

**THE CHRONICLES OF
THE KOSTER DILEMMA
BY SIMON WORTHY**

A **BL** CLASSIC

THE CHRONICLES OF THE KOSTER DILEMMA BY SIMON WORTHY

A 15-year-old tapes the tale of his active affectional life since age 11 for an American research institute. He tells of his own sensual self-discovery, tricks and games and friendships cemented by youth's best pastime, finally his great expanding involvement with a man twice his age.

But what are the people at the Institute to make of such precocious activity? Haven't they just received a huge Federal grant to prove its dire consequences? Shouldn't the police be informed?

An exciting tale of a healthy youngster growing up happy in a world he doesn't yet realize has turned its back on enlightenment.

A **BL** **CLASSIC**

**THE CHRONICLES OF
THE KOSTER DILEMMA
BY SIMON WORTHY**

A BL CLASSIC

Copyright 1986 by Simon Worthy

All rights reserved. Except for brief passages quoted in a newspaper, magazine, radio or television review, no part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying and recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system.

Published by BL Classics 1986

Author's Note

The situations and characters portrayed herein are exclusively fictitious and are not intended to represent any actual persons. Some readers may see a resemblance between the Koster Institute and another well-known sex research institute but this is most unfair. Alfred Regnery and his Office of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention (Dept, of Justice) is, on the other hand, real enough, as is Judith Reisman. Also far from fictional are the state laws which require every psychiatrist or other therapist, social worker, family counselor or doctor to report to the police anyone they suspect of sexual contact with a minor *even if that person is a patient or client*. Caveat emptor.

The Koster Institute for the Study of Sexuality
North Campus
Attic University
Capital City

To my fellow members of the Professional Ethics Committee:

You will recall that last month, on a Public Radio broadcast which I made on behalf of the Institute, I solicited information about precocious sexual activity among our nation's youth.

Shortly thereafter the first of a series of tapes started to arrive at the Institute, all dictated by a fifteen-year-old boy living in Pautagasset Falls. As you probably know, the Pautagasset Valley until the 1950s was just another marginal farming area on the edge of our northern forests. Since then, however, it has been rapidly establishing itself on a more solid economic base in recreation and service industry.

Quite evidently, as you will see from the enclosed, the tape series is not over yet. It is also evident that young Darin Smith, for that is the boy's name, has participated from a very early age in a rather large number of sexual acts which, because of their nature, and especially because of his tender years, were illegal.

This places the Institute, its Ethics Committee and especially me in a serious dilemma. What are our responsibilities to our research goals and the government grant under which they have been undertaken, to society, to the concept of professional confidentiality and to young Darin?

With respect to *patient* confidentiality, our State Government has resolved the matter beyond serious doubt. Any therapist, family counselor, social worker or professional adviser *must* report all sexual abuse of minors to the police. Thus if Darin Smith were our patient, or were we counselling him in any fashion, we would have no choice but to turn these tapes over to Sergeant Youngblood of our city vice squad and let him determine whether and how he wishes to bring the matter to the attention of the appropriate people in Pautagasset Falls.

But *is* Darin Smith our patient? He has not been referred to us by any government agency. He has not sought help from us, nor has his family. We have performed no service for him for which a billing could be prepared.

On the other hand, since the boy so obviously *needs* help, since the other children of Pautagasset Falls deserve protection, can we not argue that we of the Institute stand *in loco psychiatris*, that the Institute is, in effect, his psychiatrist *faute de mieux*, and thus it is our moral if not our legal duty to turn in the tapes?

We need not settle this difficult question by return of mail, but I most urgently request that you read over the enclosed transcript which my part-time student secretary Craig Freeman has made from the cassettes and be prepared to discuss the matter at our November meeting.

A final word about the text. Young Smith, as you will see, is remarkably candid in relating his sexual history and, within the context of his own disordered mental landscape, honest as well. Yet I have found it expedient to provide, in the form of foot notes, a few guide posts along the way, for not everyone has been trained to "listen with the third ear" to the verbal productions of a mentally disturbed person. Were I not to point out to lay members of our Committee significant bits of camouflage, screen images, unconscious rationalizations and symbolizations (oh, the mind is so clever!), they might get the impression that Darin Smith is a happy adolescent, enjoys and always has enjoyed his sexuality and has simply been making age-appropriate responses to the social situations in which he finds himself.

Very truly yours,

Nicholas Goldfarb, MD

The following letter was received with the first cassette on October 17 last:

Darin Smith
33 Pine Tree Drive
Pautagasset Falls

To: The Koster Institute for the Study of Sexuality North Campus Attic University Capital City

Dear Sirs:

It really amazed me when I heard on the radio the other night that you were studying the sex lives of kids—I didn't think shrink-type people thought we had any, or if we did we'd end up damaged goods or criminals or spastic or something. Well, I knew that was rot and so does every other kid in Pautagasset Falls—and in Loon Lake, too, which is ten miles away—but I'd always figured with you people Facts never stood a chance against Theory.

Anyhow, I'm willing to admit I could have been wrong so I decided to make a trial cassette for you about me and the things you claim you are interested in. I hope you accept tapes. I know it is a pain to have to listen for hours to just talk, talk, talk, but I'm no good at writing—I get my grammar all fouled up, misspell like I'd never been to school, and besides I can't type.

I'll try not to tell you everything you don't need to know about me but you got to let me do it in my own way—and that's not necessarily starting at the beginning and going to the end. For one thing, my memory doesn't work that way. I go wandering off all the time, so my big friend Tim keeps telling me, "Darin, for Chrissake, what is your point?"

Please send me a letter to let me know if you want more tapes.

Yours sincerely,

Darin Smith, age 15.

PS I almost forgot. As I was setting up to make this tape, Trent dropped by. Trent's thirteen, and I'll tell you about him later if you decide you want me to go on taping. Anyhow, I thought it might be a good idea if you listened to an actual make-out between two boys, so I hid the microphone and started the cassette recording and we got it on with each other like we always do, except this time I talked more than usual, and that's so you'd know what was happening when.

You can tell Trent and me apart because his voice hasn't broken yet and mine has.

One other thing—Trent calls his penis L.T., short for Little Trent.

First Cassette

(Sound of door closing)

Trent: Man, I got a need!

Darin: Let's see.

Trent: *(Laughing)* You can't see a need.

Darin: Oh, yes I can—how long it is, how thick it is, how stiff it is...

Trent: *(After sound of zipper)* There!

Darin: Yep, looks pretty serious. What do you think we oughta do about it?

Trent: Well, you could taste it.

Darin: Is it sweet or something? You rub it down with honey?

Trent: No, I rubbed it *up*.

Darin: Maybe I'll give it a nice little lick.

(Pause during which breathing is apparently suspended.)

Trent: Say thank you, L.T.

Darin: I like the way you make L.T. bow.

Trent: Did it taste of honey?

Darin: No, it tastes like penis—a little salty from dried sweat, a little bitter from when you didn't shake it enough after you took a leak. But nice.

Trent: Then lick it again, for cripe sake!

Darin: Let's get on my bed!

(Sound of feet shuffling, rustling of clothes, then the squeaking of a bed-spring during the following.)

Darin: You still got your summer tan.

Trent: Except here.

Darin: Well, yeah, I don't think your cock would look very nice with a red pealy sunburn on it.

(Pause)

Trent: How long we got before someone comes home?

Darin: A safe fifteen minutes, so we better be quick.

Trent: Doing it quick won't be a problem. The problem's gonna be stretching it out for more than three pets on L.T.'s head. Gimme an around-the-world—and save *him* till last.

Darin: Starting where?

Trent: My toes.

(Pause, filled with occasional bedspring squeaks, sheet rustle and the breathing of the two boys. Then Trent giggles.)

Trent: Hey, that tickles. My toes, not the bottoms of my feet! That's better.

(Another pause. The sound of licking. Breathing becomes a bit more agitated.)

Darin: Now I'm gonna come up the *inside* of your legs.

Trent: Crazy, man! *(After a pause)* Want me to spread em? Ooo, that's nice.

Darin: You're still completely smooth!

Trent: Don't talk—lick! *(Pause)* Get my poopy-hole. Ah, that's super. How's it taste?—don't answer! You know what I like is the feel of your hair—that little twist where your head sort of comes to a point...

Darin: My head doesn't come to a point.

Trent: Does too.

(Long pause. Licking sounds become more distinct. A few gentle sighs from Trent.)

Darin: Now I'm going to make two tongue tracks up either side of L.T.

Trent: Careful—he's set to blast off!

Darin: And a deep lick into the navel well...

Trent: *(Giggles)* You're tickling again.

Darin: And up to your tits.

Trent: You're sure full of talk today.

Darin: This time's special.

Trent: Seems pretty usual to me. 'Cept you never ate out my arm-pits before.

Darin: Boring?

Trent: Hell, no! I just wish you'd talk less and lick more.

(Long pause filled with soft sounds of breathing, sheets rustling, licking.)

Trent: Can I suck you off before you suck me off?

Darin: I haven't even kissed you yet.

Trent: Well, hurry up, before I come spontaneous like I did in Aunt Ethel's shed.

(Another long pause while bed springs cry, sheets rustle, then low moans of pleasure from the throats of both boys.)

Darin: *(A little breathlessly)* Whew! You know, for a no-count little kid, you kiss fantabulous!

Trent: Give me your cock and shut up. Wait, let me scoot down. *(Bed spring cries loudly.)* There.

(Giggles) Jesus, you look like a horse from this position!

Darin: Thanks a lot.

Trent: Okay, sexier. Now, hunker!

(Darin gives a short gasp. The following interjections over the sounds of bed creak, sucking and the snapping of spit bubbles.)

Darin: Ooo, nice... A little harder... Get your tongue on the nerve... There... Suck! Oh, Trent, that's good... I'm getting there... Get ready for a mouthful... Here goes...

(A deeper gasp from Darin, then hard, but regular, breathing)

Darin: Great! *(Pause)* Lemme leave it in there a minute—if you don't mind eating up those last little sperms. Just keep your tongue off the tip or I'll go right through the ceiling. *(Pause. Then, almost sleepily)* You know what this reminds me of? A little boy all happy and satisfied with his thumb in his mouth. Don't get mad. I'm not criticizing. In fact my cock says it feels great to be a thumb!

Trent: Your sperm was sweeter today. But there wasn't so much of it.

Darin: I jacked off last night and this morning.

Trent: I jacked off last night but I let it alone since.

That's why I'm so close to the edge.

Darin: Okay, let me get you.

(Sounds of the boys rolling over on the bed.)

Trent: Suck it fast and make it tight. Ah...

(Pause, filled with sucking and bed rustle.)

Trent: Jeez... Oooo... Make it tighter... Tongue on the nerve... That's right. Okay, here... I... GO!

(Gasps, sighs from Trent; rhythmic screech of bedsprings.)

Trent: Ah! Taste it?—don't answer that—keep your mouth there. Man, that went all through me!

(A long pause, while Trent catches his breath)

Darin: Come here and cuddle.

Trent: It's a gyp we haven't time for seconds.

(Another long pause, during which the sounds of light kissing and caressing and the rumple of sheets can just barely be heard.)

Trent: No wonder grown-ups don't like us to do this—they want to keep it all for themselves!

Trent's gone. I'm sitting here alone in my bedroom with the microphone, so let's begin. This, obviously, is Darin speaking.

My name really *is* Darin Smith. I'm not covering anything up. You can check it in the school register. Darin Smith, 15, B-average student, out for football (mostly warming the bench), a nothing in basketball (I'm not very tall—still growing), fairly good in individual sports like tennis and swimming and skiing. And fishing, if that's a sport, not a masacree of our slimy little friends.

Some people have told me I'm good looking, but for the life of me all I can see in the mirror is an average face. Certainly nothing pretty about it. Nothing ugly, either—and no zits!

Okay, I'll inventory.

Yellow blond hair, straight, falling from a sort of twist (not a point, like Trent said!) at the top of my head. One time when I'd let it grow shaggier than I ought, I picked up the nickname Haystack. That got shortened to Stack, which I still get hit with about as often as Darin. Maybe one day I'll do something about my hair, go to a good barber and have it styled the way some of the kids do, but I'd have a hard time raising the cash, 'cause I don't rip off stores, my folks wouldn't take kindly to putting out \$20 so I could look like James Dean, and my paper route pocket money has better places to go. Last year I tried something else for a little while that maybe wasn't such a hot idea but... well, I'll tell you about that later on.

Blue eyes. In some lights a bit greenish. There are round-eyed people and narrow-eyed people who give the impression they're squinting into the sun all the time. I guess I'm a narrow-eyer, and that's why some kids say I look mean when actually all I'm doing is cogitating.

My nose, damnit all, is still a kid's nose. You'd expect by the time a guy's fifteen he'd have something better or stronger or more individual in the middle of his face than what I've got, which is sort of small and raises at the end, and there's a patch of freckles across it that makes it look even more kidlike. When I smile it tends to wrinkle. There was this girl at school that told me my wrinkling nose was just the cutest thing she'd ever seen. Made me want to barf.

Trent says he likes it. "I want to bite it," he told me one day when we were play-wrestling out in the woods.

And I said, "I can't afford to lose even one millimeter off the end."

And he said, "Why?"

And I said, "It's too small."

And he said, "Okay, I'll lick it and maybe that'll make it get big."

And I said, "It's making something else get big, that's for sure."

Trent's impressed by that something else, 'cause he's hardly started to grow down there.

About the only good thing I can say about my nose is that it doesn't have to hold up a pair of glasses. My eyesight is 20-20, so if you're trying to prove the old theory that jerking off makes you go blind, well it hasn't hurt me yet and you're going to have a hard time convincing me it will later.

Cheeks: wide, with just the beginnings of that hollow below them that makes my father such a handsome man. In the last year they've started raising a whole field of peach fuzz: if you look close you can see swirls in it and other funny patterns. I'd shave it off, except then my face would probably be all shiny, and that's an adolescent look I hate. I'll just keep being fuzzy, I guess. Besides, some people say the fuzz adds to my looks.

Tim says it feels like velvet. "But it makes me sad," he told me the other day.

And I asked him, "Why does peach fuzz for Christ sake make you sad?"

And he said, "Because it means you are coming to the end of your boyhood."

And I said, "Well, that's sort of normal, isn't it? I'd look stupid at twenty-one wearing the face of a twelve-year-old."

And he said, "Yes, it's normal. But it's still sad."

Grown-ups can find all kinds of screwy reasons to be sad.

I got a wide mouth and good teeth, so I don't feel self-conscious when I smile, which I do a lot. Many kids think it isn't cool to smile—you know, you gotta look mean. I say balls to that. I want friends, not a lot of people thinking I'm hard to get along with.

Oh, sure, I can look tough when I have to—my narrow eyes help—but normally the last thing I want is to start something physical. As the old hippies used to say, Fuck, don't fight—that's before the press cleaned it up to Make love not war. What I mean is, we don't have to be predators, for Chrissake. Mouths are for eating—and then for kissing and licking and sucking and tasting. And you know what? You can see whether a guy's made for fucking or fighting by looking at his mouth. Is he about to tear you apart with his teeth and spit on you in contempt? Or is he inviting you with his lips, offering you his tongue, opening himself up to your interest and friendship? A kid's mouth will tell you more about what's inside his head than his eyes.

Well, the rest of me: I suppose I'm half-way between skinny and muscle-lean. I can bulge a hard bicep, but when my arms are hanging straight they sort of go narrow between shoulders and elbows. There's no hair on my body except the two places you'd expect on a fifteen-year-old: at my pits (yellow and kind of wispy), and my crotch (a triangle of soft curly yellow).

And my navel's an outie rather than an innie, which means I haven't got any spare fat on my tummy at all.

And I stand at five foot eight.

And weigh 115 pounds.

Anything more?

Okay, my cock.

"It's just right," says Tim.

"Why does it bend back?" Brian wanted to know.

And I told him, "'Cause God made it that way."

And Brian said, "That's no answer. You probably rub it on the front more than on the back, so it grows there better."

And I said, "If *you* rub it anywhere it'll just get smaller."

We talk to each other that way all the time. It doesn't mean anything.

Home life. Great dad, except when we have run-ins over The Mess. Grown-ups are always seeing The Mess. You come in and you're hot and you take off your shirt and before it's even hit the carpet they're saying, "Darin, the floor's for your feet—put it on a chair." When that sort of thing's happened twenty times a day you get fed up and talk back once in a while.

But most of the time Dad and I get on fine, especially when we do something like go fishing together. Then he doesn't worry about The Mess. Because, how can you fish and not make a mess? I mean, fish are messy things. They're slimy and they stink, and your tackle box isn't much better. And if you take off your shirt there isn't anywhere else to put it except on the ground.

Mom's, well, somebody I can't say enough good about. I suppose if I ever get married I'd go for a woman like her [\[1\]](#). So far, though, I've never felt *that way* about a girl or a woman, while I've sure got turned on by a lot of guys—you people probably got it all figured out why that is, or think you do. All I know is every time I see a certain kind of kid or a certain kind of man I want to do things with him. Or, more specifically, one particular part of me wants to do things with various parts of him, especially that particular part.

I suspect my folks got a good thing going in bed with each other 'cause they actually like the fact that I feel sex, too. One time when I was cracking a boner which was embarrassingly visible through my swim trunks, Dad put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Well, Darin, I guess your mom and I didn't foul up too badly."

I turned bright red ('cause we were at the lake and there were thousands of kids around, and old folks, too) and stammered out, "How do you mean?"

And Dad said, "We gave you all the right parts; and what's more, they work!"

But Mom and Dad don't know how often I work them—like three comes a day is just average, and one Sunday a year ago when I was alone at home and had absolutely nothing to do I decided I'd try for a record and got sperm eight times between waking up and five o'clock in the afternoon. They also don't know I go more for males than females, but I don't think they'll get all Jerry Falwell about it when I work up sufficient nerve to break the news [2].

You may think three times a day's excessive after listening to these tapes about all the horny things I've done with other people, but the truth of the matter is that days will go by when I've no chance to get it on with anybody. So I'm left to my own devices.

Anyhow, it's normally the first thing I do when I wake up in the morning. I have my radio alarm set to seven. That gives me twenty minutes before my scheduled time in the bathroom. Usually I've got a hard-on already. Like most kids in this town I'm circumcised, so it feels a lot better if I use something slippery—cold cream, vaseline. Easiest is spit, except when you wake up you're so cotton-mouthed and yucky I prefer KY. Tim knows how to get the tubes. I keep one in the drawer of the little table by my bed. Mom must have seen it, but nobody's ever said anything.

Guys with pork-roll cocks say it doesn't have to be wet and slippery to get the best feeling. Take Evan the bag boy at the Kroger's store. He told me, "Don't need no KY, don't need no spit. It's got its own lube."

And I said, "That must make jacking off a lot simpler."

And Evan hauled it out right there in his dad's pick-up truck and said, "Sure, all day and all night this old bloke is ready to poke. Even if it's only my fist. Here, have a feel."

I'm not sure that's really an advantage. Might make the jacking feel better without a lot of preparation, but Christalmighty, it would drive me off my rocker to have that part of me wrapped up in something warm and slippery twenty-four hours a day, especially when you're riding and jiggling on a bike. I'd come before I got half way to school, and in the gym, and biking home, and I'd have a hard-on all the time between! It'd be like when I put on a rubber and just wore it, and after about an hour's hard-on in geography class my cock started to leak slippery stuff, so every time I even moved it felt like somebody had his lips wrapped around me down there. I don't mean I make a regular practice of walking around with my cock in a rubber—

I did it just one day as an experiment.

I always try to drag out a jerk-off for at least ten minutes. A three-jerk quickie, which I can do if I'm in a terrible hurry, just leaves me feeling tired and unsatisfied and doesn't really settle my nerves at all.

Anyhow, when the radio clicks on in the morning and I wake up in the middle of Breakfast Concert (Bach's my favourite, especially the Brandenburg Concertos 'cause they got a good beat going.) I start rubbing it slow on the bottom sheet, then roll on my side and wrap my fingers around it and pull on it dry for a while, then get out the tube and move on to the slippery. I build up to just before the climax, stop and let the feeling go down, then build it up again. And keep on doing that until the time comes when it's too much torture not to go over the top.

Then I roll onto my back, shove down the covers, even if it's cold in the room, and just let the sperm spew out where it wants to, 'cause it kills half the fun if you have to catch it in a Kleenex at the tip. And I like to see how far I can make it fly. Usually even that first squirt doesn't go much farther than my neck, with the others globbing down lower and lower on my belly, but last week I actually splattered on Trent's photo—I have this really sweet portrait of him propped up on the headboard of my bed. I was so proud of myself I let the jiz stay there and dry, and even now when you look close at the picture you can see a little round pale yellow crust on the upper right hand pocket of Trent's school shirt.

Trent doesn't mind, in case you're worried. He said, "Hey, neat-o, let me lick it off."

And I grabbed the photo out of his hand and said, "No way! That's a record. You want to ruin the evidence?"

Well, back to my wake-up wank. I use the Kleenex Mom always buys for me to mop up afterwards, and then flush it down in the john a few minutes later. I often wonder what those poor little sperm think as they swim out of my balls and get shot from my cock all hopeful of finding an egg, and all they get is a dry bit of tissue and a quick wet ride to their doom down the municipal sewer system, thrashing their little tails between all those turds.

Anyhow, a good jerk off gets the day started right. A good fantasy has to go with it, of course, but there're so many fantasizable boys around that's easy.

Along about three in the afternoon I'm horny again, and this is the biggest problem. All the kids complain there's just no place to go. The toilets at school lack doors. In the winter it's no fun doing it outside, and besides there's no leaves on the bushes.

That didn't stop one of my classmates, though. He got such a horn on one day he couldn't wait till after school, so during recess he crouched down between a snow drift and a prickly hedge and hauled out his old tool and started pulling away and got off in his own world, with his eyes closed and his breath coming hard, his elbows flying and his toes twitching, and then he felt the old final rise coming on and he let out a groan and the sperm spurted out—and slowly realized he'd been performing before an audience of about twenty snot-nosed *little* kids and a few older girls, who then gave him the old football cheer.

The only good thing is that all us guys are in the same boat, so every once in a while in the locker room before or after sports someone gets a hard-on and someone else sees it, and that sets off a round of cock-pulling that develops into more serious sex. I'm one big champion at immobilizing a soapy boy in the shower. I lie on top of him, get his wrists in my grip and hold his legs down by a kind of twist around his ankles with my feet. Then I get my hips working and rub both of us off belly to belly.

But that's only once in a blue moon. Most kids (and I'm not talking about my special gang, especially a couple of years ago!) are scared of doing it much, because they're scared it'll make them queer—and I know if I pulled that soapy rub-off routine too often with the other boys standing around I'd get a reputation. So mostly I have to save it until I get home. A quick pull in the bathroom—with my mom saying, "Darin, what ever are you *doing* in there?"—is the least satisfactory of the day, but necessary just to get rid of the sperm so I can settle down and do homework and be sociable with my family.

And then at night—that's the best time of all, just after I've turned off the lights. All the faces of the day before are fresh in your mind. And you've been doing a little thinking beforehand, what sort of story you're going to tell yourself, and about which boys. Usually something's suggested itself from the day before. So you rub away. Your mouth is fresh, your spit sweet, you know after you've shot you can just drift off deliciously to sleep, safe and cozy and protected.

Well, that's the typical sex day in the life of Darin Smith. Not very exciting, although I suppose my wank rate trends toward the extreme end of normal behavior [3]. But there've been a lot of non-typical days, too, and that's what I'll start to tell you about now.

As far as I can remember I always played with my cock. Probably when I was born I had a good grip on it and the doc who cut me had to pry my fingers off it.

Take the first time I went to the dentist. I was terrified. I sat on the couch snuggled up to my Dad, and, although I didn't have a word for it, I was masturbating. My hand was in my pocket, my cock was stiff and I was rubbing it and it felt good—the only thing that did feel good, that and Dad's protection. He didn't pay any attention to what I was doing. He just kissed me every so often on my hair and tried to calm my fears. But there was a woman on the other side of the waiting room and she was looking at me and shaking her head. I thought it was because she disapproved of my being scared.

I whispered to my father, “Tell that lady to stop making faces at me.”

My dad looked up from the magazine he was reading and said, very politely, “My little boy has requested that you not stare at him.”

She made a sort of clicking noise in her mouth and said, “Well, do you know what he’s doing to himself?” And Dad said, “I don’t see he’s doing anything wrong, and he *is* frightened. Perhaps you would let us handle the situation in our own way.”

She turned aside in her chair and didn’t look at us anymore, but when we were riding home in the car I asked Dad what she’d meant.

And Dad said, “Playing with your penis.”

And I asked, “Is it bad?”

And Dad said, “No, of course not. It’s yours.”

I thought about that for a while, then said, “I know it would be naughty if I’d took it out of my pants.”

My father laughed and kissed me and said, “Yes, I think you better do that only when you’re alone, or with Mummy and me.” [4]

So when I tell you I remember no time when I didn’t masturbate, you have to understand it as that kind of masturbating—playing with my cock when I was excited or scared. A nice feeling, no climax, getting slowly to know it was something you did when nobody could see or you were alone.

Dad explained sex and sperm and fucking and all to me when I was about nine. I said putting a penis inside a woman’s hole was yucky. *I’d* never do that!

“Wait and see,” Dad said.

Basically I forgot about his birds-and-the-bees lecture, except that I knew now that all men and all boys, not just me, rubbed their cocks to feel good.

That was very important information the first time I stumbled onto two kids jerking each other off. Not that my knowledge made them any more pleased with my seeing them.

We’d driven to the ocean for a long weekend. I guess I was eleven, the last summer I was really just a little boy. I’d wandered back from the beach and was poking around in the bushes, and there were these two kids, probably about fourteen, lying on a couple of big beach towels pulling away on each other’s cocks.

I stopped and stared and said, rather proudly, as I remember, “I know what you’re doing.”

They hissed at me, “Go way! Scram! Can’t you see we’re busy?”

I just stood with my finger in my mouth and my little cock getting hard. One of the boys was blond and lanky, the other dark and full of round muscles. Their bright red and yellow trunks were pulled down to their knees. There were white stripes across the skin of their middles where the sun hadn’t got, and a pair of hard-on cocks that were just enormously bigger than any I’d ever seen.

I told them, “You don’t have to stop. Can I just— look?”

But the blond boy said, “No! Git!” He picked up a stick and pegged it at me.

I ran away but then circled around in the brush and crept up behind them and crouched down out of sight so I could do some serious watching. They’d pull on each other and stop and pull some more and stop again. They were all jittery and nervous and it seemed funny to me that rubbing their penises wasn’t giving them the same nice warm, sweet feeling it always gave me.

And then the blond boy said, “Okay, I’m ready— you ready?”

And the dark boy said, “Man, I was ready before that little shit showed up.”

And the blond boy said, “He was kind of cute, though, wasn’t he?”

And the dark boy said, “Dream about him, Dave. Eat your heart out—he’s too young. Now, one, two, three... GO!”

Their hands flew. They gasped. Then the blond boy, Dave, jerked up straight at the waist, like he was a spastic or something, and crashed back down again on his towel. After that their hands slowed up and

they lay still.

It must have been about two minutes that they didn't say anything. Even with my eagle eye I couldn't see if any of the sperm my father had told me about had come out of either of the cocks. Finally they just pulled up their swim trunks, sat up and grinned at each other like a couple of naughty boys. Dave, the blond kid, made a fist and hit the other boy lightly on the shoulder.

"That was good, Kevin" he said.

And the dark kid said, "Yeah, but we better get back to the establishment before they send out the search and rescue."

I snuck away as quiet as I could and sort of forgot about the whole thing, but that evening when I was fooling around on the porch of the cafeteria waiting for my folks to come over for supper I felt a strong grip on my shoulder and jerked around to face those same two boys, except now their hair was combed and they were dressed in Levis and short-sleeved jerseys.

Dave said, "You didn't see us this afternoon."

And I nodded, okay.

And then Kevin, the dark, muscular kid, said, "We found out where you're staying, so we'll know where to come if you make any trouble for us."

And I asked, "Why'd I do that?"

And Kevin said, "I don't know why, but just put it out of your mind."

And Dave said, "What were you doing snooping around in the bush anyways?"

And I said, "I wasn't snooping. I was exploring. I never been here before."

And Kevin said, "We come every year. There's nothing back in the bushes, except a lake if you go far enough."

And I asked if there were any alligators and they said, don't be stupid, no, it was too far north.

Things seemed to be going fairly well, so I thought I'd put them right about masturbation. I told them, "There's nothing wrong with rubbing on your penis."

They stared at me, and then at each other. And then Dave said, "How you know *that*? You're still just a little kid."

And I said, "Un huh, but I got a penis, too, and I rub it and it feels real nice. That's why I wanted to watch you guys, and..."

Just then some grown-ups came onto the porch and the boys wandered off, but not before Kevin warned me, "Remember what we told you."

The next day, on the beach, they were a lot friendlier. Dave put me on his shoulders and Kevin found another smaller kid to ride on him and we played chicken-fight out where the water was navel-deep on them. When Kevin's kid had to go off to his parents the three of us crawled out and flopped down in the wet sand where every few seconds the foam from a wave that had broke swept over us in a nice soft hissing bath.

Kevin caught Dave's eye and jerked his head toward the bushes. Dave nodded. I knew what they had in mind. I guess my question was all over my face. But they wouldn't pay any attention to me, and finally Kevin said to Dave, "Come on, let's go."

So of course I blurted out, "Can I come, too?"

And they both said, "No," at the same time.

And I said, "It won't hurt anything. I won't be any trouble."

They looked at each other. I knew now they'd talked about the possibility of letting me join them. Maybe they hadn't agreed completely, but at least they'd talked.

Dave said, still not looking at me, "I think he's okay, Kev."

And Kevin said, "He's too young."

And I protested, "I am not! I got lots of feeling there."

And Kevin said, “Get sperm yet?”

And I said, “No, and I couldn’t see any shooting out of you guys, either!”

Dramatic pause, while everybody, including me, caught on to the boner I’d pulled.

At last Dave said very quietly and dangerously, “What did you say?” His light blue eyes blazed at me out of his handsome wet face.

And Kevin said, “He came back, Dave. The little stinker is a spy!”

I could see our friendship was over. Kevin picked me up in his strong arms. “Oh, no!” I wailed. They carried me kicking and yelling out in the ocean and held my head under until I thought I was going to drown. They shook me, slapped me, dragged me back to the beach coughing and puking up seawater and left me crying in the sand.

I watched them walk off into the bush, feeling about as miserable as an eleven-year-old ever can.

Well, I see I’m running out of tape so I’ll sign off now and continue my story just as soon as I hear from you—if I hear from you. Meantime, don’t do anything I would do...

Second Cassette

Okay, I see you want me to continue sending tapes. The only thing is, if you have to write me again, send the letter care of my friend Brian—address enclosed— ’cause I got some shit from my dad when he saw your printed envelope.

He said, “What the devil does a bunch of police spies want with you?” [5]

And I lied and told him, “Oh, it was something about a questionnaire they wanted me to fill in.”

And he said, “I’ll bet they did! Just keep in mind that anything they know about you that’s not Jerry Falwell approved they have to report to the cops.”

And I said, “No kidding?”

But I don’t believe Dad. There are a couple of things he hates: one of them is shrinks and the other is Christians. The way I figure it, there must be some good shrinks, and you got to be among them, even if you don’t know much, otherwise you wouldn’t be interested in what a fifteen-year-old kid tells about his sex life.

As for Christians, well I don’t have a very positive impression of the preachers and priests I’ve met, and it is true that the people who are always sitting in pews on Sunday seem like pretty pathetic human beings— although I wouldn’t want to be too judgemental about that, either, being a kid and them being grown-ups— but I know when my little brother Tammy was in the hospital with an appendix there was a real nice nun who told him stories and rubbed his back. She got kissed a lot, and Tammy didn’t used to give his super kisses for nothing.

Anyhow, back to my story.

I’d been telling you about the last summer I was a little boy. That fall, just after school began, I turned twelve and the group of kids I hung around with became, among other things, a sort of circle-jerk club. When the weather was nice, we’d go to some place private out in the woods; when it was cold or rainy we’d ask whose parents were out and meet in his house. Some of us were developing. I had a little cock still, and I couldn’t get that peak of feeling a few of the other boys said was so fantastically wonderful.

I guess that’s because I wasn’t really into what we were doing. There were too many no-nos. It seemed to be against the rules to touch another guy. Our circle-jerks were more like competitions—to prove how big and how hard you could get your cock, or how quick you could peak, if you could peak, or talk nonsense about shooting sperm and making out with girls. But no “mushy stuff”. Girls went for mushy stuff. We were *boys*! Little hard-ons with big mouths, someone called us. Feelings counted for nothing. Performance was everything.

I better say something about masturbation technique because I suppose that’s something psycho whatever you people are never investigate. You think jerking off belongs to “a boyhood phase” and doesn’t have much importance.

Well, let me tell you, it has a lot of importance to kids, and there’s about as many ways of doing it as there are penises. Take Kent, who even then was shooting up toward his skinny six-foot self. He’d sort of plant his feet on the ground and lean back and shove his hips out and wrap as many fingers as he could get around his cock and move them back and forth and never vary what he did, except get faster and faster with his stroke, until he shuddered through his dry come, and then his stroke would slow down over about fifteen seconds and stop.

Tony told him, “That must get kind of boring.”

And Kent said, “The only thing boring about it is having to listen to your mouth.”

And Tony said, “At least I use my mouth to make the feeling better.”

And Kent said, “Yeah, we know all about *that*!”

Because Tony did it in spit. His folks were Italian and he had black hair and eyes that were almost black, too, and, typical Latin, he talked all the time, and loud, and made wild gestures with his hands.

Everybody liked him, though, because he was so friendly.

Tony said, "Hell, I can't even get a good feel, much less come, if I haven't got something slippery."

And one of the other guys said, "Jeez, what a perv!"

And Tony said, "What the hell, do you think pussy is dry?"

And the other guy said, "No, but it's not filled with flob."

One of the kids said he'd fucked a liver once. A second said, "Cold Cream's the best."

And a third said, "Naw, vaseline."

And someone else said, "Vaseline sucks. Get yourself some honey. Honey's perfect."

And Tony said, "It is if you thin it out a little."

And Kent said, "Yeah, and we know what *with!*" Tony liked to lie down, or sprawl out in a chair if we were inside, and he'd wet down his cock until it was gleaming, and then he'd tease it for a while, with his middle finger which he kept wetting in his mouth. Gradually he'd get more and more fingers around it and start squeezing it tight, 'till it feels like pussy.' And he'd speed up and slow down with his rubbing and hump against his hand, too, with his hips, and every couple of minutes he'd stop and sit up and dribble more spit down there where the action was.

One kid had a very weird technique. He grabbed it around the middle in one hand, with the head just sticking out the top, and with his other hand he sort of sand-papered the tip. If I'd tried that I would have gone right up the wall.

But for me, in the long run, the most significant thing about our circle-jerk club was Brian.

Brian was almost thirteen. He had dark hair, round eyes the color of a new horse chestnut fresh out of its pod, nice, smooth tanned skin. I began to notice that whenever we were busy wanking, he'd catch my eye and grin. And there were a couple of other interesting things about him: his cock was a bit bigger than mine, he reached a peak every time, and he was a gentle jerker-offer.

By that I mean he didn't act like he was punishing his penis or anything. He just held it gently, with his thumb on the back and his first two fingers on the little nerve that runs down from the piss slit on the front, and then he very lightly and sensitively moved his hand back and forth, not sliding it over the skin but pulling the loose skin over the hard muscle inside. And when he did that his friendly sun-tanned face seemed to go into a kind of sweet dream. He'd half close his eyes, lick his lips, or sometimes put the lower one between his teeth.

And then he'd spot me spying on him and he'd give me this sexy, sort of sleepy grin, and that made the feeling in my penis just an awful lot nicer.

I should say that since that beach experience with Dave and Kevin I'd got in the habit of putting myself to sleep rubbing my penis and thinking about all the nice boys and men I'd seen that day. I'd imagine playwrestling in the shower, or going to sleep in someone's bed in a kind of hug with that someone.

Actually, the only one I ever got to go to bed with was my little brother Tammy who's three years younger than me and who sometimes when he was scared would creep under my covers and snuggle up and konk right out unconscious. He always smelled sweet, even his breath. It was nice to have his soft, warm body kind of half on me, and his arm wound around my neck. It even made it nicer when I rubbed my penis and had my sexy thoughts.

And after our circle-jerk had been jerking a month or so most of those sexy thoughts were about Brian — sometimes about Tony, because he was so friendly — but for me Brian had that magic combination of good looks and the kind of personality I could feel right at home with. We'd been classmates since the third grade but never especially close friends. I decided it might be fun to get him alone and see what happened.

So one nice day when both of us had no classes after lunch I caught up with him as he started home from school and asked him what his plans were for the rest of the afternoon.

He shrugged and said, "I don't know, Stack. Go home and beat off, I suppose."

And I said, "Don't do that. Let's take a ride out in the woods."

I should explain, since you people live in a great big city, that up here the county is about three-quarters wild land—forests and swamps and low mountains and a few lakes. So a couple of boys on bicycles, if they know some of the trails, can get off by themselves in a real hurry.

I led on my ten-speed, out of town by little sneaky paths, around a couple of swamps and over to the Pautagasset River.

"You act like you got some place in mind," Brian said.

And I said, "I do."

And Brian said, "For what?"

And I grinned back at him and said, "Practically anything."

'Cause I had a secret spot. It was an island in the river that looked from the bank like the most uninteresting island in the whole county.

We hid our bikes off the trail, stripped to our skivs and sneakers and waded out into the river, with Brian commenting that I must be crazy in the head, if not elsewhere—what we were aiming at was obviously one big zero.

But in the middle of the island was this beautiful grassy meadow, and when he saw it Brian was impressed. He had a good look around and came back and stood close in front of me. His sopping skivs sagged down one hip like they were about ready to come off with their own wet weight—and you could see everything through them. 'Everything' was standing up, too!

"What a great place to jerk off!" he said.

And I said, "Well, I had something like that in mind."

And he hooked his thumbs inside his skivs and said, "Like, we don't really need these, do we?"

And I said, "Hell, no!"

And then he shoved them down off his ankles and rolled them into a ball and pegged them into my face.

When I had mine in my hand I whipped him on the butt with them, then we play-wrestled in the soft grass. After a while we rolled on our backs and lay side by side with our hard-ons pointing up at the sky. Brian started playing with his. And then he turned and looked me in the eye and said. "Stack, you don't get a climax, do you?"

And I said, "I don't know if I want to. It seems sort of scary."

And Brian said, "What the hell do you mean?"

And I said, "Well, you guys look like you're going into an epileptic fit. You groan and shudder and twitch. You make funny faces. Seems like it's torture or something."

And he said, "It only looks that way."

And I said, "Honest?"

And Brian said, "Yes, I'm not kidding."

And I said, "Well, what is it like?"

And Brian said, "It's difficult to explain."

And I said, "Then, how do you do it?"

And Brian said, "Keep on jerking off when the feeling gets good. Let it get stronger and stronger."

And I said, "How do you know when to stop?"

And Brian said, "Don't worry, you'll know."

And I said, "What happens?"

And Brian said, "You've seen the other guys."

And I said, "Yeah, that's what worries me!"

And Brian was quiet for a while, sort of biting a lip, and then he turned to me and said, "It's no good just talking about it. Will you let me do it to you?"

And I said, “Oh, gosh, Brian, I don’t know...”

But by then he’d grabbed my cock and started pulling on it like he pulled on himself.

I guess I also got to explain to you people that it’s a whole lot different being jerked off than jerking yourself off. I suppose you people never even wanked alone very much, and certainly never with another guy. I read one of those books that are given to school kids about how “a real boy” doesn’t let other people touch him in his “private places”. He doesn’t like to be touched there, and if anyone tries he screams bloody murder and afterwards tells his mother or the cops.

Well, whoever wrote that book wouldn’t know a kid made of skin and muscle and snot and piss from a goddamned robot! I was a “real boy,” and so was Brian, and we loved to have other people—the right kind of other people, anyhow—touch our cocks. We’d lie awake dreaming about it, and that’s a fact [6].

So, back to jerking off with a buddy and how it’s different from playing alone with yourself. First of all, you don’t know quite what the other guy’s going to do next, like whether he’s about to quit rumpling the skin up and down over your stiff cock muscle and get a different grip on it, or whether with his other hand he’s going to start playing with your nuts—and that can be real nice, too—or start doing it fast, or slow up, or run his thumb over the purple head, or what.

Then you feel about him in a whole new way, like you’re telling him, “See, I trust you. That thing you got hold of is *precious*. With it you got me in your power. You can hurt me—or give me the greatest pleasure in the whole world!”

Well, I hadn’t worked that out then. After all this was the first time anyone had put his hand on my dick. But I decided I’d let Brian fool around with it for a little while, at least. I lay back on the grass and Brian settled down by my right side and propped his head on an arm so he could look into my face one minute and at my cock the next as he worked on it.

“You gotta quit when I say quit,” I told him.

He grinned and shook his head very slightly and said, “No, when *I* think it’s time to quit.”

And I said, “Look, whose cock is it?”

And he said, “Otherwise you’re not going to learn anything.”

And I said, “Oh, Jesus!”

And then he said the darndest thing: “Did anybody ever tell you that you’re fantastically good looking?”

And I said, “Hell, no. Why would anyone make such a ridiculous statement?”

And Brian said, “Well, the kids are saying it behind your back. Especially the bigger boys. I know for a fact Troy Donovan’s been beating off thinking about you.”

And I said, “That’s a lie. Troy Donovan’s sixteen and all the girls are after him.”

And Brian said, “Yes, and he’s after this!” And he gave my prick an extra little squeeze.

So I said, “I can’t believe it.”

And Brian blew on my face teasingly and said, “How’s the feeling?”

And I said, “Huh? Oh, fine. Great, as a matter of fact.”

And Brian said, “It’ll be stronger and nicer with something slippery.”

And I said, “Like what?”

And Brian said, “Well, you know what Tony uses.”

And I said unenthusiastically, “Yeah, spit.”

And Brian said, “So?”

And I said, “Wouldn’t that turn you off?”

Brian shook his head and said, “Not with you. Look, let me take care of matters. This is something I know more about than you do.”

Brian licked his hand, and when he had it thoroughly wet he wrapped it around my penis and began to move it gently and surely back and forth.

And, man, it was like liquid fire was slipping off his fingers. The motion was so *smooth!*

“Am I right?” Brian asked, staring curiously into my eyes.

And I said, “That’s unbelievable.”

And Brian said, “Okay, now I’m going to put you in seventh heaven.”

And something very new *was* happening down there, not just in my cock but all around it. Brian leaned over and dribbled more spit on its tip, without breaking the stroke of his slow, delicious rubbing. There was a seriousness to the sex feeling, now. It wasn’t just pleasant, it was *important*, it was *essential!*

“Oh, Brian!” I whimpered. He sped up his stroke. I gritted my teeth, clenched my toes, caught my breath.

“Now, hang on,” Brian said.

And I said, “No, wait. Let’s not do it today. I’ve already learned enough...”

I tried to raise up, but Brian pushed me down with his shoulders. Through a kind of rising panic I saw his fingers slipping up and down, around and around and every so often a wet thumb crossing over the tip.

Probably you people don’t remember way back to when you were kids and you had your first orgasm or your first sex with another human being. Or maybe it never happened to you at all when you were kids. Well, it happened to me, and I want to tell you, my first orgasm was *scary*.

I mean, I couldn’t stop thinking about all those other kids jerking around and screwing up their faces and grunting and sometimes just about howling, and there I was on a deserted island in the middle of a river with a sexy looking kid I didn’t really know all that well holding me down and rubbing away on my cock and refusing to stop.

The only thing I could compare it with was one time when the doctor gave me the wrong medicine and I broke out in a horrible rash that if you scratched it it just itched harder, and the harder it itched the more you scratched, and so on and so on, until suddenly it hurt like hell. The more Brian slipped his fingers around over my cock the more it itched and the more I needed him to keep on rubbing it, only I knew, I just *knew*, the pain was coming!

I hollered at him, “Brian! Brian, for cripes sake...!”

And Brian said, “Hang on, you’re almost there.”

And I yelled, “Stop! Stop!”

And Brian said, sort of panting, “I can’t stop now. You’d kill me.”

And I wailed, “Oh... Jesus...!”

The feeling exploded. You people ever seen that guy they shoot out of a cannon at the circus? He goes straight up, dazzling you with his silver costume, and then he is falling, tumbling, head over heels, into the net. Well, that’s the way my first orgasm was with me. I sat up straight at the hips, stomach muscles tight as a tractor tire, knocked my chin on the back of Brian’s head, then grabbed him about the neck and, as the feeling peaked, buried my nose in his thick, sweaty hair.

I remember that Brian was already starting to smell like an adolescent. If you’ve had a lot of sex with little kids and then with teenage boys, you know there’s a big difference in the way they each smell. Little kids smell sweet, or if they’re sweaty they have a kind of fresh mowed grass odor. Big kids have much more interesting smells. Their hair is ranker, their arm-pits can get really ripe, and their lips can take on a whole lot of different smells depending on what their mouth is like at the time. Brian’s hair I would guess hadn’t been washed for about four or five days, so it had that strong big-boy mustiness.

I came. I fell, like the cannon-man back to his net. I was crushed. I was flattened. I just lay there panting, saying “Wow!” over and over again.

Brian let go of my cock, wiped his hand in the grass and snuggled up beside me.

“I could feel the clicks,” he told me.

And I said, “Do you get that every time?”

And Brian nodded.

And I said, “Now all I want to do is sleep.”

But Brian said, “You got to do me first. Then we’ll both go to sleep.”

I’m afraid I was a pretty poor jerk-off partner that time. And after the nice thing Brian had done for me I felt a little guilty about it. I never seemed to be holding his cock quite right, or rubbing it in just the right place. And I did it dry—I suppose I just wasn’t thinking, ’cause I had too much on my mind. Anyhow, I finally did get him off and he shivered through his orgasm with his usual big smile and rested, sort of catching his breath after it.

Then he turned to me, still with that smile on his lips, and put his hand on my chest and blinked a couple of times and let his eyes close, and then in that nice summery sunshine we just plain fell asleep.

I woke up to find him squatting beside me chewing on a piece of grass and staring into my face. I stretched, still lying on my back.

Brian said, “I been figuring out a way we can make this Troy thing work for us.”

And I said, “Us?”

And Brian said, “Yeah, Troy’s my cousin.”

And I said, “Gol, his pecker must be *huge*! How’d you hear that he... well, jerked off thinking about me?”

And Brian said, “I overheard him telling his buddy Shane.”

And I said, “When?”

And Brian said, “After the game on Saturday. When they were showering. They came in late because they had to clean up the bleachers. They didn’t know I was in the locker room, too.”

And I said, “What did he say, actually?”

And Brian said, “I can’t remember his exact words, but they were something like, ‘I’d give a million dollars for one good feel of Darin’s perfect little cock.’”

And I giggled and said, “How does he know what my cock is like?”

And Brian said, “Maybe he doesn’t. Maybe he’s just imagining it.”

And I said, “I wonder if Shane has the same kind of sexy thoughts, too.”

And Brian said, “Of course. Every boy jerks off. That only stops when you get married.”

And I said, “I mean, paying a million dollars for a feel of my pecker. You gonna pay me a million dollars?”

And Brian said, “No way.”

And I said, “Here is Troy telling him what he thinks about when he wanks. Did Shane sound put off?”

And Brian said, “No, that’s just what I been thinking about. He acted interested.”

And I said, “Well, I can’t see *I’m* all that good looking, but you sure as hell are.”

Brian gave me a sort of embarrassed grin, like he meant, Shut up—don’t talk nonsense. But all he said was, “The question is, does Shane think so?”

And I said, “Shane’s a hell of a popular guy.”

Brian took the piece of grass out of his mouth and teasingly started drawing circles with the wet end of it around my nose. “I know,” he said, “It would be fun to get it on with them.”

And I said, “Yeah, lead them astray.”

And Brian said, “Anyhow, we can try.”

But nothing came of that project until we had warm weather again in the spring.

That night our summer weather came to an end. In those days every time I heard thunder in the evening I knew that pretty soon I’d feel my little brother slipping into bed beside me. Usually I didn’t mind, but this time Tammy barged in while I was just getting started with an important jerk-off. ’Cause my head was

full of all Brian had done with me and showed me, and imaginings of Troy's big cock and I don't remember what else anymore. Anyhow, when I figured Tammy had gone off to sleep (there was a lot of rain outside our window but not much noise) I started pulling on my peter again.

But Tammy wasn't asleep and all of a sudden he said, "Darin, I know what you're doing."

Now that shocked me—to be caught sneaking it on with yourself, and by your little brother! I suppose I blushed barn red, although nobody could have told in the dark. So I said, pretending like I didn't know what he was talking about, "What do you mean?"

And Tammy said, "Playing with your P-P."

And I said, "Whose bed is this, anyhow?"

And Tammy said, "Yours, of course."

And I said, "Then when you're in it you don't make personal remarks."

And Tammy said, "What's a personal remark?"

And I said, "Like telling a guy he's fat or he's ugly or he's got a pimple on his nose."

And Tammy said, "I didn't say there was a pimple on your nose or anything."

And I said, "Okay, but in my bed I ought to be able to do what I like without getting told about it by you."

Tammy started to sniff then, like I'd hurt his feelings, so I said I was sorry, and afterwards he snuggled up real close to me and said, "All I wanted was to *know*"

And I said, "You do it too, eh?"

And he said, "Uh huh."

And I said, "You talk it over with Dad?"

And he said, "No."

And I said, "Why not?"

And he said, "I'd rather talk to you about it."

And I said, "Okay, ask anything you want."

And he said, "Well, do *lots* of other boys do it, too?"

And I said, "A hundred percent of them, Tammy."

And he said, sort of letting his breath out in wonder, "Gol!"

And I said, "When'd you start with it?"

And he said, "Now, let me see. I think it was last week in the tub, when I was washing my P-P."

And I said, "It felt good?"

And he said, "Uh huh, and it was like I remembered I'd done that a whole lot a long, long time ago, when I was just a little boy."

And I said, "You still are a little boy, Tammy."

And he said, "But doesn't that mean you're getting older?"

And I said, "I guess so. Pretty soon you'll be so old you won't be scared of thunderstorm or spooky things in the dark and you'll stay in your own bed all night long every night."

Tammy thought about that for a while, then said, "And I won't be able to get under the covers with you ever again?"

That seemed so sad to him—and, to tell the truth, to me, too—that I kissed him on the side of his head and said, "Sure, Tam-Tam, there'll be lots of times we'll be doing this."

And Tammy said, "Even when there's no thunder?"

And I said, "Even when there's no thunder."

And Tammy said, "Even when I'm not scared?"

And I said, "Even when you're not scared."

And then he said, "Even when you're playing with yourself?"

And I said, "For gosh sakes, Tammy, maybe you'll be polite enough not to do it then."

And Tammy said, “But how will I know?”

And I said, “I’ll tell you. I’ll say, ‘Wait. I’ll whistle when I’m done.’ ”

And Tammy said, “You don’t just get done. You do it and you fall asleep doing it and when you wake up in the morning you start doing it too, sometimes.”

And I said, “Because *you* don’t get an orgasm, of course.” I just couldn’t help bragging a bit.

But Tammy said, “What’s an or... an orasm?”

And I said, “You’re too young to know.”

And Tammy sighed and said, “I’m always too young...”

And I said, “I know. It’s a gyp.”

And he said, “Is it stiff now?”

And I said, “Yep.”

And he said, “Can I feel?”

And I said, “No!”

And he said, “Why not?”

And I said, “Because you’re my little brother.”

And he said, “You mean you’d let *another* boy feel it?”

And I thought fast and said, “That would be different.”

And he said, “Different worse or different better?”

And I said, “Different not so important.”

And he said, “Gol, I’d think if it was okay with anybody it would be even okayer with me.”

And all I could think of to say to that was, “The storm’s over now, Tammy. If you want to stay here you got to stop asking questions and go to sleep.”

And Tammy thought for a minute and said, “Okay, but you know what?”

And I said, “What?”

And he said, “I love you, Darin.”

I knew it was coming then. Maybe you people down there in the city with all your books and reports don’t know much about little kids, so I better explain. They get started on one track and you just can’t derail them. Like Tammy had somehow got it into his head that the only kind of decent kiss was a real wet one—and the more he liked you at the moment the wetter and sloppier it was. When my little brother was feeling good and full of love, which was most of the time, people would just take off and run when they saw him aiming for them—unless they wanted to get one of his free face washers. What he gave me now started about where my nose ends, slid down over my chin and ended below my collar bone. Then, feeling like the Boy Scout that had done his super good deed for the day, he turned on his side away from me, shoved his little butt up against my hip and was asleep, I swear, in twenty seconds.

But when I started to jerk off again, the motion in the bed, or maybe my breathing, or maybe the way my muscles tightened and relaxed or my skin shivered—whatever it was seemed to act like some kind of magnet, and it wasn’t long before Tammy had his head on my shoulder and his warm, gentle little boy’s breath was flowing over my neck and sweetening the air I breathed. And, as usual, having him there tucked under the covers with me, warm and small and quiet and soft, while my mind spun with pictures of Brian and Troy and Brian’s cock and the way his wet underpants had sagged on his hips before he’d shoved them down and pegged them into my face—well, it was one terrific jerk-off! [7]

There was something else that made that jerk-off special—it was the first time I had a *solo* orgasm. And I did it in spit, like Brian had taught me.

The next few months I did an awful lot of experimenting with different kinds of slippery stuff. Soap was first. I got that idea from washing myself in our bathtub at home. The feeling was great, if you got just the right mixture of soap and water, but that wasn’t really where I wanted to pull myself and, besides, bath

time was right before supper and if I stayed in there too long everyone was hammering on the door. I tried it in my bedroom with a cake of soap in a jar of water, but all that really happened was I kicked over the jar by accident and made a big mess.

It took a lot of trying to prove that oils were no good. I started off with car grease—got a dollop on my finger at the Ford garage and ran off in the bushes to try. It was slippery but it wasn't slippery enough. So I tried motor oil and that was still not slippery enough. Next was mineral oil. It should have been just right, and it *was* slippery but not the right kind of slippery. The nicest was when I washed off the oil with soap, which got me right back to where I'd started from.

I tried butter, but the saltiness in it stung. Ditto for margarine. The one time I tested out bacon grease was a real disaster—I thought I'd washed it off good afterwards, but Brian's dog Pitch picked up the scent and spent the whole afternoon trying to lick my crotch. For a few months I had my finger in Mom's Crisco can pretty regular. The feel was almost as good as fresh spit. When it was used up, however, she never got a replacement, and there was nothing much I could do. I mean, how does a 12-year-old boy complain—Fley, Mom, aren't you going to get us any more of that yummy Crisco?

The nicest feel, but the worst experience, was when I went fishing alone one day and with my hands all slimy from one of the fish I'd caught, I grabbed my penis and started to pump. The feeling was fine, but, man, I couldn't get the stink off me, or my pants and underpants [8].

So in the end I gave up and just refined my technique with spit. Until you get old enough to be able to tease pre-lube out of your cock, spit's a kid's best jack-off friend. It may not stay the slipperiest the longest, but you always got it with you, and there's more where the first came from, and it doesn't stain anything, and it doesn't smell. If a little boy knows how to use spit it's A-number-one okay.

Third Cassette

Autumn in our part of the state is a lot of bright colors and a fair amount of rain and, for guys in school, football. Shane, as right end, was shaping up as the best Sophomore member of the high school team. I got to play on the junior high team a few times, Brian quite a bit more and Tony a whole lot. As for the most important activity of our jerk-off club, we found it harder and harder, as the leaves blew off the trees and the air turned freeze-ass cold, to find a nice place to do it, and that was a shame because everybody was sort of loosening up—mutual hand jobs, for example, had become more than acceptable.

Brian and I were sliding into being best friends, and that made for some family problems, being that Brian's Catholic and Mom and Dad have no beliefs at all. Anyhow, after both our families got used to the idea of our friendship we usually managed to get it on privately with each other once every week or so—at his house or mine. For some reason Brian never thought about sex as sinful and never bothered to mention what we did with each other at confession.

I guess it was a couple of weeks after Christmas that I decided to check out the school building a little more thoroughly to find a free-time private jerk-off place.

The basement, where they stored all the sport equipment, was an obvious possibility, so one day when I had a spare hour between classes I snuck down there and discovered a big pile of wrestling mats in a dusty corner and was just about to strip down for action when the lights snapped on and I heard somebody coming down the stairs.

I was sure it was a teacher. I wedged myself behind some wooden cases, held my breath, crossed all my fingers and toes and closed my eyes and prayed to whatever deity or Force of Nature happened to be listening at the moment that whoever was down there would just pick up what he was after and leave—and not peek in my direction. When I finally got up nerve to crack open one eye, however, I found myself staring at the back of a bigger boy in our school by the name of Danny Robinson.

Danny was an in-between sort of a kid. I'd guess he was 15 at the time, about as big as I am now. Under average in his school work, pretty poor at sports. Nobody disliked him. Nobody said he was a great guy, either. His folks were divorced. He had a wide face that made you think of a cow, with big brown eyes that didn't move around a lot. We always wondered what he was thinking, but we figured whatever it was, he wasn't thinking it very fast.

And now he started slowly undoing his belt and unzipping his fly and pushing down his Levis that fit pretty tight over his butt. When he got them kicked off, and his shoes and socks too, he pulled his T-shirt over his head and lay down in his skivvy underwear on the mats—not more than three feet from my hiding place, close enough so I could see the front of his skivs being lifted up by the cock inside! Obviously he'd come down there for the same reason I had.

Then he shoved down his skivs to below his knees, and that was the first sight I ever had of a mature erection. It seemed to sort of spring up and vibrate at a slant over his navel and his pubic hair.

He started teasing his cock with the fingers of his right hand and playing with his balls with his left. He turned his face my way and closed his eyes. Gol, I thought, if he opens them now he'll get a shock—and so will I! So I kept absolutely still. I wanted to bring out my own penis, but I didn't dare. So I just stood there, breathing as quiet as I could, watching and watching, with all kinds of thrills running up and down my body and pricking in my scalp.

Seeing as how Danny wasn't the kind of kid to ever be in much of a hurry, he wasn't in a hurry with this. He stroked so slow at first I almost thought he'd forgot what he'd come there for. Once he spent a good five minutes tickling around the purple tip of his hard-on with the middle finger of his jerk-off hand (his right hand) while he let the left wander lazy-like over his stomach and between his legs and finally stop by his crotch where its thumb slowly brushed up and down over his ball sack.

Every so often he'd turn his head, so one minute he'd be facing me with his eyes closed, then away from me, then just resting his head way back so if he opened his eyes all he'd see would be the wire baskets around the light bulbs on the ceiling.

Pretty soon I noticed his cock seemed wet. He'd move his index finger over his piss slit every now and then and something sticky was coming out of there. I knew it wasn't piss, because piss wouldn't leave streamers when he pulled his fingers away from the tip, and it wasn't this sperm I'd been hearing so much about, because when you got that the sex was all over and Danny seemed to be just warming up.

Crazy, but nobody had told me about pre-come, or pre-lube as us kids call it, and maybe you people don't know about it either. Anyhow, when you get old enough to make sperm, your cock also makes this stuff after you've had a hard-on and been horny for a while. You don't have to be actually jerking off, either. Sometimes even when I've been wrestling around with all my clothes on with a kid I go for—innocent like everyone expects boys to do—my skivvy gets so sopped and slimy I want to run right home and change.

But I didn't know about that then. Danny Robinson's was the first pre-lube I'd seen, and now he was stroking his cock harder, using more and more fingers as his cock got wetter and wetter. He started acting nervous, too, like I now knew we all do as we get close to the end. His head rocked from side to side, his breathing became shallow and quick, his legs started to jerk and his feet twist.

More and more often he'd stop to wind down and put off the climax. It was getting to be harder and harder not to come. Stopping takes nerve. Maybe he'd promised himself a whole class period, 45 minutes of pre-orgasmic jerking, with only enough time lopped off either end to get into the basement and sneak out.

Anyhow, I could see he was losing the postponement battle. At last he grabbed his balls with his left hand, got a good grip on his cock with his right and, with his face turned toward me and his eyes shut tight on whatever pictures he was making inside his head, he started his last slippery jerk-off, humping with his hips a little against the pumping of his hand.

I was goggle-eyed. That cock was only three feet away from my knees. It was huge and angry and purple and slick. Man, I thought, what a *thing* grown-up boys have between their legs! Would I ever get to feel one? Would I ever get one like that myself?

Before I could think much about those tantalizing questions, Danny gave one terrific shudder that racked his whole body, from his neck to his toes, so he looked like he was some kind of puppet on somebody else's string, and came off with a magnificent splash!

I should tell you people, since you may not know, that with some kids sperm just flows out quietly, with others it sort of dribbles and still others it spits. With Danny it spurted, like his cock was some sort of high-pressure lube gun that shot on command.

The first clot landed on Danny's cheek, the next on his neck, several more draped themselves across his chest and stomach, and the last just sort of oozed over his thumb knuckle and globbed down into his pubic hair. Slowly his hand relaxed. His chest heaved regularly in a few deep breaths, and then everything was still.

But when I looked back at Danny's face his eyes were open and they were staring into mine. Before I could run away he reached over with his jerk-off hand and grabbed my leg, getting sperm on my Levis, and said, "This'll be our secret, eh?"

I swallowed and nodded.

And he said, "Next time don't hide."

I nodded again. Danny released me and got up and grabbed his pants and fumbled in a pocket and drew out a handkerchief and wiped the sperm off his cheek and the other places on his body where it had landed, and then he spent some time, just as though I wasn't standing there watching it all, drying his cock, which was still big but going slowly limp.

Then he looked up and said, “So what are you waiting around for?”

I stumbled up the stairs and out the door and nearly knocked down my geography teacher, who grabbed me by the shoulder and asked me what on earth I’d been doing down there in the basement. I told her I was helping one of the athletes, which I guess bears some sort of symbolical resemblance to the truth, since Danny did warm the bench sometimes during football season.

Now, I don’t know if you people still get erections. Some of the things I read in the newspapers psychologists are saying about sex and about boys are so crazy I wonder if you’re really the same species of people we are. For instance, you say if a small-cock boy is confronted by a guy with a big cock it will ruin him for life—he’ll have nightmares of being raped, it’ll spoil him for sex, he’ll never trust adults, and I don’t know what all.

Well, I did have dreams after this, all sorts of dreams, but they were all horny dreams, real pleasant dreams. And if upping your jack-off rate from three to four times a day is a symptom of spoiled sex then I guess I don’t know what spoiled is. Anyhow, what I felt that afternoon in the school basement was certainly not fear or disgust. It was enormous curiosity—and a tremendous itching in my cock [9].

That night, when I was getting ready for bed, Tammy came into my room and announced he had something important to tell me.

“I think I made my P-P give me an orasm,” he said.

I was in one of my big brother, big-shot moods. So I said, “What’s that?” As if I didn’t know, which I did.

“What you told me about,” Tammy said, hurt.

I sat down on my bed and sighed the way grown-ups do. “Okay,” I said, “tell me what you did and what you felt.”

And he said, “I was taking a bath and I used soap. I just kept on, and then it happened.”

And I asked, “What happened?”

And he said, “You know. The *feeling*.”

And I said, “You been getting that all along.”

And Tammy said, “Not like this. It got bigger and bigger and I couldn’t have stopped rubbing it if I wanted to, and then it just sort of went down again, only it’d never been so strong before.”

I doubted he’d had a real orgasm, but I told him, “That’s great, Tammy.”

And he said, “It was an orasm, wasn’t it?”

And I said, “Maybe, if you’re not making it up.”

And Tammy said, “I wouldn’t make up something as serious as this.”

I knew he wouldn’t. I said, “It’s not an orasm, it’s an orgasm, with a ‘g’. But that’s not what you should call it with the kids. They’ll call it a ‘come.’”

And Tammy said, “Can I show you, and then you can tell me if it is or it isn’t?”

And I said, “Not tonight.” ’Cause I was real tired, and besides Mom and Dad were still up and moving around the house.

And Tammy said, “Then some other night?”

And I thought, hell, when you finally learn to stay up on a bike, or do your first wheely, or skip your first decent stone, or ace an exam in a course you’ve been having trouble with, well you want to show it off to your family. So why not when you start to masturbate? And for that matter your first pubic hair, and your first drop of real sperm. Why can’t your big brother be there to see these things and appreciate them?

So I said, “Sure.”

And he said, “When?”

And I said, “Is there a big hurry?”

And he sort of shrugged and looked disappointed. So I said, “Because we should get a time when Mom and Dad aren’t around and nobody’s going to disturb us.”

And Tammy said, "Wouldn't Dad like it?"

And I said, "I don't really know. I'd rather it be just you and me."

By now I was laying back on my bed with my hands behind my head and Tammy was sitting beside me. We were both wearing undershorts. That's the way we used to sleep—and still do.

Tammy said, "Is yours hard now?"

I nodded.

And Tammy said, sort of wistfully, "Can't I see it?"

And I said, "Okay, sure," and pushed down my skivs a little so they were stretched across my upper legs.

Tammy looked at my cock and put a finger in his mouth. He didn't make any move to touch it, just stared at it, checking it out.

At last I said, "Seen enough?"

Tammy nodded. I pulled up my skivs. Tammy continued to stare at my crotch, thinking his own little boy thoughts.

So I told him it was time he went back to his room and let me get some sleep.

He said, "You going to jerk off?"

And I said, "Probably."

Now it was his turn to sigh, a real hard, quick but sincere sigh. "I wish I could just watch!" he said.

And I said, "When you show me, maybe I'll show you, too."

"Will you?" he almost shouted in joy.

I knew then I was in for the face washer. His arms locked around my neck and his mouth was everywhere, sliding over my cheek and nose and eyes and lips. He backed off for a split second, just long enough to grin one happy grin, then got the other side of my face.

"Yuck," I told him. "You gotta stop doing that, Tammy!"

And Tammy said, "Stop kissing you?"

And I said, "Stop drowning people in your spit."

And Tammy giggled and said, "I'm not drowning you."

And I said, "Okay, but next time warn me and I'll bring a towel."

Before spring I had one more unexpected meeting with Danny Robinson in the school basement. I almost tripped over him in the gloom.

He said, "I thought it was you, Stack," like my barging in was the most unexciting, perfectly natural thing in the world.

And I said, "Yeah, sorry, I didn't see you."

But he just told me, "Come on along side. We can jerk off together."

And I said okay, because I figured I'd do it to him while he did it to me, the way Brian and I were doing it pretty regular.

So I got laid out next to him on the wrestling mats and shoved my pants and *der*wear down, but when I made a move to grab his cock, he pulled away and said, "I don't go for gay stuff."

Now, that puzzled me. I didn't know what I was supposed to do. But he continued, "I figured you'd kind of want to watch. Most kids your age are curious. Anyhow, you ought to be curious. And I don't mind the company."

He wrapped his fingers around his penis and started to move them gently over the loose skin, eyes closed like the time before.

Then he asked me, "What do you think about?"

And I said, "You mean when I lie in bed doing that and stuff?"

And he said, like he was really getting into it, drawing the word out, "Yeah!"

And I said, "Oh, lots of things."

And Danny said, "Tell me about your girl-friends."

I didn't say anything, 'cause what could I say?

And Danny said, "You got any? A good looking kid like you?"

And I said, "I guess not."

And Danny said, "That's too bad, because it would make the feeling a whole lot nicer if you'd tell me all the sexy things you've done with girls."

It looked like this was turning into a disaster meeting. My cock was hard, but Danny was off in a hetero dream-world that didn't include my cock—or even me. I decided I'd find a secluded corner of the basement for my own wank and my own dreams.

But when I started to pull up my pants, Danny said, "Don't go yet. It's been four whole days since I done this. I got a feeling I'm gonna come gallons."

So I stuck around. He played with it and stopped and tickled it and massaged his balls and sped up and stopped and caught the pre-lube as it dripped out of his piss-slit and slicked it around his cock-head and the little nerve just down from there where all the feeling is. He rolled his head back and forth and sighed and licked his lips and twitched his feet, and after about ten minutes of this he finally started jerking in earnest.

"Okay, watch my cock now," he said, and a second later big clots of sperm were squirting out, much more than the first time, flying all over his stomach and his shoulder.

When he came down from his orgasm high, he asked me, "Do you want to use it?"

I said something intelligent like, "Huh?"

And he said, "To jack off with. A lot of kids do that. It's slippery." Then he smiled. "Besides, it'll make your cock grow."

And I said, "Grow? My cock, rubbing *your* sperm on it?"

And he said, "Well, maybe not really, but it sort of seems like it ought to."

Truth or no truth, the idea turned me on. I scooped up a little of what had spurted out of his piss slit and looked at it close. "I don't see any tadpole things in here," I told him.

And he said, "They're too small. You need a microscope."

I sniffed the stuff. "It just smells like bleach," I said.

And he said, "Sure. It won't hurt you. Go ahead."

So I put the sperm over my cock and started to wank. And he was right: it *was* slippery, at least for the first eight or ten pulls. And that's all it took. The idea of another boy's sperm there had me over the top before I could even think 'Jack-off Robinson.'

I was hoping, afterwards, that there would be some cuddling or hugging, like with Brian, but Danny just sat up and looked at his middle and said, "Man, what a mess!"

He pulled out a red cowboy handkerchief and cleaned up and tossed it to me. But I decided to let my cock stay wet. Maybe it *would* help it get big—sperm as Penis-Grow, like a cock version of that plant stuff.

A couple of weeks later Danny caught me in the hall and pushed me into the biology lab and I found myself staring through one of the school microscopes at this terrific tangle of spermatozoa wiggling and waving their thread-like tails.

"Yours?" I asked.

Danny shook his head and said, "I set it up for another kid that's just starting to come."

And I said, "Who?"

And Danny said, "Does it matter?"

And I said, "I guess not. Does yours look this way, too?"

And Danny said, “They all look pretty much alike.”

And I said, “And dogs and cats and cows?”

And Danny said, “I haven’t checked theirs out.”

I had an instant hard-on. I said, “Man, I’d like to jack off looking at these sperms.”

He sort of sighed, like he was tired of younger kids, and said, “Go ahead. I’ll guard the door.”

Danny was a good guy. A really good guy, one of those rare boys that did things for people he hardly knew even when there wasn’t anything much in it for him. He may not have been quick but he sure was thoughtful.

Anyhow, he kept watch while I pulled out my peter and slicked it up with saliva and pounded off looking at the wiggly human seed cells and wondering what twelve- or thirteen-year-old boy’s cock they’d come out of.

One day Brian took me aside in school and said, “Listen, I got it all set up. The Donovan family picnic is on Memorial Day. I’m going ’cause Troy’s my cousin, and Shane’s going because he’s Troy’s buddy, and you’re going because you’re my buddy.”

And I said, “Neat-O.”

And Brian said, “Maybe we’ll get to see those two big C-O-C-K-S after all.”

When the day came we had perfect weather. Troy’s dad brought a Navy surplus life raft to the lake for us kids to play on and inflated it with an electric compressor pump driven by an Onan motor. We took it out to where the water was deep enough to dive and anchored it upside down as a raft, and from then on until supertime Brian and I swam and dived and rough-housed with Troy and Shane, getting them, and us, thoroughly turned on.

“You got a boner!” I yelled one time when I was wrestling with Troy on top of the raft.

Troy jumped and said, “Hey, not so loud!”

So then I whispered into his ear, “Well, you do.”

And Troy said, “If yours wasn’t so small it would be pretty obvious I wasn’t the only one!”

I just smiled at him and blew into his face, and things might have got more sexy than was wise right then and there, with all the grown-ups drinking beer on the point not more than a hundred yards away, if Brian and Shane hadn’t come up in the air-pocket underneath the upside-down boat floor and started butting us with their heads.

A little later, by agreement, Brian and I flashed them. We were all four of us lying on our backs on the rubber bottom, the two older boys on the outside, and I gave the one, two, three, and Brian and I hauled down our trunks so our stiff cocks (they were still pretty little, and both hairless) sprang up above our tummies.

I was looking at Troy. He just gulped and stared and *froze* for what probably wasn’t more than a few seconds but seemed hours. I knew he wanted to reach over and stroke my pecker. I could see the hard in his own swim suit get even harder.

I told him, “Go ahead.”

And I let my cock sort of bow and stand up, bow and stand up—making it salute, Brian and I called it. You just tighten your asshole and relax it and tighten it again and your cock jumps around without your even touching it. It’s not too hard a trick, once you master it—but you do got to have a boner. If you people at the Institute doubt me, you might want to try it for yourselves. But maybe you don’t get boners any more. Or maybe there are special rules that people in your jobs can’t play games with your penises, at least not in the Institute buildings and on Institute time [[11](#)].

Anyhow, Shane put a stop to it. He said, “For this kind of show and tell, I think you kids better wait until it gets dark.”

Well, that's what we did. After the sun had gone down and we'd eaten and the grown-ups were boozing and singing Irish songs around the fire, Shane put Brian on his back and I hopped on Troy's back and we slipped off, horses and riders, in the black night to the tall grass where the point merges with the woods. There our horses dumped us, maybe fifteen feet apart, and then my horse was in the grass beside me, holding my hands above my head and *his* head looming up against the big night sky with all those jillions of stars. Between them and us fireflies zoomed and glinted. We could hear Brian and Shane giggling happily through the grass and, farther away, the grown-ups singing *When Irish Eyes are Smiling...*

Then Troy's head was coming down, blocking out the stars and the paths of the fireflies, and I felt his mouth on top of mine.

And that, I can tell you, surprised the hell out of me. I'd never been kissed before—I mean sexy-kissed. The first thing I thought of was my little brother Tammy with his face washers. Because Troy's lips were wet. They were warm and slippery and somehow soft, too, and tasted of the blueberry pie he'd just eaten. It took me a few beats of my heart to figure out what I was supposed to do, and even then, when I gave in to his lips, it was more because I was curious than because I liked it.

I suppose I was a lousy kisser. I didn't want to fuck up with Troy—I really wanted to be able to play with that big cock of his—but I wished he'd sort of let me know what to expect so I could have been prepared. That kissing bit just floored me.

Anyhow, he sensed my uneasiness, because when I didn't respond right he pulled away and said, "Is that a problem?"

And I said, "Gol, Troy, nobody's never tried to do that on me before. It's like... Well, I don't know if it's a problem or not."

And Troy said, "Okay, let's save it till next time."

And then it just seemed like we were naked without either one of us taking off any clothes. One minute I was being kissed and wondering what the hell I was supposed to do about that, and the next I was "bare-ass in the twilight grass", like The Camshafts sing, with Troy as close to being wrapped around me as any human being can.

I suppose I got to tell you people about using bodies in making love. All you shrink people ever write about when you describe kids and sex is penises (or cunts) and mouths and assholes. You always have a cock going into something; every time it gets up it's got to find a hole.

Well, that's not the way it is at all. Most of the time a cock just gets jerked off. Maybe, if two boys are fond of each other, they hold their hard-ons together in one hand and make little opposite hip motions that slide them back and forth slipperily against each other front to front. Or you lie together in a sort of moving hug, and that is what was happening now between Troy and me. I was half on my side, half under him. Our legs were wound around each other so each of our thighs was rubbing against the other guy somehow. We had our arms about each other's backs and our cheeks tight together, with chins buried in the pocket between shoulders and neck.

His hair was making a kind of tent over my face, and it smelled of the fresh lake water and still a bit of boy-hair.

And we were moving, every part of us just a little bit but our cocks quite a little bit more. It was the most unearthly, weird, exciting *total body* thrill I'd ever had. It was like what was happening wasn't just a cock thing. It was a cheek thing and a nose thing and a chest thing and a fingers thing and a hip thing and a leg thing, and a thigh and balls and penis thing, too, of course, because Troy's pre-lube was coming out in a sweet, strong seep and made a slippery place on our bellies for our cocks to glide that was better than any spit or sperm I'd ever used.

I must have groaned, because Troy said, "Darin, you making it, now?"

And I said, "You know it."

And Troy said, “Tell me when you’re getting close.”

And I said, “I already am.”

And Troy said, “All right, let’s go over the top.”

We *moved* over the top; we *hugged* over the top, and that was something totally new to me. We didn’t jerk or thrust or pound or thump. We rolled and glided to our orgasm and coasted over it with a great gush of sperm from Troy’s penis and that comforting set of clicks in mine.

And then I came back from wherever I’d been, ’cause it was like that hugging off had carried me all the way up to the Milky Way. Now we were relaxing and breaking apart. I heard again the grown-ups singing out on the point and saw the fireflies darting around and smelled the grass we’d bruised making out.

“Whew!” said Troy.

I don’t remember what I said, if anything. I just sort of snuggled into him, and the next thing I knew Troy was shaking me awake. The singing out at the point had stopped. I heard car motors and you could see beams of their headlights moving around above us in the dewy air.

“I’ve been holding you on top of me,” Troy said, “so you wouldn’t get cold. I came a couple of more times. Brian and Shane have gone back to the point and we’d better do likewise.”

And I mumbled, “Okay.”

And Troy said, “The last hour’s been the happiest of my life.”

I was fumbling around in the grass for my clothes, and I said, “It was that good?”

And Troy said, “*You* were that good!”

And I said, “Well, I wasn’t much at kissing. Where the fuck’s my T-shirt?”

And Troy said, “Do you love me?”

And I said, without really thinking, “Don’t be dumb. Help me find my goddamned shirt.”

And Troy said, “I’m in love with you, Darin. I know when I go home tonight I won’t be able to sleep. I’ll flunk my chemistry test tomorrow. I’ll be lousy on the baseball team.”

But before things could get too sticky Troy’s father started hollering for us to come in.

I rode home in the back seat of Brian’s dad’s car, with Shane and Brian. Shane whispered in my ear, “How’d it go?”

And I said, “Complicated, I think, but the make-out was pretty great.”

Later Shane murmured to the two of us, when the grown-ups in the front seat started singing again, “Can you imagine doing that all night long? Getting it on, coming, then sleeping a little bit, then waking up doing it, coming again, dozing, waking up again with somebody doing something nice to your cock, screwing around again. Just taking the sleep and the making out in easy, natural cycles. I mean, somewhere really private, where nobody’s going to walk in on you. A bare-ass, all-night cock-up make out.”

And I said, “No, I can’t imagine it.”

And Brian said, “Ya, so when you guys going to set it up?”

The Koster Institute for the Study of Sexuality
North Campus
Attic University
Capital City

To my fellow members of the Professional Ethics Committee:

Enclosed please find more of the transcripts which my part-time secretary has prepared from the tapes of young Darin Smith.

I thought our discussions at the November meeting were vital and constructive. I think most of us share Miss Manners' view that the apparently widespread practices which Darin describes should, for the good of all, be stopped, and stopped as quickly as possible, regardless of whether a few boys are embarrassed in the process.

I have checked with the Institute counsel, Mr. Tenney, and he advises that possession of the tapes by a local District Attorney would make prosecution relatively easy, since it would not be difficult to establish the resemblance between the taped voice and the live voice of the boy himself in the courtroom. Putting these transcripts alone into evidence, however, would be a more complicated matter, since someone would have to testify that the voice of the boy was identical to that on the (missing) tapes, and that the transcripts were a faithful copy of their contents—testimony which a good defense lawyer would have little difficulty picking holes in.

I also brought up with Mr. Tenney the point Mr. Fairleigh made that in all tapes received thus far, young Darin's sexual partners (if one can use this rather neutral term to describe the perpetrators of such acts as these!) would seem to have been seventeen years of age or younger. Mr. Tenney emphasized that the law, quite rightly in his opinion, takes a somewhat less severe view of sex between peers or near-peers than sex between children and adults. I did not press the point with him that there is little difference in the way a pre-pubertal boy perceives an adult man and the way he perceives a sexually mature adolescent.

Considering the fact that adolescents have more opportunity to interact privately and informally with children than do adults, and also keeping in mind that, in our morally indeterminate society and in the absence of sexual opportunities with girls, a number of quite heterosexual adolescent boys may turn, *faute de mieux*, to smooth-skinned, high-voiced pre-pubertal boys, my guess would be that, on a purely quantitative basis, *more* damage is done to the psycho-sexual development of boys by their older comrades than by the "dirty old men in raincoats" or the "perverted Uncle Harrys" of the world. The episode so graphically described by young Darin Smith of the two 16-year-olds seducing Darin and his friend on a family picnic is a case in point. I would even go so far as to say that a boy can be traumatized by an aggressive, sexually precocious *younger* peer.

However, legal precedent being what it is, this is beside the point. The District Attorney's office would not take an active interest in "boys just being boys". It would need evidence of involvement with an older person.

That such a possibility arises in young Darin Smith's account will be evident in these new transcripts. There is the episode in the caverns, for instance. Reference has been made earlier to an apparently current "big friend" whose name is Tim. We know little more than that—his family name, age, profession if he has one, whether or not the "friendship" involves homosexual acts—but perhaps that will become more clear in subsequent tapes.

At any rate, I hope you will consider our obligations *vis à vis* the law in light of this new possibility and be prepared to discuss it at our December meeting.

Very truly yours,

Nicholas Goldfarb, MD

Fourth Cassette

I read something in the paper the other day about a phys ed teacher who used to tie up his boy-friends when they had sex. There was a special room in his attic where he had a chair with straps on it and an iron-frame bed with shackles hanging off it—“like the tentacles of an octopus”, according to the newspaper. There was also an upright frame where his boys’ ankles and wrists could be splayed out toward its four corners. “Victims were held helpless while the most vile and degrading things were done to them,” according to shrink-for-the-D.A. Julius Markson who, of course, also said each of the “victims” would have to be in therapy for years (at one hundred bucks an hour) “and even then we might not be able to turn all of them around,” quote unquote.

You want to know what I think? I think the boys *begged* to be strapped down in that chair, or tied up in bed, or stretched out on the frame—and they had hard-ons all the time it was going on. My big friend Tim says to normal boys younger than, say, thirteen, who haven’t had their wits scared out of them by the shrinks and the preachers, tying each other up is a turn-on. That is if there’s trust involved. Convince a boy nothing’s really going to happen to him he doesn’t want to have happen and, hell, he’ll be *helping* you tie him up, and I think the story of our great “war” with the Loon Lake kids proves Tim’s point [[12](#)].

It all started a week or two after school let out for the summer. Tony was stopped on his bike by four boys from Loon Lake who somehow had learned about our little jerk-off circle. It seemed they had a similar sort of “club” and they challenged us to an “Olympics”—swimming, jumping, wrestling, running, touch football, we’d have to form committees to meet and work out the events—after which the losers would be “slaves” for the rest of the day to the winners.

Tony told them he couldn’t answer for the other kids but he would bring it up the next time we got together.

My big question was what did they mean by sex slaves.

Tony said, “Well, you got to suck dicks and stuff, I guess.”

And Kent said, “Do you have to take cock up your ass?”

And Tony said, “Not if we win.”

And I said, “I suppose that’s negotiable—in advance.”

And Kent said, “It better be. I wouldn’t mind going down on a Loonie, but I’ll be damned if I’d let him do any pervy things to my body!”

And Tony said, “You guys all talk about losing. Who’s going to lose? If we do this, we’re going to *win*! Besides, wouldn’t you like to feel your cock slide in between a pair of fresh Loonie buns?”

I should explain that to us kids in Pautagasset Falls, Loon Lake boys were Loonies—and to them we were Fallies—even though our football teams were called Spartans and Mohawks and the playoff in the fall was always the emotional high point of the season. Anyhow, I asked what these Loonies looked like.

Tony said, “Okay—just normal kids. They weren’t dirty or fat or nothing. I’d guess they were thirteen or fourteen, maybe a bit older than us.”

And one of the other off-jerkers said, “Then we’d be pretty sure to loose to them.”

And Tony said, “Not if we set up handicaps for weight and age and height and stuff. Let’s pull our puds thinking about it.”

I was on the negotiating committee. We’d agreed to meet with the Loonies on a Friday afternoon half way between their town and ours, so me and Tony and Brian were sitting around in this misty cedar swamp waiting when three boys materialized out of the forest like ghosts in a shriek movie. They acted formal, didn’t smile or anything. We sat down facing each other on two parallel fallen cedar trees and started to talk about the Events.

They had a wrestler and we had a wrestler; they had a swimmer and I was a swimmer. We could all play touch football, but we'd need an outsider to referee and we decided not to take that chance. There'd be knife-throwing, foot races, high and broad jumps.

Then we got down to what the victors would be permitted to do to the loser-slaves.

"No hurting anybody," Brian said.

They agreed to that.

And I said, "Buggering hurts."

And one of the Loonies said, "Sometimes it does and sometimes it doesn't."

And I said, "Well, it sure as hell would me."

And the kid sitting opposite me said, "Then we won't bugger you."

And Tony said, "You won't get the chance anyhow 'cause you're going to lose."

And one of the other Loonies suggested we work it into the handicap arrangements—if you want to bugger, or refuse to be buggered, you lose your advantage.

The boy opposite me was a lean-faced blond kid who looked about fourteen. He had exactly one pimple by the side of his mouth and his right eye was blue and the other hazel. I've heard that unmatched eyes goes with having a screw loose somewhere, and Tom—that was his name—did seem unusual. The best way to explain it is that he was calm but you could see underneath he was wound up like a spring ready to trip, and you didn't know what purpose he'd wound it up for. Tom turned me on—and I was pretty sure I turned Tom on. Whatever happened at the games, whoever won, if Tom and I were masters and slaves it was going to be pretty mind-warping.

When I returned home Tammy was jumping around all excited because Mom and Dad were away and not coming back until late in the evening.

"Where you *been*?" he wanted to know.

I told him that was none of his business.

He said, "We're wasting time... with our penises," and he pulled on my arm to show me he wanted to do it right there on the living room floor. "Nobody can see in the windows because I fixed the Venetian blinds."

So I figured if that was the idea he'd got in his head, why fight it? I've already told you about little kids—at least this little kid—and their ideas.

We pulled some pillows off the couch and made ourselves comfortable on the floor. I said to him, "Okay, show me what you do."

Tammy unzipped and shoved down his pants a bit along with his *derwear*. His penis couldn't have been much bigger than the last two joints of your little finger, but it was standing up stiff like it had never learned about the Latency Period.

He took it between his thumb and pointer finger and started jiggling the skin up and down. He looked at me and grinned a huge naughty and happy grin. I put my arm around him and pulled his head up onto my shoulder. He masturbated away, explaining how this was how he did it in bed and that was how he did it under the bushes in the garden, and how it was different when he did it in the bathtub, "because you got soap to use, only you can't do it too long because someone else is always wanting to get in."

And I asked him how long he figured on keeping it up, and he told me, "Until one of us gets tired. Aren't you going to show me how *you* do it?"

So I shoved down my pants and briefs like he had done, and he sort of sat up, poking an elbow into my chest, to look my cock over real close. That inspection, plus my playing with it, brought it up hard in about two clicks.

"Gol," he said, and turned back to look in my eyes. "Can I feel it?"

And I told him sure, go ahead.

And, let me tell you, what he did felt *weird!* My little brother's hands weren't soft like some. He was a busy kid, outdoors whenever he could manage it, and he had better calluses and thicker skin on his fingers and the palms of his hands than I did. So when he started playing around with my cock it was sweet and warm, but rough and sand-papery, too.

He squunched down and peered at it like a little kid watching a bug in the dirt from close up. He bent it this way and that and ran his rough thumb over the tip and spread its two tiny cheeks so he could open up the piss slit and peep into it. With his first finger he brushed the little nerve in the floppy skin below the head. He made an "O" with his lips and blew on it. I couldn't decide whether that felt good or just tickled, but I let him go ahead. He was very, very interested and there would be hell to pay, I knew, if I interrupted him.

So I just lay back in the cushions, stroking Tammy's shoulders now and then, as he took his time satisfying his curiosity. Finally he looked up at me and said, "How do you make sperm come out?"

And I told him, "I can't do that yet, I'm not old enough. I just get a little slippery stuff."

And Tammy said, "Can I make the slippery stuff come out?"

And I said, "If you do it right, which you're not doing now."

And Tammy said, "Show me."

And I said, "Okay, watch what I do."

I licked my hand and wrapped it around my cock and started pulling on it, letting the nerve part of the skin slip under my fingers. He watched this very seriously for about a minute, then said, "Let me."

The nice thing about a nine-year-old is that he doesn't gross out on you over everything. It was no problem for Tammy to handle my penis with spit on it; in fact later he added more of his own when I told him things were getting dry. If a little boy is sexual at all, he is open to *everything* that makes the feeling better [13].

Well, I came. I came very quickly. My orgasm shudder surprised him. He wondered if he'd done something wrong. I explained he'd done something right, obviously, and the proof was the slime he could feel around the piss slit.

"You can stop now," I told him. "I can't do it anymore." He asked me why, and I said, "Because that's the way it is after you get a come."

And Tammy said, "An orasm?"

And I said, "Yeah, an orasm."

And Tammy said, "It's growing soft."

And I said, prying his fingers off, "Just for a little while. You go ahead and pull on yourself for a bit."

So he lay along side of me with my arm around him and his head on my chest and my nose in his hair, while he played with his penis, talking to himself like little boys do: about his rabbits, a boy at school who could bend his thumb backwards until it touched his wrist, another kid who was dead-eye with a sling-shot, the fox he'd seen, his new track shoes and I don't remember rightly what all.

What I do remember is a wonderful light-as-air feeling. Part of it was the happiness you always get after a really satisfying come, but mostly, I think, it was having this terrific little kid, my brother, lying against me while he explored his jerk-off capacity.

About ten minutes later Tammy's gently moving body, and the smell of him and his hair, resurrected my penis. Tammy noticed it and asked, "Want me to do you again?"

And I said, "Wait, let's try something new."

I turned on my side and turned him so he was facing me. "We'll make it wet," I said.

He was staring into my eyes seriously. "Which one?" he asked.

And I said, "Both."

I dribbled spit onto my fingers and wet our two cocks and took them so their fronts were against each other, warm and tight and slippery, and then I started moving them against each other with gentle shoves back and forth with my hips.

And that was really beautiful. It was something like the big tight hug Troy had given me. But what made it special this time was Tammy's little hard-on snuggling up cozy against my peter. It felt like a well-sucked pencil—the eraser end, that is.

“You like it?” I asked.

And Tammy said, “Un huh.”

And I said, “It's unbelievable, but I think I'm going to come again.”

And Tammy said, “Wait... I'm getting a new tingle down there.”

And I said, “What kind of a tingle?”

And Tammy said, “I don't know... just don't stop... just...”

And then I shuddered and peaked—and so, for the first time in his life, did Tammy!

“Darin, Darin, I had a come. This time I really did!” he shouted. “I had an orasm! Whooppee!”

I should have known what he was going to do, but I was too late. He wrapped his arm about my neck, and if his other kisses had been face-washers, this one was a flood.

“Hey, Tam-Tam, for gosh sakes...” I said, but he was too happy and excited and proud of himself to even hear.

Troy had been mooning about ever since the picnic. We went around with different crowds, of course, but we'd see each other in town or cross tracks on our bikes, and every time that happened I'd get these long looks and sighs and stuff. It was flattering in some ways, but obnoxious in others. When you're twelve-going-on-thirteen you think love is pretty corny. And when you're with friends and someone turns love on *you*—well, it's embarrassing.

Troy trapped me in the McDonald's.

“Darin, I got to see you again,” he said.

And I said, “Well, you're seeing me now,” giving him a big smile.

And he said, “I mean alone.”

And I said, “I'm alone.”

He set his tray on the table and and sat down opposite me in one of the small booths and said, “Don't you feel *anything* after... the picnic?”

And I said, “Sure. I had a great time, diving off that rubber boat and...”

Troy gave me this tragic look and said, “Is that all you remember? Little boy jumping in the water and giggling and rough-housing? Don't you remember later?”

And I said, “Oh, yeah, those were terrific steaks your dad cooked. Better than this Big Mac any day, huh?”

And he said, “Darin!”

And I gave him my innocent wide-eyed look—or a look as wide-eyed as my narrow eyes are capable of—and said, “Well, there was some sort of making out in the grass after it got dark, but I don't really remember that very well...”

And he said, “Darin!” again.

And I said, “It made me awful sleepy, as I recall...”

And Troy smashed his fist down on the table, so the trays rattled and my empty milk-shake carton fell over on its side. I looked around to see if anyone was noticing, but the place was pretty deserted. Still, that got me mad, and I said, “Listen, I don't want you messing around in my reputation. You feel like ruining yours, that's your own business.”

Troy just pounded his fist in his palm.

So I went on, "Okay, I liked it. In fact it was real nice, but not so nice I'd want all the kids to know about it."

And Troy said, "As though it was anything new to them!"

And I said, "What do you mean by that?"

And he said, "You think I'm not on to what you and Brian and Tony and the others do behind the bushes?"

And I said, "Yes, I think you're not."

And Troy said, "Besides, you weren't so worried about your reputation when you flashed me and Shane out there on the raft."

And I said, "That was different."

And Troy said, "How was it different?"

And I said, "There weren't any other kids around."

And Troy said, sort of collapsing with his breath, "All right, I give up. I just want to make love to you again." Fortunately by then he had lowered his voice.

And that got me thinking. Troy and Shane *had* been fun on the picnic. All we needed was to be alone somewhere that was private and safe.

So I asked him, "How about a camping canoe-trip this weekend?"

He thought that over, staring hard into my eyes, then reached out and covered one of my hands with his. I jerked it back and got up and leaned over the table and told him, "Don't count on me sneaking off with you behind the bushes, as you say. You want *that*, well, you're the older guy—arrange something. I mean, that kids like me and Brian want to do."

The upshot of our little confrontation was not only that he bought my Big Mac and fries and strawberry shake but the next Saturday night he and I (and Brian and Shane), after an afternoon of furious paddling across the lake against a north wind and a big meal on Lone Tree Island of charcoal-broiled steaks, all crawled naked in our tent under a mound of opened-out sleeping bags and got it on with each other in one big tangle of arms and legs and cocks and balls, getting everything, including ourselves, royally soaked with sweat and spit and pre-lube and sperm. Troy kept trying to drag me off to the side so he'd have me all to himself, but I always managed to work myself back to the middle.

I don't know as you could call it an orgy, since nobody got penetrated. That wasn't something Brian and I even thought about with Troy and Shane. Oh, sure, we'd heard about bugging and knew some kids did it and it might be nice for the buggerer but we were pretty sure it would be horrible for the buggeree. I don't think it crossed Troy's or Shane's mind either, or if it did they figured it was something for gays and not normal kids. But orgy or not, we spent an awful lot of time hugging and licking and jerking and coming, and only about half of the night sleeping. At one point, I remember, I had Troy kissing me (he was big on romantic kisses), Shane playing with my penis that he'd slicked up good and Brian just sort of snuggling into me and nibbling me and feeling me up all over.

The sleeping half was nice, too. I'd managed, somewhere in the wee hours of the morning, to get myself between Troy and Brian. Troy was holding me from behind and I was holding Brian from behind, and Brian was holding Shane from behind. Troy's cock, which hardly went down all night long, was between my thighs and my cock was in the crack of Brian's ass. Troy was breathing into my hair and I was breathing into Brian's. And what I felt, lying on my side there in the middle, was a sort of current of trust and warm pleasure flowing back and forth, from Troy through me to Brian and Shane, and back again to Troy. It made me think how crazy us modern people were not to sleep in heaps the way the cave men probably did. Not that I'd want to be a Neanderthal or anything, but with his life so dirty and hard, the cave man must have felt snuggle-sleeping was the one time when he had it good.

I was in my own bed, sound asleep, alone, about a week later, when I was awakened by the noise of someone opening my window from the outside. It was the time of night when everyone is most zonked out, so it took me a second or two just to rub my eyes open. By then whoever had caused the noise was climbing over my window sill. I was about to yell—sure it was a burglar—when a hand came over my mouth and a fist pounded my shoulder twice, lightly. The “burglar” was whispering my ear, “Stack, it’s me. Don’t make a fuss. Can I get in bed with you?”

The hand came off my mouth. I said, “What the fuck! Shane! Jesus, it’s the middle of the goddamn night! What’re you doing *here*?”

And Shane said, “It’s exactly three-thirty-two, according to my wrist watch, which is all I’m wearing except my skivvy shorts. It’s colder than hell out here. If you don’t invite me into your bed I’ll crawl in anyhow.”

I moved over and felt his body slide under the covers beside me. “I thought you were Troy’s best friend,” I said.

And he said, “I am.”

And I said, “Does he know what you’re doing?”

And Shane said, “Nope.”

And I said, “Do you think he’d like it?”

And Shane said, “Nope. But a stiff cock has no conscience.”

And I said, “I thought Brian was your kid for that.”

And Shane said, “Well, tonight I couldn’t sleep so good. I hadn’t anything better to do so I started to jerk off. And you know what I was thinking about?”

And I said, “Girls.”

And he said, “Shit no. I think about girls most of the time, but tonight I was thinking about little Darin Haystack Smith.”

And I said, “I’m not so little.”

And Shane went on, “So I said to myself, hell, what am I doing this all alone for? Stack lives only a block away. And I remembered that tree outside your window, so I threw on my rferwear and here I am—but, Christ, it was colder than I figured. Now, warm me up some.”

He brought me into a big hug. Somehow he’d managed to park his skivs down by the tuck-fold at the bottom of my bed and now the tool he’d stopped jerking on back home was pushing bare on my hip and sliding around in its slippery stuff beside mine.

“Troy says you’d never kissed,” Shane told me.

And I said, “There has to be a first time for everything.”

And Shane said, “Do you mind if I try?”

I didn’t answer him except to lick my lips wet and push them up against his mouth.

I felt a great shiver go through him, and I wasn’t sure whether it was the thrill he got from my kiss, or the last of the chill coming out of his body. Anyhow, he kissed hard and fondly, confidently, trying this and trying that—twisting, rubbing, tonguing, teeth-clicking, nibbling—and I imitated him right back. He was a whole lot better kisser than Troy, maybe because making love to him was... well, less complicated.

Meantime, he had worked himself on top of me and was starting to hump. He took his lips off my face so he could breathe easier, but a little later he had his mouth buried in my shoulder and was nipping and sucking on it.

I could tell he was getting close, and I was looking forward to feeling orgasm shake him, as Brian told me it did, “from nose to toes” as he lay on me humping, when I had this horrible thought:

“Hey, Shane, what are you going to do about the sperm?”

And Shane said, “Huh?”

And I said, “Stop. Get off. Pecker tracks are going to look awful funny on my sheets tomorrow. Mom and Dad know *my balls* aren’t manufacturing any of that stuff yet.”

And Shane said, gritting his teeth, “Oh, Christ, I didn’t think!”

I crawled out of bed and fished around in my closet and got hold of a beach towel and spread it in bed under where I was going to put my butt.

Shane said, “You’re a smart kid. I like making out with a smart kid. This sort of thing can be dangerous if the other guy is dumb.”

And I said, as he got back on top of me, “Then talk in a whisper. If you don’t wake up Mom and Dad you’ll sure wake up Tammy.”

He kissed me again, bit my neck again. He was humping and stopping and humping and stopping and breathing all in a commotion. Finally he couldn’t hold out any longer and said, “Jesus, Stack, I gotta come, whether you’re ready or not.”

And I said, “I’m ready,” ’cause when you’re twelve you can come just about as quickly and as often as you want, lucky age!

And Shane said, “Hang on, here we go!”

He shoved and rocked and humped and twisted, until this terrific shudder went through him. It actually shook the bed. Then the hug of steel he had about my back relaxed and his head became a dead weight on my shoulder. His breathing went hard and even. Sperm from his cock (there was a lot of it, I could tell), ran down over my hip and puddled against my ass.

I’d come too, but it wasn’t nearly as dramatic as what had ripped through Shane.

Two comes later he was ready to go home. “I suppose I could try for a fourth,” he explained, “but then I’d be completely shot at work this morning.” (He had a summer job loading boxes on trucks.) “Kiss me goodby, Stack. And don’t forget to leave your goddamned window unlatched at night.”

Fifth Cassette

Before I forget it, I want to tell you about what happened to me last Sunday. There's several points to this that might be important in what you people do.

I was bicycling through the park that runs along the east shore of our lake. Two younger kids were coming in the opposite direction on their bikes. When they got closer I could see they were Puerto Ricans or something, because they had that sort of permanently tanned skin and coal-black hair you always see on ghetto kids from the city, if they aren't black. No Puerto Ricans live around here. No blacks either. Hell, the people in our county think blacks are some sort of race God cursed—and besides they'd be bad for property values. Sometimes city ghetto kids put their bikes and some camping stuff on the bus and come out our way for a weekend in the country, and that, I figured, was probably what these boys were doing.

Anyhow, I was observing them pretty close. As I said, I have narrow eyes, and they must have thought I was giving them a dirty look because, when we passed, one of the boys spat in my direction. I looked down at my pantleg and saw a sort of nest of silver bubbles lying there on the corduroy.

Now, if you stop to think about it for a minute, there's nothing so awful about spit. You swallow your own all day long. It doesn't turn you off; it doesn't turn you on. You use it to chew and jerk off in. But for some reason maybe you people can explain another guy's spit is, let's say, special. If you think he is sexy it's fine. I mean, think of spit swaps in a deep kiss. And sucking off. Licking wouldn't be half the fun it is if the licker didn't make it all slippery on the skin of the lickee.

On the other hand, if a boy, even a good looking boy, just hauls off and spits on you it makes you fighting mad. Now that really isn't very logical. Saliva isn't gross, like shit, unless you're eating something at the time. It's really awful innocent. And yet last Sunday, without even thinking twice, I whirled around and started chasing those kids.

I have a ten-speed; the boys had old clunker bikes, so they didn't stand a chance of getting away from ol' devil Darin. I pulled up beside the boy that had done the spitting and shoved him off his bike onto the grass. He got up and started to run. His pal pedaled off as fast as his feet could pump. Some buddy, I'd say. Hell, if I had a friend like that I'd never talk to him again!

Anyhow, I ran after the kid I'd shoved off his bike. I tackled him as he was scrambling through some bushes, and it didn't take me long, since I'm quite a bit bigger than he was, to get him spread-eagled underneath of me.

"Okay," I said, "what was all that about?"

The only answer I got was more spit, this time in the face.

So I brought my knee up into his groin and said, "Don't try that again."

But he did.

And I said, "I don't want to have to wreck your balls."

Well, it looked like we were going to spend the whole day spitting and threatening, 'cause if there's one thing I don't do, if I'm winning anyhow, is hurt a kid there. I was trying to figure out what I was going to do next when I realized he had a hard-on—and I mean a hard hard-on—pressing up through his Levis into my crotch.

I wonder if there aren't people—kids included—who're turned on by being defeated in a fight. Like getting spread-eagled under a bigger boy, being forced to do things, or not being able to stop things that are done to them. I mean, here was this kid, not much more than thirteen years old, and he'd done something to a complete stranger in a strange town that he knew makes most boys mad. And I'd tackled him and was lying on him, and he did the same thing again, and again. Did he have this in the back of his mind all along? Is getting held down and humiliated a turn-on for such a person?

Well, I didn't think all these thoughts at the time. All I knew was that he was cracking a boner, he was very handsome and I had him in my power after he'd deliberately insulted me. I grinned. I suppose it was

a kind of wicked grin—anyhow, it got his attention. I brought my head down and started smearing his spit off it onto his face. I rubbed my nose against his nose, my cheek against his cheek, my chin across his mouth.

By then I was hard, too, and he wasn't struggling any more. I let go of his wrists with both hands and loosened both our flies, then shoved our clothes down to bare us where it counted the most.

All this time I was looking into his eyes. The anger had gone, if there had ever really been any. We were both just plain horny, but I wasn't sure at first how to play it. Assuming he was a normal kid, he was bound to have done slick-leg with other boys—probably he was planning to pull off that same night with his bicycle pal. I gave a sort of questioning shove with my cock. He shoved back. I shoved again. He returned. Then he closed his eyes and wrapped his arms around my back and started heavy-breathing and digging his chin into the little hollow where my neck and shoulder meet.

He smelled like a boy in puberty that hasn't washed in a week. His hair was rank, his skin had that peculiar stink of a dozen boy-sweats he'd worked up and let dry since he'd last taken a shower. I suppose it will sound pretty perverted to you people, but all those rich boy smells were a turn-on. I moved my face across his and started kissing him on the mouth.

His eyes opened in astonishment. His lips tightened against me. On purpose I humped against his hump to break up the rhythm he was getting his kicks from.

"Kiss me!" I said.

And he said, "No way."

And I said, "I'm going to make you."

And he said, "You only do that with girls."

And I said, "And with older guys that you gotta do what they say."

I'd seen a flash of incredibly white teeth when we'd been fighting. I wanted to see more of those teeth. I wanted to taste them, feel them nibble. But you can't do that very well when a guy's got his lips clamped tight against you like a slammed door.

So I grabbed his face with one hand, held it firm and got my thumb and first two fingers around his jaw and squeezed like you do on a dog to make him give up a stick. That way I pried his mouth open. There were those fabulous teeth, gleaming wet and sharp! I sucked my mouth down again and pulled his upper lip inside.

He sort of moaned or grunted or gargled, like he was trying to say No, No! or Fuck off! Then he just plain gave up, let me kiss him, but without returning. I still wouldn't let him get a decent cock-slide on me. I wanted more than just a passive mouth.

At last he was too horny and frustrated and overpowered to resist. His grip around my shoulders and neck tightened, his lips erected into mine, and he was writhing into me, breathing heavy, almost snorting, through his nose.

By now, thanks to my drooling cock, we were fantastically slippery down below. I set the rhythm and let him join in. A shudder went through his body. The kiss ended, because both of us needed our mouths open to breathe. I didn't need to ask him how close he was. Both of us were right there, climbing the stairs to the stars, as The Camshafts sing.

When the boy came he jerked and shivered and then slowly relaxed and lay still underneath me. I rolled off of him and sat sort of sideways on my butt, pulling up my pants. There was a big slippery, shiny spot between the kid's navel and where his pubes were going to be in another year, and a couple of white gobs of my sperm were trying to make it down over his right hip into the grass. From the look on the boy's face, though, he seemed to be off in his own world—eyes shut, one hand sort of suspended in mid-air as though it had forgot what it was about to do.

I pulled a handkerchief out of my pants and wiped the sperm clots off his hip. He opened his eyes.

"I better get out of here," he said. He started working his ass back down into his shorts and Levis.

I got up. He got up, turned his back on me and walked over to where we'd abandoned our bikes, with me following after. When we were picking up our wheels I grinned at him and said, "I guess you'll think twice before spitting on a strange boy again."

And he said, "I'm glad I did," sort of squinting at me into the sun and fingering his crotch.

I shrugged.

And he said, "Otherwise you wouldn't have gotten my rocks off so nice."

He gave me just the slightest bit of a smile, so I got a glimpse of those beautiful white teeth again. Then he was off on his bike, standing to pump, chasing up his buddy. Probably the whole sex scene hadn't lasted more than five minutes [[14](#)].

Now, what I want to say about this is that yesterday I read in the paper how some psychological research institute has proven that overpowering a boy to have sex with him is worse than murder, because with a murder it is all over very quickly, but a sex victim has to live with the terrible memory for the rest of his life.

And as I read that bullshit all I could think of was the Puerto Rican boy telling me, "I'm glad I did. Otherwise you wouldn't have gotten my rocks off so nice."

Anyhow, to get back to that summer when I was twelve.

There's a swamp on the east side of the Pautagasset River five miles above our town, but in the middle of it there is a kind of solid-ground meadow that gets turned into a cow pasture every so often. How farmers move their cattle over there I don't know, because getting into that meadow, even for a group of twelve- and thirteen-year-old boys, is a real chore.

The advantage of the place is that, when the cows aren't occupying it and you are, nobody's going to snoop on you, unless he's in an airplane. And if anybody'd looked down there from some Cessna or Cherokee on that July Sunday when we held our Olympics with Loon Lake, about all they'd have seen were boys running and jumping and stuff.

I suppose I better bring us up to date on each of the kids on our team. Besides me and Brian, there was Tony, who was into sports and was our wrestling competitor. Kent at thirteen was pushing up fast to almost six foot (and a cock trying hard to match it.) He was our jumper.

Wayne was a pleasant chubby boy with an easygoing personality. He wasn't really fat, although sometimes when he smiled his face looked wider than it was long, what with his fine straight hair parted in the middle and hanging out over his ears at the sides, and when he relaxed in his swim suit some of his baby-fat hung out over the stretch band. Pete was shorter than I was, older than me, and wiry and nervous. He always seemed to be jerking—his head, his arms, his shoulders. He had a sort of triangular face that narrowed down to a pointed chin. Nobody could really call him good looking, but the fire in his body when he jacked off with us turned up everyone's feelings a little. He was one of those people who somehow reeks of sex without even trying.

On the Loon Lake team there was Tom and a sort of typical spread of small town kids: blonds, brunettes, guys on both sides of puberty. We shook hands all around. Nobody smiled. Tom and Tony, who was our chief, made the announcements, and then the events started.

Well, these tapes are about sex, not sports, so I won't go into every event and how each of us did in detail. If you lived in these parts you'd know that meet was the beginning of the famous Save the Pautagasset River League (SPRIL, for short) which today, shorn of sex but filled with Ecological Concern, is as much a grownup thing as a kid thing.

Anyhow, although I won my hundred meter swim event (in a stinking swamp channel, climbing out all covered with mud) our team, on total points, lost to Loon Lake, and after a so-so lunch each of us found

ourselves stripped and tied with our hands behind our backs around individual birch trees, waiting to see what our captors had in mind for us.

One by one they hauled us away—first Tony, then Wayne and Brian together, then Pete and Kent, until I was left alone in the birch grove. For a long time nothing happened. I didn't hear anything, outside of one loud "Oh, no!" from Tony way off somewhere on the other side of the meadow. I slipped down against the tree trunk until I was sitting on my butt with my legs stretched out in front of me.

At last I saw Tom coming across the meadow, dressed in his sport jersey and shorts and running shoes, chewing on a piece of grass. He was in no big hurry. When he got to where I was tied up he stared at me for a long time. Finally he said,

"I think you're not much interested in sports."

I just nodded.

Tom said, "I am. You won't believe this, but I'm a swimmer."

And I said, "Then why did you guys put that other kid up against me?"

And Tom said, "Because we figured it wouldn't be fair otherwise, especially since you gave up your handicap over bugging." He dropped to his knees beside me.

And I said, "Well, it didn't make much difference. I did my damndest in that channel and won and came back looking like the Creature from the Lost Lagoon, but here I am tied up to this goddamned tree without any clothes on and there you sit looking cool and comfortable..."

But Tom interrupted me: "Do I turn you on?"

And I said, looking down at my lap, "That's pretty obvious, isn't it?"

Tom took the piece of grass out of his mouth and started tickling my cock-tip with its bushy end.

He said, "I'm glad. I had to do some pretty fancy bargaining with my team members to keep them out of this. I wanted you all to myself."

And I said, just a bit nervous, "To do what to?"

And he said, "I'm not much of a romantic. I don't have a lot of fancy talk. I act. At school I always have a hard-on and the teachers are very nice and intellectual and everything, but they're no *help*. I have a handful of books when what I really need is a handful of meat."

He flicked away the piece of grass that he'd continued to tickle my cock with and touched my hair. Then he ran the back of his knuckles very lightly across my forehead and eyes and cheeks and nose.

"Nice lips," he said, touching them, too. Then he leaned over and brought his face slowly closer to mine. I saw him flick his tongue quickly over his lips. I leaned my head back against the smooth paper bark of the birch and closed my eyes and waited. At last his moist lips closed on mine and my feelings, like my cock, stood on end.

Every kid's kisses are different. Tam-Tam's were wet-cool and little-boy innocent, Troy's were tentative, Shane's hungry, but Tom's were—how shall I say it—deliberate kisses, if that makes any sense. They were designed to turn me, not him, on. They were teasing and powerfully arousing, the kind of kiss where the kisser doesn't get one hair of his head mussed up (although Tom's hair was already mussed in an attractive sort of way).

There was something else, too. Do you know how your skin, the palm of your hand, for instance, smells when you wake up in the morning—sort of sweet and musty and human? Well, that's the way Tom's lips smelled when he kissed me, and I think it was the sexiest smell I'd ever breathed through my too-small kid's nose. That wonderful scent of Tom's lips went all through me, and came to one great crashing pile-up in my penis.

After about a hundred years of kissing my mouth, he drew back and looked into my face. I couldn't hide what his kiss had done to me. I imagine I was flushed. I knew I was breathing all in a commotion. Then I saw something I hadn't even noticed before. Sticking out of the little breast pocket of his jersey was a feather, a long grey one with a stiff quill.

Tom said, “I think you deserve a reward, after that kiss.”

He smiled, sort of to himself, drew the feather out of his pocket, touched my nose and my lips with it, then dropped it to my cock, teased its tip, ran it down over the front, and over the top of my ball-sack, and up again along the little red nerve to the tip again, where he drew it around and around in circles and over the mini-cheeks either side of the piss slit.

My body gave a gigantic shudder. My teeth chattered (not from cold—those old hormones had me burning up!). I stuttered out something like, “Jesus in a wheelchair, you call that a *reward*?”

And Tom said, continuing to tickle, “Oh, it’s not over yet!”

And I said, “Yeah, but it will be for me.”

And Tom said, “Don’t worry, I won’t let it go so far.”

And I said, “Man, this *is* a torture!”

And Tom said, “It’s a victory celebration.”

And I said, “I don’t really see there’s much in it for you yet.”

And Tom said, “We’ve just started.”

He tickled my feelings up and up, getting closer and closer to the edge, and when he judged (I don’t know how he did it) I was about to come, he took the feather off my cock and started brushing it around on my stomach and nipples and face. Then he kissed me again, the same deliberate, slightly cool, enormously sexy kiss which I took and returned with my head back against the tree trunk and my eyes closed. When I opened them again he’d skinned out of his jersey and kicked off his shorts and was rising naked on his knees toward me, with his cock sticking out straight in front of him.

Let me describe Tom’s cock. Like his face and his body, it was classically simple and well-formed: straight, circumcised, with a helmet sort of head that lay well back along the shaft behind. That autumn it was probably four inches long: an out-sticker rather than an up-sticker. What I mean is, it didn’t erect tight against his belly the way Kent’s did, and it didn’t bow back like it was getting ready to shoot its owner in the eye with bullets of sperm. Full hard, it poked out from his hips, and now it was poking at my face.

Because Tom had straddled me, one leg either side of my hips. He had his left hand in my hair and his right hand around the base of his hard-on and he was rubbing it all over my face.

That was what Deadly Earnest Maylor, the school bully, used to do to us when we were littler kids. It was supposed to be the worst thing that could happen to you, especially if Deadly’s penis was dirty and stinky, as it usually was. Well, Tom’s cock was clean as a preacher’s mind *after* he’d just jacked off. It had that nice sweet smell of skin, the tip was soft and warm and, at first, dry, and even if Tom hadn’t a firm grip in my hair, I don’t think I would have turned away from it.

I felt it rub over each eyelid and each cheek and each nostril, till it came to my lips and sort of rested there. I assumed Tom wanted it kissed, so I pouted my lips forward—and then found the sneaky tip was pressing against my teeth like it had a right to go inside.

Well, even though I hadn’t *done* anything like this before, I wasn’t totally ignorant. Guys at school talked about cock-sucking and blow-jobs and sixty-nining, but, like buggering, that was something perverts did, not normal kids. I’d never even thought about having a cock in my mouth—seriously, sexually, that is.

Now Tom was pushing his cock and his grip in my hair was getting painful. “Open up,” he said. I shook my head.

He hunkered back on his heels and asked me, “Why not?”

And I said, “Guys don’t do that.”

And Tom said, “Yes, they do. I want a BJ and you’re going to give me a BJ.”

He rose forward and pushed his cock at my mouth again, and this time I opened up. He started slowly working it back and forth inside my lips, with both hands now on the back of my head.

It was, well, a wonderful feeling. What a lot of nonsense boys can talk among themselves about sex! It's almost as bad as what grown-ups tell you, and that's because they take what grown-ups say much too seriously. The cock of a boy you go for *belongs* inside your mouth—and your cock inside his. There's nothing mysterious about it. There's not a hell of a lot of technique to be learned. You don't have to be super-intelligent to do it right. Everybody's got a cock. Everybody's got lips, teeth, a tongue and spit. Put them all together and you got BJ.

Anyhow, Tom's cock felt good—and it was acting like it was right at home, too.

“Use your tongue,” Tom commanded. “Along the underside. Good. I'm going to come in your mouth in a few minutes. Ever tasted sperm before? I didn't think so. Mine's not thick like an older guy's. It's mostly just slippery and a little salty.”

Before he let himself go over the top he unplugged his hard-on from my mouth, wiped it dry on my face and gave me some more of the feather-tickle torture, until I was almost hollering with turn-on pleasure and frustration. I won't even *try* to tell you what kinds of grunts and moans and swear words came out of my mouth—I just know if it had gone on much longer I'd have been a candidate for the looney bin.

Then he had his cock in my mouth again—and mine dancing in mid air behind him. In and out it went; in and out. I tongue-tickled, sucked, moved my head against the gentle thrusting of his hips. Spit bubbles snapped. My lips made rude suction noises as the cock-head glided in and out between them.

And then all at once orgasm froze him. I felt the clicks of his cock on my tongue and some slime rolled out the back of my throat. He gasped. Then gasped again. Slowly he relaxed, but continued to hold his cock deep in my mouth by pushing his hairless stomach into my face. I swallowed—my saliva and his ejaculation—but his cock didn't go down. It stayed hard.

And Tom said, “It's not over yet. I usually do three in a row.”

Well, to make a long story short, he did, although the last one must have taken ten minutes of sucking and tonguing, and by then my arms and shoulders were really aching from the unusual position I was in. But that was nothing compared to what was going on in my cock and balls. They didn't need the feather treatment to be right at the edge. All the pleasure my mouth had from Tom's cock (and there was a lot of it) was translated into frustration agony down below. I tried for a come. It seemed like even a breeze could set me off, but it didn't happen. My cock continued to reach for the sky, but the sky had no touch in it, and a touch was the one thing, the only thing, my cock was telling me it wanted!

After Tom had his third orgasm his penis did go slack and sort of slid out of my mouth like a snake. Then he dressed and went behind the tree and started fiddling with the ropes that bound my wrists.

“I'm adjusting them some,” he said, “so in about fifteen minutes you should be able to work them loose.”

And I said, “Fifteen minutes! Hey, what about *that*?” —nodding down at my dancing cock.

And Tom said, “I'm sure you'll know what to do about it, once you got your hands free.”

And I said, “You *bastard*!”

And Tom said, walking off, “So long, Darin Smith. I'm sure we'll see each other again.”

When I finally got loose it took just five seconds, and three jerks of a spit-wet hand, to bring my cock over the top— and not more than five minutes to come again. Then I gathered up my clothes and got into them and wandered out to the meadow, where the other stunned members of our team were sitting around in a kind of exhausted trance.

“Are we gonna let them get away with this?” I asked.

And Wayne said, “They just did.”

And I said, “Without retaliation?”

They thought about that for a while. And then Brian said, “I think they'd be pretty disappointed if we didn't try to get back at them somehow.”

We all laughed at that, but going home, slogging through the swamp and riding our bikes, we were all pretty quiet, like kids are when they're trying to make plans.

Those two jerk-offs in the birch grove after Tom got through with me weren't the end of it. By the time we were back in town my penis was standing on end again.

So was Brian's. At his home we raided his fridge and were sitting at the breakfast counter pouring pop down our throats when he started squirming around arranging his boy organs in his *derwear* and pants.

"Problems?" I asked.

And he said, "First things first," and burped and grinned at me and grabbed his crotch and outlined his erection through the cloth, and continued, "That's the order of priority of stuff you have to do something about, isn't it? First pain: you got to get rid of that. Then thirst, then hunger, then sex. Want another Coke?"

And I said, "Yes, thanks."

With the fresh bottle I started drinking sexy. If you don't know what I mean, you catch the other guy's eye and turn your bottle up and sort of suck on the neck and push your lips out like in a kiss or a B J and move the bottle a little in and out. When I saw Brian doing that back I was pretty sure he'd been made to suck off *his* Loony too.

Anyhow, Brian opened his fly and yanked out his stiff pecker and pretended it burned his fingers: "Ow! It's too hot to handle. Quick, let me cool it off!"

I shook up my Coke like it was a fire extinguisher and got ready to spray his cock down, but he leaned over and dribbled spit onto it and smeared the slippery-wet around, making steam-hissing noises over his tongue. "Whoo Wheel That's better," he said. "Haul yours out and keep me company."

And I said, "Here? Just like this?"

And he said, "Sure, Stack, look how good it makes Little Brian feel."

And I said, "Well, Little Darin wouldn't feel so hot if I was giving him the treatment and in comes your mother and father."

And Brian said, "You worry too much."

And I said, "Sometimes I worry too little."

And he sort of narrowed his eyes and settled down to a good steady jerk-off and said, "Did Tom make you suck his cock?"

And I blushed and nodded.

And Brian said, "They made me do it, too."

And I said, "How did you like it?"

And Brian said, "I had no choice."

And I said, "Is that what you're thinking about now?"

And Brian said, "It was that kid you swam against. He had a pork-roll. First he made Tony suck it—we were tied together kneeling side by side—and then he rubbed it wet all over my face. Then he made me suck it and rubbed it wet all over Tony's face. Then he made us both lick it at the same time. Man, there was a lot of skin there to suck in and out and lick up and down!"

And I said, "Doing BJ I found kind of sexy, didn't you?"

And Brian said, "Kind of?! Criminee, it blew my mind and I couldn't blow my balls!"

And I said, "Are you going to try that with any of our gang?"

But by then he was too far gone with his wanking to answer. He sat on that counter stool and rubbed and jerked and gasped and got a sort of glassy look in his eye. It didn't take him more than fifteen seconds after that to bring himself off. When he came back down he gave me one of his famous friendly grins and said, "Man, I needed that!"

Then he wiped his fingers off on my pants.

When I got home I locked myself in the bathroom and took a little more time than Brian had. Still, it was an emergency jerk rather than a pleasure jerk.

I got my pleasure that night when Tammy climbed into bed with me and lay down on my stomach with his smooth little sweet-smelling cheek against mine and said, “I’m gonna wiggle around like this until I get an orasm, and then I’m gonna go to sleep *right here*.” And I said, “How about a kiss.”

He got ready to give me his usual, but I was too quick for him. “No,” I said, “I mean a very special kiss.” I took his face in my hands.

And he said, “What’s a special kiss?”

And I said, “A kiss you’ll do only with me—and later, when you get to be a big boy, with girls.”

And he said, “I can’t kiss Mummy that way?”

And I said, “No.”

And he said, “Or Daddy?”

And I said, “No. Just me. Are you ready?”

And he said, “Uh huh.”

I put his lips to my lips and gently sucked on them. Like all of his skin, they were incredibly tender and soft and sweet. But what surprised me most was that Tammy didn’t act like it was strange in any way. I suppose there’s always so much new in the life of a little boy that, with somebody he trusts, he’s game for almost anything that doesn’t hurt. Anyhow, pretty soon we were playing tongue games and lick games and he was “wiggling” on top of me and I was rocking my hips against his wiggle. Then I came, with one great rush of warmth and affection for my little brother. Tammy had his “orasm”, too, a minute or two later. And we did fall asleep that way—speaking for myself, in a sort of magic spell of happiness—although when I woke up in the morning Tammy was way off at the side of the bed with half the covers wound round his arm.

It’s a good thing Shane didn’t choose that night to climb into my bedroom again. I wasn’t worried about Troy—he’d never have got up the nerve. In fact he was treating me more and more like the Holy Mary Mother of Jesus—and he had the exclusive rights to worship my body.

Troy trapped me one day when my family was out and followed me up to my room and started going on and on about how he was thirsting for my kisses and he longed to breathe again the sweet perfume of my lips and hair. Well, I must have eaten something rotten the night before because adding to my sour mood was the fact that my guts were in a turmoil. In the middle of his monologue I got up from the chair where I was sitting, turned my butt to him and let out a long, noisy, and very relief-giving, fart.

And he said, “Darin!” in this deeply grieved tone.

And I said, “All for you.”

And he repeated, “Darin!” and then, “Oh, Jesus!” Because the smell was really awful. It seeped into every corner of the room and hung there, refusing to go away, and our noses refusing to get used to it.

Troy made a move to open the window, but I said, “No. We just painted it,” which wasn’t true.

And Troy said, “Well, we can’t sit here and do nothing!”

And I said, “Why not?”

And he got up gagging and gave me his tragic look again and said, “This is unworthy of you.”

And I sing-songed the old rime, “Better to fart and bear the shame than hold it in and suffer the pain.”

And Troy said, fleeing, “I want you to know that this has not reduced you in my esteem one little bit.”

Well, it had, thank heavens. I didn’t see Troy for a while, but the next time we ran into one another he treated me like any other younger boy, and has ever since.

Sixth Cassette

Summer was over at last. I turned thirteen and we all went back to school. I grew one hair, a little to the right of my pecker, and the next week a bit of fuzz on the left side looked like it might develop into something yellow and curly, too. I noticed my voice was coming out of me funny: hoarse, deeper, sometimes cracking up into the way I'd used to talk when I was a lot younger.

I showed my first two hairs to Dad. He said, "That's not the only thing that's growing. I better ask Mum to see there's a Kleenex box beside your bed."

And I blushed with pleasure and said, "Yeah, that'd be a pretty good idea."

And he said, "Well, congratulations. I've actually raised one son into puberty—and what a handsome kid he is!" [\[15\]](#)

Dad was right about my cock. Those three months before Christmas it probably had the most spectacular growth in my whole life: every few weeks it seemed to double in size. Before, I'd jerk off with two fingers along the front—now I was using my whole hand. And the orgasms were better and better. I wasn't just getting a little slime at the end: lots of stuff was coming out and it wasn't clear any longer and it had more and more the taste of bleach.

Kent was spunking too, rather spectacularly, as a matter of fact. His cock was as long and skinny as he was and the streamers of sperm he shot were long and skinny, too. Tony's was oozing a lot of pre-lube (so he didn't have to use saliva any longer) but no real spunk. Wayne was growing taller and losing his baby-fat, although his cock was still small and completely dry— well, during sex, anyhow.

We hadn't forgotten the Loonies—and they hadn't forgotten us. Kent and Wayne captured one of them and got cocks in both holes at the same time. They said he enjoyed it. One of the Loonies almost got Brian, but Brian is pretty fast on his feet and he managed to get away. Then winter settled in and that made things more difficult. Tony checked out some of their routines. A couple of times he took the bus over to Loon Lake after school and snooped around and came back with the information that every evening my old captor Tom would leave his farm home right after supper, bike through some back trails if the weather was dry to the community center pool, swim there for a couple of hours and pedal home.

The trouble with what we wanted to do was the weather. How do you hang a sex slave party on a kid in a strange town in freeze-ass January? We could capture Tom all right, but we couldn't haul him into someone's house, for Chrissake!

And then we remembered the Ranger cabin, and that Wayne's dad had a key to it. So on one particular Thursday afternoon Wayne was detailed into starting a fire over there and warming the place up, while the rest of us went to the bicycle path and waited for Tom to show up.

Just after dark we saw his bike light flickering through the twigs, and then there he was, breathing white into the glare of our flashlights.

I said, "Hello, Tom. You remember me?"

And Tom said, lips curling down into a kind of a smile, "Oh, sure. So you want to try a little turnabout."

And I said, "No, we're not just trying."

And Tom said suddenly, whirling around and climbing on the pedals, "You are until you catch me!"

But Tony and Brian jumped out of the bushes. They pinned Tom's arms behind him, tied his wrists together with rope and helped him off his bicycle. Then I put a gag in his mouth and a rope around his neck and we set off.

Have you ever seen those cowboy movies where the Indians have captured a white man and are leading him back to their camp with his neck in a noose for the women and children to torture? Well,

that's what it reminded me of, except there was snow on the ground and we had to break trail, and it only took us a half hour to reach the cabin.

But then the darndest thing happened. The cabin was warm. We got Tom out of his clothes, all except for his shoes, because it was cold and draughty on the floor, and we were just tying him up in a doorway (so we could get at him from the front and the back) and he was pushing up a nice stiff hard-on anticipating what we were going to do to him, when he got away from us, grabbed his pants and, before we could stop him, was out of the cabin and into the night.

Tony said, "Let him go."

And Brian said, "Yeah, he'll be back."

But I said, "What makes you so sure?"

And Brian said, "He won't go far without a shirt and a jacket."

And Kent said, "It can't be more than ten degrees out, and blowing."

But they hadn't reckoned on Tom's determination. After a few minutes when he hadn't returned I said I was going after him.

Tony said, "You sweet on that Loonie or something?"

And I said, "Hell, we can't just let him freeze to death."

And I climbed into my parka, grabbed Tom's and was gone.

Kent was right. It was way below freezing and it was blowing—fine surface snow that glinted in the moonlight and seemed to cut into your face like diamond dust.

Once I got Tom's footsteps sorted out from the tracks we'd made coming in, they were easy enough to follow. He was heading cross-country, orienting himself, probably, by the moon, and going in a direction that would take him home. He'd started off at a run, but pretty soon he hit a cedar swamp and had to crawl over down trees. When he came out into more open woods I could see he was beginning to drag his feet. Then the track started to wander. In one place he'd stood for a bit, at another he'd rested on a log. And then the trail stopped and I almost stumbled over his body.

He had tried to cover himself with cedar boughs. He had rolled into as close to a ball as he could get. And, although he had a good strong heart-beat, he was very still.

I opened my parka, knelt beside him and got him into a kind of hug, at the same time pulling his own jacket around his back. We stayed that way for about five minutes. When I felt I'd got a little emergency body warmth into him, I put his jacket on over his arms but left it unzipped and lay down with him on the cedar boughs in an open-jacket hug.

I could slowly feel him start to recover. He whispered my name a couple of times. I kissed him on the lips. The kissing made my cock come up in a rush. So before *that* could get out of hand I hauled him to his feet, zipped him up and told him, "Now, we gotta start walking."

We made it. I don't know how we made it, but we did. Toward the end I was more carrying him than letting him lean on me. I got him to his house, let him collapse on the porch, banged on the door and then ran off and hid in the bushes. In about fifteen minutes an ambulance came sirening up the farm road and hauled Tom away on a stretcher. I went home really worried.

I should explain to you city people that there is such a thing as hypothermia—your body temperature gets so low for so long that you just can't recover. You "freeze to death," in other words, but you can just as easily do that in a hospital room hours after you've been exposed to the cold as out in a cedar swamp in the middle of winter. So I was scared Tom would actually die that night, and for the next several days I read all the papers I could get hold of, including the locals. There were no death notices, however, and even the hospital news in the Loon Lake weekly didn't mention Tom. So after a while I just forgot about my fears.

Then one day I was walking back from school along the frozen lake shore and I came over somebody's pier and there was Tom sitting on the other side. I just about jumped out of my skin, because I

figured he was bound to have a friend or two around to help him play turn-about on turn-about.

He said, "Never let the other guy see you're scared. Rule number one."

And I said, "Christ, Tom!" Then, "Where you got the other Loonies stashed?"

And Tom said, "I don't know. Home, I guess."

I said, "You mean you came alone?"

And he said, "Yes. I thought I ought to let you see I'm okay."

And I hunkered on my heels and said, "Yeah, that's great."

And he said, "I wouldn't be alive if you hadn't tracked me down out there."

And I said, "You were a damned fool."

And Tom said, "So it turned out. Anyway, I guess I owe you a fuck, if that's what you want. There's no one at home till tomorrow afternoon. We can be there on our bikes in a half hour."

And he was so damned attractive sitting there on the pier with the frozen lake in the background, breath streaming white, blue ski hat, blue parka, his blue and hazel eyes sparkling in the cold sunlight!

Still, I shook my head. There was something about the set-up that turned me off. I said, "Maybe some day we'll make out, Tom, but not like this. Besides, what would your friends think?"

And Tom said, "What I do with my body privately is none of their business. And they won't know."

And I said, "Don't you ever just want to get it on for the sake of getting it on?"

Tom thought about that for a moment and said, "No."

And I said, "Does it always have to be a kind of competition? With somebody winning?"

And he said, "Something like that."

And I said, "Then you must do an awful lot of lonely pulling on your pud."

And he said, "I've about given up masturbation. It's kid stuff. It doesn't get you anywhere." And then he added, "Except the night before an important meet coach says it's a good idea to jerk off your excess tensions."

And that sounded so *miserly* to me that I said, "Listen, Tom, I've gone off this sex-slave business. Maybe because we damn near killed you. Maybe because I'm *coming* now. Anyhow, I'd like to do it as free-acting equals. Here..." And I stood up and took off my glove and held out my hand and said, "Let's be friends, huh? And shake on it."

But he just sat there and didn't move, until finally he got up and shook his head and said, "Why should we be friends when we're such good enemies?" and started walking away to where he'd stashed his bike.

One day I came home and found a new friend of Tammy's in the kitchen. The two of them had been into the fridge and were sitting at the counter eating wedges of blueberry pie and washing them down with milk which gave them purple tongues and white moustaches.

The kid said, "Uh, you must be Darin."

And I said, "Yes, hello."

The kid flashed me a huge smile and stood up and and put out his hand and introduced himself, and that was the first time I laid eyes on Trent, whom you've already heard making out with me on the very first tape I sent you. He said, "I'm new in town. You must be in, let's see, the eighth grade."

Tammy said, "I already told you that."

But Trent kept looking at me in a way that made my cock start creeping down my pantleg. He was one of those boys you know immediately is full of sexual energy—and isn't ashamed of it. He had dark brown hair, blue eyes, a tight little chest judging by what I could see through his T-shirt. Not really a handsome face—his nose started too high up on his forehead, for one thing—but somehow that didn't matter: he was what he was, a super-attractive kid.

Now he was telling me, "I'm in the fifth."

And that surprised me: Tammy was only in the fourth grade and in our town kids a school year apart don't usually run with each other. I must have given them a funny look because Tammy said, "Trent doesn't know many guys yet, so I'm showing him around."

And I said, "Good."

And Tammy said to Trent, "Come on, let's go look at my friend's ice-fishing shed."

And I said, "Hey, just 'cause Mom's not here— dishes in the sink!"

And Tammy said, "Oh, Cheez!"

But Trent said, "Fair enough," and flashed me his smile again. And then he actually bullied my little brother into cleaning up not just their own mess but some dirty dishes left over from breakfast.

When they'd gone out in their winter jackets I went to the window and watched them jump on their bikes and skid off down the road and out of sight. And I said to myself, 'Out of bounds, Darin. He's Tammy's friend and much too young.'

But Trent just sort of settled into our home. Dad liked him. Trent told Mom a kid ate better with us than anywhere else—including McDonald's!

Certain nights became Trent nights. Tuesdays we watched "Race Car Fools" on TV and Fridays the late horror shows. When Brian came over, which he did a lot, we had a football league with one of our mechanical games: he and Trent against me and Tammy.

All this time Trent kept catching my eye and flashing me his famous smile. And he'd pick up on everything I said and show an interest in my interests. Battling away in the football league, Trent acted like I was his personal opponent. Around the house he was always in my sight, or standing in my path when I wanted to go somewhere.

The first time Trent slept over I went in as usual to give Tammy his good-night kiss when Trent piped up from the cot we'd set up for him, "Don't I get one?"

I said, "No." Then I lied and said, "The only boy I kiss is my little brother."

And Trent said, "That's too bad, 'cause I can hug real nice, at least."

Tammy giggled, and I said, "That ought to make some girl happy one of these days."

And Trent said, "It's already provided a thrill or two."

And I said, "To you maybe, but think of the poor victim!"

And Trent threw his pillow at me, so I picked it up and put it back and gave him a very restrained hug.

Then one Friday night I came home late and found the TV on and Trent flaked out sound asleep on the floor in front of it with his head cradled in his arms. Everyone else had turned in. I shut off the television and picked him up and carried him up the stairs, with him sort of snuggling sleepily into my chest.

He said, "Are we going to your bed?"

And I said, "I am, but you're going to yours."

And he said, "No way!"

And I said, "Who's boss?"

And he said, "Me."

And I said, "Don't you like sleeping with Tammy?"

And he said, "We'll wake him up."

And I said, "Not my little brother."

And he said, "It'll be more fun bunking in with you."

And I said, "If you call sleeping two in a single bed fun."

And he said, "It can be. Why do you think I stayed down there watching that boring show?"

I figured we'd better quit whispering on the stairs, so I carried Trent into my room and nudged the door shut with my foot and set him down. I already had a furious hard-on. Trent eyed it and grinned and said, "It's not like this is going to be my first time, you know."

And I said, "Okay, who you been making out with— Tammy?"

Trent shook his head and said, “One thing I’ve learned is you never tell person A what you do with person B in bed.”

And I said, “Okay, but Tammy *is* my little brother.”

And Trent said, “And you’re his big brother—so what?”

And I said, “I don’t want anybody getting jealous.”

Trent gave me a sort of pissed off, exasperated look and said, “God, you’re boring. Do you really think Tammy doesn’t know you get it on with other people— Brian and Shane to name two? Man, Stack, he’s *proud* of you!”

And I said, “I was thinking more of the other way.”

And Trent said, “He’s a little boy. He knows he doesn’t turn me on. He doesn’t expect to.”

And I said, “How do you know?”

And he said, “Tammy asked me one day if I’d ever made out with you. He said I ought to try it—you were real good.”

I gave up. I mean, Trent seemed to have all the answers and each one of them made sense. We stripped in a hurry and pulled the covers over us, because it was cold in that room with my window cracked on the winter night.

The first thing I did was get him in a hug and try to kiss him hard on the mouth. But he pulled away and said, “What the...?”

And I said, “I thought this wasn’t your first time?”

And he said, “Well, nobody’s ever done *that* before.”

And I said, “What have they done?”

And Trent said, “Fucked me.”

And I said, “How? You mean in your...?”

And he said, “Yeah, in my ass-hole.”

And I said, “Gol, didn’t it hurt?” Because I’d never even *talked* to a kid who’d been buggered.

And Trent said, “Sometimes. Sometimes a whole lot.”

And I said, “Then why did you do it?”

And Trent said, “’Cause the other guy wanted to.”

And I said, “Okay, I want to kiss you. I don’t figure that’ll hurt much.”

Trent gave me his sexy smile and said, “Then no problem. I was just surprised—it was my first time — that’s all.”

You can always tell when a kid really doesn’t like kissing: his lips feel like uncooked liver, and afterwards he’ll wipe his mouth with the back of his hand, or his upper arm, or his shoulder, or his pillow, or his sleeve. Trent’s mouth was *alive*! Once he got used to the idea he opened up his lips to me. He moved them around and played tongue and teeth-click games. At the end he just let his face stay wet and slippery and snuggled it that way into my neck.

Trent’s cock was about half way in size between Tammy’s and mine: three and a half inches long, curving back a little, a nice purple helmet-shaped head. I reared down in the bed and put my fingers around it and got ready to give him a nice, slow, loving BJ.

Now, you people probably don’t have the faintest idea what it is like to suck a little boy’s cock. I don’t mean a *little* little boy, but a boy that’s old enough to have new feelings there, as though the sperm he isn’t yet making is already getting him ready for its first explosion down the old piss tube and out into open air. I mean sucking on a cock that stands up stiff and proud and is ready to make contact with *anything*!

Well, you lick it gently at first, like you would an ice-cream cone, and smell it and kiss it and then lick it some more, and all the time you’re putting off that magic moment when you suck it in, right to the balls. And when you do, surprise, you find it fits perfectly and beautifully, all the way snug in! It’s a little warm,

soft-hard bit of the boy's body and it's sliding around, poking here and there, braving the tips of your teeth and welcoming your tongue tickle.

A boy's cock gives you just a thousand times better feeling than any cigarette ever gave a cigarette-smoker, or a thumb a thumb-sucker [16].

Anyhow, Trent's cock did. I licked and nibbled and tongued and sucked. His hands flew to my ears and my hair. He said, "Oh, man, was Tammy ever right!"

And I said, looking up, "I don't do this with my little brother!"

And Trent said, "Back on my cock!"

I worked my head up and down; Trent helped with his hands. Then he was pulling my head up and gasping and saying to me, "Ooooo, that was close!"

And I said, "You want me to bring you off?"

And he said, "No, I want to bring *you* off first."

And I said, "How?"

And I could hardly believe my good luck when he said, "By by doing that to you, of course."

And I said, "Mine'll squirt come."

And he said, "I don't care."

And I said, "Sure?"

And he said, "Look, I've had sperm in my mouth and sperm up my ass. It's no big deal."

And I said, "But no big thrill, either."

And he said, "Chrissake, Darin, stop being *stupid!*" And he squunched down and took my cock as I had just finished taking him.

And that's another thing I probably have to explain to you people. No matter how many times it's happened before, feeling your penis slide into the warm, slippery mouth of a good-looking kid is a class-A, super-stupendous thrill.

Straight kids with experience talk about the nice feel of pussy, but what's a pussy compared to a mouth? A mouth can talk and eat and bite and lick and kiss. It's got a tongue and teeth and spit and lips and throat and breath. A pussy can't taste a cock or the sperm it shoots; it can't smell a cock, it can't see a cock going in and out. It's got no tongue to run up and down the front; it can't feel the little clicks and pulses and jerks a cock makes as it goes up or goes hard. A pretty poor piece of machinery, is what I think. It's only good for one thing.

Trent had an experienced mouth. I lay back, stroked his head and let him get on with it. When he felt me getting close, he just got a better grip with his lips and felt more delicately and accurately with his tongue along the frenulum nerve. And then I was exploding. I must have groaned at that dazzling peak moment, because one of his hands came to my face and covered my mouth to tell me for Chrissake not to make so much noise.

What was especially nice in the next half minute or so was that he knew enough not to touch the tip with his tongue or teeth and spoil with cock-tickle the delicious come-down time.

At last he pulled away and looked up at me. There were streamers of spit and sperm attaching his mouth to my relaxing peter. He asked, "How was I?"

And I said dreamily, "Fabulous."

And he said, "Good. Now it's my turn."

I taught him how to kiss. He taught me the art of erotic back-scratching.

I gave him his first around-the-world. He proved to me a kid can go to sleep with his hand wrapped around your cock like it was holding on to a ladder-rung.

I came at least three more times that night. Trent seemed to be able to dry-come as often as he wanted, which meant as often as I wanted him to. Between rounds we snuggle-slept. He was as good a snuggle sleeper as Tammy.

So that winter and that spring I had no shortage of guys that would fool around with me. Every so often Shane would ‘take a holiday from girls’, as he called it, and come crawling in my window, and we’d get out the old beach towel and spread it under the butt of whichever one of us we decided was going to be on the bottom and make the old beast with two backs for a half hour and two comes. Brian and I, as best friends, were always willing to ‘give each other a hand’. Then, too, lots of times when I went upstairs to turn in I’d find Tammy sound asleep in my bed and he’d only wake up after I put him on top of me and had my cock going up and down between his thighs. Trent nights turned into Trent-sleep-over nights, and Trent-sleep-over nights turned into Trent-sleep-with-Darin nights. Mom and Dad paid no attention to all this musical beds going on—or if they did they didn’t comment on it.

Every spring our class at school goes on a trip. We usually have three trips a year. In the winter, at term break, we traditionally go to a city, in the summer on a camping expedition, in the spring we take in a Natural Wonder. That year our Natural Wonder was Paradise Caverns.

Now, I like caves. I loved the cave bit in *Tom Sawyer*, and in John Buchan’s *Prester John*. I still have fantasies about exploring new caves, finding treasures in them, becoming famous [17]. In the Paradise Caverns, when we were being taken around, I was full of questions: how old were the rocks, how old was the cave, did the sabre-toothed tiger live in there, did the Indians make drawings on the wall or bury their dead under where we were walking?

I noticed that our group leader who was so patient answering all my questions (a college student whose name was Perry) kept eyeing me and Brian and sometimes he was looking at us *down there*. I looked at *him* down there, and it was pretty obvious his one-eyed trouser snake was trying to poke its way out of his right leg. So I pushed Brian behind a stalagmite and whispered in his ear, “Listen, I think you and I got us an admirer!”

A little later Brian caught up to Perry and said, “I bet it would be scary to be left behind down here in the dark.”

And Perry said, “Not if you know what you’re doing. Not if you’re with one of us professional guides.”

And Brian said, “You ever done it with a kid?” When Perry lifted an eyebrow and looked at him sharply, he went on: “Been down here in the dark with him, I mean. Me and my friend are game—if you are game.”

Perry didn’t answer, but as we were leaving the cave he told us to stick around if we could.

So we hung back in the little cave museum and let our trip leader and the rest of the kids wander down to the village, and, sure enough, in about a half hour Perry appeared and told us to follow him. We joined another cave trip, but when our group reached a kind of junction of trails we ditched the others and scrambled into a side chamber that was only dimly lit from the electric lights along the walk. Pretty soon even these were switched off.

Then it was total darkness, and I mean total. Not one of us had even a wrist watch that glowed. It was awesome.

I said, “Hey, this is neat. You didn’t bring a flashlight, did you?”

And Perry said, “Nope.”

And Brian said, “So we got to wait in the dark until the next trip comes through?”

And Perry said, “Yup.”

We settled on the smooth limestone floor, with Perry between us. Now Brian and I snuggled up against his body.

Brian said, “Gol, I never done *anything* in total darkness.”

And Perry said, “Well, it’s not like we came down here to read a book, is it?”

And I said, "It's chilly, and damp."

And Perry said, "Fifty-five degrees, ninety-five percent humidity. You got to preserve body warmth. Let's start preserving."

Well, we did, but we exposed a lot of bare skin, too. Brian yanked down Perry's Levis and got a handful of his big cock. I started handling it, too, twenty fingers competing for a maximum feel. Then Perry shifted around and I could hear Brian sigh and sort of gurgle. Other noises too told me Perry was sucking on Brian's penis.

When at last lips came around my cock, the excitement was so tremendous I came almost immediately. Afterwards my happy penis just gently stayed in that nice warm, wet, slippery place. I must have had a great big shit-eating grin all over my face. I darned near fell asleep.

Then I heard Brian say, "Oooo, Perry, you do that so nice. Lick over the tip with your tongue every now and then, will you?"

But *my* cock was still being sucked! I sat up in a hurry and reached for the head above my hips, but by then it had disappeared.

"What's the matter?" Perry asked.

And I said, "What the hell! Were you sucking on him or on me?"

And Perry said, "On Brian, of course. I'll get to you in a minute."

And Brian gasped, "Don't stop!"

And I said, "No, that's not the point. *I* was getting blown, too!"

And Perry said, "Oh, Jesus, not the ghost again!" And I said, "What ghost?"

And Perry said, "The ghost of Hiram McKey."

And Brian said, "I don't believe in ghosts. You quit on me at a very bad time."

And I said, "Well, something a whole lot like a mouth was giving me a BJ and such a goddamned good one I came off. What did Hiram McKey do?"

And Perry said, "Oh, you wouldn't be interested."

And both Brian and I said, "Yes we would!"

And Perry said, "Well, I can't tell you about Hiram McKey and suck cock at the same time."

And Brian said, "We got to find him—no, we can't without a light. Do you think he's gonna hurt us—if he exists?"

And Perry said, "No. Hiram McKey wasn't like that."

And Brian said, "I know, you jerk on my cock with your right hand and Darin's cock with your left hand and tell us about the ghost at the same time."

So we rearranged ourselves and snuggled up against Perry again and I felt his warm, slightly rough hand come around my recently satisfied tool which didn't show any signs of wanting to go down and start to pull on it.

Perry said, "Well, Hiram McKey was a young guy that worked in the post office. One day this 14-year-old out-of-town kid came in to mail something and it was love at first sight. That night Hiram snuck into the kid's motel room and they made love until they'd used up all their sweat and all their sperm and all their spit and, when dawn came, all their tears, too. The kid went away in the morning, but promised to return on a school trip the following year. Hiram quit his job at the post office and became a cave guide like I am now. Month followed month, but although he searched every school group that went through the cave, he never caught sight of the boy. Then finally a year and a half later there was the kid again, a little bigger but just as handsome—only he was holding hands with one of the girls and it was obvious from the look in both of their eyes that they were crazy in love with each other. And, worst of all, the kid wouldn't recognize Hiram." "The little bastard!" I said.

And Brian said, "Oh, I don't know. Sounds like Hiram was kind of a dope to me."

And Perry said, “Maybe so, but the poor guy was so completely gone on this kid that he went into the cave that evening and was never seen again.”

And Brian said, “You mean there was no body?”

And Perry said, “No body.”

And Brian said, “I’ll bet he never went near this cave.”

And Perry said, “Oh, he went in all right. They found his shoes, first, then his hat, then his shirt, then his pants, and then, draped over a stalagmite, his underwear.”

And Brian said, “Why over a stalagmite?”

And Perry said, “I don’t know.”

And I said, “Well, I don’t think I want any ghosts sucking on my cock again. Will you do it?”

And Perry said, “Okay, kneel over my chest and I’ll sit back up against this rock...”

I was just getting off on that, working my way up to a second orgasm, when Brian started spluttering and coughing and cussing at our side, it all followed by a sort of wail, “Oh *no!*”

And I gasped, not really caring, “Whazza matter?”

And Brian stammered, “I... He’s back... Oh, Jesus, here I...”

And I said, “What?”

And Brian yelled, “Don’t dematerialize, for Chrissake!”

After that it was just a bunch of whoops taken on the inhale until he’d come down again and then, after a suitable period of panting he said, “Hey, you know, I think the ghost’s mouth is better than Perry’s.”

I came again, and I don’t really know if that ghost business made it better or worse.

What I do know is that after the path lights went on and we scrambled into our clothes and joined the new group of cave trippers, and after we’d said good-bye to Perry at the cave mouth and were just setting off for the village, I heard someone behind me shout, “Hey, McKey, where you been?”

I looked around and here was this curly-headed kid about Perry’s age resting his butt against one of the railings and chewing on a piece of grass.

I went over to him and said, “Is your name Hiram?”

He looked me straight in the eye and said, “Might be, why?”

And I said, “Just wondered. I might have had an encounter with a ghost.”

And the kid said, “There’s a lot of McKeys here in the valley.”

And I said, “That hang around the caverns?”

And the kid winked at me and said, “You never know, do you?”

And I said, “I guess not.”

And the kid said, “It’s more fun that way sometimes. Hope you enjoyed your trip.”

And Brian and I both laughed and said, “We sure did!” [\[18\]](#)

**The Roster Institute for the Study of Sexuality
North Campus
Attic University
Capital City**

To my fellow members of the Professional Ethics Committee:

I enclose transcripts of the last of Darin Smith's cassettes. I am sorry to be posting them so late, thus giving you little time to peruse them carefully before the evening of our emergency meeting, but young Craig, who was charged with typing this record, seemed to be spending more time in the bathroom with his Walkman—heaven knows what kind of cassettes he listens to—than at the typewriter. I suspect he goes there to smoke, which is strickly forbidden in my office.

At any rate, our worst suspicions are confirmed. There *are* adults involved in Darin Smith's sexual life, and they are named and identifiable. One of them would appear to be a very influential person in the local community.

I think I know where the majority of our committee will see its responsibility lying—with the children at risk. Let us also not forget the purpose of the grant from Mr. Regnery of the Office of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention in Washington which subsidises our research: to demonstrate the connection between precocious sexual activity and criminal mental pathology.

I am thus prepared the morning after our gathering to call in Detective Youngblood and hand over the tapes, if that is the consensus of the Committee.

One last comment. I am not unmindful of the fact that these collected transcripts, with, of course, a thorough commentary by myself, would make an excellent monograph for the American Psychiatric Association, and would bring much credit to the Koster Institute.

Very truly yours,

Nicholas Goldfarb, MD

Seventh Cassette

A couple of weeks ago a social worker in Pautagasset Falls by the name of Ben Houseman got pissed off and told the truth to one of your smart-ass reporters from Capital City. Our police had just made a great fuss uncovering what they called a sex ring preying on kids. Ben told the reporter, “So a few teenage boys picked up pocket money by letting an occasional gay go down on them in the park—so what? At this very moment I’ve got to sort out a young girl who’s pregnant because state laws wouldn’t let her boyfriend buy a rubber. For Christ sake, what’s more important?”

Doctor Bagle, our local shrink, said this showed “a distortion of Mr. Houseman’s value system”. So Ben was fired. I liked Ben. He was young and enthusiastic and understood teenagers. He was replaced by a failed minister in his mid-forties who leches after boys but hasn’t the nerve to do anything about it, so the kids stay away from him in droves.

Well, what I want to say is I knew these things were going on long before the cops did and I knew *where* they were going on, because for a few months last year *I* was one of that “handful of teenage boys”. And that led not to disaster but to the most important relationship in my life.

Here’s how it happened.

One day at school just before we had to start cramming for spring finals I was moaning about not having enough money to go to the movies. This kid Lohman told me when we were alone, “A guy like you shouldn’t have any trouble picking up a little easy cash on the side.”

And I said, “Sure, with the child labor laws being what they are? A paper route, for Chrissake, is slave wages.”

And Lohman laughed and said, “There aren’t no labor laws about *my* kind of work.”

And I said, “Okay, ripping off hub-caps, snatching purses from little old ladies, fencing hot television sets...”

And Lohman said, “No, taking tricks.”

Well, I didn’t know what he was talking about, so Lohman explained. I was more surprised than shocked. He said, “It’s no big deal. All you have to do is be able to get it out and get it up and just stand there while the trick gets down on his knees and gives you a BJ. You don’t have to even touch him.”

And I said, “What makes you think a man would want to do that on *me*?”

And Lohman said, “Your looks.”

And I said, “They’re nothing special.”

And Lohman said, “Let the tricks decide.”

So that afternoon, as a lark, I went to the town park and sat with Lohman and a couple of other kids, both younger and older than me, on a certain bench that was sort of off by itself on a woodsy walk. And, sure enough, along came a well-dressed middle-age man and he stopped and looked us over and then he nodded to one of the other guys and the two of them went off in the bushes, and pretty soon the kid returned with a big smile on his face and drawing a ten dollar bill between his fingers.

“He took his teeth out,” the kid said. “All the time he was gumming me off they were lying there in the grass grinning at me.”

An old customer of Lohman’s came by and they disappeared together, but before Lohman came back this tall skinny man I thought I’d seen working in the Standard station chose me, and the next thing I knew I was leaning against a tree and receiving a really nice and skillful blow job that had me orgasming in three minutes flat. So then I, too, had a ten-spot, which seemed to be the going tariff, and I ran off and just made the movie matinee.

Well, I didn’t go to the park every day, or even every week, and I didn’t tell Brian or the kids I hung around with about it. In fact one of the reasons I didn’t go there more often was I was scared of running into somebody I knew.

As for the sex, well, I just felt neutral about it, even if sometimes it gave me a weird sense of power. I mean, it was kind of a turn-about, wasn't it? There you are, thirteen years old, with everything in life controlled by grown-ups and most of the things you *want* to do in life forbidden by grown-ups, with grown-ups never interested in what you have to say or how you feel, grownups never taking you *seriously*, grown-ups looking *through* you like you're a zombie or something—I'm not talking about my Dad, obviously, or Tim, or maybe one or two others. But anyhow, here one of these grown-ups is down on his knees with your dick in his mouth groveling and slobbering over it and making you come while, if *he* wants to come, he has to take care of that himself.

I went to the park often enough to get sort of acquainted with the regular boys who hustled. I don't know how to say this without sounding like a snob, but they were lower class kids, mostly—you could tell by the way they talked and dressed and even smelled. I don't mean they stank or anything. It was mostly in their clothes, as though their moms had washed their shirts and Levis in some sort of cheap soap. Their dads drove trucks or worked in the car wash or had the kind of jobs Shane and Troy worked at on summer vacation. Anyhow, they weren't boys that would feel comfortable hanging around with me and Brian and Tony and the others.

Funnily enough, that didn't make them resent me. In fact, they were kind of proud of me, like I upgraded their image or something. They even bragged about me to their tricks.

"You want to gobble on some real high-class kosher, take him," Lohman told one of his customers, digging me in the ribs with his elbow. Of course, that was because Lohman had just been blown and he knew he couldn't "whitewash the john's tonsils" just yet.

I ought to explain that "kosher" meant circumcised cock, a "pork-roll" was an uncut one and a customer, a "trick", was a "john".

Once I asked if they ever got it on with each other.

"Are you crazy or something?" this one kid said.

And another said, "We're not queer."

And I said, "I know, but that doesn't mean..."

And the first kid interrupted me and said, "We're not rich. We don't have dads that will give us allowances and stuff. We have to earn our own spending money. That's all this is."

And I felt a kind of wave of suspicion raising against me, so I said, "Dads with good jobs sometimes don't give a kid enough pocket money either."

And that cleared the air.

Fall arrived. I turned fourteen. I still went out to the park occasionally, but as the temperature dropped so did the number of customers. One day in late October after Lohman and I had sat on the bench for the better part of two hours with no action, he grabbed his cock through his pants and said, "What a fuck up. I really needed that money, and this old boy's raring to go."

And I said, "Yeah."

And he said, "You know, you talked one time about doing it just for fun."

And I said, "Yeah" again.

And he said, "Well, my girl-friend's out of town and my mom and dad are at work. I don't suppose you'd like to come back to my place for a little..."

He'd left his sentence unfinished, so I said, "I thought you guys never got it on together."

And he said, "We don't. But this is maybe a little different."

And I said, "Why? Because you figure *I'm* different?"

And he said, "You're lucky you are. Besides, this is a cock crisis, and cock crises don't count."

So I bicycled with him to his place, a very tidy and very un-homey-looking ranch house in a subdivision on the side of town where all the warehouses and little plants are, and we went to Lohman's room, which wasn't neat at all, and stripped bare-ass and got into his bed—I remember the sheets smelled

just like his clothes—and we had a really nice make-out. He was gentle as a lamb and considerate, and when he found I liked kissing he kissed back, nice and warm, and he never wiped his mouth when we broke apart.

And then after I went down on him and he “blasted my tonsils” and I hinted around that I’d like a little of the same, he said, “Of course.”

And I said, “You don’t have to if you don’t want,” because I knew he never did that with his johns.

And he said, “Look, no argument—I’m the host.”

And he gave a super BJ.

Afterwards he said, “You don’t have to go right away?”

And I said, “Not *right* away.”

And he said, “Well, I probably can’t entertain you very well, except with this.” And he stretched out beside me and rubbed his stiffening cock against my hip.

One day I found the boys in the park all excited because they’d heard there was going to be a party at a rich man’s house and there would be good money for any kid who didn’t mind performing before an audience.

“Christ, isn’t that dangerous?” I said.

And one of the older boys said, “Listen, you know who Thayer Bliss is? He owns half this town, and he lays heavy bread on the cops’ retirement fund. Come on, you think the fuzz is going to make trouble if he and his friends want to hire some of this?” And the boy grabbed his crotch and the hard-on that was laying slantwise inside.

So, well, I was curious, and when the evening arrived I told Dad I’d be at a boys’ party, which wasn’t entirely untrue, and bicycled off to the Bliss mansion.

First of all, I could see by the cars parked in the drive that this was going to be an old man’s thing—Cadillacs and Lincolns and one black Mercedes. Then a butler opened the door and asked me to come around by the side entrance, which I did, and I was let into a sort of glass-walled foyer filled with palm trees and big-leaved tropical plants. Lohman and some of the other boys were sitting around on white cast-iron chairs.

“You gotta piss in the fountain,” one of the kids told me.

And I looked at this little statuette of a boy holding a dolphin that was spitting water about two inches into the air. The water fell into a shallow concrete bowl maybe three feet across where an electric pump sent it back up to the dolphin again.

And I said, “Why do I gotta piss in the fountain?”

And Lohman said, “Because we all have.”

And I said, “That’s a reason?”

And one of the other kids said, “It doesn’t stink now, but give it a few days.”

And Lohman said, “It’ll probably corrode the pump.”

And I said, “I wouldn’t be surprised.”

And Lohman said, “Actually it’s just that they haven’t shown us where the can is. There’s nothing worse than trying to put on a show when all you can think about is taking a good piss.”

So I made my contribution to the dolphin fountain and then sat down and waited with the rest of the kids until we were called.

At last we were invited in to the party. It was going on in a huge formal library, behind closed doors, with a bar at one end staffed by the butler (in tails). There must have been twenty guests, all male, all middle-age or older. A busy little man who looked to be pushing sixty took one of the older boys by the hand and led him through the crowd to a pool table in the middle of the room. One of the boys whispered to me that the little man was Thayer Bliss, the host. The rest of us followed behind. The pool table was

covered with a sheet of clear plastic and there were a couple of green-shaded hanging lamps above it, making it the brightest spot in the whole library.

The little man said, "Gentlemen, now for the evening's entertainment. I'd like to introduce to you... What is your name, dear boy? Hal. Isn't he a fine young man? Hal, will you take off your shirt? Ah, that's better. Look at that chest—those biceps. Flex your muscles, Hal. Now perhaps we could be permitted to see that other muscle, your *love* muscle. That's right, down with the Levis. Now the briefs. Oh, lovely, lovely, an absolutely classic phallus. Will you make it hard for us? Ah-ah, gentlemen, don't touch—we promised the boys they wouldn't be touched except by each other, at least not until after the show, and then any private arrangements you want to make..."

He went on that way, while the kid just stood there and looked embarrassed and fondled his cock until it was sticking out straight, if not slanting up. And then Mr. Bliss was introducing another kid in the same way and getting him stripped. And then the guests sort of crowded around the pool table and I couldn't see very well what was happening but I gathered the two boys had climbed onto it and were making out one way or another. It was also pretty obvious the guests liked what they saw, because the room got quiet except for every so often there was a sigh of pleasure or the slurping sound of a cock being sucked. Then there was applause, and the two boys were coming back naked through the crowd and looking for their clothes.

And then it was my turn. Mr. Bliss was saying, "Lovely, lovely, look at that fine hair of gold, those blue eyes, that chin! And notice how his chest is stretching up, stung by the great flood of adolescent hormones. That's right, my dear, lower the zipper, there, there..."

My partner was a kid from Loon Lake. I'd never seen him before—he wasn't one of "our" Loonies. He was a little shorter than me, but stockier. When he stripped his cock was shrivelled up against his tummy like he'd just come out of a cold shower.

Well, we climbed up on the table, under those strong green-shaded lights and the guests closed around us like a wall of old-age protoplasm.

The kid whispered to me, "You get on top, so they don't see I can't get it up."

And I said, "I'm not sure I can either."

And he said, "Maybe if we kiss and lick and hump that'll satisfy them."

So that's what we did, and the Loon Lake boy was attractive, so eventually Little Darin rose to the occasion. But then every so often I'd look up and see all those old men standing around panting and masturbating and crowding in for a better view and my cock would subside, along with the feeling. Then I'd close my eyes and try to concentrate on the boy underneath of me, and, finally, I was just about to get my nut off when, splat, something warm and wet landed on my ass right where my tail-bone ends. I jerked my head around. I still have this mental picture of a knobby cock and knuckles dripping yellowish sperm—the colour of the guy's teeth—onto me!

Well, that wasn't part of the deal. I'd had enough. I faked an orgasm and coughed up some flob and spread it across the other kid's hips to look like come, and then I got off that table as fast as I decently could and put on my clothes and went to the bar. There I tossed down a jigger of scotch, neat. When I stopped sputtering I asked for another, but the butler, who'd probably had a lot of dealings with teenage boys, diluted it with Coca-cola and told me, "Coke-eye's what the cowboys drink."

Then I noticed a curly-haired youngish man sitting two stools away staring at me. He had very light blue-green eyes, the lightest I think I'd ever seen. I looked at him, then looked away, then looked back, and he was still looking at me.

Now, if a kid tries to do that I usually stare him down. I make my eyes go narrow so I get my "mean" look. But a grown-up's another matter. A fourteen-year-old boy can't just say to a thirty-five-year-old man, "What you starin' at?"

I was wondering what I was going to do next, and feeling the alcohol start to buzz through my veins, when the man slid over next to me and said, “I guess you’re not used to booze.”

And I said, “There’s a lot of things I’m not used to.”

And he said, “Well, it’s no crime.”

I stared into my drink and played with the ice cubes and tossed it down and got a fresh one, and still I could feel the man staring at me.

“I’m Tim,” he said finally.

And I said, “Darin Smith.”

And Tim said, “Is that your real name?”

And I said, “Of course.”

And Tim said, “Never give your real name, especially your family name, at a place like this.”

And I said, “Mr. Bliss knows it, anyhow.”

And Tim said, “Call yourself Bobby Barely next time, or, when you get a little older, Rex Coxwain, but never Darin Smith.”

And I said, “I don’t think there’s going to be a next time.”

And Tim said, “My full name is Tim Chaulkey. I’m a computer programmer. I work out of my apartment downtown, when I’m not on location consulting.”

And I said, “I’m a high school student. I live with my folks, when I’m not fucking up, like now.”

And Tim said, “That’s no crime, either.

And I said, “Oh yeah?”

And Tim said, “No, it isn’t.”

By then the whiskey was really going to my head. I said, “What’s a nice guy like you doing at a party like this?”

And Tim said, “I was going to ask you the same thing.”

And I said, “You first.”

Tim gave me one of his sky-blue stares and said, “Okay, I’m younger than Thayer Bliss and his friends but I’m no different underneath.”

And I said, “I think you are.”

And he said, “No. Nature’s just played her usual dirty trick on them. Taken away their looks, their hair, their magnetism, their confidence. But not their erections.”

And I said, “Who cares about looks? It’s what a guy’s like that counts.”

And Tim said, “Now you’re not being honest.”

I thought about that for a moment and said, “Well, maybe not completely.” I asked the bartender for another Coke-eye.

And Tim said, “After a while a guy finds if he’s going to get any sex at all he’s got to compromise. If he goes for youth he has to take his boy-friend on expensive trips, provide him with a car, set him up in business. If he isn’t rich he’s got no choice but to pay for it, time by time.”

And I said, “I think that’s lousy.”

And Tim said, “Yes it is, but what’s an old guy to do?”

And I said, “At least he doesn’t have to use blackmail like your friend Mr. Bliss.”

And Tim said, “Did he blackmail you?”

And I said, “No, not me, but the other kids all need the bread and they know he won’t give them any if they don’t perform.”

And Tim said, “That’s hardly blackmail.”

And I said, “What would you call it, then?”

And Tim said, “Performing for money. Do you know what’s the stupidest expression in the English language? ‘Selling your body’.”

And I said, “Why?”

And Tim said, “Because when you sell me your motor-bike, say, it becomes mine, permanently and completely. I take it away and use it and you can’t ever have it again, unless you buy it back from me. Possession of the bike has radically changed, and so, probably, will its use. While you have been driving it to school and back, I’ll be taking it to work and camping in the woods weekends. Now, tell me, how does that compare with doing sex for an hour or so in exchange for cash?”

And I said, “I don’t know. With all the whiskey I can’t *think*.”

And Tim said, “Let’s get out of here.”

I tossed down the Coke-eye and wobbled to my feet.

Tim had this beat-up Volkswagen convertible, the kind that when the top is down it hangs out over the back like a bussle. The muffler was semi-shot, so it went down the street going *split, split, split*.

He yelled at me over the noise, “Your place or mine?”

And I yelled back, “I can’t take you in and introduce you to my parents, for Christ sake.”

And Tim hollered, “Okay, my place.”

About then I broke into a fit of giggles. I said, “You know, one of those guys was actually drooling.”

Split, split, split! replied the Volkswagen.

I hollered, “Thayer Bliss! Thayer Bliss—just a lot of sperm and piss!”

When we got to where Tim lived I was beginning to feel lousy. When we were walking up the stairs to his apartment I actually felt sick. At his door, as he was fiddling with the locks, I knew I was going to puke, and as I shoved past him to try to get to the bathroom, I did. I got it on the carpet, two stuffed chairs, one table with magazines on it and, worst of all, on him before I finally spotted a leather-and-thong waste-paper basket and buried my head in it, making disgusting noises and stinks.

When I was through, Tim helped me to the bathroom, got me out of my clothes and into the tub and filled it up with nice hot water. I kept saying “I’m sorry,” and “Excuse me,” and “You must think I’m a real crumb” over and over again. Tim didn’t say much. He gave me a shampoo (I’d even managed to get barf in my hair!) then left me to soak and sort of recover while he called Dad and said I was too drunk to come home and he was taking care of me (he gave Dad his real name, too), and cleaned up the mess I’d made, and put my clothes in the washing machine. Finally he came back with a red and brown plaid bathrobe and a toothbrush, and when I staggered out into the livingroom I was a reasonably presentable and decent-smelling boy again.

Tim was sitting on the sofa reading a book. He patted the place beside him and I sat down gingerly and told him, “I’ll bet I have a terrible hangover tomorrow morning.”

And Tim said, “I don’t think so. You got rid of it too quick. Your body works fast—it’s the advantage of being young.”

And I said, “This body still feels pretty tender.”

And Tim said, “And so it should. Here, lie down and put your head in my lap.”

I gave him a funny look.

He said, “What’s the matter?”

And I said, “Well, I don’t really know you all that well.”

And he said, “Yes, you do,” and put a hand on my shoulder and pulled me down.

So there I was stretched out in Tim’s bathrobe on Tim’s sofa and using Tim’s lap for a pillow, in other words being a hell of a lot more intimate with Tim after knowing him only one hour than I’d been with any other adult man except my dad.

I said, “I’ll bet, after all the trouble with me, you’re sorry you ever went to Mr. Bliss’s party.”

And Tim said, “No, I’m not. In fact this seems to have been my lucky day. Who knows how long it would have taken us to run into each other? It might never have happened. Actually, I don’t believe in luck. I believe in taking advantage of chance—but you’ve got to go where chance can find you.”

And I said, "I don't see that running into one crummy fourteen-year-old kid that's been hired to perform at a sex party is any special kind of luck."

And he said, "Did you come?"

I gaped my question.

And he said, "When you were up there on the table with Luke or whatever his name was."

I shook my head and said, "When that wad of jizz landed in my butt-crack, Little Darin shrank right up."

And Tim said, "And still hasn't recovered."

And I said, "I guess you're right. But that isn't your fault. And I sure appreciate your taking care of me." And Tim said, "You'd have done the same for me."

And I said, "Number one, you wouldn't have given me the chance and, number two, I wouldn't have known how."

Tim had very gently and affectionately been stroking my cheek with the back of his knuckles. Now he took my jaw and turned my head sideways and up, so I was looking straight into those amazing blue eyes. He said, "The one thing you gotta know is there's no strings attached."

And I said, "You mean sex."

And he nodded.

And I said, "I never done that with a man—anyhow, no more than getting a BJ."

And Tim said, "A man's not built much different from a boy, you know. Besides, that's irrelevant. There's just no strings. Of any kind."

And I said, "Well, the timing's not the greatest, is it?"

After that I don't really remember what happened. I must have dozed off because the next thing I knew I was bare-ass naked in Tim's double bed and it was morning and breakfast smells were drifting in through the open door.

I sat up and rubbed my eyes and yelled, "Hey!"

Tim came in with a spatula in his hand and said, all bright and cheerful, "I have orange juice and scrambled eggs and bacon and..."

I rolled over and grabbed a pillow and buried my face in it and made barfing noises.

Tim said, "That bad, eh?"

I tossed the pillow at him and gave him a great big grin and said, "No, as a matter of fact, I feel pretty good."

And he said, "No headache?"

And I said, "Not even that." Then, "Uh, how was I as a bed partner?"

And Tim said, "In what way?"

I picked up *his* pillow and threw it at him and said, "Did I snore, did I toss around, did I stink out my mouth?"

And Tim said, "You were quiet and inert. Your breath was amazingly sweet, although toward morning it got morning strong."

And I said, breathing into my hand and sniffing, "I can imagine."

And Tim said, "You had an erection about one-quarter of the time. It went up and down, probably synchronized with R.E.M."

I grabbed the blankets up around me and said, "What the hell are you *talking* about?"

And Tim said, "R.E.M.? That's short for rapid eye movement. It usually..."

And I said, "No, that business about erections."

And Tim said, "Recent research into sleep patterns and cycles has shown..."

And I yelled, "My erection!"

And Tim said, "Very nice. Warm and hard and straight."

And I said, “You checked it out?”

And Tim said, “Yup.”

And I said, “You actually checked it out?”

And Tim said, “Almost constantly.”

And I said, “When I was asleep?”

And Tim said, “I didn’t wake you up, did I?”

And I said, “Don’t you think I should have the right to—how do the sex lib people say—the right to dispose of my body the way I want?”

And Tim said, “Did you sleep well or didn’t you?”

And I said, “I thought I did, that is until I learned I’d been fondled by a dirty old man.” I couldn’t help grinning now.

And Tim said, “I’m not dirty.”

At breakfast, which I had no trouble at all getting down, I said, “What do you like about me, anyhow? I mean, if you were checking out the state of my cock all night long you must like something?”

And Tim said, “You’d be surprised what I like.”

And I said, “I look in the mirror and all I see is ordinary. I compare myself with other boys in my class and I’m ordinary, ordinary. My grades are ordinary. I’m worse than ordinary in team sports.”

And Tim said, “You know, the only honest part of a guy’s body is his cock, and my cock last night would have sure taken issue with you about being an ordinary boy.”

And I said, “I thought it was *my* cock that was up twenty-five percent of the time.”

And Tim said, “Well, mine was up a hundred percent of the time, even though I brought it to four and a half climaxes between putting you to bed and coming in here to start the coffee.”

My jaw dropped, probably on a mouthful of half-chewed scrambled eggs. I said, “Wow! But how did you ring up *half* an orgasm?”

And Tim said, “Along about four in the morning I was so worn out, with your lean, clean limbs wound around me—you’re a terrific snuggler, do you know that?—I dropped off, and damned if I didn’t have a wet dream! I don’t know how to figure a wet dream in masturbation statistics, so I arbitrarily gave it a value of point five.”

I laughed and pounded my head and shook it and said, “Man, neither do I!”

And Tim said, “I mean, does it count more or less than when you use your hand?”

And I said, “I’ll have to ask the other kids.”

And Tim said, seriously, “The other kids don’t have to know about me—or that you stayed over night here.”

And I said, “Right.”

And Tim said, “That’s important.”

Tim shaved. I shat. When we were getting ready to leave I said, “Well, I guess we’ll run into each other again, huh?”

And Tim said, “I hope so, very much. But I want to leave you free to handle this your own way. I’ll let you make the first move. You know where I live. You know my car. If you see it outside I’m most likely in.”

When I got home Tammy said, “Darin was *drunk* ”

I whispered in his ear, “Shut up, Tam-Tam, or I won’t pull on your pecker any more.” Tammy went off in a pout.

Mom and Dad were pretty nice about it, though. They just said they expected me not to make boozing a habit. They had no facilities for fourteen-year-old alcoholics in our home.

Tammy was still mad at me an hour later, so I trapped him before it could ruin his whole day and said I didn't really mean I'd stop playing with his penis. He brightened up immediately, jumped on me and gave me one of his old fashioned (as opposed to the new sexy) kisses. Being almost eleven hadn't dried them up any, either. I still don't know how one little boy could get so much spit on you in such a short time.

So my great introduction to our local porno and prostitution ring, as your newspaper called it a year later, came to nothing. I avoided Thayer Bliss. Every so often I'd see Lohman or one or another of the boys who had entertained at the party, but we never did more than than just wave and smile at each other. And as for the park, autumn had turned into winter and *nobody* was hanging around there any more.

For some reason I didn't go near Tim either. I don't know how to explain it, except that I just wanted to settle into the old routine again: school, evenings with the family, solitary jerk-offs and about every third night a sweet and torrid sex session with my little brother or, if he was staying over, with Trent.

And then we had our first hard freeze-up. Usually that happens about mid-December—the lake ices over solid, you can actually drive automobiles on it, and the snow hasn't fallen yet so the skating is the best it's going to be all winter. And when everything is just right the town declares Blue Ice Holiday. School lets out, shops close down: there's one big ice party on the lake. Old Mrs. Carmody brings out her pots and her oil burner and the city pays for her to set up a stand on the ice and make cocoa and her famous apple twists. She works all day long, and even after it gets dark in the glare of a Coleman lamp while people are still skating under the moon or the stars using flashlights and pitch torches.

I'd been playing pick-up hockey that afternoon with some of the other boys and had got hungry and thirsty and was making my way toward to Mrs. Carmody's when I spotted Tim. I skated over and said, "Hi! How ya been keeping?"

And Tim said, "Fine. Missed you. I'd thought we were going to be friends."

And I said, "Sure. To prove it I'll buy you a hot chocolate."

And Tim said, "It's free."

And I said, "Like my friendship. Come on."

And Tim said, "Well, cocoa is more suitable to your age than whiskey, I guess."

And I said, "Typical adult put-down."

And Tim said, "Well, I got to have some weapons, don't I?"

He was dressed in maroon ski pants and a blue down jacket. His curly hair was hidden under a knit ski hat. I could see he was a good skater. Actually everybody in our town is, what with the lake and our cold winters.

I was sipping down the scalding cocoa with him and stuffing my face with twists when I got this idea of Tim and me skating across the lake and up the Pautagasset River to where the highway crosses. There's a little inn there; he could buy us supper and then we could skate back by starlight. Each way would take us two hours. And that would give me time to figure out what I was going to do about Tim Chaulkey.

"Sure," he said. "Let's check it out with your folks." I could see Dad wasn't going to get prejudiced against Tim. With all the fuss you shrinks have been kicking up recently about man-boy friendships it's a brave dad who dares shake the hand of an unmarried man who's taken an interest in his son. But my dad was not only unhostile, he was downright cordial to Tim. In fact they got into such a deep discussion about computers I was afraid Tim would take *him* skating up the Pautagasset River rather than me.

Anyhow, I got a last cup of hot chocolate, slipped four apple twists into my school back-pack and returned and grabbed Tim's hand and tugged.

"Come on!" I pleaded.

And Tim said, being dragged away, "We'll have to finish this talk later, Mr. Smith."

And Dad said, "Yes, you got your orders."

And I said, "Damned right!"

And Mom said, “Darin, don’t say ‘damn’ to a grown-up.”

And I said, “Tim’s not a grown-up.”

And Tim said, “Oh, yeah? Then what am I?”

And I said, “I haven’t figured that out yet. Let’s *go!*”

And then we were gliding away across the lake, with the shadows long and the sounds of the town fading off into the purr and hiss and rumble of our skates and the wind cold in our ears.

The sun was down and the sky was fading into night when we got to the river mouth. We stopped to rest our butts on a cedar tree that had fallen out over the lake, and I broke out the twists. I looked at Tim. You could see his breath, still see his amazingly light blue-green eyes, but his neat curly hair was covered by the cap and his strong shoulders were hidden inside his ski jacket and his hands by the mitts. But all that covering up of his sexiness didn’t destroy my mood. I was totally happy. I gave him a big thumbs up smile. Because by then I’d decided that the Tim-and-me-thing was going to be okay.

Tim said, “You shouldn’t open your mouth when it’s full of apple twist.”

And I said, scooting up close to him, “What should you do when your mouth’s full of apple twist?”

And Tim said, “Chew and swallow.”

And I shook my head and wound an arm around his neck and gave him one hard apple twisty kiss. He seemed to like it, until I tongued out some of the twist and deposited it in his mouth, and then he broke away and said, “Now I know why your mother’s so worried about your manners.”

And I said, “Just wanted to prove to you I could share. That’s important in a friendship, you know.”

And Tim said, “What am I getting myself into?!”

And I said, “You haven’t gotten into anything yet.”

We went on up the river, first through the deserted cedar swamp at its mouth, then along the stretch where people had built summer fishing shanties.

Tim said “You can’t see it very well, but that cabin over there is mine. Well, really it’s my dad’s but he doesn’t go there any more.”

And I said, “What do you use it for?”

And Tim said, “Fishing, what do you think?”

And I said, “And?”

And Tim said, “You think I’m some sort of Charles Osborne?”

And I said, “Who’s Charles Osborne?”

And Tim said, “That guy in Australia who documented his sexual relations with two thousand five-hundred boys.”

And I said, “Wow! Can you get into it in the winter?”

And Tim said, “Sure, if I’d ever want to.”

Soon we could see the lights of the inn twinkling ahead of us through the trees. And when we got there we were lucky: even though it was crowded we found a nice little candle-lit table way off in a corner where we didn’t have to be afraid of anyone tuning in to our conversation.

I said to Tim, after we’d ordered, “This is my first date. It’s exciting.”

I looked at him through the warm glow of the candles and found my heart racing with a new kind of feeling, like what you sometimes have with your family: safety, being appreciated, sure you had the best mother and dad and little brother in the whole world. And your cock hard but not torturing you.

And so I started telling him everything about me, not the sexual part—that could wait until later—but who I was, what I liked and disliked, who my friends were. I just babbled on and on, like a river. I told him how I thought about things and asked him if he agreed with me, but then didn’t give him a chance to say yes or no but went on talking. I talked through the onion soup and the salad and the steak and the hot fudge sundae and the coffee that followed and the chocolate candies that came with the bill to sweeten it.

In fact I talked right up until the time when we were putting on our skates under the sand bluff by the river, when Tim grabbed me by the shoulders and pushed me down into the deep sand and kissed me silent. Then we sort of staggered to our feet and set off down the river.

I said, “Man, it’s hard skating with a hockey stick in your pants.”

Well, after that we were both desperate for just one thing. We made a B-line for Tim’s cabin. Inside there’s a couple of deer heads on the wall, a few stuffed lake trout, some chairs, a long sofa, a pot-bellied cast-iron stove and a Coleman lamp hanging on a chain from the ceiling.

We didn’t bother to start a fire, or even light the Coleman. Tim got a blanket and draped it around our shoulder.

I said, “Man, you’re *slow!*”

And I pushed him down onto the couch, with me on top of him, and then I was kissing him and licking his face and gnawing at his hair and biting at his neck, while all the time he was baring us where bareness counted, and when we were finally bare it took just one shove to get that burning sperm out of both our cocks and running down his side.

And then—this surprised the hell out of me—I started to bawl.

Tim said, “What’s the matter?”

And I said, “Nothing.”

And Tim said, “I didn’t plan to have it happen this way.”

And I said, “It’s all right.”

And Tim said, “I figured we’d do it in my bed, take our time. I’m sorry, Darin.”

And I said, “Shut up, Tim. *I raped you*, remember?”

By now he knew my crying wasn’t because I was sad, it was because my feelings had just got so full it was the only way they could out. So he chuckled and said, “Yeah, and I was vulnerable.”

I dropped my face and wiped away the tears on his neck and then we didn’t talk anymore, because I, at any rate, had drifted off into a kind of dream state, waiting for the sex to seep back into us. And when it did, and we started moving our cocks again in all that left-over slipperiness, it was like it wasn’t even a sexual thing we were doing. To me it was more a kind of discovery, like I was a brave explorer and the morning mists were clearing away from one valley and one city and one castle after another, each more magnificent than the last. And finally, there I was on the splendid verge of knowing all the mysteries of the universe, and my cock was the key, so I plunged it down, and then, for a few seconds, I *knew!*

Well, I suppose Tim was as stunned by what had happened as I was. I don’t really know, because we have never talked about that night. It’s as though it’s too precious to each of us to bring it out in the light of day and hack it over. Anyhow, it wasn’t long before we were back on the ice again, skating home side by side with all those chilly stars spread-eagled across the night sky, and pretty soon the lights of the town glowing yellow and slowly getting big as we glided toward them.

Eighth Cassette

When I got home from that cataclysmic Blue Ice Holiday night with Tim, Dad said, “I see it was a success. I like him. I’m not going to pry, and your mother’s not going to pry.”

And I said, “Thanks.”

And Dad said, “As long as I’m convinced it’s going well for you. But I think you’d still better consider this house your home—meaning where you live.”

And I said, “Gol, I never thought of it as anything else.”

And Dad said, “I don’t mind you spending weekends with him, if that’s what you want, or dropping by on the way back from school. From my own experience I know the trouble with Tim Chaulkeys is they want you to move right in with them, like family. I intend to keep you in *my* family, at least for now.”

And I said, “From your own experience...?”

And Dad said, “Remind me to tell you about Harvey some time. He was for me, at fourteen and fifteen, what Tim is for you, I think [19]. Well, go to bed. I’m not sure you’re especially receptive tonight to discussion.”

And I grinned a sort of sheepish grin, because he was absolutely 100% right. Wave after wave of recall and recognition would come sweeping through me and blot everything else out: the sight of Tim’s hair, the feel of his hand on my butt; the *smell* of him, which had been a little of down jacket and a little of skin and a little of soap. And then the absolutely incredible fact that an adult man, a *grown-up*—and not just an ordinary grown-up but a very special one, a man who had seen a lot, who was smart, who was successful, who was all the way into his thirties but was young-thinking and handsome too—this kind of man was involving himself with me; that *I*, just an ordinary kid not even halfway into being fourteen, I, me, Darin Smith, could actually turn such a man on, and I and my body could arouse a super-huge, hard-on, sperm-spurting passion—and not just that, but be something worth his while to love.

Well, there’s a difference between honeymoon and marriage. The same goes, I guess, for what European researchers would call a “paedophile relationship”. I had school and family; Tim had work, and that meant receiving clients in his apartment. Also he was often away for weeks at a time, in California or Chicago or Houston, devising and de-bugging people’s programs. But whenever he was home he tried to keep Wednesday afternoons free of appointments, and then we’d go skating or he’d drive us over to Alpine Hills so we could ski. Later we’d make supper in his apartment (he and I both like to cook, if there’s a social reason for it) and he would put the telephone on the answering machine and not respond to the door if anyone rang, and then we’d make out—on his fuzzy carpet, on the couch in front of the TV, in the shower, in the bed. And then we’d make out again. And then we’d have a coke and rest up for a bit and maybe share a pizza, and then make out again.

I have a feeling now if I just told you the sexy things that *happened* from last Christmas on most of it would be repetition. Well, it would and it wouldn’t. By then I’d *discovered* just about everything, only after that it happened *better* and *deeper*, and that’s a lot harder to describe. I mean, it’s been no problem for me to tell you about watching Danny Robinson jerk off in the school basement and seeing sperm shoot out of a big cock for the first time, and how it felt on the island when Brian gave me my first scary orgasm. It’s easy to talk about first times but damned hard to talk about twenty-first times, even though they’re usually mind-blowingly better.

Take cock-watching. I can lie for hours with my head on Tim’s stomach just looking at his. A penis is like a face—it’s always changing. When his cock is not completely hard I move it around so I can stare at it in different positions, pointing to the left hip, the right hip, folded down over his balls. I follow with my eyes from up close the blue veins that run along its side like mountain roads on a map. I stroke the loose, velvety skin that drapes off the sensitive nerve. It’s pinker than the rest; it’s where the action is when you

rumple the skin up and down and back and forth. It's where the feeling folds and unfolds, and it's as soft as deerskin and delicate as a flower petal.

A cock is never still. It's always turning a little, or telescoping itself longer or shorter, even when the guy is asleep. Sometimes it looks like a little breathing animal, with a life completely independent of its owner. Give it half a chance, of course, and it'll harden up.

And then the smells. One day it'll be of dried piss, because we'll have been in a hurry with neither of us wanting to take time to shower. Tomorrow it will smell of soap, the next morning like the palm of your hand when you wake up, and the third day of spit and sperm, for I'll have sucked him off only two hours before.

Just now I have been staring at it, again.

"For a boy of fourteen, that's not healthy," Tim teases.

And I say, "A boy of fifteen."

And he says, "Just."

And I say, "Actually, I'm into my sixteenth year, did you ever think of it that way?"

And Tim says, "It still isn't healthy."

And I say, "You mean kissing the tip?"

And Tim says, "Doing flat out nothing for so long."

And I say, "A fifteen-year-old boy's got to know *exactly* what his own cock's gonna look like when he's an eighteen-year-old boy—hard, in between and limp."

And Tim says, "One of these days maybe I'll get a chance to examine *your* cock when it's limp."

And I say, dreamily, "It's limp sometimes."

And Tim says, "You couldn't prove it by me."

And then there's sleeping together. Tim says I got good practice from Tammy. I'm *used* to someone else in bed with me. It's like even when I'm asleep my skin wants to touch. "You snuggle as close as you can," Tim says, "and somehow get your arms and your legs and your thighs tangled up with mine in such a knot it's worth my life to escape."

Brian told me one morning after we'd shared a bed on the school summer trip, "Man, you're gonna make a great husband one of these days."

And I asked, sort of afraid (because Brian has made a sudden switch to girls), "Oh-oh, what did I do?"

And he said, "You rolled over on me. You must have been dreaming we were still kids or something."

And I said, "Did I wet dream?"

And Brian grinned and said, "Yeah, you did. And since I was horny, I let you."

And I said, "Just like that? I was on top of you, and... splat!?"

And he said, "No—splat splat."

And I said, "You, too?"

And he nodded and said, "Well, splat one made it slippery and I didn't jerk off before we went to sleep..."

And I said, "I did."

And he said, "I noticed. Anyhow, since you were asleep I figured I could do a gentle bucking bronco. You don't mind?"

And I said, "Yeah, I mind. Why didn't you wake me up so we could have done splat together?"

But, as I say, it takes something real unusual to get it off with Brian now.

I guess it was some time after Christmas that Dad caught me late one night coming home from Tim's. Everybody else had gone to bed and he was sitting in the living room with a pile of papers in his lap and a tall Scotch and water on the table beside him.

He said, “Darin, do you have a moment?”

And I said, “I guess so.”

And he said, “Don’t look so worried. Drag over that bean bag and sit down.” He put his papers on the floor beside him and brought up the highball glass and looked at me level over its top. “When does Tammy get sex education in school?”

And I said, “I don’t think until next term.”

And Dad said, “You and I have always talked to each other. I suppose you *had* to talk to me: you had no older brother.”

And I said, “Which Tammy does, you mean.”

And Dad said, “I want to be sure he knows how his penis works—I mean how it really works, not how some shrink thinks it ought to work.”

And I said, “Tam-Tam’s not retarded, you know.”

And Dad said, “No, but he doesn’t think very much, either. And you understand him better than your mother or I. In fact he probably even loves you the best.”

And I said, “Well, it’s a different sort of love, isn’t it?”

And Dad said, “Maybe. One thing I’m sure of is that when you talk to him or you boss him, he pays attention.”

And I said, “Sometimes.”

And Dad said, “I’m not unaware that he spends a lot of time in your bed. If you don’t invite intimacy, or some kind of exchange of touching, it’s surely not for lack of receptivity on your brother’s part—you don’t have to agree or disagree if you think I am trespassing on matters of confidentiality between the two of you.”

He was. I looked down at my hands and kept still.

Dad continued: “It’s important that he learns to feel comfortable about his sexuality before he encounters that course in school. And before all his friends start swapping misinformation on how palms turn yellow and you break out in acne and I don’t know what the current myths about masturbation are.”

And I said, “I think Tammy will be pretty well clued in by the time he hits Syph and Sin.”

And my dad said, “The sad thing, Darin, is that the average boy picks up more there than he ever does at home, where he encounters what can best be described as a hysterical refusal to answer any questions at all. Well, Tammy’s not a reflective child, just a happy one—I’ve seldom seen one human being enjoy his childhood so much. I don’t want his happiness torpedoed on the reef of puberty.”

And I said, “How can a reef torpedo anything?”

And Dad said, “That’s what I mean. Your mind is always working, and I’m not even sure Tammy has a mind. He feels everything. He’ll feel sex, not think about it. And I worry that he somehow won’t get started in sex with the right feel.” Dad looked at me shrewdly. I still didn’t say anything. I was trying to figure out how to set his mind at ease without really giving up Tammy’s and my secrets.

Then Dad smiled and said, “Come here. You’re not too big to sit on my lap, are you?”

I slid off the bean-bag and onto him and wrapped an arm around his neck and looked at him from up close, just terrifically proud he was my dad and proud, too, to be his boy. I gave him a loud, but short, smack on his cheek.

He tousled my hair and said, “My number one son. At least he gives more decorous kisses than my number two son.”

And I said, “Oh, I can give you a Tammy special, if you want.”

And Dad said, “No. Tammy’s mouth, like all mouths, is a teeming jungle of bacteria, viruses, amoeba, spores and all manner of little wigglies, and every time I put him to bed I get a large dose of his particular oral micro-flora and -fauna. You run when Tammy aims for you: I can’t. I don’t see the point in swapping germs with you, too.”

I had my head down on Dad's chest, my thumb sort of playing on the skin under his ear.

I said, "Dad, if there's any mouth germs Tammy's got that I haven't got, and any mouth germs I've got that Tammy hasn't got, I'd be really surprised. Likewise for germs on just about any other part of us."

Dad thought that over for a few seconds, rubbing my back and touching my cheek with his knuckles, and then he said, "Thank you, Darin. I'll sleep a whole lot better now."

One thing was clear from our afternoons at Alpine Hills: Tim wasn't much of a skier and beside him I looked like a pro. I started to kind of coach him, subtly at first, because no grown-up likes having a kid tell him what to do, at least not publicly. And then one day as we were driving back in Tim's old VW he said, "I have a proposition for you. It's a question of man exploiting boy."

And I said, "All boys are exploited."

And Tim said, "Me exploiting you."

And I said, "As if you didn't enough already."

And Tim said, "I know, I know, I keep drawing the unwilling sap out of your young loins with hand and lip and hug..."

And I said, "Shut up, you're making me horny!"

And Tim said, "Seriously..."

And I said, "Seriously."

And he said, "Would you take me on on a commercial basis?"

And I said, "You mean charge you for every trick?"

And he said, "No, as my personal, private ski instructor."

And I laughed, because I'd been telling him he should take lessons and he claimed he hated classes, so I said, "Sure, let's see, the pros get twenty bucks an hour. Man, that beats my paper route."

And Tim said, "I wouldn't pay you one Abraham Lincoln penny."

And I said, "Here we go—you weren't kidding about exploitation, were you? Okay, I'll take you on for friendship."

And he said, "Love, I hope."

And I said, "Love may be a many splendored thing but around here it sure pays lousy."

And Tim said, "I didn't mean I wouldn't pay you at all."

And I said, "Sure, an extra nice BJ in the shower afterwards."

And Tim said, "As a tip. I guess you don't want to hear my proposition."

And I looked through the back window to see if there was anyone following us and then wrapped my arm around Tim's neck and put my cheek on his shoulder and took hold of his cock through his ski pants and said, "The trouble with your propositions is they're all the same: Let's go to bed!"

And Tim said, "No, this one is: Let's go to Aspen."

So that's what we did for my Easter vacation [[20](#)].

Picture spruce and birch and aspen forests climbing up and up and up along mountain slopes into sky so blue you'd think it was made of rainwater ice. Picture ski trails deep in white corn snow almost deserted where you can crunch to a stop that sends a breaker of kernels tinkling down the slope and then pole off into the woods and sit on your skis and eat sandwiches and talk and even kiss. Picture a rented condominium with a fireplace and a double bed. Picture people saying, "Tim Chaulkey and his son Darin." Safety, privacy. And between 3:30 when the lifts shut down and 9:00 in the morning when they open nothing to do but cuddle and caress and make out.

Tim taught me on the slopes to drink wine squirted right into your mouth from a wine skin. I taught Tim to ski with his knees, not his ass. Tim taught me how to massage his tired neck and calves and thighs—using everything at hand: cold cream, sun cream, baby powder, apres sex liquids—and once in an emergency KY. Tim taught me the other, the usual, use of KY.

Because that was the one last thing I had to learn. When arounding the world on him I'd been getting my lips closer and closer to his asshole. I liked the strong sweaty smells of that part of his body and the soft, warm tightness of the crease where the target was hidden. One day I licked it. The next day I poked it with my tongue and made it give a bit. The third day Tim handed me the tube and said, "Go in." I came off on the initial slide!

A couple of nights later Tim fucked me.

It seemed right, somehow, after bossing him around all day on the slopes. Love isn't just fixed roles. It's role swapping and turn about. Sure, most of the time I'm the kid and he's the wise old man, but with skis on I'm his instructor and he does what I tell him. So I just lay there and felt him closing in on my butt and then his cock pushing on my button and me opening up and him sliding in. It was all so simple, after the worry and preparation and talk [\[21\]](#).

I just told him, "Shut up and do it."

And he said, "You're sweating."

And I said, "You're shaking."

And he said, "You don't feel humiliated?"

And I said, "Are you gonna talk or fuck?"

And he said, "Just a little more in..."

And I said, "Oh, Jesus!"

And he said, "Goddamnit, am I hurting you?"

And I said, "No."

And he said, "Then how does it feel?"

And I said, "Like I have to take a crap, except I don't."

And Tim said, "Want me to pull out?"

And I said, "No, Tim, really, it's fine."

Because it was a very special sensation, accepting that cock I loved more than any other bit of flesh in the whole wide world deep in my gut. It was worth some pain, but I don't remember it even hurting much, only a weird feeling as his cock-tip lumped by my prostate and sent a flood of my juice into his hand jerking me off. And then his boner slowly went out and slowly back in again. I loved knowing how precious the gift to him of my asshole was; I loved him squirting sperm into me.

One very hot day when all the kids on the slope were bare-chested we skied off the trails and up to a sort of pinnacle of rocks and we stripped to the waist and sat there high and dry passing the wine skin back and forth and licking the spilled red drops off each other's lips and I told Tim I was horny and wanted to make out.

And he said, "Right here? Right now?"

And I said, "Yes," and reached for his zipper.

And he just lay back, squirting more wine into his mouth, while I bared him and spread a little spit around his cock, and after I'd rubbed it a while he pushed me back onto the rocks and squirted *my* mouth full of red wine and pulled on my pecker in my own pre-come.

He said, "Do you suppose there's any couple here on all of Snowmass Mountain that's half as lucky as we are?"

And I said, "I suppose not."

And he said, "The thing is, we're *just right* for each other."

And I said, "Yeah, like I'm a smart kid and you're a dumb old man..."

And Tim said, "You're not a smart kid. You're a dumb kid."

And I said, "I am not!"

And he said, "Only a dumb kid would take up with a dumb old man."

And I said, "Well, someone had to look after you, going to dirty old man parties and jacking off to kiddie-porn magazines."

And Tim said, "And teach me how to ski."

And I said, "You really are getting better."

And Tim said, "Love is the best instructor."

And I said, "Are you getting close?"

And Tim said, "Don't make me come. I'm not like you—eight orgasms between church and vespers."

And I said, "Between sunup and sundown. Why not?"

And Tim said, "You just observed I'm an old man. Three dirunal orgasms approaches my upward limit, while for you, to keep your sanity, it's a bare minimum."

And I said, "Let me squirt it in your face."

And Tim said, "Why?"

And I said, "I don't know. Like it's my cock's way of giving you a Tammy kiss."

And Tim said, "Full of love."

And I said, "Yeah."

And Tim said, "And power."

And I said, "That's it! Out here on this big mountain, with the trees all around us and the sun and the sky and, who knows, maybe even God!"

So I straddled him and wet my hand and grabbed my cock and pointed it at him and jerked it and the sperm went flying into his hair and onto his forehead and cheeks and draped across his nose and sealed his lips and puddled on his chest, and then I bent down and kissed it all off and swallowed it and tongue-bathed everywhere that the sperm had been.

When we got home there were signs of spring: crocuses, and then later forsythia. Brian was in love; I had to hear endlessly about Her and her (imagined) Sexual Parts and what his (very familiar) sexual parts would do in Them. Tony had lots of girlfriends but, amazing for such a noisy boy, he kept quiet about what he did.

Then we had our first night thunderstorm of the season and after it had been rattling and banging around our house for a while I realized Tammy actually hadn't crawled into my bed, so I went into his room to check things out and sat down beside him. In one bright lightning flash I could see his eyes were open. I stroked his hair and said, "You're getting to be a big boy now, aren't you?"

And then the thunder clap came and he had his arms around me in a hug, and after about fifteen seconds I realized he was crying.

I said, "Hey, you should have come to me."

And he sort of squeaked out, "I can't."

And I said, "Okay, I'll come to you," and crawled into his bed, but he pulled away from me, so I said, "What's the matter? Don't you know how you always get under the covers with me when you're scared and we snuggle up and then you're not scared any more, and sometimes if we're in the mood we wiggle off? We haven't done that since I got back from Aspen."

And he said, "We can't no more."

And I said, "You're putting me on."

And he just sniffled.

And I said, "Listen, you're my brother and I'm your brother and we can do anything in bed we want to do."

And he said, "The teachers and the coach and the guys say you can't."

And I said, "Christ on a hog—you know they're crazy, don't you?"

And he said, "No."

And I said, “Well, they’re not going to keep me from holding you during a storm. Is *that* okay?”

And he said, “I guess so.”

I pulled him into my arms and let him sob himself to sleep, but when I got back to my own bed I was mad. Bastards, I thought, pricks, religious bigots, the Goddamned mind industry, as Dad calls it! Making *my* little brother their victim. Dad was right. Tammy didn’t think: he felt. He was innocent. He trusted.

Tammy still hasn’t recovered all the way from the damage those people have done him. He spends a lot of time by himself now in the woods. His face-washers have stopped. Dad has tried to talk to him; I’ve tried to talk to him; Trent has tried to talk to him, but he just hangs his head and nods or shrugs and you can see he is anxious to get off and do his own thing. Every time I see Mr. Green, who had charge of Syph and Sin last year—and I hear it was a real horror, with lot of “new findings” about “child abuse”—I want to punch him out, and I think I could, too, because he’s a dried-up little man and I’m taller than him.

You know what I think? There ought to be a law that says grown-ups can’t talk about sex to kids. Ninety-nine point nine nine percent of grown-ups only tell kids lies. We may be screwed up, but not half so screwed up as Mr. Green. Syph and Sin is no sex education. Sex education should be taught by *us*. And if adults want to come into the back row and sit down and listen and not make a disturbance, well, okay [22].

Did I tell you that Tom from Loon Lake was a swimmer? I think I did. He was not just an ordinary swimmer, though: last summer when the state championships were held down in Attic University he was the only kid from our part of the world that took part in it. Naturally, that was pretty exciting to all of us in the Pautagasset valley.

I caught the bus to Capital City the day before his events and found out where he was staying and went to his hotel and knocked on his door around ten o’clock at night. He opened it wearing a blue bathrobe with a white towel draped around his neck.

I said, “Hello, Tom.”

And he said, “Oh, it’s you,” like he was trying to hide something—either that he was mad at me or was afraid of me or was pleased to see me.

And I said, “Can I come in?”

And he said, “I guess so.” When I was inside he closed the door and bolted it and hooked the chain lock. Then he said, “Did you come here to try to mess me up?”

And I said, “That’s a hell of a thing to say to a guy that’s just spent two and a half boring hours on a bus.”

And he said, “Yeah, so what for?”

And I said, “To see you win. To help you win.”

And he said, “Since when have the Fallies been supportive of anything a Loon Lake kid wanted to do?”

And I said, “You got to be kidding! Back home our teams may be deadly enemies, but *for this*, well, me and Brian and Tony and Kent and Wayne and really all the kids I know are just terrifically proud—and behind you.”

He looked at me for a while with his one blue and his one hazel eye, and then he went over to one of the hotel chairs and sat down and stuck his long, strong, bare legs out in front of him. “Where you staying?” he said.

And I said, “Here,” tilting my head in the direction of his bed.

And he said, “Oh, no—I gave you that chance last winter and you turned it down.”

And I said, “Yes, but I remember what your coach told you.” [23].

And Tom said, “He didn’t recommend getting fucked the night before.”

And I said, “That wasn’t what I had in mind.”

And he thought that over for a bit and said, “I see.”

And I said, “Can I take a shower?”

And he waved toward the bathroom.

When I came out, with a towel wrapped around my hips, he was still sitting in that chair with some of the xeroxed forms about the swim meet in his lap. And inside the bathrobe something else was in his lap, too, making a bulge.

He said, “I gotta get up early.”

And I said, “I figured.”

And he said, “So I’m turning in.” And he rose and walked to the bed and dropped his bathrobe on the floor with his back to me and lifted the covers and slid under them. I didn’t get one glimpse of his cock.

But as soon as I joined him in bed I grabbed it in my right hand and said, “Tom, let yourself go.”

And he said, “Why should I?”

And I said, “Because you want to be tip-top in touch with yourself tomorrow. No tensions. Internal harmony.”

And he said, beginning to soften, “I still can’t figure out why you’re doing this. I mean, *why you?*”

And I said, “Because we’re such good enemies.”

Like most athletes, Tom didn’t have much of a sense of humor. Dad says a sense of humor means balance, and nobody who beats his body into total exhaustion in order to get to the other end of a swimming pool before someone else can lay claim to a balanced personality. But Tom was sexual—I’d sure learned that a couple of years earlier at the Olympics—and now he—how do the generals say?—capitulated.

We made love. We rested.

I said, “Did coach say you could go for a second?”

And he said, “He didn’t tell us we couldn’t.”

And I said, “As I remember, three was what it took.”

And he said, “I was just a kid then. But let’s say no more sex after four in the morning.”

And I said, “And lots of sleep in between.”

We made love again. He was strong and he was warm and he trembled at his orgasms. The first time I’d sucked him off. Now we came in a hug. We kissed and licked and nuzzled. (“Christ sake, no hickies!” he said. “Everybody at the meet’ll see.”)

At 3:30 in the morning I rolled over on top of him and woke him up *doing it*. We didn’t say anything. We didn’t stop, either. We just held each other in that half-asleep hug, me pulsing and him pulsing and me pulsing and him pulsing, and our cocks slithering side by side like friendly eels, until the Loon Lake sperm of the swimmer pulsed out of the Loon Lake eel and the Pautagasset Falls sperm of Darin Smith pulsed out of the Pautagasset eel and the two eels mixed the sperms all up on his belly so they dripped down into the hotel bed sheets as one big beautiful homogenized mess.

Weirdly, I had that same feeling of a slippery eel slithering as I sat in the bleachers above the Attic U. swimming pool the next afternoon and watched Tom make his sensational win. The other boys turned the water white with froth; Tom slid down his lane with a minimum of disturbance, his body eel-like, half in and half out of the pool, just as his cock a few hours earlier had rode beside mine bathed in other liquids. (He told me later, “The object is not to move a lot of water; the object is to move you.”) He came in a body-length ahead of his nearest competitor. Scouts from Santa Clara, California were there and signed him up.

They actually put a gold medal around his neck, and although I saw Tom every so often during the summer and was even invited up to Loon Lake for his going-away party in September, that’s the picture I’ll always have of him. Not as a pubertal boy “torturing” me, or a naked boy in the snow nearly dead of hypothermia, but of him standing there in his swim trunks on the dias where the judges had sat, still wet,

his blond hair plastered down on his head except for a couple of wisps that stuck out beside his ears, looking just terrifically proud and handsome with the gold medallion glinting in the crease between his pectorals. Now I saw he'd figured out where I'd been sitting because as he raised his clasped hands above his head in the athlete's traditional victory gesture he caught my eye for a moment and his lips parted and it was like I could hear him telling me, "Thanks, Stack—thanks for forgiving me, thanks for saving me, thanks for teaching me, thanks for everything!"

I guess I'm getting close to the end of what I set out to tell you. Last summer Tim and I spent just about every Saturday and Sunday and Saturday night too at his fishing cabin. We weren't always fishing or making love. Sometimes he'd bring his portable computer and show me what he was working on. I've got so I can write simple programs myself. Now that the weather's turned cold we mostly hole up in his apartment.

At home, about once a week Trent stays overnight, and now he sleeps in my room rather than Tammy's, and in my bed, of course. Mom has given up putting a cot in there for him because it was pretty obvious he never used it. Every so often a pecker track slips by us and can be seen when the sheets go to the wash, and if Mom suspects this only happens when two cocks are spurting in company rather than one lonely one, she's never said anything. Besides, I think sometime around Christmas this year I'm going to clue them in to what Tim calls my "sexual preference".

Tim says, "For people like you and me, Christmas should never be celebrated. It's a Christian holiday and all good Christians, like all good shrinks, feel it's their spiritual or professional duty to kill us—if we're ever caught. Winter solstice is the significant event, the longest night of the year, after which the path of the sun starts to rise and daylight lengthens."

And I said, "When's that?"

And he said, "The 22nd of December."

And I said, "Gol, *nobody* celebrates the 22nd of December!"

And Tim said, "Except us. We'll stay over night at the river cabin. We'll pack a sled and haul in a couple of steaks and a bottle of wine..."

And I said, "A couple of bottles of wine and the wine skin."

And Tim said, "No wine skin. We'll drink out of wine glasses and eat by candle-light."

And I said, "Plum pudding afterwards, with vanilla ice-cream..."

And Tim said, "And after *that*???"

And I said, "Man!" shivering just thinking about it.

Well, that's all. I wish you people down at the Institute a happy winter solstice.

The Roster Institute for the Study of Sexuality

Memo
From: Nicolas Goldfarb, MD
To: Elaine Manners, Chairperson of the Professional Ethics Committee:

There is little need for me to reiterate my surprise that the committee divided itself so sharply the other night over the disposition of the Darin Smith tapes, the psychiatrist/psychologist/social worker faction standing solidly for constructive intervention, with lay members feeling just as strongly that the Institute must regard these communications as privileged and thus confidential. As you know, we arrived at no decision and I was instructed to explore alternatives with our counsel, Mr. Tenney.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, depending on which side of the controversy one stands (and I have no doubts about the soundness of your allegiance to our point of view, Elaine), there is little need to do so now. The issue has been resolved in a totally unexpected manner which I shall now proceed to relate.

Last Thursday afternoon, as I was preparing to leave for our emergency meeting, young Craig Freeman, who you will recall was typing the transcripts, informed me that a boy had turned up in my waiting room and wished to see me on a matter of some urgency.

Now that in itself is nothing unusual, since, as you know, I counsel a number of juveniles, but the name he gave, which frankly I have now forgotten, meant nothing to me. I asked Craig to show him in. Craig did, and informed me at the same time that he was leaving a bit early because of the nasty weather.

The boy said he was a victim of sexual molestation by a drunken step-father. I asked him a number of questions which he answered readily enough, but I was disturbed by two things. First, there was a peculiar emotional hollowness to his recitation, as if either he was lying or he really wasn't as disturbed by the sexual abuse as he wanted me to believe. Second, I had this persistent feeling that I had encountered the child somewhere before.

I gave him the telephone number of Detective Youngblood down in Juvenile and scribbled the name of one of my colleagues on a piece of paper, explaining that I was regrettably too busy to take on new cases at the present time. I showed him to the door and then busied myself for some fifteen minutes tidying things up before departing for the emergency Committee meeting.

Well, the next morning I found a note dropped into the office letter box. It read:

Dear Dr. Goldfarb:

I want to take this opportunity to thank you for employing me last term while I was recovering from mononucleosis and thus unable to attend classes. The time now has come for me to return to college, and since I hate goodbys I will just enclose my office key and wish you success in all your endeavors.

(Signed) Craig Freeman.

PS I hope you were able to help that boy I left you with. I found myself identifying strongly with his plight.

I was standing there in the outer office cursing the undependability of youth, when suddenly I realized what my mind had been trying to tell me about my young visitor of the previous afternoon. It wasn't his face I had recognized; it was his voice. It was the voice on the tapes. That boy was Darin Smith!

I rushed to the filing cabinet where the cassettes had been stored—gone, they were all gone. I rushed to the telephone and dialed the number I had for Craig. His landlady told me he had departed during the

night—and what awful weather! No, she didn't know where his family lived and she was surprised to hear that his last name was Freeman: if I would give her just a minute she was sure she would remember the name he used... Such a nice clean-cut young man—you could tell by the pictures he had on the wall, mostly children engaging in fine healthy outdoor recreation, boys swimming, camping, tennis-playing, romping *au naturel*...

Wearily I let myself into my office, my sanctum sanctorum, my *quarencia*, sat at my desk and buried my head in my arms. On the retina of my very conscious mind I saw my monograph for the American Psychiatric falling away from me on the principle of confidentiality, and I saw Craig hurling himself on his Honda 250 westward along the turnpikes, mouth open to the winter winds in a snaggle-toothed grin, his Walkman pouring out the thumps and yowls that are the musical heartbeat of today's youth—or was it a copy of one of Darin Smith's more salacious cassettes?—happy that his own kind of constructive intervention on behalf of a soul-mate had so totally abrogated mine!

And in that unhappy state my mind conjured up Tim Chaulkey's fishing cabin on the Pautagasset River on the night of winter solstice, which is tomorrow. Inside a fire blazed and crackled in the pot-bellied stove and leaked a little pine wood smoke. Its light caught in the glass eyes of the deer heads high on the wall. They looked down impassively and gently as two figures on the couch, man and boy, began to shed their clothes in the spreading warmth from the fire...

And I thought, just for a moment, is it *I* that's getting left out? What fire, what human hearth do *I* have to return to? And then, even more fundamentally: are the basic premises of my profession wrong? Are we all in America making a terrible mistake?

But that, of course, is ridiculous.

Footnotes

- 1 Here we can see the familiar parameters that lead so ineluctably toward sexual perversion: idealization of Mother (it is significant that Darin, after this passage, hardly ever mentions her again in these tapes) and psychic separation from Father. We should not be fooled by the warmth of feeling Darin professes for Father; it is merely a mask for his oedipal hatred, expressed, among other ways, through his compulsive “mess” creation—an obvious (and safe) acting out of the ritual patricide. Note also that this line of thought leads Darin to the “massacre” of fish. Fish, of course, are phallic; their slime (also dwelt on later during the discussion of masturbatory lubricants) equates them with men’s penises, not children’s penises. Father, then, accepts the “mess” only upon his own castration.
- 2 The perception of perversion-as-normal-variant is re-enforced by myth-making around the Bad Father figure of the fundamentalist minister in almost every “gay” publication I have examined.
- 3 More accurately, toward the lower end of abnormal behavior. There can be little joy in such compulsive masturbating, despite any declarations to the contrary.
- 4 Further evidence of Father’s psychic absence. He ignores his son’s masturbatory activity instead of taking this perfect opportunity to constructively intervene. When children are sexually indulged this way they only suffer. What they so desperately need is enlightened sexual guidance—*after* they are old enough to understand it! We should note, too, that this incident took place at *the dentist*. One wonders how strongly this acted as a “push factor” in the development of the young boy’s unhealthy orality—oral pain, anticipated or real, eroticized and fixed through masturbatory approval by Father.
- 5 Once again we see the baleful influence of this misguided man upon his son.
- 6 One of the characteristics of boys like Darin who have been induced to join such mutual masturbation groups is a tendency to universalize their experience. It is, of course, merely an *apologia pro vita sua*. Now that Dr. Judith Reisman has exposed Alfred Kinsey for the fraud he apparently was, we can assume that juvenile ‘circle jerk’ rings are mercifully rare.
- 7 Compulsive masturbation turns into compulsive seduction! We should also at this point note evidence of Little Brother’s mental disturbance in his fear of thunderstorms. Since the time of Zeus and Vulcan, of Jehova himself, it has been a *father* figure which unleashes the lightning bolts, rends the heavens, shakes the insubstantial shelters of mankind. Tammy is, at heart, *terrified* of Father—probably because Father is so weak and permissive that the poor little boy never knows what the limits are and thus when the fatal bolt of lightning will strike! Thus his oral obeisance to the more powerful members of his family, and even their friends, in the form of wet kisses (Saliva equals holy oil; those bestowed are the anointed ones. Jesus himself restored sight by rubbing his spittle on the eyes of the blind.). So Little Brother escapes the terrifying, undependable Father by creeping into the bed of Older Brother— only there to meet a more insidious threat.
- 8 Like Lady Macbeth trying to wash the blood from her hands!
- 9 Despite Darin’s obvious contempt for our profession and the people who practise it (fostered, no doubt, by his radical father) he disproves the very point he is trying to make: that a pre-adolescent boy isn’t traumatized by sexual contact with someone with a mature erection. Compulsive masturbation is commonly recognized as a defence against anxiety. Here the unconscious anxiety roused by the phallus

of this older student resulted in an immediate 33% increase in his already excessive masturbatory frequency. (It is a pity Darin doesn't reveal the contents of these erotic dreams.)

10 (Missed)

11 The deliberate rudeness and inappropriateness of these comments should not blind us to the fact that they contain a disguised invitation to play "penis games" with the Institute staff. Thus we might interpret them as a desperate plea for help.

12 We see how the sado-masochistic streak in Darin's perversion is reinforced and justified by another warped adult, the heretofore mysterious Tim, giving bad advice.

13 And herein lies the danger. Although Freud thought one's sexual makeup was determined by five or six years of age, only to be "developed" later like a previously exposed film, and fixed in puberty, we now know "push factors" are operable even through late adolescence and can alter the direction of the sexual instinct. Tammy certainly should be in the care of a child psychiatrist after undergoing such experiences.

14 It might be appropriate to make something of an extended comment here about the various oral strivings manifested in this record. That Darin is oral—orally dominated, orally obsessed—hardly need be stressed.

The mouth is, of course, a feminine organ. Like the vagina, it ingests. Homosexuality is often likened to a sort of developmental hybridization: a feminine charge is imposed upon a masculine structure, so the victim is left with the heart and mind of a woman at perpetual odds with the form of a man. But the mind is adaptable: every homosexual invents his own vagina—by eroticizing either his mouth or his anus, or both. (And many homosexuals succeed in disguising from themselves their essential feminine mentality—by superimposing upon it a sort of macho heartiness.)

Darin's oral expressions include kissing, licking, even the production of these tapes, for they are spoken rather than written. He dwells at some length upon the fluids of the mouth, as sexual lubricant, as a component of the unhealthily over-enthusiastic kisses of his little brother, as precipitant of the above sexual encounter. He asks us if *the other boy* might have an erotic striving toward being dominated and humiliated; obviously what he is asking is whether he himself has these tendencies. Note that the initial spitting was not enough for him: he had to provoke it time and again when he had actually won the fight.

Note also that he is attracted to "the white teeth" of the Puerto Rican boy. Now teeth are weapons; white teeth, presumably, are good weapons. Weapons in the terrifying vagina! The presence of teeth, and strong teeth, saves Darin at this critical point from having to confront the basic feminine role he is playing—in fact is living. The teeth, the strong, dangerous teeth, are in there in the mouth-of-beauty/vagina-of-terror and have to be conquered—by denying the Puerto Rican boy pleasure.

One should also mention in passing that the castration anxiety which all homosexuals feel in imaginative contemplation of the vagina is echoed and aroused by the actual contemplation of the other boy's teeth—an eroticized *pleasurable* experience as a defense against the underlying terror.

15 One could write volumes about this subtle kind of child abuse— or is it incest? The pubertal boy has enough problems without parents inspecting his hairs, commenting on his genital growth, encouraging masturbatory excess by setting out disposable tissues within easy reach of his bed, and, most absurd of all, taking credit for a maturation process that was genetically programmed from the moment sperm met egg.

- 16 Darin stumbles into many of the secondary symbolic equivalents of fellatio, but, characteristically for the homosexual, ignores the root origin: breast feeding.
- 17 It is statements like this that give one hope that young Darin might overcome his perversion if he were in the hands of a competent therapist. What, he asks, might he discover if he explored the cave? In other words, what would his phallus find in the archetypal vagina? Treasure, knowledge, fame? Fame translates as social acceptance and admiration not just for his penis but for what he does with it. What an agony of maladjustment must lie behind this forlorn wish!
- 18 And so another “push factor” towards homosexuality is set in motion by a collegiate prank of two thoughtless pederast youths. Now the archetypal vagina of Mother not only has teeth in it but ghosts as well!
- 19 Interesting verification of the thesis of the brilliant A. Nicholas Groth that child abuse begets child abuse. Father may not have had sexual contact directly with Darin, but he has clearly seduced him with words!
- 20 Sex-as-a-commercial-transaction, well learned in the village park, is here powerfully re-enforced. Actually, it is inherent in *all* man-boy child abuse relationships, no matter how strenuously either the perpetrator or the victim protests the contrary. Do we ever hear of a boy taking the man out to dinner, flying him to Aspen for a ski holiday? Of course not. The boy hasn’t the means: there is only one way he can ‘spend’ for the abuser, and this lowers him, paid orgasm by paid orgasm, violation after violation of one orifice or another, into the Slough of Sexual Despond! Here and there a plaintive note is sounded: ‘Love may be a many splendored thing, but around here it sure pays lousy.’ Deep down, Darin knows, feels that even ski trips are a paltry recompense for the innocence, the normality he has relinquished.
- 21 It has long been recognized that money has its colonic equivalent. Hoarding is an anal retentive phenomenon. Unconsciously Darin feels that denying his ‘friend’ anal intercourse would be mean and miserly. It is significant that Darin is rectally deflowered precisely when Chaulkey has taken him on a trip the expenses of which must pass all comprehension of a fourteen-year-old boy. We have already seen that Darin is ‘oral’. The anal capitulation can only be considered subtly coerced.
- 22 It is hardly necessary to point out that Darin and his father have got this whole episode the wrong way around. At last Little Brother comes into contact with reality, and that contact seems to have spontaneously stopped the incestuous sexual abuse, for which we can be thankful. Of course, one would expect some trying moments of adjustment, a desire to be alone to bring normal, healthy impulses into focus and a sense of mourning as one “says goodbye” to old patterns. One is left with a feeling of optimism that Little Brother may well survive all of this, as age-appropriate responses are learned—especially if we can get him into therapy soon.
- 23 One wonders how many other sport instructors meddle this way in the sexual lives of their promising players! The inappropriateness of such an Authority Figure advising boys to masturbate is profoundly disturbing. Do these men thereby hope to enhance their reputations? Do they know what they are doing? I think the citizens of Loon Lake would be interested in what the local swimming coach has been telling the young boys, put in his charge.

THE CHRONICLES OF FENWAY ACADEMY BY PETER ZUPP

A delightful account of what really goes on in a famous New England prep-school.

Jay Mattheson leaves his boring job in a small town bank to teach English and monitor a dormitory at the Fenway Academy – and also carry out his own very individual kind of research into some of the less well documented behaviour patterns of the junior high set. But what do they make of him? What kind of intrigues do they spin about their dorm master?

The answer will take you to the heart of prep-school life, to a lonely beach in Florida, on a cross-country motorcycle trip from Colorado to New England – with fresh adventures on every page.

A BL CLASSIC

THE CHRONICLES OF THE DESERT RANCH SCHOOL

BY PETER ZUPP

Tucked away against the mountains near Tucson is a boarding school for privileged youngsters. It would seem to be a youth paradise: a horse for each student, elevated academic standards, high rate of individual attention.

Except that Mr. Holroyd, the headmaster, seems a little bit odd, and imposes his will more and more upon his favorite student.

But Jeff has a mind of his own. He insists on blazing his individual path to self-knowledge and personal fulfillment.

A dramatic tale of friendship and enmity, camaraderie and conflict, which ends with the blood of two humans, friend and foe, drying on our hero's Levis.

A **BL** **CLASSIC**

THE CHRONICLES OF SCOUT TROOP 131 BY PEADER O'CULLAIN

Idyllic camping, lazy summer days, the smell of wood smoke, sunlight slanting through the trees, endless romping over fields, through the forests, swimming in the pastoral privacy of an Arcadian stream...

The only problem is Mr. Bones. The scouts are determined to get a new scoutmaster. For isn't there something a bit wrong with the man? Doesn't some secret lie at the base of his strange behaviour?

Everyone who remembers this youth will find in these poignant recollections an echo of his own experiences years ago, when the world was fresh and green and ripe for exploration, when friends were close and precious and the simple joys of nature worth far more than gold.

A **BL** **CLASSIC**

THE CHRONICLES OF ST. BARNABAS

BY COLIN MURCHISON

What could be more spiritual, ethereal than the pure tones of a cathedral choir? And how angelic the young singers look in their matching surplices, eager, innocent faces peeping above the music sheets at their director!

But the training of a chorister is a complicated matter, as Colin Murchison learns when he goes to the St. Barnabas Choir School to teach. Exuberance, curiosity, boundless energy are as characteristic of choristers as of their conventional school counterparts. What his charges learn from him – and what he learns from his charges – makes this an exciting, charming and vital account of what really goes into the making of a chorister.

A **BL** **CLASSIC**

THE CHRONICLES OF THE STARCROSS COMPLEX

BY SCOTT ALTMAN

On the weekend of his fifteenth birthday Richie realized for the first time in his life all his secret dreams and longings. Unfortunately his beloved was straight. But that didn't stop him as he grew up from exploring the outer boundaries his nature and the forbidden drives which bound him ever more closely with younger boys.

There was Ian, poor little rich kid, already at puberty bent on tearing the world apart. There was Cricket, at fourteen slow to mature but fast on skis. And there was Bruce, dock orphan who had learned to distrust the touch of all men.

A serious examination of a restless soul who put honesty, love and adventure above all else.

A **BL** **CLASSIC**