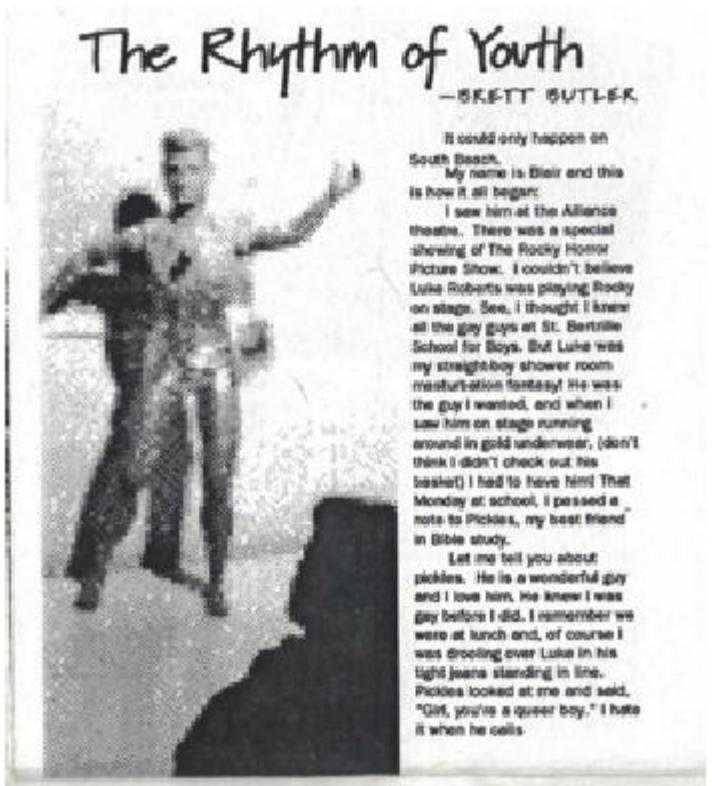


Other Zines I have been published in



me girl, Pickles, his real name is Drew but no one calls him that, not even the feds.  
I told Pickles about Luke at Rocky Horror.

"It doesn't shock me at all, it's all in the work!" Pickles said faking his hair in the mirror.

"Should I go after him?" Pickles turned and looked at me. "Well sweetie, we have to know for sure. I wouldn't want you to get your ass kicked."

"I might like that, Pickles."  
"Don't go there. Anyway, I'll ask Stevie."

A note about Stevie: she is known as the Lesbian Loan Shark. I once borrowed two hundred and ninety five dollars for a black DKNY jacket. I was late with one payment and she beat the shit out of me! However, Stevie knew all the gay boys at school no matter how far in the closet they were. Pickle had to go to the one place he hated, the softball field where Stevie hung out with her lesbian gang. I couldn't go with him because the bitch held a grudge about that damn jacket.

I waited for Pickles at the juice bar on Lincoln Road, they have the cutest waters. It seemed like hours, but Pickles came in and I ran to him like a dog wanting a bone.

"Pickles, is he gay?"

## The Rhythm of Youth

-SKETT BUTLER

It could only happen on South Beach.  
My name is Blair and this is how it all began:

I saw him at the Alliance theatre. There was a special showing of The Rocky Horror Picture Show. I couldn't believe Luke Roberts was playing Rocky on stage. See, I thought I knew all the gay guys at St. Bernille School for Boys, but Luke was my straight-boy shower room masturbation fantasy! He was the guy I wanted, and when I saw him on stage running around in gold underwear, (don't think I didn't check out his buns!) I had to have him! That Monday at school, I passed a note to Pickles, my best friend in Bible study.

Let me tell you about pickles. He is a wonderful guy and I love him, he knew I was gay before I did. I remember we were at lunch and, of course I was drooling over Luke in his tight jeans standing in line. Pickles looked at me and said, "Girl, you're a queer boy." I hate it when he calls

"Not here, sweetie, the walls have ears," Pickles said, looking at Blair, the school gossip.

Pickles took me to his house. His parents are so cool about his being gay. Not like my parents who were in denial.

Pickles has this cool, purple and black room, with a vague disco theme. I sat on the edge of the bed waiting to find out if Luke were gay.

Pickles went on to tell me how hard it was to get the 411 from Stevie.

"Pickles!" I shouted.  
"Don't have a spat, sweetie. Yes, he's a queerboy, but he's in the closet."

"So, I can bring him out?" Pickles rolled his fake blue eyes at me. "It's not that easy. He doesn't go out with high school guys. He's into the mature crows-college boys."

"Don't worry, Pickles, I'll make Luke mine."

"Girl, you're setting yourself up to be hurt!"

"Don't call me girl!"

**To Be continued.**  
Next time: Pickles gets a boyfriend and Blair makes a move towards Luke.



## I was his slave

dressed in leather, begging on the floor of his secret pit of desire. I screamed out loud as he laughed and called me names. "Please hit me, Sir" I begged. "I am so bad, show me this dark path you walk." He pulled my hair and spit on me, put me on a leash and locked me in a box yelling that I wasn't ready. He made fun of me, but I could see the dark beauty in the depth of his eyes. I do love him—in a strange way, but he doesn't love me. He only uses me for his twisted games. I can still feel it, in the middle of the night, his whip hitting my naked flesh, sweat and tears pouring from me. And him only laughing as I cry for more. And when I beg his groceries, he smiles and seems so innocent, for we both know the darkness and the pain will come.

SKETT BUTLER