

Long but funny

1. Noun
2. Noun
3. Event
4. Article
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8. Verb Ending In Ing
9. Verb Ending In Ing
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11. Your Name
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15. Your Name

Long but funny

i remember my frustration in _____Noun _____Noun as i

strived to keep my sexual orientation repressed,

and i was very successful. i would masturbate

thinking about the school jocks, and i would

peek almost gleefully during _____Event and i had a

small stash of gay male porno, including i

don't know how many boxes of fashion _____Article

depicting some sports star in his underwear,

but it just didn't quite click in my conscious

mind

that i was gay. i don't even think that

the word gay was in my vocabulary, but i knew

that i didn't want to date girls.

over summer break, while i was in college, i

came home to act in Article Article. the

director was my drama teacher in high school

(we didn't have a notably gay presence in our

drama club, either,) and we were very close

friends. while we were working on the set,

she

told me that she had some juicy _____
Noun

about my 'co-star' shawn. she had heard that

he was gay, and she was dying to know whether

it was true (i guess shawn was straight-

acting.) i was too.

shawn and i started _____
Verb ending in ing out together to

memorize lines, and one night, we were _____
Verb ending in ing

at his house running lines, and i noticed that

he was inching his way toward me, ever so slowly

on

the couch. then his feet were sharing the

ottoman with mine. then his feet were nearly

touching mine. then his feet _were_ touching

mine. then we were right next to each other,

and i started to feel a little nauseous from

my excitement. then he was looking right into

my eyes and i was experiencing fight or flight

syndrome. then there's a haze in my memory.

the next thing i remember after looking into

his _____^{Noun} is that i was lying on top of his

chest. we were fully clothed, but we had

both had orgasms, and i was astounded at how

'right' this felt.

_____ Your name _____ and i dated for the run of the play.

we started talking about how we were going to

_____ Verb _____ a house together and a _____ Verb _____ and how rosey

our life together was going to be. ozzie and

harriet; jake and _____ Your name _____. of course, everyone

must have known from our behavior toward each

other. my relationship with my father was at

an

all time low, and he suspected that i was

involved with Your name . one night, in a heated

argument, he asked me directly, and i told him

that i was gay. the argument stopped, like we

had both been hit by a truck.

things were pretty smooth between us for a

couple of days, but about four days after the

incident, he called me into the kitchen. he

had drunk about half a bottle of scotch, from

the

bottle to his glass with no interruptions.

he called my step-mother into the room, and he

proceeded to tell me that he would not accept

my being gay. he grabbed the bottle of scotch

and started walking very quickly around the

kitchen, his voice was rising. my step-

mother just kind of looked at me in shock,

and i felt totally humiliated. at one point,

i was sitting in a rocking chair and he was

walking around me, shouting at me that it

was not possible for me to be gay and god damn

it i was NOT gay.

i didn't see or call shawn for a week. when

i finally did need to close the relationship,

i went to his house because i was afraid of my

father catching me on the phone. i told him

that we couldn't see each other any more because

i was not gay. he was dumbfounded at first,

and then he went into a rage. i will never

forget

how badly i hurt him. as i was leaving,

he cursed me, 'you ARE gay, and you will

ALWAYS be gay. you will NEVER escape it.'

i wasn't gay for about 3 years after this

incident, but i was involved with that

drama group off and on during that period.

i saw shawn occasionally, and he absolutely

hated me. he would never speak with me, and

he would always look at me with smugness.

well, i guess it's about 6-7 years after

that incident now. i am gay. i was out

on campus my senior year, presenting papers

on homosexuality in several classes,

organizing blue jeans day, wearing my pink

triangle, writing an article in the school

paper so everyone would know what the pink

triangle meant (and that a HOT selling

issue, let me tell you! clarkson was seething

with the scandal that one of its white,

upper-middle class, privileged students

was a faggot.) i've had a couple failed

relationships, and i'm now in a very happy

relationship, approaching our second year (!!).

this past christmas, my father called and

said that it was time that my family met

Art, my partner, since it was obvious to him

that this relationship was longterm. one

day, i left my partner at home with my

father.

my step-mother and i went to the

liquor store to buy wine. i was wandering

around the store because i couldn't find

a single wine which i recognized, and then

i noticed that the guy standing behind me

was shawn. i ducked behind a stack so he

couldn't get a good look at me. when i

purchased a bottle, he was standing

directly behind me. we pretended that we

didn't see each other.

christmas went without a hitch; my family

adores Art. but i am still bothered by that

damn curse.

jake

****i MUST remember to bring my dictionary to work.**

i keep procrastinating because i have it in my

head that i am committed to this job the minute

my

dictionary graces my bookshelves at work.

while it collects dust at home on top of a box

full of my technical books and journals, i hold

on to the hope that i'm going to find a job which

is much, much more fun. in the meantime, i feel

like an arm has been cut off because i am a

horrible speller.