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What's in a sausage?

Sex, sex, sex. About a year or so ago I was very worried about sex. I have a son named Zachary. He was about twelve at the time and I'd noticed that when he came out of the shower he was darkening up a bit about the nether regions. And I thought to myself, hmmm, maybe its time for that talk, you know the one that all parents have to have sooner or later and agonize over. And I wondered what am I actually going to say to him about the wonders of love.

One day you'll find yourself riding your steed along a beach – a young woman will arrive in a boat – your steed will rear up into the air – and you'll find yourself in the boat – the waves will hurl the boat to and fro and to and fro – thunder will rend the air and lightning will flash – and then the sea will become calm again...

Then I thought maybe I should tell him about my first sexual experience when I was twelve, maybe that'll help him understand.

As you know, or maybe not, I grew up on a farm in New Zealand, and on one of the neighbouring farms, there were two unmarried ladies who lived together. Now as we sit here in 2009, not a hundred metres from Oxford Street, that may not seem too unusual a situation, but in rural New Zealand in the 1970's it was quite a challenge. My father used to refer to them as "The Maids". Pat and Mim were their names and although they were viewed with quite some curiosity, because they were able to manage their farm reasonably adequately, they gained a bit of acceptance and the grudging respect of my father and the other surrounding farmers. I remember Pat, the older one – she was creased and weather beaten like my father - would periodically drive past our front gate up the hill in her ute, towing a trailer with a dead horse in it, legs sticking stiffly up in the air, to cut up and feed to the greyhounds they bred on their farm.

On the day in question – I remember it quite well – my father decided that I should accompany him up the hill to "The Maids" to help fix a gate in their cattle yard. It was a beautiful warm spring day, sun shining,

breeze soft and white clouds dotting the blue sky, and I rode on the trailer behind my father driving the tractor.

When we got there, our other neighbour, Gary who had also come to help, had already arrived and was leaning on the cattle yard fence.

"Stephen".

And standing in the middle of the cattle yard was Mim, the younger of the two unmarried ladies. Now Mim was actually very beautiful - she had long blonde hair, long white legs, and big white bosoms. Bosoms that I could see almost all of, because all she was wearing was a bra, a slip and gumboots, and the warm spring sun was reaching down and glinting off her blonde hair and making her breasts glow like orbs, orbs of... two orbs... they were orbs, and the wind sighed through the trees swinging her hair to and fro and the birds sang and crickets chirped - she could have been Botticelli's Venus riding to shore on her seashell...

Except she was cutting up a dead horse, and there was blood everywhere, on her bra, her slip, her breasts, in her hair, and every time she threw a piece onto the pile of meat behind her, a great cloud of flies rose buzzing into the air, and every where was the sour, sickly, musty smell of half rotten horses blood.

And over on the fence, Gary the neighbour could see my young mind struggling to comprehend the scene in front of it...

" See that boy? That's SEX"

Now fortunately, as I mentioned, I lived on a farm, and later on, my father was able to show me animals having actual sex, and tell me that it was generally known as a "Hop On", a term that I still find, to this day has a remarkable effect upon women.

However, I decided that as far as Zachary was concerned it was probably better to let him discover the mysteries and wonders of sex the natural way - at the bus stop with the other twelve year old boys.