

The Day I Lost My Virginity

You know, I don't even remember her name. I was living with my older brother after getting kicked out of the folk's house. I was in the tenth grade and would never live with my parents again. Needless to say, the apartment became a "party pad" for my high school hippie friends.

She lived in our apartment complex with her parents. They moved less than a week after she led me by the hand, and I had only met her a few days before that. In retrospect, recalling the visible evidence of our deed, I may have been her first as well.

I fooled around with a few girls previously, but had never consummated the act. Experience now tells me that a couple of those girls could have been my first but for some loutish foreplay on my part. On this day, however, the lout in me never had a chance.

Thinking back, it is obvious that she was a girl on a mission. I know that I had met her before our tryst, but I don't recall the meeting(s). Then, like now, she was essentially unknown to me. Yet, in one short afternoon, she surprised me with her attentions, amazed me with her manipulations to be alone with me, and changed my life forever. She was more "woman" at our young ages than I would meet for another five years.

And as quickly as she overwhelmed me, she was gone. Her family moved 80 miles away. Like boys that age will do, I told a friend of my good fortune. Like boys of all ages will do, he decided to try his luck with her. Unbeknownst to me, he found a phone number, invited her to a party we were all attending the next weekend, and drove the 160 mile roundtrip to pick her up.

I was still in shock and had no concept of being jealous, possessive, or any other emotion upon seeing her there. She was my friend's date, and I kept my distance. The details of the party are not clear, as most of those drug-saturated years are not. I recall being at the party, and I recall driving her back home those 80 miles the next morning.

Or, should I say, she drove me. My memory these 34 years later is of riding with my head, and hands, in her lap. I look up at her and see her hands on the steering wheel of my 1968 Mustang Fastback. I had finally found that spot where her two inseams met, and the wind is blowing her hair. She is laughing. I felt very mannish, like a soldier or a woodsman.

She dropped herself off at home and ran inside quickly. I don't know what she told her parents, or whether they even asked why their 15-year old daughter did not come home, or why she came home with a different boy than had picked her up. I never saw her again. But I still see my buddy, and to this day, I rib him about having to drive his date home.