

Pubicly Humiliated

by Mike Handley

I have a friend several years my senior who's smitten with shaved women. Every few days, he e-mails "clam bake" photos of voluptuous tanned females, often lying on their sides in water.

I usually delete them.

I think it's because I was a late bloomer in the pubic department. I used to stare at myself, practically counting the little blonde hairs that never grew and refused to darken. Whenever I saw a guy with underarm hair, I was instantly envious. Even more, I coveted those little curls of hair that started at some boys' navels and trailed down into their gym shorts.

As early as sixth grade, my male classmates loved to boast that they had hair down under.

"Oh yes, I've had it for a while," I lied to the gang. "You know, the thing I hate is the itching when it gets hot."

Everyone nodded in agreement, though I didn't know a damn thing about how it felt because I was as bare as a newborn. Many of them were probably just as lacking, but they weren't about to admit it. Of course, Marty Lawrence had to push it a step farther by requesting proof. He was proud to show his in the restroom, but there was no friggin way I was going to drop trousers.

So I did the next best thing and pretended to yawn and stretch, secretly plucking as many hairs from the back of my head as I could snatch without yelping. Afterward, I plunged my hand down into my pants and brought it out with three rather long and brownish hairs between my fingers.

That seemed to work. Or at least most of the other boys left almost immediately, I'm sure because they wanted no part of having to prove their own manhood.

I had long been in awe of Marty, whose Brad Pitt looks made all the girls swoon. Nobody ever paid attention to me, not that I dwelled on it. I had plenty of things to keep me busy.

The hair incident wasn't the last time I was left feeling inadequate in front of Marty. Poncho, who was a year older than us, and I went to Marty's house once. Marty's dad, Jimmy, was there. Mr. Cool, we'd learned from Mr. Cool Jr., kept a stash of red-packaged, extra-large Trojans in the nightstand.

Marty's mom, Belinda, was drop-dead gorgeous. But I had a hard time hearing anything she said because all I could think about were the words "extra large."

Belinda wasn't home that day, but Jimmy was. He joked with us, treating us like buddies rather than kids. I have no clue as to how this came up, but at one point he took great pleasure in cracking wise about pin-is size.

"Doncha just hate it when you sit down on the toilet and your dick touches the water?" he asked. "That water's COLD, isn't it Poncho!"

He roared with laughter. Marty and Poncho joined in. I faked it.

Later that day and for several months after that pronouncement, I'd sit on the toilet at home, staring at my crotch, or, more specifically, the 6-inch gap between my pin-is and the water.

Damn.

Those were the years I flunked P.E., the easiest grade to get in school, because I was too embarrassed by my lack of fur to undress in front of other kids. I also had no use for sports. After roll call, I'd sneak off into the woods and smoke cigarettes with kindred spirits. We were never caught. We talked trash about vageenas most of time.

"Yep, there ain't nothin' like it," we'd drawl, blowing cigarette smoke out of our noses to demonstrate how adept we were at inhaling the smokes we'd either stolen from our parents or bought with our lunch money. There wasn't an age limit at the time.

We all hid our packs in our underwear. I never had to worry about a stray hair on mine.

Sigh.

