

# It's All True

*by Walt Kauffmann © 2010*

Late Winter, 2006

Okay, it is not enough, but I gotta get to bed! I did not even tell you about the eighth grade high school featherweight that came in the store needing help finding an ink-jet cartridge. I thought it was a junior high girl wearing an older boys jacket at first! Long black hair flowed down past shoulders, slender and boyish as a thirteen year old. He turned to face me as I approached, revealing the prettiest hispanic boy-face, with full King Tut lips. I mean, you have seen that golden mask right? Only these lips were pink and warm and sweet. So gentle, polite and kind when he spoke, and his voice not yet changed either.

"Do you need help finding that cartridge?"

"Yeah," he smiled, "do you know where this one is?" He held up an HP26 black inkjet cartridge.

"Right over here." I picked the first one off the peg and handed it to him.

"Thanks." He still smiled as he nearly whispered so sincerely.

The wrestling team jacket was his, though. The fact of his body refusing to traverse puberty was probably of considerable consternation to him, perhaps even the reason for being in wrestling.

"Did you win a lotta matches?"

Little King Tut beamed, "Yeah... about half, more than half anyway..." he turned then, to pay the cashier.

And that magnificent hair, almost straight, jet black, and longer than even most hippies I remember in the day. Wow, what pride and sense of identity, to carry that majestic mane! How I wanted a date with my King Tut! Come to a movie with me! Come to the pizza joint for a slice and a Coke! Come to my car, I will crank up the heat and give you a thrill you have never imagined!

Tut turned back toward me one more time.

"Thanks again!" and he held up the bag containing his purchase, turned, and left.

Just a dream, but too real for too short a moment. He lives in my fantasies. Later!

Early Fall, 2006

A tale. Remember I told you about the 13 year old sized junior high school wrestler, an hispanic featherweight that resembled King Tut? Shy, sweet and pretty, asking me for help with an inkjet cartridge? I said then I had never seen him before and expected never to see him again.

I was wrong.

He came in the store last week, his beautiful long black curls a bit longer now, his full pink lips and pale olive complexion as pretty as ever, and not shy at all this time, for he was with a man, whose company he very much enjoyed. The man was not hispanic, not small for his age, in fact about 6 foot 6, rather Irish looking, and grinning and laughing at the antics of his young friend. They had collected a few schoolboy supplies in their hands, and young Tut perused markers, finally selecting a pack of five differently colored ones. He pleaded for these.

"I thought you only wanted one," the man smiled.

"But they only come in packs of five," Tut urged, "besides, I can always use the other colors," he beamed, looking up at the much taller man.

"For what?" the man teased. Then Tut pressed his face into the mans arm, stood back again, arched his spine to smile upwards at his man-friend again, and pressed his chest into the man, who grinned assent and they headed for the checkout, young Tut bumping the man, dancing about him, rushing ahead, spinning to face his friend, poking his shoulder into the man again. Oh yes, I am sure he was aware of me watching these antics. As he had selected the markers with his friends approval, he had momentarily turned to face me, looking me right in the eyes, and returning the smile I smiled with him. What several weeks ago was a surpassingly pretty bud now blossomed to a brilliantly beautiful flower whose radiance claimed the very sunlight emanated from him, rather than the sky.

Sure I was jealous of his man, but mostly I was overwhelmed by the infectious joy of young King Tut. No matter which path his life takes him, the unbounded joy he shared with his man can never be erased, it is a bond that is unbreakable. I felt cheered for the remainder of the evening, going to sleep with visions of him in my mind, myself becoming his friend in the dreams to come. What cheer, eh?

And it's all true.

Walt

