

Handsome

stories of an
awkward

~~girl~~

~~boy~~

human

Holly Lorka



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This book is dedicated to my father,
whose sense of humor and stalwart belief in me
have made this life of mine possible.
I'm really sorry about some of these stories, Dad;
we don't ever have to talk about them.



And to George Michael, whose sweet ass keeps
showing up at important times in my life.



**the captain
of some
ridiculous ship**

When I was four years old, my friend Mikey told me that when he went downhill fast, like in a car, it made his pee-pee feel funny. I didn't understand what he meant until it happened to me. I was on a roller coaster with the Seven Dwarfs. All eight of us were sitting politely in our little cars, chugging up a steep incline with our hands on our safety bars, and when we descended rapidly while screaming and smiling, I got the greatest, most excited sparkly feeling in my pee-pee. It woke me up immediately. It was easily the best dream I'd had up to that point in my young life.

With some time and experimentation, I figured out how to make that feeling happen on purpose while I was awake. My mom had to take me to the doctor with frequent urinary tract infections because I was too young to understand the need to have clean hands when I had them stuck constantly down my pants. The doctor asked me, "Have you been touching yourself a lot down there?" Like I was going to admit to manually rubbing out thirty or forty sparkles every single day. I shook my head innocently and realized that I was either going to have to start washing my hands or figure out something else. So I made up humping, because I was smart.

Handsome

I began rubbing around on my bed and bedroom floor with the fervor of someone on fire. My bedroom was upstairs, though, and in an effort to be more efficient, I discovered that the downstairs bathroom was also a fine place to hump. The floor was covered in blue shag carpet, and there was a lock on the door. The only problem was that because of the size of the bathroom, when I lay down on the floor to do it, my face ended up just behind the closed door. Unfortunately, this meant I could see everyone's shoes in the space under the door when they walked between the kitchen and the family room. Do you know how hard it is to keep your hump concentration on Shirley from *Laverne & Shirley* in the episode where she gets hit in the head, gets amnesia, thinks she's a stripper, and takes her clothes off at the Elks Lodge, when you have to watch your mom with her big toes scoot-clapping on by in her Dr. Scholl's?

But I would not be deterred. I humped soundlessly, all the while keenly aware of how long I was taking so as not to raise suspicion about what I was doing. When I was through, I'd make sure to fluff the shag back up. I was a careful little humper.

By some lucky fluke, I discovered that if I put something down between my legs while I rubbed around it felt even better. New and improved sparkles!

At first I used the My Size Barbie I won in the fourth-grade softball throw. I was pretty pissed when they gave it to me. I mean, what total jock wants a stupid My Size Barbie? The answer was: this horny little kid. Barbie was great, and the kind of pretty I liked, but I was lanky and I outgrew her quickly. Soon after, I started humping the hamburger pillow I sewed in sixth-grade home ec. It was just the right size and shape to fit where it needed to fit, so I got down with that pillow for years. I went on so many secret nighttime dates with that thing that I eventually rubbed one of the sesame seeds clean off the bun. Sure, it was a hamburger, but we had a good thing going.

the captain of some ridiculous ship

Eventually, like when I was eighteen, I broke up with my hamburger, which by then had zero sesame seeds left on it, and I started exploring the possibility of making sparkles with other people, because that's what normal folks do. Things became awkward very quickly. I initially blamed it on the boners.

The first boner I met belonged to a cute bodybuilding guy. It was our second date. I was still living with my parents, and my dad was taking a nap in the bedroom next to mine. I brought my date into my room. We started making out and things got a little out of control, perhaps because our date was spent lifting weights at the gym. Next thing I knew, I felt his boner on my leg. As this was my first experience with a boner, it very quickly became the only thing in the room. I swear, it rose up and blocked out the sun. Everything became just *bonerbonerbonerboner*. My brain began shouting, *WHAT DO I DO WITH THIS BONER WITHOUT WAKING UP MY DAD?* The obvious answer, of course, was *defuse the boner*. Or, in other words: hand job.

I'd read about hand jobs. When I hadn't been busy humping shit on the floor of my bedroom, I read a lot. I tried to learn about having sex with other people from reading books because there was no Internet yet. In those books, the sex always seemed so amazing, hot, and perfect. I went on sleepovers where we stole my friend's mom's paperback novels like *Wifey* or *Endless Love*. As any curious kids would do, we turned immediately to the ends of chapters, where men's kisses set the skin of women's milky white breasts on fire and women handled the heavy throbbing of a man's member against her thigh with finesse and expertise. Their sparkles seemed easy and abundant.

Those books were obviously not written about a naive, eighteen-year-old honor roll shortstop whose only sexual experience up to that point had been with a doll and a hamburger.

I did a hand job with as much finesse and expertise as I knew

how. Unfortunately for my date it was probably something close to yanking his dry penis off of his body while making sexy groaning noises and wondering why nothing actually throbbed. Luckily, he was a nineteen-year-old boy, so it only took him about three minutes to come. When he did, I closed my eyes, because no way did I want to see that. The problem was that he closed his eyes too and neither of us saw where his come went. It wasn't on my hand or on either of our pants. It had disappeared. I still lived with my parents. Sometimes they came into my room for stuff. WE HAD TO FIND THE COME BEFORE MY PARENTS DID.

Looking for come with someone you've only been on two dates with is a little awkward. My dad was still sleeping in the next room while we scrambled around in mine searching for it: on the bed, on the carpet, in my hair, on the ceiling (he convinced me it might be there). This was horrible and the least sexy thing I could imagine, aside from doing a hand job. We never found his magical disappearing come, which is how I always thought of it, until a girlfriend pointed out that maybe it was the worst hand job ever and probably it was so awful that he faked coming just so he could get out of there before I gave his dick an Indian sunburn. I was pretty sure no one was going to be flipping to the end of any chapters to read about this.

Which brings us to Boner Number Two. It belonged to Michael, a pretty fry cook who worked in the kitchen at my job. His eyes were very blue and I thought he was sweet. He asked me out for a drink after work. I assumed this meant he liked me and wanted to date me. I surely didn't think he was trying to get me into the back seat of his Pontiac to meet his boner, which he called his "Little Friend." But there's where I found myself. He kept pointing to his boner and saying, "Say hello to my Little Friend," as in "Suck my creepy dick." As I was incredibly naive and still thought we might hold hands at some point, I did my best to defuse the boner again. This time I made out with it, because I'm sure that's what Judy

the captain of some ridiculous ship

Blume would've wanted me to do. Maybe it was that I had thought we were just going to talk, or maybe it was that I was in the back seat of a Pontiac with Scarface who smelled like French fries, but my first blow job was so much worse and more awkward than my first hand job. There was no come, magical or otherwise, and Michael never talked to me after that. It was Boners: 2, Holly: 0. Clearly, everything I'd read in those books wasn't helping me at all.

As boners weren't doing anything for my quest for sparkles, I eventually weaned myself off them and hoped that the awkwardness of sex would go away too. But it turns out that boners weren't the problem. Sex was actually the problem. Those sparkles could be elusive motherfuckers.

Shortly after I decided that boners weren't for me, I started having sex with girls. While my pants became much happier, there was still plenty of the awkward to be had. One night, I was sitting up in bed naked with a girl when she suddenly shimmied underneath me, pulled me up over her, and told me to sit on her face, because I obviously looked like a person who wants to sit on a chick's face???? (If I look like any part of a face-sitting bonanza, it's definitely NOT the sitter.) I was stunned and found myself holding onto my headboard, like the captain of some ridiculous ship, cautiously lowering myself down like I was about to dip into icy water. I reluctantly made it down onto her expectant mouth and realized I didn't know the first thing about face-sitting protocol. I'd never sat this close to someone's eyes before. What is the maximum weight load for a face? Was there supposed to be a safe word? How would I hear her if she were to say it? This was worse than boners. There were no sparkles here.

It was the same feeling as when I was scissored by a girl. She was very athletic. She maneuvered herself around and managed to slide a leg up under my back so that she could spread her legs and smear her parts all over my parts in that most ancient of Sapphic mating rituals. It was like having a women's studies class right there in my

bedroom. I kept almost taking a foot in the face while she writhed around and eventually got off while Ani DiFranco wailed in the background. Why couldn't we just finger bang, rescue a Chihuahua together, and make some hummus, like normal lesbians? Things were much simpler when it was just me and my hamburger.

But I can't go back to simple. None of us can. We grow up and into a world beyond the Seven Dwarfs, Barbies, and humpy pillows that Judy Blume never bothered to tell us about, that E. L. James just flat-out lies about. It's a world where translating making sparkles by ourselves into making them with other people is awkward. No one tells us the truth about it, and that's not cool. Some horny kid's going to find and sneak the BDSM atrocity *Fifty Shades of Grey* under the covers at night with a flashlight and be fucked up forever, especially when they discover boners for real. We can't keep doing this to people. We need to stop being chicken shits and just tell the truth, so folks know how important it is to watch where the come lands.

This is a book of non-chicken-shit stories about awkward sex, great sex, imaginary sex, and being the wrong sex. It's about some normal stuff too, because even the best life can't be all about sex. Sometimes there are also things like school and jobs and banjos.

P.S. Don't let your kids actually read this.

Photo by: Michael Lorka Jr.

