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Getting Some

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Getting Some

Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"Hey come on, you're a guy, you should want to do this more than me."

Cover Page Footnote

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KERRY MEAGHER

GETTING SOME

“Hey come on, you’re a guy, you should want to do this more than me.”

“Well, I don’t,” he said crossing his arms across his chest. As far as he was concerned, the conversation was over because he was done talking, but to her it was just the beginning.

“What are you, gay?” Okay, so she knew insulting his masculinity would make him talk more, too bad she wasn’t aware of the full extent her comment would have.

“Hell no,” at least he was talking.

“Then you should at least want to do this.”

“Yeah, I do want to, but I don’t have to.” Again he would like the conversation to end here, but she pushes her luck further by continuing to talk, again.

“So, what? You don’t want to do it with me? Is that it?” Her arms flailed in large circles with each question. “Am I not pretty enough for you? Am I too fat? What’s wrong with me?” Tears began falling from her eyes with the last shouted words.

He seriously didn’t know which questions he was allowed to answer or supposed to answer. All he knew was that he was still peeved about her questioning his sexuality. “Everything’s wrong with you,” he snapped back.

“Like what?” she asked through her tears.

He was getting tired of this argument. He just wanted it to be over. “You know what? I am gay if that means you’ll stop asking me about it!” he shouted.

“What?” A new wave of tears was about to start.

“I’m tired of you asking me this question when I’ve already told you the answer!”

“But you might change your mind and...”

“And what? I’m not going to change my mind.”

“But you could...”

“I won’t. I can’t take this anymore, it’s over.”

“No, it can’t be.” She choked out through her sobs.

“It is.” His tone meant his word was final.