

I WAS SO EMBARRASSED

A BOY'S PUBERTY STORY



RICHARD CARLSON

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About the story: Pubescent, twelve-year-old Tristan was embarrassed by his younger brother while Tristan was taking a bath. A fictitious short story taking place in the southwestern desert of Tucson, Arizona, USA, May 1983.

About the author: Richard

Carlson is an author of children's and coming-of-age books. He is a highly sensitive person, or HSP.

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Twelve-year-old Tristan undressed in the bathroom, preparing for a bath. He turned the tub water on lukewarm and waited for it to fill. It was evening, and he was getting ready for bed.

Tristan was exhausted from a long day of homework and studying. He and his family were plebeian hard-working people.

Unfortunately, he had forgotten to lock the bathroom door.

Tristan thought about Jennifer, a pretty girl at school he hoped to date

very soon. He felt love for her and thought about being together, having fun, madly in love. Tristan giggled to himself, looking at his feet, imagining dancing with her barefoot and in love.

That's when his nine-year-old younger brother, Timothy, burst in. The door flew open.

Tristan stood there, naked. Timothy stared at Tristan's pubic area. Surprised, Tristan shooed his brother out of the bathroom, closing and locking the door behind Timothy.

“Mom! Mom! Mom! Dad! Dad!
Grandpa! Grandma!” Timothy
exclaimed loudly in the hallway.
“Tristan’s got hair above his pee-pee!
Tristan’s got hair above his pee-pee!”
He ran to the family room, where his
family was watching television.

Red-faced, Tristan could hear his
brother divulging that he had pubic
hair. Tristan was glad he was alone,
so no one would see how
embarrassed he was.

He could hear his mom talking to
Timothy, but couldn’t decipher what

they were saying. The bathtub water ready, Tristan bathed.

After he rinsed the soap off his head and body, he stepped out of the tub and dried off. He put on fresh underwear and pajamas.

Next time, I'll have to make certain I lock the door, Tristan told himself.

Had Timothy forgotten about what he had seen? Tristan hoped so. Like many tweens and teenagers, because Tristan was in puberty, he

didn't feel comfortable talking about his pubic hair.

He opened the bathroom door and went to the laundry room to put his worn clothes in the basket. Tristan then walked into the family room. Timothy, their mom, and their grandparents were there, watching TV.

“Mom! Mom! Mom!” Timothy exclaimed, jumping up from the sofa, “Tristan has hair above his pee-pee!” he said, pointing directly at Tristan's pubic area.

Embarrassed, Tristan turned red-faced.

“That’s all right,” his mom said.
“He’s a young man now.” She repeated, “He’s a young man.”

Timothy looked at his older brother, tilted his head, and smiled.

How embarrassing, Tristan thought, trying not to feel embarrassed. He looked down at the floor.

“Can we see the hair above your pee-pee?” Timothy asked Tristan, making his face redder.

“No, honey. That’s a private area,” their mom said. “We don’t look at each other’s private areas.”

“Will I grow hair there, too?” Timothy quizzed. “Like Tristan?”

“Yes. When you are probably eleven, twelve, or thirteen,” their mom explained, “and also under your arms and on your chest. And then you’ll have to shave sometime after.”

“Let me see the hair under your arms and on your chest,” Timothy demanded of his brother. “Let me see.”

“I don’t have underarm hair or hair on my chest,” Tristan said, unbuttoning his pajama top, showing his brother his underarms and chest. “See?”

“Do you shave?” Timothy asked.

“No,” Tristan said, “but I have a teenage mustache.” He knelt down proudly, showing his brother the faint hairs above his upper lip.

“When it gets darker, then I’ll shave,” Tristan said, feeling like a man.

Tristan and Timothy sat next to each other on the sofa and watched a science fiction movie on TV until bedtime.

Tristan hugged his little brother. He was happy to be a young man. Tristan no longer felt embarrassed.