviously he can hear me but does he understand? He appears to be in a stupor, near to passing-out yet Master Dog-Collar may be making sport of me, telling lies with his body as well as his tongue. Testing him I look away, take a slow count of 10, quickly glance back and catch — or do I? — a fleeting impish twinkle in his eyes before they become dully vacant again. Prompted by his overpowering proximity and my Alpine erection, I plead: "Kefi-boo, I'd love to fuck you! Will you let me?"

"Huh?" mumbles my rhapsodical little pot-head, lost in a Paradise of his own devising. "Huh?"

Now if I were a wily Jesuit I would argue that a kiddy who can say 'Huh?' can say 'No!', can he not? Of Corsican! Yet I've always prided my unspeakable self on never taking a lad against his will. But what if laddy-boo apparently has no will — what do I do then?! What would Zeus and Ganymede do in like circumstance? I'd ask them but at the moment Z & G are so absorbed in divine 69 that neither is capable of speech so I query the Eagle who was intimately, transportatively involved and he replied: "Let your Conscience be your Guide!". Hell, what kind of asinine advice is that?! Conscience flees when Concupiscence rears its lovely head — or so I've been informed by the NAACP (National Association for the Advancement of Copulating People). But beware, Casimir, you old reprobate! Breaking and entering a minor ball-bearing is truly a most felicitied felony though it often leads to fuzz on the unWelcome mat before your front door!

Yet Conscience demands to be heard and whispers into my good ear a suggestion. Taking Kefi's penis between my lips I fellate him until I feel the first faint throb of approaching orgasm at which I eject him from my mouth and finish him off manually, collecting his spurting sap in the palm of my hand as I say: "Thus did Adam's bastard son pleasure his illegitimate brother to obtain the necessary lubricant to enter him for Brother Abel was virgin behind and in those primeval Genesis days there was no vaseline or KY or even baby-oil to ease the True Way though now it's universally acknowledged that fresh hot boy-come is the most natural and perfect fuck-grease of them all! Do you dig what I'm driving at, sweet lad?"

"Huh?" the boy slobbers, open-mouth'd goggling at me and I hesitate. Is he really virtually comatose or is he the clever little play-actor putting me on? And though I may be wishfully hallucinating, here I'm positive I detect the flicker of a mischievous smile on his lips so I turn him over onto a mound of pillows Chicken Little limply putty in my hands, ripe for the plucking and with his own sperm anoint his pouting red raspberry anus purse-lipped for the penile caress. Smearing the remainder of Kefi's slippery goo on my wildly rearing glans I crawl over him, part the taut loaves and butt my impatient dong against the close-clasped tender petals of his anal bud which slowly open to the gentle urging of the lover-penis, feel the tight sphincter moistly lip my cock-head as it expands to admit it, gasp as the inner membranes greedily suck in my entire shaft — and thrillingly I realize that though my love's anal ring is nicely relaxed for easy entry, his rectum is squeaky-tight yet exquisitely expansible under persistent penispheric pressure.

This then is Heaven! Fond fantasy become fact beyond my wildest wet-dreams! Stitched together in passion, happy captive in my fallen angel's humpy-hole, I begin to fuck him. How to sing the silk of his ass-hole, the hot slick clutching slipperiness of it! Mounting sighs from me, then heart-rending moans of pain, grunts and groans and biting of knuckles from my partner —

followed by an arpeggio of giggles smothered in the pillow as his buttocks rise to meet my thrusts! Kefi is the Artful Deceiver to the end. And now a river of molten rut seethes through my veins to my loins, blood pounds in my head, my vision blurs in a frenzy of boiling lust as I drive deep within my squirming bed-mate and wrenchingly come in an explosion of vital fluids such as I've never before known.

After some blissful draining minutes, the boy rolls me off him and almost fearfully I gaze at his lazily-smiling, still pot-touched young face as he fondles his penis, once again arrantly amorous — or is that a piss-hard very much withstanding?! "Kefi?" I mutter, torn between conflicting emotions.

"Huh?"

"Enough of that 'huh!' jazz! You knew what was going on all along, didn't you?!"

"Sure I did! You think I'm a dope like you?!"

"Well, uh..." I say lamely, "I hope I didn't hurt you."

"Your mini-meat hurt me ?!" the boy derides. "It only tickled! But I'll tell you something, bwana — you fuck real neat! I mean you ain't the best in the whole wide world but you ain't the worst, neither."

"And am I the first to get into you? Am I that `sumbuddy speshul' you were saving your treasure for?"

Kefi veils his polychrome eyes, then looks directly at me. "Thass for me to know an' for you to find out!"

"OK, but you do like me a little, don't you?"

"Why, boss, I love you! I love you a bushel an' a peck an' more'n that, by heck! — but you know whatta nawful liar I am!"

If you enjoyed this book, you will want to read these two other Dukahz favorites:

The Asbestos Diary

In the sixteen years since *The Asbestos Diary* burst into our lives, Casimir Dukahz has established himself as the Vladimir Nabokov of boy-love, the one writer on the subject who can entertain, arouse and very nearly kill you with laughter all at the same time. You will find in this book no wrestling with guilt, no vision of Armageddon. Woven into a love-story is a string of "tall tails", that distinctly American invention — parr myth, part exaggeration, part satire, part lie. Casimir suffers blackmail, mayhem, over-charging, cuckolding, competition, police brutality, rejection — but gets a lot of loving, too, and incidentally disproves the famous quote of Dr. Albert Ellis that "boys are lousy lovers". Paperback reprint of the original American edition.

Prices as of summer, 1984, including packing and postage (airmail outside of Europe): AUS\$ 12; OSch 180; BFr 450; CAN\$ 12; DKr 90; IR£ 7; FMk 50; FFr 70; Drch 700; Lit 13,000; Yen 2500; HF1 25; NZ\$ 15; NKr 70; Esc 1000; Rand 15; Ptas 1200; Skr 70; SFr 20; £ 5; US\$ 10; DM 25; Middle East, Cent. America, N. Africa US\$ 10; All other countries US\$ 14.

Vice Versa

Dukahz's second book, *Vice Versa*, has the same magic as *The Asbestos Diary*. Woven among the many adventures the irrepressible Duke has with his boys all over the North American continent is his account of the continuing, and humourously deepening, affair with 13-year-old Amar: "His low clear voice, golden as his hair, its boyish timbre playing on the ear like spoken music. His eyebrows' delicate arch, the thick lashes, black as sheened ebony and startling contrast to the amarillo flame crowning the young head. The large eyes whose expression is grave but whose power is azure, almost indigo. The small sharp teeth..." The original 1976 hard-cover American Coltsfoot Press edition.

Prices as of summer, 1984, including packing and postage (airmail outside of Europe): AUS\$ 18; OSch 250; BFr 750; CAN\$ 20; DKr 125; IR\$ 15; FMk 75; FFr 110; Drch 1200; Lit 23,000; Yen 4000; HF1 40; NZ\$ 24; NKr 120; Esc 1750; Rand 25; Ptas 2000; Skr 100; SFr 30; X. 10; US\$ 20; DM 40; Middle East, Cent. America, N. Africa US\$ 20; All other countries US\$ 20.

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