Squirm

by Matt Potter

“We should start a virgins' support group,” said Cindi one autumn afternoon. We were sitting in the bay window of the Campus Coffee Cavern, musing on ways to further international relations.
I was lukewarm about her idea.

But I was also new in Zwingle, Iowa — a political science exchange student from Australia — and first impressions are important.

“What would the criteria be for joining?” I asked. “Would there be a test?”

“You'd have to be a virgin,” said Cindi, eyes cloudy with thought. “But I can always tell, anyway.”

We sipped our steaming double super-skinny latté moccachinoes through heat-resistant plastic straws.

“I knew *you* were a virgin when I first met you yesterday,” she said, humming into her drink. “You have that … *glow*.”

I licked my straw, up and down the shaft.

“But could you still become a member if you lost it … in a riding accident?” I asked.

Cindi's straw slipped back into her froth.

“Then there was the time I sat on a pencil,” I sighed, my head shaking.

Cindi reached across the table and placed her hand on mine. It was cold, odd considering the warmth of our double super-skinny latté moccachinoes.

She looked deep into me. “The important thing is keep trying, Bronny. If you fall off the virginity wagon, the Lord wants you to get back on straight away.”

We smiled, sipping our drinks again.

Cindi hunched over her froth, her seat squirming. “Gee, I bet that pencil felt amazing.”

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