

The First Time

by Jerry Ratch

Do you remember who *I am* yet?

I remember the first time you made love to me. It appears I was one of the lucky ones ... it wasn't in a car, it wasn't in your Dad's boat, underwater, or any other weird place you've written about. It was actually in your bedroom ... in a bed!

At one point, when passions were running high, my mind began to float out of my body and suddenly I was watching us from somewhere near the ceiling. It couldn't have lasted more than a few seconds, but the event must have burned itself into my brain because I remember it like it was yesterday. I told you about it and you laughed at me, saying, "You came, that's all."

That's all? *THAT'S ALL??* How many people do you know that have had 'out of body' experiences when they had sex? I can say with certainty that it has never happened to me again.

You've been a hard act to follow!

Oh, one more thing! You had to be the unrivaled hickey master of Villa Park. Maybe all of Illinois. I wore turtle-neck sweaters for months because my neck was a totally different color than the rest of my body!

