

'Slugs and snails' from Adolescing. Copyright © Hilary Leland 2014.

The author gives permission for this version to be downloaded and read on a computer, mobile device or E-reader. If seeking permission to do anything else, please contact the author using the contact form at ASSTR.

This .pdf should display ok on an e-reader. If reading on a computer screen, you are advised to use '2-page view'.

Slugs and snails

Girls' trousers just lie flat between their legs but with men there are loose folds of cloth. That's what gets me going. I pinched the cloth and felt a firm little shape rolling under my fingers. He backed up against the tumble dryer. Got him!

Zips and tucks, Y fronts, dig and delve,

'Seen bigger than yours!'

Now I'll peel back the skin but (oh rats!) I can't hold it still, it curls up like string. Both hands, rolling a cigarette. No problemo. Ease out the little damp morsel inside and the skin rolling up all crinkled behind it.

'Men are disgusting. Slugs and snails and puppy dogs' tails!'

Slowly. Pull flap tug! I've not yet got the hang of this. How can I make it slide and not keep snagging?

'Is this right?'

That's better, up and down, plap lap lap lap much better. Oh mega! Point it down and then let go, boing! 'Faster now?'

Plaplaplaplaplaplaplaplaplaplaplap.

The look on his face, cool! 'Not hurting?'

Laplaplaplaplaplaplaplaplaplaplaplaplap.

'Someone's coming!'

'Quick then.' Plaplaplplplplplplplplplpl!

Here it comes! No, bugger, there isn't time but just a sec

yes! Hot slush don't stop now pulps squish grease my palm.
Any more? Squit. Squit yes blob but quick, bend it down
(ouch!) Tuck it away still leaking.

'Dawn? Hurry up! What's taking you so long?'

'I'll be with you in a minute.'

Wipe hands, where? The back of my shirt. Don't take my
jacket off now whatever happens.

'Coming.'