

First Crush

by S.H. Gall

When it came to playing soccer for the Mountain Dew team when I was in fourth grade, it was all about Blobby Bob. Our coach. We all belittled him for being enormously fat. I alone, it seemed, was attracted to him. Sexually. I wanted those jelly rolls so bad I could scream.

Instead of screaming, I became a starter, in my position as fullback, charging opposing team members. Come close with your trick dribble? I will steal the fuck out of that ball and punt it seventy yards south. I will be the little blonde all up in your face, all but tripping you up, then wrecking you.

Instead of screaming my desire, I decided to demonstrate to Blobby Bob my athletic prowess. We were running two laps, 400 yards each. The fast kid on our team, Murali, was pacing us, and I crept up upon him, drew alongside. With 100 yards to go, I broke into a hard sprint.

At first, Murali tried to keep up, but I was so fast he was but a distant memory. Blobby Bob praised me and ruffled my pigtails. I was going to start in the All-Star game. I rode home with Dad and finished myself off.

Seth Gall has had work published in China, Canada, and the U.S. His work has appeared in Word Riot, SmokeLong Quarterly, and Nanoism. He is S.H. Gall in decomp Magazine, Nanoism, issues one and 27 of SmokeLong Quarterly, Five Star Literary Stories, and Fictionaut.

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