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THE BROBDINGNAGIAN STICKY WICKET IN SEVENTH GRADE

The Brobdingnagian Sticky Wicket in Seventh Grade

Richard Carlson

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Part I

School had started last Friday; today was Monday, the second day of junior high school. We hadn't showered after P.E. on the first day, as we had been issued our school P.E. clothes and lockers and locker padlocks, so there hadn't been time to play any sports and get all sweaty.

But today was different. My stomach felt like it had been

surgically removed with blunt pruning shears, and an old washing machine on the hurricane-fast spin cycle was stapled—with a humungous stapler—in its place.

I was really nervous. Really. Nervous. Focus on looking at the other boys' feet, I thought, as my best friend, Jayden, and I walked to P.E. for our first class of the day. We had been best friends

since kindergarten. He lived right around the block from me.

I felt my heart beat into my throat. Showering was required for all the students after P.E. at my school, but I was not at all used to being around other boys naked. I had never been naked in front of a boy in my life, except with my younger brother when we were kids in the bathtub.

“No one wants sweaty and smelly teenage boys running around,” Mom had told me when I mentioned having to shower after P.E. at school.

Mom and Dad were completely nonchalant about my sticky wicket. Dad didn’t say much about it. He wasn’t nervous like me.

Even Jayden couldn’t understand. He and his dad had

showered with other boys and men at the gym after racquetball every weekend for ages. He was way used to it.

"I was uneasy at first," Jayden told me, "but you'll get used to it after about a week. Then it'll be fun to be naked with the other boys, comparing sizes, seeing each other's cucumbers and avocados—and rumps. It'll be fun!"

Jayden was purely optimistic about my Brobdingnagian sticky wicket. *Brobdingnagian* means *marked by tremendous size.* I learned the word and its meaning on the first day of school in English class.

We changed into our brand-new official red P.E. school shorts and t-shirt. We had fun playing dodgeball in the gym. I was glad that Jayden was on my team. I was hit in the forehead once, and

the ball ricocheted in a weird direction into the bleachers. In one of the games, I was the sole survivor on my team and won the game. Halfway through the period, the boys were drenched in sweat as if someone had doused us with a firehose; everyone took off their shirt to cool off. I tried not to think about showering.

Part II

It was now the end of class and time to go back to the locker room and showers. I reluctantly trailed after the class as they followed the P.E. teacher, Mr. Dominguez. Jayden walked next to me.

Maybe we wouldn't have to shower, at least for today, I hoped and wished and wished and wished.

“Can’t wait to see you in the shower,” Jayden teased, “standing there buck naked and all.”

I frowned at his blatant obdurateness. I cringed and shrugged. I wasn’t looking forward to this the least bit.

In the locker room, Mr. Dominguez, raising his voice, announced, “Everyone, to the showers.”

Jayden sat on the bench in front of his locker and stripped.

“Go ahead and strip,” he said to me as I nervously stood there in front of my locker next to him. I was worried and worried and worried; plus, I had a full erection!

Other boys stripped, some quickly, others reluctantly. Now Jayden was standing there in front of me, completely naked. I sat

and slowly removed my sneakers and socks.

Jayden planted his hands on his hips. “Hurry up. Let’s go. Move it,” he hassled me.

Soon, I was down to only my whitey-white underwear. My undies tented outward. I could see other boys removing their underwear and going to the showers. My stomach sank to depths lower than the Lusitania

on the Atlantic Ocean floor. Then, I just did it–I removed my underwear. Now I was completely naked in front of the other boys. I tried to focus on looking at the other boys' feet as I joined Jayden in a shower cubicle. He turned on the water, and we took turns getting our bodies all wet and lathered up. Moisture permeated the air.

"You've got a massive boner," he said, pointing.

Great. Now my penis was getting everyone's attention. The other boys in the cubicle gathered around me and looked in awe. I admit, I was big. Real big. I was far from a hapless soon-to-be teenage boy. Jayden was big, but not as big as me. I lathered my chest and groin, being careful not to stare at the other boys' penises, trying to focus on their feet. The other boys went back to showering. I had noticed that

some of the other boys didn't have pubic hair like Jayden and me. Some boys' legs were hairy, like mine and Jayden's.

I hurried washing to just get it over with. My heart sped up and threatened to launch out of my throat, but it was a relief to have gotten this horrible event over with—or so I thought.

“Tristan’s got a big *boner*,” another boy joked, and the other boys joined in.

“Tristan’s got a *boner*! Tristan’s got a *boner*! Tristan’s got a *boner*!”

I stood there, washing quickly, feeling so embarrassed. I felt my face turn red.

I glanced at the other boys. Now Jayden and some of the other boys had erections, too. The

shower was rife with cucumbers and avocados. Some of the cucumbers, were big, others small, and most somewhere in between.

I washed my hair, quickly rinsing, and then Jayden and I finished washing up. We took our towels and dried off as we walked back to our lockers. I felt a little better after it was over. I rushed, like a hungry dachshund puppy

scarfing down a hotdog, to put on my underwear.

I was rushing so much, I got my underwear stuck on my toes and fell—hard—on my rear end!

Jayden held his hand out to me, and I grabbed it. He pulled me up. Then I hurried again to get my underwear on.

We got dressed. The other boys also got dressed. I felt very happy and relieved now. My heart

was still pounding in my throat, but not nearly as much. My rear end felt sore and bruised.

"How about we call you 'Elephant Tusk' from now on? Your penis is just like an elephant tusk. Curved and long and all. That's it. Elephant Tusk. Or just Tusk for short," Jayden exclaimed.

"Okay," I replied nonchalantly.

From then on, my moniker was Elephant Tusk.

After school, Jayden said, “Elephant Tusk is a nickname to be very proud of. Your manhood earned it.”

Part III

After school, at my house, Jayden and I shot basketball hoops on my backyard basketball court until we were worn out. We had removed our shirts before playing and were drenched in sweat.

Then Jayden and I went into the kitchen and bantered about

the girls at school and their pretty feet.

"Jennifer's feet are so pretty," I said. "I got a glimpse of one of her soles when her sandal came off in the cafeteria. She's so sexy."

"I like girls' bare feet, too," Jayden exclaimed with a smile. Then he smirked and added, "I want to caress and suckle their soles and rub them."

“That’s what I’m going to do when I get a girlfriend. I can’t wait,” I said. “I’m going to kiss and kiss and kiss her soles, and not her lips.” I was excited at the thought of someday having a pretty girlfriend with beautiful feet.

Jayden eventually went home. Mom then came home, and Dad a while after that. My younger brother by two years,

Marv, came home from piano practice late at night.

“How was school today?” Mom cheerfully asked me.

“Great,” I exclaimed, happy to have survived showering, at least for today.

That night, I slept very well from pure exhaustion, due to my stressful worrying about the showering-at-school sticky wicket.

The next morning at school, Jayden and I walked to P.E. I felt nervous again, but not as much as yesterday. After changing into our P.E. clothes, the class played dodgeball. I was hit in the face once and knocked down, but I was okay, just a little sore. Jayden was on my team again. The boys were sweaty again after playing hard. We were soaked, so everyone removed their shirts. In the locker room, Jayden stripped

and stood there in front of me with his hands on his hips again, just like yesterday. I undressed slowly, again nervous. I had another massive erection. Then, I was just in my underwear. I quickly pulled them down and off, relieved that the first step was over with.

"Elephant Tusk," Jayden exclaimed to the other boys.

“Tusk! Tusk! Tusk!” they chanted again and again.

Jayden and I headed to a shower cubicle with many other boys. I felt my face turn red because of the chanting, but not as red as yesterday. I looked at the others and noticed one tall red-headed kid with reddish pubic hair. I had never seen someone with red pubic hair. *Stop staring, self!* I hastily focused on looking at the boys’ feet.

Jayden turned on the water, and we washed. I kept my eyes on my body and the boys' feet. I couldn't help but look at Tusk, though, as it bounced up and down, side to side, there in front of me as I washed. The boys' feet, even though some had hair on top of them, reminded me of girls' feet, which made me smile and feel good and happy inside. Before long, we were finished. We got towels and dried off as we

walked to our lockers. I rushed to put on my underwear and immediately felt better. Finally, I was finished dressing. What a relief!

Jayden, however, took his sweet old time getting dressed.

Part IV

During lunch, Jayden and I bantered about girls' absolutely beautiful bare feet and walked around, checking out the babes.

"Which girl does Tusk like?" Jayden asked as we walked alone under an awning.

"One with beautiful, sexy feet, especially her soles," I said, "like Jennifer. Did you see her curl her toes when we walked by?"

“Yes,” Jayden replied, cracking a big smile.

Jennifer and her two friends were at a picnic bench outside. Jennifer was a beautiful brunette with beautiful brown eyes. We sat with them and chatted about school and our families. I was shy, especially around girls my age.

“Today was the second time that I had to shower with a bunch of other boys,” I said to Jennifer.

“Oh, yesterday was my first time with a bunch of girls,” she said. “I was uneasy at first,” she added, “because I’ve never been nude with other nude girls.”

“Yeah, same here. It was really hard yesterday, but it’s getting a little better. I feel uneasy still. I try not to look around; I focus on seeing the boys’ feet,” I said.

“We have something in common,” she said, looking into my eyes.

We talked and talked. Then, we went to the rest of our classes and finished the school day. Once at home, I diligently worked on homework all afternoon and evening until bed, except for dinnertime.

The next day, during P.E., we played dodgeball again. Shirtless,

the boys were as sweaty as ever. Jayden was on my team again. I won two games for my team. Once, the ball flung off my finger, hurting it a little at the knuckle. Back at the locker room, it was time to shower again.

Like usual, Jayden undressed quickly and then stood there, waiting for me to strip. I was down to my underwear easily, and then, fighting my nerves, I just quickly removed my undies, yanking

them down to my ankles and off my feet. I hurried and followed Jayden to the shower. I felt nervous, but relieved. Other boys joined us. I couldn't help but notice a boy next to me: the tip of his penis looked like it had been cut off! I felt sorry for him, but reminded myself to focus on my body and the boys' feet. Then, it happened: I got a full erection. But so did Jayden and some other boys as they watched us. I quickly

washed and rinsed, and Jayden and I finished and grabbed towels, drying off as we went to our lockers. I rushed to put on my underwear, even though I was still a little wet.

"Tusk is peeking out of your underwear," Jayden joked. He was right; my penis was sticking out of the top of my underwear.

“Elephant Tusk, Elephant Tusk, Elephant Tusk,” Jayden joked and joked.

I pulled on my underwear and snapped it over my penis before getting dressed. Like always, Jayden finished dressing after me. Then, we went to our classes.

I realized that I was slowly getting over my uneasiness of being naked around the other naked boys.

Part V

After eating lunch, Jayden and I looked for Jennifer and her friends. Jayden admitted to me that he liked Susan, one of Jennifer's close friends. She was pretty, like Jennifer, and had beautiful blue eyes and blonde hair. We sat with them at a picnic bench outside and talked again about school. Jennifer was wearing her sandals again. One fell off as she turned her body to

face Susan, and I could see one of her sexy soles right before she put her sandal back on. Her soles were beautiful!

Somehow, we got on the topic of Dr. Ruth, a famous sex therapist on the radio in the evening.

“Dr. Ruth’s new book has come out—the one about having great sex,” Jayden said.

I instantly blushed.

Everyone laughed, looking at me. My face was red, I could tell.

“What’s so embarrassing about having great sex?” Jayden asked me. “Don’t you want it, too?” he asked, making me nervous. I even started to shake a little.

“Of course,” I blurted, trying to calm down and relax.

I took some deep breaths until I calmed down and the redness went away.

“I need to read her book. Maybe I can get it at the bookstore at the mall this weekend,” Jayden said. “What will my mom think?” he joked. Everyone laughed and smiled.

Thankfully, one of the girls changed the subject, and we chatted a bit more about school

and our families before finishing the school day.

I had a boatload of homework again, so I got working on it right away when I got home, leaving me only dinnertime as a break until bed.

The next day, before P.E., Jayden and I talked.

“Did you see that guy with the tip of his penis cut off?” I asked. “Isn’t that a shame?”

“You mean Andy. The dude’s penis tip wasn’t cut off, you goof. He just wasn’t circumcised. There’s foreskin over the tip of his penis. You and I were circumcised as babies,” Jayden educated me. “The foreskin on our penises was cut off. That’s why each of us has a brown scar on the shaft of our penises. It’s from the circumcision. I learned about circumcision from my dad from

showering at the gym all the time."

"Oh," I replied, baffled as to why Andy was different than us.

I'd have to get a better look today, maybe. Today was Thursday. Only two more times showering with the other boys this week.

For P.E., we played dodgeball again. Sweaty, the boys headed to the showers afterward. After

stripping, Jayden went to the showers without me. I was taking my time undressing. I stripped down to my underwear and then quickly pulled off my underwear and joined Jayden. I got a full erection again.

"Tusk. Tusk. Tusk," all the boys in the cubicle chanted again and again.

My face felt hot, but not as much as the other times when I

was teased. Everyone showered. I noticed Andy next to me. Glancing away from the boys' feet to his manhood, I stood in absolute awe. I tried not to stare. I could just barely tell how his penis looked different at the tip. Now I was smart, I thought, or at least somewhat of an expert on circumcision.

We finished and dried off, and I hurried like usual to put on my underwear, making certain this

time that it covered my manhood completely at the top.

Part VI

That day, during lunch with Jennifer and the girls, we talked about college and what we wanted to do with our lives.

“I’d like to be a heart surgeon,” I shared. “It’d be cool to operate on a person’s heart.”

“Yeah. I’d like to do that, too,” Jennifer said, “or be a psychiatrist

so I could help the mentally ill. They need a lot of help. At least, a lot of them do," she said.

"That's a noble profession–helping those very much in need of treatment," I praised her.

"People who have schizophrenia, for example, almost always need a lot of help. Plus, a lot of the homeless are mentally ill. I'd like to help them,

too, and get them treated, so they could hopefully have good lives like everyone else. It's probably because of their mental illness that they’re homeless,” she said. I was falling in love with her because of how sensitive she was.

“Once, I saw a homeless man talking to himself. That’s something someone with untreated schizophrenia might do,” she added.

My heart beat as my chest tingled with love for her. I was sensitive, too, and loved to be in love. I sat there, looking into her beautiful brown eyes, as my heart fluttered and fluttered for her. I really cared about Jennifer and her feelings. She had transmuted into the most beautiful and sexy girl in the entire world, Aphrodite, right there in front of me.

I spent all day daydreaming about Jennifer. It was hard to pay

attention to the teachers in my classes. I was madly in love.

I had to stop daydreaming! My parents were strict: if I didn't do well in school, they would be angry. Doing well at school was de rigueur in my family. But, I couldn't help myself; I daydreamed and daydreamed and daydreamed.

Part VII

The next morning, Jayden and I walked to P.E. Just one more day showering with the other boys this week. Being naked with the other naked boys had been slowly becoming trite.

“I love Jennifer,” I confessed to Jayden as we approached the boy’s P.E. locker room door.

“Cool. You need to chase after her before someone else

does," Jayden warned. I knew he was right; I had to act very soon.

We walked inside and got changed into our official red P.E. school clothes. Dodgeball was a lot of fun. I won two games for my team, and got Jayden, who was on the other team, out three times! I tried very hard to get him out and did, striking him like a sophisticated laser-guided missile.

Today was Friday. I had gotten more used to showering with the other boys. Jayden and I got to our lockers. We stripped. I removed my underwear without even thinking about it, and we showered. I was practically used to showering at school! But I got another full erection.

“Elephant Tusk is back in town,” Jayden exclaimed, having fun with me. Then Jayden and some other boys got an erection.

Others already had one, even before I did.

We finished and dried off and went to our lockers. I just stood there, naked, as I took my sweet old time getting my underwear on. Then we all got dressed.

“I’d love to shower with Jennifer and her friends. Then, we could see their bare feet and all,” I smiled.

“You’re dreaming, dude. You’re dreaming,” Jayden repeated, chuckling.

“I’m going to invite you and the girls to my house to swim this Saturday. Then, we can see their feet in action,” I told him. That made Jayden smile and smile.

“We’ll be the only guys at school who have seen the most beautiful bare feet in the entire world,” I said.

We went to our classes. During lunch, we bantered with Jennifer and her friends again.

“Guess what Tristan’s nickname is?” Jayden asked the girls. “He earned his name in the showers on the first day.”

“What is it?” Jennifer asked, curious.

“Elephant Tusk,” he exclaimed, sitting straight up. “He

is Elephant Tusk. For a good reason."

I felt my face turn red. Everyone laughed and laughed and then smiled at me.

Jennifer said, "Well, Tristan is a *Brobdingnagian* and is really cute and handsome, too," she praised.

I could feel my face turning red hot; I hadn't known it was possible for it to turn even more

red. It was so hot I could sear one hundred hamburgers on it.

Everyone laughed. I stayed silent, red-faced, looking at my lap.

“It’s fun to embarrass you. You look really cute when you’re embarrassed. You’re so cute and handsome,” Jennifer exclaimed with a big smile, tilting her head to the right as she said it.

Jayden and the girls giggled. Then it struck me: Jennifer knew what Brobdingnagian meant. We must have the same English teacher, I assumed. Yet one more thing in common!

Right then, I was saved by the bell.

We went to our classes.

Jennifer thought I was attractive, I thought. I

daydreamed about her and her bare soles all day.

I was still smiling when I got home that afternoon. *Really cute* and *handsome,* she had said. I was so happy to be really *liked*. I had a difficult time focusing on homework because I was so much in love. I had a lengthy daydream involving me saving her life from an assailant and transmuting into her knight in shining armor in her eyes.

Part VIII

On Saturday, Jayden and I shot basketball hoops and talked about the girls we liked. I also had homework that took most of Sunday. Monday morning, Jayden and I walked to P.E.

"I'm going to ask Jennifer to date me today," I announced to Jayden. "She thinks I'm attractive: *really cute* and *handsome,"* I said with a grin. I loved her very much.

The class changed into their P.E. clothes and played dodgeball again. Dripping in sweat, the shirtless boys headed to the locker room to shower.

I immediately stripped and launched my underwear onto the bench in front of my locker like an ancient Roman catapult and happily joined Jayden in the showers.

“Elephant Tusk,” Jayden joked with a smirk and a smile.

“Yes. I’m Mr. Elephant Tusk. I am *Brobdingnagian,”* I said with a big smile, happy to be well endowed. At his perplexed expression, I explained, *“Brobdingnagian* means *marked by tremendous size.”*

I was finally very comfortable showering with the other boys. In fact, my chest tingled and tingled

seeing the naked boys. I looked around at all the boys in our cubicle as I washed my body instead of looking at their feet. I smiled. Sometimes, it just takes a bit of time to get used to something new.

I mustered the courage to ask Jennifer to be my girlfriend: she said yes! A day later, Jayden and Susan were dating, too.

About the Story: Twelve-year-old Tristan, a sensitive and timid boy, was shy about showering after seventh-grade P.E. with his classmates, which was required at his school. How does he muster the courage to join his friend, Jayden, and his classmates? A fictitious story taking place in the southwestern desert in Tucson, Arizona, USA, in August 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. You can learn more about him at www.richardcarlson.com / www.boyspubertystories.com