

# Fiction

## Spring Snow *(from preceding page)*

car and head out to Kathy's parents' old farmhouse. We get out some maple syrup and start heating it up. Of course, it's just past sugaring season, so there's nothing in the evaporator; it's not like real sugaring off, but close enough for someone who's never seen it. We're sitting around drinking beer, and we get the syrup hot, and we run out and get some snow and bring it inside and drizzle the syrup onto it, so that's the works, some dill pickles, the maple candy, lots of beer, and we've even got some homemade doughnuts, although you're supposed to cook them in the boiling sap in the evaporator, but we don't have that.

"Well, everybody's having a good time, I guess, but this kid David seems to be kind of down, a little bit out of it, preoccupied with something. I can't remember this girl's name, but she's supposed to be his date, she's real nice, but he doesn't seem to be that interested, he seems sort of out of it. Well, honey, it didn't take me too long to recognize those symptoms.

"Remember, I was only eighteen at this time, and I'd only come out a couple of years before. It's not easy, in a small town like that, when you don't want everybody to know. And everybody does know if anyone does. And I still had to live with my Dad, so I couldn't be too obvious. It was a lot easier the next year, when I moved on campus and didn't try to go home all the time.

"We all drank a lot of beer and fooled around with the maple syrup, and then we decided it was getting late, and all the stores were closed, so if we're going to have enough to drink, we're going to have to go up to Canada to get some ale, because they stay open late up there... This is the kind of crazy-assed thing we did those days.

"So we all pile into Evan's car and we start driving up to Canada. It's about a 45-minute drive from the farm to the border, and it seems like Evan wants to make it in half an hour. It's about midnight, and foggy in the low spots where there's water, and Evan's driving like a bat out of hell on this winding two-lane road, so I break out the last of the beer and say what the hell.

"We went flying up across the border and found a kind of roadhouse where we stopped and occupied a table, where we proceeded to get even more drunk.

"Just going up there was enough, so after a couple of bottles of Labatts, we got back into the car and wound our way back down home. By now it's pretty late, and we drop off the girls, and then we go get my car, and I say I'll take David home.

"By now the moon is out, a big full moon, lighting up the valleys, lighting up the snow in the woods and in patches on the fields, the rolls of fog bright in the hollows, and we drive around for awhile, talking some dreamy talk. Finally I stopped by the

side of the road by a waterfall, where the water's really gushing from the spring runoff.

"We get out of the car and sit on a stone wall by the waterfall, and the kid suddenly starts crying, and I put my arm around him,

and ask him what's wrong, and he says nothing, it's just so beautiful. And it is: the rushing water in the moonlight, the clear, cold, liquid air, it's all incredibly beautiful. And he's beautiful too, so I wrap my arms around him, hold him close, and he snuggles down in my arms and puts his face against my neck, and when he stops crying he just breathes next to me."

Jim turned to look at me. "And then you know what happened."

"No, what?" I let him go on.

"Then I threw him in the back seat of the car, and tore off his pants, and sucked him off right there by the side of the road."

He stopped. I waited.

"Actually, I started feeling all big brotherly and comforting. I knew just what he's feeling. So I just held him, and comforted him, and we stayed there for a little while, and then I drove him back to his hotel and dropped him off. The next day he and his family left."

"And you never saw him again, I suppose," I said.

"Oh, I saw him again all right. That summer he came back, and I took him on an overnight trip to the shore, just the two of us, and we fucked, sucked, and mamboed the whole weekend, believe me."

"I thought you said he was just coming out."

"Yeah, well."

So I heard the part I didn't want to hear, after all. I could have done without the rhyming details. He doesn't talk to me much about this part of his life. I don't ask much.

There was a scratching noise: the cat was at the window, wanting to come in. Jim went to the side door and let her in. A cold draft swept into the room. That cold, liquid air full of the smell of melting snow.

### Support/Therapy Group for Women Sexually Molested in Childhood

12 Consecutive Wednesdays  
5 p.m. to 7 p.m.

Co-leaders:

Hollie Hurewitz, MACP, CCMHC and  
Euan Bear, Survivor Advocate and  
author of *Adults Molested as Children*

Call 862-6758 and leave a message for further  
information or to schedule an interview.

Some insurance accepted.



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