

Giving Head To Kyle Leung

Flash Fiction by John Mavin

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Kyle Leung, Waterloo's sveltest frosh, beelines me at the bar, his black hair twined with laurel leaves. "Beer me."

I offer a smile, no teeth. It's my chance to showcase. The only graduate of Dad's family beer pouring course, I've never given head in my life. I pluck a bottle from the cooler and flourish off the lid. Metal teeth bite skin—not a screw top. I hold my smile.

Kyle reciprocates with a half-smirk and pivots to survey the drink 'n' drown, leaving me with the scent of sandalwood and a bleeding thumb. House music throbs from the speakers. Co-eds mosh in togas. My residence tattoo is magic-markered on my left bicep—West Five. Kyle wears East Two. A three-colour stencil.

"Nice tat." I slide a plastic cup from the stack, tilt it forty-five degrees, cozy the bottle up to it, and pour. Slowly.

Kyle points to my arm. "Draw your own?" Another half-smirk.

I nod. My cheeks fill with saliva. My throat parches dry. Dad never offered classes in talking to boys.

"Thought so." Kyle turns away again. Scopes out a third year with a dimpled chin.

I right his glass early, foaming the last third.

THE END.

About the Author



John Mavin has taught creative writing at Capilano University, Simon Fraser University, the University of British Columbia, with New Shoots (through the Vancouver School Board), and at the Learning Exchange in Vancouver's Downtown Eastside. He is a graduate of SFU's The Writer's Studio and also holds an MFA in Creative Writing from UBC. A past nominee for both the Aurora Award and the Journey Prize, his short fiction has been translated, studied, and published internationally. If you'd like to learn more, he invites you to visit www.johnmavin.com.

