

Alice

There was Alice Westcott.

She was of medium height. She had wavy shoulder-length hair, darkish brown in color. She wore glasses; she seemed goofy, and vague in her conversation. Maybe this was exaggerated because she seemed cross-eyed.

Alice's father owned the local barber shop, where I assume my hair, and most of the people I knew, was barbered.

Alice, despite the description above, was a pleasant person, generally quiet, and shy.

In some ways it was easy to ignore her.

She had a sister, Amy, who had been institutionalized for manifesting certain kinds of behavior. She was notoriously promiscuous.

Not unnoticed was the physical development of Alice, not unshapely, and prominently, but not grossly, endowed with certain female attributes. It must be understood, the time period in which these descriptions are taking place was during a time when young ladies did not reveal an upper cleft; rather buttoned up to the neck line.

The occasion arose when Alice and the author were lying down, of an evening, on the grass outside her house, side by side, across from the now famous charcoal pits located across the road (Deep Hollow). Alice and the author were dreamily speculating on various things, unrecalable at this time. But the author sensed that Alice wanted to talk about other things, as did the author himself. A curiosity, and a warmth, seemed to pass between them. But there it hovered, arrested in flight. Stillborn.

While he listened to the soft, dreamy utterances of Alice, he was completely fascinated and absorbed by the prominence, and movement of her bosom, that of a fifteen year old girl.

How he wanted to touch her, how he imagined she wanted him to touch her.

But the moment passed as all such moments pass.

Later on in his life when he was courting the person who became his wife, he was less inhibited. His wife was not unfamiliar with the male's preoccupation with female anatomy. But when lying with his head upon her lap in the old 1950 Desoto limousine, her fully clothed bust noticeably attached to her body, and rather temptingly close, almost touching his nose, he reached for a touching of that which lay concealed beneath.

She claimed she was shocked.

The author now wonders if Alice would have been shocked.