

A Not-For-Kids Dream That All Boys Have

by Shawn Misener

I'm in the back of math class, openly masturbating. I really don't want to be masturbating, but I can't seem to help myself.

Mr. Smith, who died three years ago, is passing out a test. I have no idea what the test is about, only that it's surely math, and I haven't studied at all. I'm destined to fail.

As Bull Smith approaches my secluded desk, I try to stop jerking off, but I can't. I can't stand. I can't do anything other than stroke it.

Mr. Smith is only three rows away. Under his breath he is muttering "penis." My anxiety level is off the chart.

The room turns red and I start screaming and ejaculating. The whole class is watching as Mr. Smith slams down my copy of the test with his right hand and swiftly tears off my penis with his left.

And then we are all laughing, and I don't feel anxious anymore. I think that maybe it's ok that my penis is gone. Just another scar.

