

A young boy and girl are shown in profile, facing each other in a closet. The boy is on the left, wearing a plaid shirt, and the girl is on the right, with long dark hair. They are both smiling and looking at each other, with their faces just inches apart, suggesting an intimate moment. The lighting is warm and soft, highlighting their profiles. The background shows hanging clothes in the closet.

*My
First Kiss*

A BOY'S PUBERTY STORY

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My First Kiss: A Boy's Puberty Story

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Part I

Jayden and I were showering after P.E., when Ben joined us under the shower head. We were all in seventh grade at Yellowjacket Junior High School. It was Friday in early November, 1983. We had just come in from playing dodgeball in the main gym. We had barely been able to focus on the game because we

were so excited about our plans today!

We had agreed to play spin the bottle at Ben's house with three girls, Julie, Jennifer, and Sam. They were beautiful!

During their science class yesterday, Ben had convinced them to come over to his house.

I couldn't wait to have my first kiss and to finally become a young man. I knew that I'd feel like I was really a man after I kissed a

girl—other than Mom or
Grandma, of course—on the lips,
like lovers do.

I couldn't wait! Who would I
kiss? Would it be a French kiss?
Would I get to kiss more than one
girl? I just hoped that I would get
to kiss Julie, my favorite.

Part II

I couldn't wait to get to Ben's house. He was my best friend and a really nice person. I loved hanging out with him. He was a blast!

We did practically everything together—except going to church. He was Jewish, and I was Christian. That didn't matter to us, though, especially since we had so many other things in

common, like our love for girls . . .
pretty girls . . . babes!

Jayden was a new kid at school; Ben and I had been hanging around with him since the beginning of the school year. He was cool. I liked hanging around him, especially since he liked to have fun, like Ben.

Ben started to lather his face and chest. Jayden lathered his arms and underarms. I kneeled

down to lather my feet, one at a time.

I really wanted to see a girl's feet. Maybe it would happen at Ben's house tonight. I washed my soles and in between my toes as I tried to come up with a strategy. Ben and Jayden weren't big fans of girls' bare feet, although Ben had told me that he knew some other guys who were. We had already talked about it during our many conversations about girls,

dating, and sex. That meant I would be on my own to enact Operation Bare Foot.

First, I would have to overcome my shyness; I would have to be very brave and muster the courage to speak up when we were with the girls. If I couldn't do that, there was no point in scheming further.

I stood up and started washing my hair and face. I wondered if the girls, especially

Julie, had beautiful feet. I hoped
so.

Just seeing the other boys'
bare feet made me excited,
because they made me think
about girls' bare feet. I couldn't
help it—I just loved girls' bare
feet!

Part III

When we finished showering, we walked naked toward the benches in front of our lockers, which were near each other.

Before we got there, one of the eighth-graders, Eric, whipped his wet towel on my tush, making me jump, startled. Ben and Jayden just giggled as I smirked at Eric.

He was a good kid at heart. I had one class with him: journalism.

He had encouraged me to remain a virgin until marriage because his mom and dad had him when they were only juniors in high school! That is unfortunate for his parents; they must have missed out on so many things.

I sat on the bench and dried off as Ben and Jayden started bantering about sex.

“I’m going to lose my virginity when I’m older because, well, because I am not going to make a

baby at my age, and be a dad,”
Ben explained to Jayden. I agreed
one hundred percent.

“I’m going to wait until I’m
married,” Jayden said. He was
Christian, like me, but I was
Catholic. He was Protestant.

Even though we all agreed to
wait to have sex, we were more
than ready for other things—like
kissing girls.

In fact, Ben had already
kissed a girl when he was nine.

Jayden had, too, when he was about ten. But me? No first kiss—not yet, anyway. But maybe today would be the day.

Part IV

I wished I could manipulate the bottle, so it'd land on Julie. I was practically in love with her. My heart tingled whenever I thought about her. I didn't really know her well; we'd only talked a few times on the bus. But I could tell that she was my type. I'd love to have her be my girlfriend. Soon.

“Let's go, dude! Quit daydreaming,” Ben said.

I shook myself out of my thoughts and got dressed. We headed together to our last class, English.

Ben's mom was a teacher at our junior high. She taught eighth-grade English, so we hadn't had her as a teacher yet. His dad was a veterinarian, so his parents wouldn't be home until after six. We had plenty of time to kiss the girls and catch a look at their bare feet. I couldn't wait!

Part V

I spent English class daydreaming about my first kiss. My insides tingled with nervousness and excitement. I was shy, but I had to be assertive today. I had to—or I wouldn't get what I wanted. Why couldn't I be assertive, like Ben?

Class finally ended, and school was over for the week. It was a bit cold outside, so I pulled

on my Levi's jacket, which Mom had gotten at a good sale at Sears.

On the bus ride home, where would I sit? Next to Ben? Or maybe Julie? I made a resolution to be very brave and to sit next to Julie. Ben, Jayden, and I waited in line for our bus to arrive.

"I can't wait 'til later," Ben stated, happy. Jayden was excited, too; I could tell by his big grin.

Then, Julie, Jennifer, and Sam approached. They were good friends with each other, like Ben, Jayden, and me.

My heart practically beat outside my chest in front of everyone. My chest was tingling and tingling as I looked at Julie and the other girls.

“Let’s sit next to each other on the bus, Julie,” I bravely suggested before I could chicken out. “We can talk about your

plans for college and what you want to do with your life.”

“Sure. Okay.” She gave me a big smile. “We can talk about our plans for the future.”

Our plans? Did that mean her and my plans for a future together? Oh, boy! Things were certainly going in my favor so far today! Maybe I really would have my first kiss today.

Part VI

We waited for the bus. Ben looked at the girls and said, “We’re all going to my house, right?”

“Yes,” each of the girls chimed in. They actually looked excited about it; they all were smiling at us. I was so glad to be Ben’s best friend in the whole world; without him, I’d be going home, alone.

The buses finally arrived, filling the air with the reek of thick diesel exhaust fumes as we got on. Julie sat at the middle of the bus, behind Ben and Jayden. Jennifer and Sam sat behind her. I happily sat next to Julie. Before I sat down, I checked out her sneakers. Her feet were small and petite. She was a dainty girl, just my type.

Part VII

“Are you going to go to Harvard?” she asked. “I think I might go there, although it isn’t that important to me—it’s just because I’m doing very well at school. Right now, I have all A’s.”

“I’m not doing that well, but I’ll probably get A’s and B’s for the most part. Hopefully, I’ll get through Spanish with at least a C; I’m having some trouble with it.”

“I can tutor you in Spanish, if you’d like. That way, me tutoring you will reinforce my Spanish and make me learn it even better,” she said, offering a smile.

I couldn’t believe it! I was so lucky.

“Yes, please,” I exclaimed. “I could really use your help.

Neither of my parents speak Spanish, so they can’t help me.

Thank you,” I added, thrilled at the chance to spend extra time with

her. “Here’s my phone number,” I wrote on a piece of paper and said as the bus pulled onto the street.

Then she gave me hers. You can call me anytime. I’ll be more than happy to help you. Maybe, you’ll get an A or at least a B.”

“Yeah,” I said, feeling my chest tingle. I couldn’t care less about my grade in Spanish, though. I was just looking forward to hopefully kissing her later

today. I looked out the window at the busy intersection as the bus jerked to a stop at a red light.

“I’m good at math,” I said, focusing my gaze on Julie again. “I even kind of enjoy it.”

“Oh, I like math, too. I love all of my studies,” she said.

“What do you want to become?” I asked.

She smiled. “I want to be a brain surgeon or a heart surgeon: two professions that require a lot

of studies to get into,” she said. I was starting to realize that she really was smart.

“I don’t know what I want to be. Maybe a writer. I’m taking journalism. Maybe a children’s author, or newspaper or TV reporter. I’m not certain. I write children’s stories and children’s poems. I have an idea for a children’s chapter book I’d like to write, about a self-centered eleven-year-old boy who wants to

become world famous and have his own TV-talk show. For the next school newspaper, I'm writing an article about having a good idea and following through with it—like me writing my chapter book idea someday, maybe very soon.” I don't think I had ever said so much to Julie—and I had never shared my goals with a girl. I felt my heart thump and thump and thump, like a huge frog hopping inside my chest.

“That’s awesome. I write stories and poems, too. It’s really fun,” she said as we arrived at the bus stop right in front of Ben’s house.

My buddies and the girls got off with some other kids, who walked down the street toward their houses. We were finally there. It was almost time.

Part VIII

Ben unlocked his front door and held the door open for everyone. He led us to the large family room, where there was plenty of room for us to play.

“My sister is going to her boyfriend’s house after school. She’ll be there late,” Ben assured us.

He then excused himself to go get the bottle from his bedroom.

The girls smiled at us while we stood there, awkwardly.

“Isn’t Tristan really cute?”

Julie asked her friends.

Cute? Ugh, I was so embarrassed! I could feel my face turning red. Heat was radiating off my skin. I tried to be brave, but I ended up looking down at my shoes, hoping that my

embarrassment would vanish, while Jennifer, Sam, and Jayden giggled and giggled. At the same time, I realized that I had nothing to be embarrassed about. I was lucky that she thought I was cute.

Jennifer said, “All the boys are very handsome,” and Julie and Sam agreed.

“They’re all good-looking, handsome young men,” Julie added.

Ben came back with an empty Coca-Cola glass bottle and his ghetto-blaster radio dual cassette tape stereo system player. The girls all smiled, and the boys giggled and giggled, excited because we knew we were about to have a lot of fun.

Ben adjusted the antenna on his player to get good reception. He tuned to a radio station that was popular with tweens and teenagers.

I had to be brave and assertive—and not shy—in order to make my fantasy come true. I wanted to have the time of my life today!

Part IX

I had to think fast...

How to get the girls

barefoot...

“How about, before we start, we remove our shoes and socks, and play barefoot. That would be really cute,” I said. I was so nervous that they’d decline my offer.

“Okay,” Julie said, and the others nodded. “It’ll be cute to see the boys in their bare feet.”

Jennifer and Sam agreed. The boys smirked, because, of course, they knew what was really going on.

Julie and I sat on the love seat as we removed our sneakers and socks. First, I nervously untied my shoes, which took a while because my stomach was

suddenly churning, like a woodchipper full of gravel.

Within moments, everyone was barefoot!

Ben opened a pack of Certs breath mints and handed two to each of us, using up the entire pack of twelve mints.

“All right, everyone. Sit down in a circle: boy, then girl, then boy, then girl,” he directed, smiling widely.

I felt my heart beat hard, practically in my throat. The girls' feet were beautiful. Julie's were my favorite.

Everyone sat in their assigned spot. Julie sat right across from me. I could see the sole of one of her feet. It was beautiful. I was happy that I would be having my first kiss very soon, and with a really pretty girl, hopefully Julie—she was very special to me in my heart.

“Before we play, while our breath mints are dissolving, let’s share how old we were when we had our first kiss,” Ben suggested.

Seriously?! He knew I had never kissed a girl before! My stomach started churning and churning like a tornado of washing machines churning in Kansas. What could I do? I had to be honest. Why in the world did Ben have to open his big mouth?

“Let’s start with Julie and go around that way,” he said smiling at everyone.

Julie spoke up. “I had my first kiss when I was nine—with a boy who used to live next door to me. He and his family moved shortly afterward, to Arizona.”

Jayden explained, “My first kiss was when I was about ten, with a girl in the neighborhood. We French-kissed!”

Next was Sam. “I kissed a boy when I was nine, in my treehouse. He was cute.”

I was next! I sat there, silent, overcome by nerves. Then: “I—I—I . . . have never kissed a girl,” I said. Mortified, I looked down at my lap.

“Oh, that’s all right,” Julie exclaimed, right away making me feel better: safe and relieved. My embarrassment faded away.

“Well, well,” Ben said. “I wonder what lucky girl is going to be *the first* for Tristan?” He and the others giggled.

Next was Jennifer. “I kissed a boy when my family and I went to a lake, and he was there with his family. We kissed in the woods, where no one could see us.”

Now it was Ben’s turn. He was last. I already knew about his first time.

“I kissed a girl when we were playing with her doll house in her bedroom. We were nine. First, we pretended our dolls were getting married and kissing. Then, we kissed—three times, one after the other, on the lips,” he said.

He cleared his throat. “Now, for today’s kissing.” Ben paused in thought, and then said, “We’ll do the kissing in that closet,” he said, pointing.

Everyone agreed. The closet was a good idea. I was relieved and felt less nervous about my first kiss. Ben had actually come to my rescue. Now, no matter whom I kissed, she would have patience with me because it was my first time. I calmed down as I took a few breaths.

Part X

“Tristan will go first,” Ben said, “since he has never been kissed before.”

My stomach churned and churned. I held the bottle, and paused a second, trying to plan a way to pick Julie. Then, I spun. It spun and landed on...Ben.

I paused and then spun again. It landed on Julie!

My wish came true. I was going to get my first kiss with my dream girl.

Julie stood first, then me. I reached out and held her hand. We walked to the closet. Opening the door, we both went in after turning on the light. I shut the door slowly, feeling my heart beat in my throat.

We stood in front of each other in between the jackets that were hanging on either side of us.

I stood looking into her beautiful brown eyes. She hugged me, and I bear-hugged her back.

Then, I did it! I leaned toward her face, closed my eyes, and kissed her on the lips. I moved closer, resting my toes on top of hers.

I kissed her cheek—and then, we French-kissed again and again and again.

“Would you two lovebirds finish up? You’re taking way too

long,” Ben complained. The others laughed and laughed, making me feel happy. Ben knew I was having too much fun for one day.

After we stopped kissing, I hugged her, and she bear-hugged me back. Then, we walked out of the closet, holding hands.

“How was it, Tristan? How was your first time?” Ben quizzed me. “Was it really, really fun?”

“Yes. It was great—and very special to me. I’ll never forget it,” I vowed. Julie smiled at me as we sat back in our places. I returned her smile, hoping for another round.

Now it was Jayden’s turn. He quickly spun...and it landed on Sam.

Jayden quickly stood. Then, Sam did. They walked to the closet, holding hands, like Julie and I had. They went into the

closet and closed the door. Ben smirked at me as Julie and Jennifer giggled.

Finally, after a while, the door opened. Jayden trotted out, holding Sam's hand, and then they returned to their seats. Ben chuckled as the girls and I smiled.

We were having fun. Now it was Ben's turn. He spun...and it landed on Jennifer.

Ben clapped his hands. Jennifer smirked at him. Then,

they stood and, holding hands, went into the closet and closed the door. After a short time, the door opened, and Ben walked out, proudly holding Jennifer's hand. Then, they sat back in their places.

Part XI

I really wanted to kiss Julie again and again and again. But I did not want to kiss the other girls. I quickly came up with a master plan.

“Since everyone has already kissed, how about we dance for a while? We can dance with the person we had kissed,” I suggested; they happily agreed. Everyone stood and danced to a

slow love song playing on Ben's ghetto-blaster radio.

I had never danced with a girl before, except when I danced with my cousin at my aunt and uncle's wedding years ago. I held Julie's hand in one hand and put my other hand on her hip. Then, it happened: I kissed Julie again. We stood still, French-kissing, with her head tilted to the right, and mine in the opposite direction. I stood with my toes on

her toes as we kissed and kissed with our eyes closed. After a few minutes, we stopped, and I saw that the other couples were kissing, too. I smiled as I looked into Julie's beautiful brown eyes, and we kissed again and again. My chest couldn't stop tingling with joy.

My fantasy had come true. I was so very lucky! We danced for a while, and then, before Ben's parents came home, everyone

put on their socks and shoes and walked home. I walked Julie home. I liked her so, so, much!

Her mom was waiting for her, so we didn't kiss before I left.

“Bye,” I said, smiling at her.

“See you,” she said. “Call me tomorrow, about your Spanish.”

“Okay. I promise. I will,” I replied.

I walked home, walking on air, feeling ecstatic. I loved her!

Maybe soon she'd be my
girlfriend. I giggled to myself.

It had certainly been a day to
remember!

About the story: Shy, sensitive, and handsome twelve-year-old Tristan had his first kiss with a beautiful twelve-year-old girl while playing spin the bottle at his best friend's house. A fictitious story that takes place in New England, USA, early November, 1983.

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