

My First Time
by Justin McGonigle

Trudy would lean on her elbow and stare at me for minutes on end in the middle of class. When I'd catch her (she sat right next to me), she'd look away and stop, pretending to do something else. She wrote JM + TT all over her notebooks. This was a new school for me. My hometown had a Regional High School. I had never met Trudy before. It was the 7th grade. We were 12.

I knew Trudy for 3 years before my family and I moved to the big city. We were friends but never hooked up. She had other boyfriends and I had other girlfriends. We were always friendly to each other and she was very nice. We moved to the big city the summer before I entered the 10th grade. I was 15.

During my semester of soccer glory at my new big city High School (I had one of the best seasons I ever had my Sophomore year), and long before my denouement the following year (I was brutally attacked and stabbed by a fellow classmate, resulting in me becoming isolated, quitting school, going back to school and graduating but ending up in rehab for 7 weeks, less than a year later), my twin sister had a group of her girlfriends down to our big city house for the weekend. Trudy was one of them.

I was a virgin. Trudy wasn't. Trudy went with an upperclassman but had broken up. Trudy and I hooked up. I was now officially a man. Trudy said that she was impressed with my skills. I couldn't tell her that it was because of all the hours I watched my favorite Adult Film star, Seka do her thing on the screen. I just smiled.

Shortly after, one of the girls from my sister's friend group had a party of her own back at our old country hometown. I was there. Trudy was there. She had hoped that we would hook up again, but I ended up with someone else. Trudy seemed hurt. I felt like a shmuck.

Many years later, Trudy bought one of my paintings. She said that she felt sorry for me. I must have seemed hard up.