

Love Thy Neighbor

by David James

The summer I turned fourteen I wanted a job so I could start saving for a car. Actually, I had a job, but it wasn't much. Seventy-five cents an hour for babysitting the neighbor's kid while her mother, Pam, went to Junior College. Her husband worked out of town two weeks out of three and I watched the kid three nights a week when he was gone.

The job was pretty easy. Three, sometimes four hours of listening for the sleeping kid to wake and cry. I would rinse and re-insert her pacifier if she did. Mostly, I got paid to watch television until Pam got home.

One night Pam came back a little early, stuck her head in the den and told me to wait, she had something for me and went upstairs to check on her kid. When she came down she had on her pajamas. Well, the bottoms anyway. She walked over, stood in front of me and said, "come here, you." She reached down and grasped my hands, lifted them up, encouraging me to stand and then she pulled me close and kissed me hard, tugging at the zipper on my Levis. I still remember my gasping inhale. She whispered, "Have you ever been fucked?" I shook my head, "no". She smiled.

