

The Introduction

by David James

Lucy looked up, smiled and said mine had a head that looked like a mushroom. I suppose she was right. We were sitting on the floor drawing naked bodies for our anatomy lesson and teasing each other about our lack of drawing talent. We were new friends, having met when we each landed on the other playing “spin the bottle” and brushed lips at our friend's birthday party. We're in the seventh grade.

Two light kisses on the lips as we raised up on our knees is all it took for us to climb a rung, ousting ourselves from childhood. Scraping up against our teenage years, we put the lid on the Legos box. We wanted our hands on each other. She, fooling with my zipper, with me, sliding my hands under the folds of her blouse, seeking, then touching her flawless, still forming breasts.

That day was our watershed. We both knew it as I scooped up our drawings and shoved them aside. Her parents were at work so there, on the family room couch, with my nostrils flaring, we made our awkward, fumbling love. Walking home I wondered where is the downside to this?

