

Jim Kincaid

NO MISTAKE

Make no mistake, that's what I say.

Me too.

None, not one.

Maybe one.

Yeah, nobody's perfect.

We are.

Well, everybody's human.

Which is not the same thing.

A common error.

Because it's not common, doesn't mean it's...

Not at all.

That's more like it.

But one thing has to be made clear.

One thing.

Well, several things, but what everybody thinks is clear isn't.

It's wrong, dead wrong.

Let me say it right out.

Say it loud and clear.

THERE WAS NO ABUSE.

Not only that.

If ever anything was, this was

Maybe the only thing in our lives.

Right.

Right.

And the word is.

You ready for this?

Wait for it.

Consensual.

Why's that so hard to understand.

I think it's because some don't want to understand.

That's it.

Yes.

Not hard to understand but they don't want to.

You think?

Yes, so do you.

Yes.

When was it we started?

Long before that nibby Aunt Sarah burst in on us.

Not so much as a howdy-do.

Just shoved her bulbous body through the door.

Into the room.

Didn't seem to focus at first.

You?

No, Aunt Sarah.

How do you know?

I was aware.

Of her?

Yes, weren't you?

I was concentrating on you.

You were on top, and that's only natural.

Because you were on the bottom – that means you re looking about the room, thinking of homework, thinking of whether big-ass Aunt Sarah is focusing.

Now, now.

You are going to tell me to keep to the point, not to pretend to be hurt.

Kind of.

Not quite?

The pretending-to-be-hurt is a major turn-on.

Which is not what is needed right now, when we're trying to make all this crystal clear, no
mistake.

Not what is needed.

But who cares what is needed, right?

Right.

We'll be back.

Picking up where we left off.

Long before Aunt Sarah blew the whistle.

Roused the troops.

Long before that.

We had begun.

Initiated it.

Who was it initiated it?

You.

Yeah, me.

I.

Yeah, you

It was a sunny afternoon in October, after school.

It was Halloween evening, right after trick-or-treat.

We're both right.

Of course.

We were bathing together.

Playing dress-up.

Playing house.

Playing gin rummy.

Before we knew it.

Before you knew it, perhaps. I knew it.

We always knew it.

No mysteries.

No mistake.

There we were.

Naked as jaybirds.

You still had your bra on.

No, you did.

Oh, yeah.

I can remember it as if it were yesterday.

Me too.

But it wasn't

No.

It was long before two-ton Aunt Sarah picked the lock.

Even after that, we didn't slow down.

Parents were flummoxed.

Tried therapy.

Tried denying us privileges.

No desserts for a week.

Tried reasoning.

Where did we think this would lead us?

Good question.

Yes it was.

Still is.

I agree.

And we both know the answer.

We do.

We knew the answer right from the start, my dear sister.

Brother.

We both knew it.

No mistake about that.