Most of what follows is true. The events are sufficiently removed in time at this point that I most probably have added some color here and taken away some detail there, the inevitable result of aging memory, and I have deliberately shaded names. Yet because this was essentially my introduction to a sexual life, an awakening from Freud's latency, I place much trust in my recall of what happened, and where.

I was, or rather am, a military brat, raised on a whizzing succession of bases which came and went in a more or less mindless routine of orders, moving vans and saying quick good-by's and reluctant hello's. Reluctant because, as all military brats know, friendships are as temporal as seasons, as fleeting as weeks. Between my birth and my departure from the nest for college, shortly prior to my 18th birthday, my periods of residence in any given place varied from nine months to just shy of a year and a half.

In the Summer of 1965 my father was stationed on an Air Force Base in the northern section of California's great Central Valley. I was nine, and the youngest of three brothers, my two older siblings being seven and eight years my senior. We lived, as we always did, in on-base housing, a closed, gated and homogenous community, despite the fact it was composed of varied races and religious preferences. Everyone there was in a common culture, shared the same stresses and swam, according to their natures, in the constantly shifting tides.

That Summer, on our street, two doors down, lived the Rohe's, a family that had arrived on-base at just about the same time as we, about the end of May. The Rohe's two kids, a girl my age, named Laurie, and a 15-year-old boy, Joey, were among the closest to my age for a block or two in any direction. It was hot that Summer, the way California's interior bakes annually, probably made more so because the prior year we had been stationed in northern Germany. I played short-stop on one of the base's Summer little league teams. I wasn't gifted at sports, but my parents felt it would be a good way to swiftly establish some friendships, and I was good enough to escape the more terrible taunts from teammates. Joey was too old for little league, but he did come to watch most of the games I was in. I didn't know him well, just enough to smile and say hello, but he was always friendly in a world where six years difference in age means social interaction is improbable if not impossible.

In late July or early August both my brothers were away at some Boy Scout camp or jamboree or event... My parents, one weekend, were invited to a party at the Officer's Club. They decided that since the party might go late into the evening, I needed to have a sitter. Naturally, I demurred. I was nine and feeling very grown-up, and sitters were for little kids. Despite my protestations, their judgment prevailed. Joey was hired to watch me on that Saturday night. I remember being embarrassed that this would serve to cement for him a picture of me being no more than a snot-nosed nuisance, not worthy of his

friendship which I wanted desperately. He was nearly the age of my older brothers, and seemed to give me more attention than they.

By the time Joey arrived, I'd made my peace with the situation, had eaten dinner, and was ogling the tube. It was still light out as my parents left, and my mother's departing words to Joey, just after she kissed me on the forehead, were an admonition to ensure that I got thoroughly clean in a bath before I went to bed. I'd had a game that afternoon and was so irritated that a babysitter was being forced on my I had resisted her attempts to get me into the tub when I got home. Sweaty and dirty, I'd kept my uniform on, "Cardinals" my white shirt read in bright red script. Then she added, as something of an afterthought, I needed to be in bed by 10 or 10.30 at the latest. Since my usual bedtime was 9.30 in the Summer, I saw this to be a sop to my unhappiness at being saddled with a sitter at my advanced age.

To my nine-year-old sensibilities, Joey was intimidating, older, self-confident, tall and muscular. Having passed the age of puberty, he was basically an adult. Still, in retrospect, he was more probably an average 15-year-old, lanky, awkward physically and socially, and laboring under a pervasive self-doubt. Maybe I'm remembering him to be how I was at 15? He settled down beside me on the couch with a grunt for 'hello' that I barely acknowledged, being too hypnotized by the television. We watched until the show ended, some variety monstrosity of the type now long-extinct. It was 8, or 8.30 perhaps; the living room was bathed in that late evening amber, no in-doors artificial light being yet needed.

"OK, Shannon, go ahead and get your bath out of the way, then we can watch some more TV or play a game," Joey said to me in a no nonsense way. I thought for a moment to be obstinate and game-him around his orders, but just said sure and headed for the bathroom. Basically, I liked this older boy.

I plugged the tub and adjusted the water temperature. Then I tugged off my socks and removed my shirt. While the tub was filling I took a pee, then walked down the hall to my room to put my shirt and socks in the laundry basket. I wandered back to the living room where Joey was absorbed in TV. I have some pictures of me at that age at the base officer's pool. I was impossibly skinny and pale, even in Summer, and naked from the waist up I must have presented a pathetic sight.

He looked up, and seemed irritated. "C'mon," he said, "No game playing. Get your ass in the tub."

"I'm waiting for it to fill up." I was probably a little whiny and a little challenging to his authority.

"Bullshit, just get in and get it over with." Joey got up from the couch, grabbed me by my bare shoulders, then soldiered me into the bathroom. The tub had filled to about five inches or so. Joey put the lid down on the toilet and sat on it.

"You can't get in with your uniform on," he muttered. He then unbuckled my belt and started to undo the buttons on the fly of my uniform pants. Now, normally, I would have immediately pulled away to cover myself. I was as prudish as your average nine-year-old boy, and probably there is no higher degree of modesty. Joey was taking my pants down and he would see my wiener, and that was private.

Not that my wiener hadn't been seen by anyone outside my family before. In fact, not even a month previously I had played show me with Joey's little sister. It had been Laurie's idea. We were in the basement of her house, far away from adults. I wasn't sure I wanted to, but I told her I would pull my pants down, but she had to go first. She lifted up her yellow sun dress, little girls in the sixties often wore dresses. Then she quickly pulled down the thin pink panties, revealing a whitish, pouting slit.

My first thought was that something was missing. Now I knew that girls and boys were different, my Mom had told me that ages ago. I knew that girls didn't have wieners because playground knowledge was the unassailable Wikipedia of that day. But, I wasn't prepared for the small, hairless, nearly featureless mound that stared at me.

"You can put your finger in, if you want," whispered Laurie conspiratorially, gently pulling apart her slit. I didn't want to, but lightly brushed my fingers up its length. "OK, then, your turn," as she dropped the dress from under her chin and pulled up the panties underneath.

I unbuttoned my Levi's and unzipped. Then I lowered them to my knees. Taking a breath, with resolve I pushed my Fruit of the Loom's down too, and stood exposed before her. She lifted up my pull-over shirt, although as short as it was it couldn't have hidden much from her sight. "I like your thing," she smiled, and reached down to jiggle it. We both giggled and I pulled my pants back up. It was my first time for sex play, and while it was fine as far as it went, I didn't feel anxious to play show me with Laurie again. I'd have far preferred to compare wieners with any boy on my little league team.

Joey was all business as he caught my uniform pants and my tighty-whities under his thumbs and shucked them simultaneously to my ankles. "Step out," he ordered, and I did so. There I stood, totally naked and with Joey eyeing my small equipment. I felt... Well, it was like the dream I'd had perhaps two or three times by that age, where I would be at school and suddenly become aware that I had forgotten to put any clothes on. Every other kid was fully dressed, and no one really seemed to be noticing I was not, but I would get that funny feeling in my stomach, embarrassment, humiliation, but something more,

something I couldn't put a name to.

As I stood naked before Joey that evening, that unnameable something was more acute than my embarrassment. It seeped deep into my abdomen, spreading warmly through my crotch, and I was overcome by the sensuousness of the situation, my wiener fully exposed, and Joey staring at it. I mean, it was no quick locker room glance, he stared for what seemed a long time. Now, of course, I would say I was sexually aroused by his interest in me, but I didn't have the concept at the time. I had been naked in front of my parents, of course, and both my older brothers, but this was different. Very different.

"Alright, get in," Joey finally said. I sat down into the tub and he turned off the taps. "I'll wash you," he offered. I told him I could wash myself, but he insisted. "It'll be more fun."

He had me put my head under the water, then shampooed my short blondish hair, made lighter by the bleaching Summer sun. Once my hair and face were rinsed, he washed my upper body, lifting my arms and scrubbing my pits. I was ticklish, and giggling, and slipping around in the tub. "You're getting me wet, sit still," Joey managed to get out through some laughter of his own.

"OK, stand up." I did, while he held my arm to keep me from slipping and falling. I knew what was about to happen. He was going to wash me there. He was staring at my crotch again, washing my lower abdomen and back, then my bottom. I looked down at the top of his head, covered in dark brown hair that was beginning to be longer than that of other boys living on the conservative military base. He then finally brought the rough, soapy cloth into contact with my wiener and my little nut bag, slowly massaging and washing me, reaching down and under, deep between my legs.

As soon as he touched my wiener, almost immediately I threw an erection for what I believe to be the first time in my life, at least that I was conscious of. Now, little boys have erections, sometimes right after birth, probably in the womb. But, if my little dinkus had been hard like that before, it had gone unnoted, or at least unremembered.

"You must like it," he said, his voice suddenly low and gravelly. Then he chuckled a little, "You're getting a boner." I'd never heard the term, and asked him what it meant. So, he explained to me that when your wiener gets stiff it's called a boner, and it means you feel really good down there, and you're ready for sex stuff. He was accurate in that description. It felt great as he washed me, massaging the very tip of my penis. He said boners happened a lot to older boys, and it made me feel good that I was getting to be an older boy. He slowly rinsed me off as I stood in the tub.

"I know a game we can play, if you want to, sex stuff." I asked if it was show me, and he

said, "Well, close. Kind of like that, yeah. It's called Doctor." He said we would play like he was the doctor and I was the patient. He dried me off, and we went to my room, me naked and slender, with hair wet and a boner that would not stop. Not big, maybe two or three inches at most, jutting up at a 60 degree angle, a thin cylinder at best, but harder than marble.

Joey asked me to lay on the bed. He put his hands on my chest and tummy, tapping here, pressing in there, and moving them everywhere over my upper torso. It increased the sensual feelings I was having. Then he told me to pull my legs up so that my knees were in the air. After I did that, he spread my legs and stared between them. Then he took my wiener in his hand and moved it back and forth. Heavenly sensations surged between my legs. Then he played with my nuts, rolling them around in their tight little sac.

"Scoot down," he said, and I did while he held my feet. "So I can see your butt-hole," he explained as if there could be no other reason for such a request. He ran his finger along my crack, then in a ring, circling my little anus. My wiener jerked with joy. "You like that, huh?" I didn't say anything, because while it was causing butterflies in my stomach and like it I did, I also felt it was a little disgusting. I mean, that's where my poop came out. Why would he put his finger there? Why did it feel so funny, like I was falling from a tree, completely out of control of what was happening, but at the same time good, really good?

Joey then had me stand up on the bed. When I did so, my crotch was kind of at the level of his face. He put a finger under my nut bag and said to cough. Then he moved his finger to the other side of my nut bag and said to cough again. Imagine my enlightened surprise when, three or four years later, at the end of a school physical, it finally became clear to me what Joey had been doing. It was all I could do not to go completely rigid in front of the doctor, although I certainly was well on the way to erection by the second cough. And I'm not sure whether he or I was the more uncomfortable as he quickly turned away and told me to get dressed.

"Do you like playing this game?" Joey asked. I did, and told him so. "OK. Now, your turn to be the doctor." Joey pulled off his shirt, and kicked off his sneakers. Then he undid his jeans and pulled them off. Finally down went his underwear. His socks, white, stayed on.

Now, I had never seen anyone naked before except for Laurie. Not even my brothers or Dad, although I'd been bare-assed in front of them plenty of times. I guess being so much older they just didn't feel right about being naked around me. So, that night with Joey, I was excited and at the same time somewhat repelled, for there, over and around Joey's wiener, was an explosion of black wiry hair. And the hair was everywhere covering his wiener and nut bag. His legs were also covered in black hairs, only nowhere near as thick, just like on the grown-ups whose legs I had seen while swimming. When he lifted his arms

his pits were a nest of matted black hair. I had never seen an adult naked, I wasn't prepared for the transformation of puberty.

"Touch it, touch my dick" Joey said, meaning his wiener. He explained to me that when a boy grows up, he starts calling his wiener a dick. Even soft Joey's was big, immense. In my eyes, that is. Probably he was just average hung, but who knows? Maybe he was a budding stud; I had no basis for comparison. He wasn't hard at that point in our game, but was probably semi-aroused.

At the tip of his dick was a drop of what I thought was pee. I said I didn't want to touch his pee. "That's not pee," he said. When I asked what it is, he said that it was dick juice. "Go on touch it, it's really slippery." Reluctantly I did, and it was. Joey exhaled quickly and throatily and said, "That feels really good. Kept slicking it around like that."

Then Joey laid down on the bed. He had me examine his stomach like he had done to mine. It was fun poking and pressing down on him, and I was impressed by his musculature. At his direction I put my hands under his arms. He laughed and said I was tickling him, but I didn't like all that hair under there. Joey pulled his legs up and told me to check him out between the legs. He was hairy everywhere. His nut bag was loose and his nuts were big. His dick still had a drop of that sticky stuff on the end. Joey scooted his bottom down, and I could see that the hair went all the way up his crack, so dark I couldn't even make out his hole.

"Stick your finger in," Joey said. Where, I wanted to know. "In my butt, stupid, stick it in." No way was I going to stick my finger in where his poop came out, especially since it was all hairy there. He said OK, then stood up. He wanted me to hold his nuts and have him cough. But, when he stood up, the drop of sticky stuff started to droop off the end of his dick, and I didn't really want to touch that again. It just kept hanging from his dick. Carefully avoiding it, I did heft his nuts one at a time and asked him to cough. I really liked the way his nuts felt, heavy in my little fingers, with the sac so loose, so unlike my tight little scrotum. And when he coughed, his nuts bounced.

"Jerk me off." What?, I wanted to know. "Go on, jerk me and then I'll do you." Joey was surprised that I had no idea what he meant by 'jerk me off.' He said he'd been doing it since he was six.

"OK. I'll do you first, so you can see what it is." He had me lay back down on the bed. He grabbed my little bare boner, then leaned over and spit on it. I was a little grossed, but didn't say anything. Then he started my lesson in how to make myself feel good. No, not good, great. It was great from his first stroke until he stopped. I didn't have a dry orgasm that night. That wouldn't happen for another year or two, but pulling and pushing on my

boner was a guaranteed way to feel good even without the end. Finally, I told him enough, it was just too much for me.

"Now, do me," Joey said, climbing up on the bed on his knees. I grabbed his dick from where I lay, and started using the same motion he had used on mine, although with my entire fist needed where he had just needed his thumb and forefinger. I didn't have to spit because his dick juice was abundant and kept everything slippery. His dick got a boner fast, and boy was it a big one. Also, when he had a boner, his dick curved away to his left side. Since I'm left handed and was laying to his right, it wasn't all that comfortable to jerk him. While I moved my hand back and forth Joey kept quiet. His eyes were closed and he had a funny look on his face.

After a few minutes Joey said, "Wait. Stop. Move your hand." He grabbed his dick and started jerking it furiously. He looked down at me through squinted eyes and said that he wished I was a girl. "Why?" I asked naively, genuinely puzzled by why he would want to be doing this with a girl and not a boy.

It wasn't very long before Joey said he was going to shoot off, another new term for me. He moved down to my crotch, aiming his dick between my legs. Then he gasped and ejaculated on my still stiff wiener in four or five copious squirts of clotted white goo, whispering "Fuck, fuck, fuck..." while he shot. He sighed for awhile, then told me that the gooey stuff was his sperm. "You know," he said, "the stuff guys make babies with. It's called cum." I was getting an education. Then he reached between my legs and smeared his now cooling semen all over my crotch and lower abdomen. All I could think was what a mess. It was yucky.

Then, we were both back in the tub cleaning up. Afterwards, watching some more tube, Joey told me he liked playing Doctor with me and maybe we could do it again sometime. I told him I liked it, too. I did, mostly, and as I grew older I even began to like that butt-hole stuff. Then Joey told me that I couldn't tell anyone about what we did. But, I already knew that. What we had done was dirty and wrong and wonderful. And somehow I knew that if I told anyone about it Joey and I would be stopped from playing the game.

Joey and I did have some more sex play before our families were reassigned the following year. It never really progressed much beyond what happened in our first session, although one time I did agree to put my finger up his butt. Every time we played Doctor, Joey told me that he wished I was a girl, and said that we should get a girl to do it with us. But, we never did, and I never told him, but I was glad he wasn't a girl. I also never told him that Laurie would probably like to play with us.

I'm still not sure whether he said that to me, about me being a girl, to assure me he wasn't

a homo, maybe to relieve his own guilt over being gay, or whether he was a basically a straight kid getting his rocks off with the only other person available to him. I've thought about that, and him, a lot. Of all the kids I messed around with over the next nine years of my boyhood, I'd most like to hook up again with Joey.