

A TRIBUTE TO PRIDE MONTH

WORDS NO STRAIGHT PERSON HAS EVER FEARED SAYING TO THEIR PARENTS STORIES

June 7, 2021, by Lindsay Wincherauk
(593 Words)



"Mom, Dad, I'm Straight."

TENNIS

The sun beats down on the prairie, roasting the sidewalk like a tinsmith working his craft.

I want to play tennis.

I phone the V brothers. Momma V answers. She puts TV on the phone.

"TV, want to play tennis?"

"I can't."

I drop five-minutes of profanity into the phone line. Mostly focusing on the f-word.

"Put SV on."

I drop five-minutes of profanity into the phone line. Mostly focusing on the f-word.

All the while, Momma V, listened on the other line. *What's an: other line?* The next time I saw her, she threatened to wash my mouth out with soapy water.

18 YEARS LATER

The entire V Clan, visit, Vancouver. They ask me to meet them for drinks. Momma V has brought soap. The evening is filled with reminiscing. We catch up on where some of us have been. Perhaps, what's next. I refrain from *motherfucking* profanity.

TV is married with two little ones. SV is married, a second time, with children. I have a — I don't talk about my — a product of a world where if you don't fit the perceived norm, it's often more comfortable letting them guess.

TIME TO GO

Farewell. Farewell. Farewell. *Kelly says hi.* Farewell.

Almost a clean get away. SV has questions.

"Do you have a girlfriend?"

"No. I'm okay."

"What? No girlfriend? What are you, gay or something?"

"I have a big dick."

OR SOMETHING

Murray is five. Murray has two older brothers + two older sisters. His dad drinks scotch by the pint.

"Don't be such a sissy, Murray."

"Murray, you're acting gay."

"Murray, do you want to play with my dollhouse?"

"Murray, mom needs you in the kitchen. She wants you to learn how to bake cookies."

"Fag."

"Pansy."

"Pussy."

"Murray, try on this dress."

Murray is fifteen. Murray has two older brothers + two older sisters. His dad still drinks scotch by the pint. Murray is artistically gifted. Murray is an athletic phenom. He excels at every sport he touches. He chooses figure skating and synchronized swimming. *I think Murray is fucking with his dad's mind.* Murray is popular with girls. Murray is an excellent chef. Murray dates boys.

First Boyfriend, Billy.

They kiss once.

Second Boyfriend, Tony.

They kiss once.

Twentieth Boyfriend, Stu.

They kiss once.

Murray dances with girls. He attends slumber parties. His siblings call him faggot. His father calls him a pussy. The high school football and basketball coaches call him a sissy. His girlfriends call him, friend.

Murray is eighteen. Murray has two older brothers + two older sisters. His dad still drinks scotch by the pint, double fisted. Murray is graduating with honours. He's the class valedictorian. He has been accepted to Yale. He needs to talk to his parents. He needs to come clean.

Before he does —

His twenty-fifth boyfriend, Josh.

They kiss once.

"Josh, it's not me, it's you."

"I know Murray, it's time to be you."

"Mom. Dad. We need to talk."

Dad grabs a bottle of single malt. They plop down on the sofa.

"I have something to tell you. I don't want you to get mad."

"What is it, Murray? You can tell us anything."

"Yes, my dear pansy boy, anything?"

"I'm straight."

"WTF. How? All these years. Are you sure?" His mom thundered.

Dad pours scotch into his pint glass. It overflows. He breaks into hysteria.

His mom's demeanour stiffens.

"Get out. Get out now. Never come back. You are the shame of this clan. I now only have two sons."

Murray ran out the door, never to go home again.
