

A Brief History of Time

One woman's beginnings in a life of porn fandom

By Heather Christie
ART DIRECTOR

This is the story of me and porn in a nutshell. Like to hear it, here it goes. I think it starts before I moved here, when I was at the old townhouses. I had a friend named Steven and he was really big for his age. I was ten and he was eight but he looked older than me. I used to go to his house all the time. We just got along. His father had Playboys coming out of his ass, like some in every room. They were the type of family to leave it on the coffee table. So me and Steven used to look at it whenever we wanted and we really liked it. Then somebody, I think Stan, found a Hustler somewhere. We hid it in the bushes.

At my old house, there were a lot of bushes, and they all had little kid-sized paths through them. They would be taller than your head and when



you have the a communal back-yard. So we kept the communal Hustler in the bushes and after a while it was completely torn up and dew-bloated and stuff, but no one stole it and I still think that if it hadn't been kids under ten, that never would have worked. You know, adults are greedy. Someone would have taken it home and gotten caught and ruined it for everyone if we'd been older.

Even though I got in trouble for playing naked games a lot before I turned ten, none of them involved porn. Then when I was ten and a half, we moved across the river

Even though I know now that teachers aren't supposed to be religious in public schools, my teacher, Mr. Geork, he used to read to us from the book of Matthew all the time. He was always very weird. He would go to the tapings of 100 Huntley Street every Friday night. Then on Monday mornings he would tell us the lesson he learned there. He was always kind of protesting too much that he didn't just go to that taping in the hopes of being on TV.

Anyway, I didn't know what the hell was going on in any sense of the phrase. One day I wrote a dirty story for this girl Kim about her and Billy. Then Kelly wanted one, and I charged her ten cents for 1/2 piece of foolscap. Then it started to be that everyone wanted them and I had rates that made no sense because I know it was ten cents for 1/2 page and 25 cents for a full page.

I was doing one for this knob named Jennifer. I remember her crush was her cousin, Michael. She didn't see that as wrong. So I started to write her story and it started off, "Jennifer was lying on top of Michael..."

And then Michael Ridley stole it from me and freaked out because Jennifer was a loser and he was a hyperactive sociopath and he thought

"Someone would have taken it home and gotten caught and ruined it for everyone if we'd been older."

you wandered around in there, there would be clearings with toys and crap scattered around. You'd say, 'whose broken yo-yo?' and then steal it. In these kinds of townhouses

and I started at a new school that was 90 percent white. I didn't have any experience with that and I was really unhappy and freaked out all the time.

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We write right good.

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