

# on the morning of my final

*by* Jerry Ratch

And there was one girl from Ireland, with her thick Irish brogue, who came into my bedroom early on the morning before my final exam for my Masters degree in the writing program at Irvine. She knew I was so nervous about taking the exam that I hadn't slept all night long. She was there to go out to breakfast with my Irish roommate, Paul, who must have told her about my exam, and that I hadn't been able to get to sleep. My bedroom door opened and she peeked in.

“Are you okay?” she asked, sweetly, like a nurse.

“Not really. I couldn't sleep.”

“Need some company?”

I didn't answer. I guess I looked like I did. She slipped in, quietly closing the bedroom door, and in an instant slipped out of her clothes. Her generous breasts swung down, smothering my upturned face, and she climbed on top of me and grabbed hold of my cock, gave it a gentle squeeze and slipped me up inside her. And she rode on top of me until I came. Well, I passed that exam with flying colors!

That was in the spring of 1970. And I'm pretty sure she was taking no birth control pills. So I guess it's possible there is a half Bohemian, half Irish son roaming around out there somewhere, who might have had some reason to be passing through Louisville, KY with that signature drooping moustache and his coattails flying behind him.

