

Mistaken Identity

by S.H. Gall

Scott was sure his father was reassured by the sticky stains in his Penthouse; Dad found them when Scott was thirteen.

Dad had just one issue of that venerable porno, which Scott defiled with his joy.

It was not the Penthouse models that excited him, however. What caught his imagination were the men he longed for, the personal centerfolds so vivid in his mind, being tempted by these women. He envisioned each one finding these vixens in his bed, agog, then hurriedly disrobing. There was a lot of chest hair involved.

Mr. R., Mr. Y., even Mr. A. His high school was teeming with desirable men. Junior high as well, college of course (where there was one instance of consummation, finally, and not for a grade)... and of course where it all began, elementary school.

In fifth grade Scott longed unabashedly for his best friend's uncle, his dad, and Dr. Who, in that order.

162 words

Seth Gall has had work published in China, Canada, and the U.S. His work has appeared in Word Riot, SmokeLong Quarterly, and Nanoism. He is S.H. Gall in decomP Magazine, Nanoism, issues one and 27 of SmokeLong Quarterly, Five Star Literary Stories, and Fictionaut.

