

# Grown Up for 13

By Nathaniel Pitt

“What d'ya mean, 'What does it look like'?”

“You know. Is it big, small, long, thin, wide or what?”

“Well, it's big.”

“How big?”

“Big enough to work.”

“Come on, how big?”

“About 26 rooms. Actually for a bedroom it's really neat, four rooms in all.”

“Four?”

“Yeah, a room with my bed, my study room, and then there's my dressing room and my bathroom.”

“You have more bedroom at 13 years old than I have apartment, here, at 35.”

“My parents have a little money.”

“A little?”

“If you grow up with it, it's not much.”

“If you have so much as a kid, why do you do this?”

“What? Sex for money?”

“Basically. You know you're a *Knock Out* with those hazel eyes and wavy blond hair?”

“You really like it?”

“I wouldn't kid you. A cute boy, entering adulthood, with fair skin, bobbed nose and bubbly energy, has the same punch for me a Playboy bunny's got for most men.”

“Really? I never think anyone I 'play' with really likes me. Hey, I'm not *entering* anything, I am grown up.”

“O.K. I believe you. Maybe a little thin and short. What, about five feet four inches? You're no steel worker.”

“Yick, I'd never work like that!”

“What will you do when you – ah – start working?”

“I am working! I do a lot of things for my father. Together we do everything.”

“Everything?”

“Not that. I do that away from home – things that make me feel good – like you're doing.”

“Do you like this?”

“Does President Reagan ride Horse One?”

“How can you talk while we're doing 'it' to each other?”

“*You're* not Mr. Silence you know. I'm sure we'll both stop talk'n soon.”

“Soon, hell. Jimmy, it's time we went for the money.”

“You talk too much!” - with a pause. “Do you only like my face?”

The early afternoon sun broke through the window but was never noticed through the resonance of pleasures. “Face” was the last word spoken for some time. Only the initiated boy-lover could possibly decipher the sounds that followed, breath for breath, giggle for giggle. It can be assured all were happy.

“I wouldn't be acting like a little boy if I said 'thanks, I liked it'?”

“No, Jimmy, it would be nice.”

“O.K. I said it.”

“Why do you wear those gray flannels and blue blazer?”

“Cause it goes with the white shirt and red tie?”

“Come on, you know what I mean. It's too grown up for a wild young' un like you.”

“It's my school uniform. We're quite respectable, you know. Ha, ha, ha, God, if they could see me here.”

“Well, I think you're respectable.”

“Adults! Oh, I like them so. Ha, ha, e-e-e, God what a flip.”

“You're sure happy!”

“Is that what it is? I thought I was 'high'. High on fun. I really do well for my age, even if I say so myself. Gee-e-e, I love it.”

“And me, Jimmy?”

“You'll do in a pinch. Ha, ha, giggle. No really, you're number one with me.”

“Great, you know it's time to go?”

“Oh how sad – money.”

“The name of the game.”

“It makes it seem different, but I like it anyway.”

“You handle it well. You're quite grown up for 13.”

“As my Pop would say, 'Money can help in more than business.'”

“Smart Pop you've got.”

“Not smart enough to know I'm here. O-O-O, I love it. O.K. I'll pay you the usual. Can I come by after I get out of school tomorrow? Don't think I'll have any homework.”

“I think I can find time.”

“Then it's a deal. Bis bald.”