

"Reading gives us a place to go when we have to stay where we are." - Mason Cooley

Dear Readers,

01-05-18

Howdy! Happy New Year!

We just got a few inches of snow from that bad storm that came up the east coast & now it's bitterly cold outside. So far it's been much colder than in previous winters & I am definitely looking forward to Spring.

My horrible cellie, Don, moved out two weeks ago, thank goodness. He was getting on my last ~~nerve~~, nerve. I was alone for two whole glorious weeks, which is very rare. A couple of days ago I moved in a new guy who only got here last week. He's 28 & very handsome. Unfortunately for me, he's only here for a "violation" and will get out in April. He's a really great guy & I intend to enjoy his company while I can.

My dearest Travis is still in the Hole & will hopefully get out next week. I sure miss him & look forward to having a late Christmas with him.

As promised, I am including my 3rd assignment from my Publishing class, which turned out to be a short memoir of when I first moved to Austin, TX. I hope you like it.

Love & Blessings,

Publishing
11/28/17

Helen Bedd

I was an 18-year-old kid who had spent the past eight years of his life in the "sticks" of Missouri, just coming to the big city for the first time. I was finally out of that miserable high school with those small-town kids whom I could never relate to and never fit ~~in~~ in.

It's tough being a fag in small-town Missouri. At least it was for me.

There was no particular reason why I chose St. Edward's University in Austin, Texas, as the college I would attend. I'm naturally lazy and didn't follow-through on a lot of admission requests or financial aid. I actually could have gone to a small-town college in Missouri for a lot less money.

I just knew if I had stayed any longer in that state I would have killed myself.

My parents made sure I got checked in at the school and quickly left. I thought, "What the hell? What do I do now?"

Unlike a lot of kids my age - even gay ones - I was clueless about being social with people my age and completely naive about "life." I always knew I was "different" and mainly kept to myself. Being stuck on a farm miles out of town didn't help either.

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I've always been good at remaining in the background. I go from group to group, either listening in the background or possibly contributing with my sharp wit, but never getting too close and always fluttering off to the next spot by myself. So one can see that I'm really a beautiful butterfly.

Needless to say, I was frustrated as hell. I'm fucking 18 years old, never known anyone who was openly gay, I've got the social skills of a gnat, and horny as hell.

At last, a couple of girls I hung out with took me and one of the girls' boyfriends to a gay bar, the Boathouse, as a joke.

What the hell. Where have you people been all my life?

Okay... so how do I ~~pretend~~ pretend to be shocked and yet feel like I'm in Heaven all at the same time??

After that, it was on like Donkey Kong.

St. Edward's is in south Austin. Specifically, the 3000 block of south Austin. At "zero" is Town Lake, the "border" between north and south Austin, and downtown Austin begins. The Boathouse was in the 400 block of north Austin, just one block off of Congress Ave., the same road that St. Edward's is on.

So... what do you do when you're a poor, horny fag with no car and an extreme desire to "discover" yourself

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and to finally, maybe, actually be able to Lose Your Virginity?

Honey ... you walk!

I cannot tell you how many times I walked all those blocks to and from downtown Austin in any kind of weather, just for another night out. Plus, since The Boathouse stayed open until 4:00 a.m., here I was walking those long blocks just before dawn so I could crawl into bed.

Having zero social skills and no idea how to relate to someone I was attracted to, I stuck with what I knew: hanging on the sidelines and waiting - hoping - someone would come up to me.

It took a couple of months.

I don't remember much about that night. I can't remember the guy's name and only have a vague image of what he looked like. All I know is that he came up to me and It Was On!!

Oh my God! I still remember making out with this random guy in the middle of this bar and being all over him. He wanted to go to his place, and as long as he was willing to drive me back to south Austin, I was good to go.

At. Fucking. Last. I've finally done it. Okay, so we didn't go "as far as we could've gone," but we did enough for it to count as sex in my book. I

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finally got me some dick! From then on I was hooked! Unfortunately, I still had the social skills of a gnat and no ~~and~~ confidence in myself. I've got average looks and I'm skinny as hell. Since I had no experience with sex, I had no clue that I did have at least one "attribute" that would be highly sought after, and it took me several years to figure that out. But we'll gloss over that right now.

At the time I was still a naive kid. There was another gay guy at St. Edward's who often went to the Boathouse, and we started hanging out together. He was black, (I'm white), and his group of friends were black. So, I ended up being the token white fag in a group of black gay guys and their black fag hag.

God, I was so young. Like they always say, "If only I knew then what I know now."

I only lasted a year at St. Edward's. I took off a year and got a job - or should I say "jobs." When the banks started sending letters about the student loans I took out, I just enrolled back in college - going to Austin Community College and the University of Texas.

I didn't know what I really wanted to do and didn't really care. To be honest, the only thing I wanted to do with my life was to find Mr. Right.

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Hell, it's many (many) years later and I'm still looking. But honey, I sure as hell spent a lot of time searching and managed to have some fun doing it.

I do regret the many mistakes and the many wasted opportunities over the years. But I've had so very many "hard to remember" nights that it would make an "interesting" story.

Someone once said of me that I had set out to experience as much of life as I could after I left high school. They were certainly right. I could've done without many of those experiences, but still. I still can't believe the 18-year-old kid I once was.

GREAT JOBS!

THE END