

it was about him. He was actually my first going-around and on-purpose kiss on the lips.

But anyway, he took the porn about him and Jennifer to the teacher and I had a detention and Mr. Geork gave me a lecture about how what people do in the bed is private and none of my business.

Okay I'm just going to start a new paragraph. This is such a good story. Somehow I had the groundless idea that I could continue my business by switching to dirty drawings because they couldn't be traced back to me. So I did drawings of people that looked nothing like them, tied to beds and with big teenager breasts and with sticks in their mouths and stuff. It didn't take off. For one thing,

with the stories, people were already passing around old ones and there was a demand. These drawings were unsolicited and usually unflattering or confusing. Way too much sticking things in people's bums, too. I think the whole thing must have smacked of blackmail more than anything, cause I was going up to girls asking them to buy these freakout drawings where the only indication that it was supposed to be them was an arrow and their name. That's like, more of a thing you do to make fun of someone. But now that's clear, it's only now that that's clear. I was only ten or something. So that's how it came to be that this girl Janet had me pinned up against the wall by the grade 5 entrance and she was giving me a lecture about not insulting people I didn't know. I was totally misunderstood.

That's why I read all

the Ramona books. Because she was misunderstood all the time, just like me.

There was a girl across the street named Margaret. She was the girl who introduced me to my first boyfriend a few years later. But at that time we used to go into her laundry room where her dad had cartons and cartons of playboy. Now that I'm an adult, I think there's really something stupid about a man who collects playboy. It couldn't possibly be for jerking off. What is it? Brother. Me and Margie used to sit on the chest freezer and look at them and compare. I think the most exciting thing about it was that we might get caught. Very exciting. Anyway, the next thing to happen in my porn history, after Margie and the playboys, was the shak club inspired by Are You There God, It's Me

Margaret. Sophie, Heather, Anne and Kim, that was the shak unit. We used to get together in my dad's basement 'porn area' or in Anne's bathroom and look at Kim's or my stolen smut. Then we would take off our shirts and compare. We were only ten or eleven so there wasn't a lot happening. None of us had periods. Kim had an actual shadow between her tits and her stomach. Almost a line. Very impressive. We were so horny for that.

Then the next bad thing was I was a candy striper on library cart. Me and the other girl Zoe were protected by the fact that she went to some catholic school and I went to Dirty Public School so any horny acts between us could be our secret. Someone donated playboys and penthouse to the library cart and the lady from the auxiliary said we could put them on the cart to give the old men a thrill. We had to take them off for the psycho floor. But we wound up stealing them. We did give them to one weird old black lady in the lounge on one floor first because she said she wanted to check out the competition. Believe me, it was not a competition. Yuk. But then we stole them and we poured over them in the back parking lot. We had a pen so we drew some dildos into open mouths and stuff. She took home the penthouse and I took home the playboy. It was like, no it's okay, you can have the penthouse, no, it's okay, you take it. Even though we both wanted that one. Oh well. I lost in the politeness contest. I got the playboy with all

this writing in it, arrows pointing to stupid poses saying, that's heather and stuff. I had them for a while but one day I cleaned out my room and threw them out and my mother opened that garbage bag to put more garbage in and found it. She was so upset that she didn't even talk to me about it. She made my FATHER have the talk with me. He came into my room and that song Missing You by John Waits was on the radio.

That stupid song, I still hear it sometimes and get a stomach ache. My father started out by saying, 'your mother found this in the garbage.' I guess they thought I was a young lesbian pervert with some girlfriend named Zoe. A secret 14 year old gay romance. Then he was asking me all these loaded questions and then he was satisfied that I wasn't the world's biggest freak so he told me that it was normal to like naked people, HE liked naked people, which I knew of course because he and I were secretly jerking off to the same magazines.

Now I don't think it's right to hide it from anyone that I'm a porno freak. I go to the mall and buy Fox Holes or go to the dirty Yonge street porno stores and stand beside the bi-curious guys and I don't care. I really don't. It's my birthright just like anyone else. You know I wasn't too comfortable when my mom found the cache of porn and vibrators during a duct-cleaning incident. But it's for the best that she love me for me, right? So I guess I feel okay with it all.

Reminder for Potential Graduates for May 2000

If you are planning on graduating this year, the deadline for application for degrees/diplomas is March 15th. You can obtain this application from the Registrar's Office.

Many 4th Year students have not updated their local addresses. The Senior Class will be sending out a package to each potential graduate; and if your address has not been updated, you will miss out on this very beneficial information.

The Senior Class will be receiving mailing labels from the Registrar's Office during the week of March 13th, so please let the Registrar's Office know of any changes in your local mailing address as soon as possible, or you can change your local address on the registration web pages, accessed with your student and PIN numbers.