

# again that summer

*by* Jerry Ratch

And there was Kathi R in the summer of 1969. She was from Wheaton. We had tons of unprotected sex that summer. She was short, almost no breasts, but man, she could reach down behind me somehow and grab my balls at precisely the right moment, and bam, bam, I would come again and again. She called me Professor Obsessor, because I just couldn't get enough of her. There was something firm and sweet inside her that could take hold and squeeze the juice right out of me.

And then I remember her calling me up one day again, sometime in the early 1970's, when I was married and living out in Berkeley. She said she was driving nearby and wanted to come see me. I thought it was very strange, like out of the blue one day. But I was married, I said, and my wife would never understand that sort of thing. And she said, "Oh." I don't remember what else, just the way she said that, "Oh." Very strange. So, I guess, there was some possibility there, in terms of having an unknown son somewhere. You never know. We really did have chemistry when we were together. Although she was the one who cut it off. Ended it, I mean. Not literally cut it off.

