

Perfecting The Art



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PERFECTING THE ART

By Mardee Louise Prynne

“Mother, please listen to me. There is no reason for you to send me off to spend the summer with Anne. Yes, of course I know Anne is a very special friend and she’s always been kind and generous to me but it’s boring. I’ll be a high school senior in September and...”

After a short pause to catch my breath I gave in to Mother but that wasn’t really the case. Even as I protested going to the out of the way New England village where Anne “summered” in the large house she had inherited from a maiden aunt, I inwardly dreaded spending even part of the summer in my neighborhood. It was just not my way to give in to Mother without being mildly bitchy at the start. Nothing could have suited me better than to get away from the local clods if only for a few weeks.

At eighteen I was always the last one picked when the boys were choosing sides for any ball game. The boys on my team “binged” me on the arm whenever I failed to come through with a hit or a catch which was most of the time. The odd thing was that while many of the boys were all in favor of keeping me out of the games entirely, there were some others boys, boys respected for their athletic prowess and all around *guyness*, who for no discernible reason insisted I be counted in. It made me feel special, in some strange way that I couldn’t possibly explain back then, when these boys went out of their way to be nice to me.

While the boys concentrated on the game as they played stickball, punch-ball and other city street and schoolyard games, I looked with envy at the girls as they played other games, games the boys had stopped playing by the time they were in seventh or eighth grade, games like box-ball, slap-ball and a game called Chinese handball or Kings. Oh, yes: there was the on-going game to see which of the girls could sidetrack a boy’s attention from the game he was playing.

When one of the girls did manage to distract a boy enough to cause him to make an error, the boy might throw her a dirty look which gave the girl a reason to walk up to him, tease him, make him blush and then turn her back on him leaving him stare in disbelief as his pals catcalled at him.

The girls almost always chose to play their games in an area of the schoolyard close to where the boys were playing. This gave the girls a chance to show off their blossoming figures clad in summer tees and short shorts. Some of the more supple girls would bend at the waist to tie their sneaker laces. This not only gave them a chance to show off their shapely and formidable

legs but, with a little practice they could tug the waistband of their shorts so that they would ride up just enough as they bent forward to reveal the edge of their cotton panties. The glimpse of white or pastel cotton would show in sharp contrast to the suntanned limbs which made this a very eye-catching performance.

The boys who noticed often averted their eyes rather than be caught staring and thus vulnerable to being teased by the girl. It was so typical of warped male egotism that the boys would actually believe they were putting something over on the girls by their secretly ogling the briefest show of unmentionables. It was the girls who were taking control by allowing these glimpses. After noticing a boy staring at whatever she would show, the girl might smile provocatively, make the boy blush, throw him off stride for the rest of the day. I not only envied the girls their concealed finery but also the power they could exert over boys and men.

Most of the boys glanced furtively at these displays with two kinds of wonder. First was the wonder of catching a peek at what were then prudishly called 'unmentionables.' The second kind of wonder was that of wondering what was really concealed under those pretty undies. I wondered too but not for the same reasons as the other boys. My wondering was over how to mimic the gracefully curved contours of the feminine groin. At home, before or after showering, I would tuck my dick and my balls between my legs in what I was certain was a reasonable approximation of the contour of a girl my age. The problem was how to walk and maintain the illusion, problem I pondered for a very long time.