

# Punk affairs

Von Bluszcz

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## Kapitel 1: Punk affairs pt.1

Justin couldn't believe his eyes. A small bow was formed under the blanket. "What the...", he mumbled, taking a look at it in detail. What have it been that was now responsible for his 'situation'? He hardly tried to remember the dream. Well, nothing spectacular. He, his best friend Jack.... Alright then. But somehow this dream agitated Justin.

"Great", he said. "There isn't any better thing than having a sex-dream involving you and your best friend." He groaned. "And you mister", his eyes peered downward, "stop standing straight". He took a fresh towel and went to the bath. Under hot water splashing down his skin, he recalled the dream again. 'Why do I dream such bullshit? I'm not interested in Jack and never was. We're best friends and both boys, so it's totally out of question. Fuckin' dream!'

He furrowed his brow. Justin got dressed, then he glanced at the clock.

"30 minutes left till I'll meet Jack", he thought. He took 'Acid', his guitar and tried to play some chords but his fingers trembled too much. Why he was that nervous?

Time passed; 10 minutes left. Justin fastened his guitar to his back and finally went to Jacks' house. This swung up the door before Justin could ring the bell.

"Howdy sweetheart!", yelled Jack with a very big grin, guiding Justin into the house.

"What the fuck are you saying?" Justin seemed annoyed. That's the last thing he needed.

"Nothin' babe, but I've a brilliant idea how to reduce your prude." Jack smirked malicious at Justin. This rolled his eyes. "What's this time? A trip to a pouf?"

"Better hun', better."

"Can you maybe stop with this sweetheart shit, please?" Justin ginned.

"Calm down boy, calm down! Why you're so pissed?" Jack lifted a brow.

Justin said nothing. Nervously he gazed at Jack. After a pause he found his voice again.

"So, what's the surprise?" He tried to sound curious, well, he was indeed. Both entered Jacks room. Nothing suspicious was to detect.

"Guess", requested Jack Justin with a smile.

After a few seconds, Justin resigned. "Sorry mate, no idea."

What Justin now had to see, took his breath away.

Jack began to peel off his clothes. He stood there, in the middle of the room, as nature created him .

Grasping after his guitar named 'Jailbait' he finally disclosed:

"We're going to play naked!"

## Kapitel 2: Punk affairs pt.2

A week passed. The seat next to Jack stayed empty.

At break, Mrs Bever, the English teacher, went over to Jack to ask if everything was alright with Justin.

Jack shrugged.

"We haven't talked since Friday, Mrs Bever", he said.

His fingers grabbed after a pencil. His eyes made a serious look, like he was thinking deeply about something.

"I see. Did you guys have a fight?" Mrs Bever seemed worried.

Jack stayed silent. His eyes were still directed towards the pencil.

The teacher sighed. "Fine. But please let me know, if possible, how long Justin will stay absent. You know, he's not a model pupil, and a longer absence would be bad for his marks."

At that point, Jack broke his stillness and his eyes directed at the the woman who stood in front of him. Before he could give any response, she nodded and went off. He slightly shook his head, then searched his jacket pockets for his mobile phone. He called Justin, but got no answer. After several tries, Jack gave up. Now he was pissed, because Justin seemed obviously to be ignoring him. He was glad he had only two more lessons to attend.

After which he went straight to Justin's.

*It was two in the morning when Justin entered his room. Luckily, nobody was home. He took his clothes off, threw them to a corner and let himself fall onto the bed. He had walked for hours and now his feet ached as if he had danced on spikes. Justin sprawled on the blanket. Now in a comfortable position, he felt relaxed. It didn't take long until he sobbed; tears running down his cheeks. He felt terrible; full of inner pain. The aching feet were nothing in comparison. He glanced at 'Acid'.*

*He had a memory flash. Memories he had tried to drown with alcohol before. By having had done this, he'd broken his own rules of keeping his body clean of any kind of drugs until he dies.*

*He groaned loudly. "Damn you Jack! Damn you!", he yelled. It was barely something one could call a shout. It was something rather more like a moan.*

*He needed to listen to Hardcore Punk, otherwise he'd go mad. The adolescent picked one of the older albums of AFI, 'Shut Your Mouth and Open Your Eyes', and put the disc into the CD player next to his bed.*

*After listening to it for a while, he still didn't feel better. At least the memories from last evening weren't present, but now, when the disc finished its playback, they prevailed again. The crying which had stopped meanwhile, began again, just stronger.*

*Justin let the tears flow on his blanket until he fell asleep.*

## Kapitel 3: Punk affairs pt.3

Jack waited and waited in Justin's room. Of course, he wasn't there when Jack stopped by. He took a seat on his mate's bed. It was messy - sheet music spread all over the pillows. With a closer look, Jack descried a thin, black and blue coloured booklet. - Justin's diary!

He opened it though he was fully aware of the incorrectness of his act.

Nevertheless, he wanted to know so badly what his friend's thoughts were, especially those of the other day. Justin had become so withdrawn towards him lately; it was hard to tell why. And there was the chance now to find out for certain about Justin's reasons and moreover, his feelings.

He thumbed through the booklet, but he couldn't find anything evident. They were even several pages ripped out, including these about the other day.

*Playing in one's birthday suit was probably a bad idea. How odd, after five minutes, Justin even fainted away. I was worried, so I leaned over him to see if he was alright. He quickly regained consciousness, but his eyes wandered so frightened over the room, his face turned red strangely enough after he looked at my face for about ten seconds. He felt obviously uncomfortable, so I smiled at him. But all he did was to gasp and disappear as quickly as he could. Really strange. I know he's still a virgin so that may be the reason why he's so inhibited. But when I think about it more deeply, it does not make any sense to me at all. We have known each other for many years now and being naked together was never a problem before; like there was nothing sexual between us. So what is his problem, for fuck's sake! I don't understand him. I've agonised over it one damn whole week intensely and I still have no fucking clue. (...) Wait, is he... .*

Jack's interior monologue was suddenly interrupted as he heard noises coming from the floor.

It was Justin, who stood in the doorway out of the blue.

Their eyes met, with an astonished expression written all over either faces.

## Kapitel 4: Punk affairs pt. 4

They stared at each other nearly about a minute to remain silent afterwards for another five minutes with in the meantime detached glances.

Justin trembled for he didn't know what to do. He wanted to escape from a grotesque appearing situation like this of he had tried to escape from the whole week before. Obviously he failed at it for he neither hadn't calculated Jack's visit nor was he even prepared to be faced with it. He was in inner turmoil.

The silence was broken as Jack raised his voice. He stayed calm even if he was seething with rage and due to it about to give Justin a tongue-lashing. He knew that screaming at him and so on wouldn't help them both to go ahead, so he tried to pull himself together until he was able to talk in an appropriate manner.

Jack's eyes were stuck to the ground floor as he sorted his thoughts. It wasn't pleasant for him either for what he was about to say.

"Justin", he said in a low voice. "Please shut the door and come in. I've to ask you something which shouldn't be bothered by your mother I suppose." It had a serious tone.

His friend did such as he was told to, yet he stayed closely at the door.

Besides, the sound of gulping was to hear; the only noise by him.

Angst was the only emotion he felt right now.

Jack peered at the boy's face again, with a scrutinizing look into his eyes.

Justin's heart sank into his boots as their eyes met.

"Tell me Justin." Jack sighed.

"Could it be you're in love with me?"

Jack couldn't believe his own ears hearing these words his mouth just had let out. He was embarrassed himself as he posed said question. He was afraid of any sign of affirmation for his answer. He honestly did not know how to deal with it; nevertheless it involved his best friend which made the circumstances way more difficult than they would have been with someone else.

Justin starred initially in bewilderment at his person opposite. His jaw literally dropped.

The blonde's face then turned pale while his eyes got a strange twinkle. For an instant he was petrified with horror. Soon he became aware of the issue's extent. The cheeks got a deep reddish tone while he felt an increasing heat overwhelming his body. The adolescent couldn't stand his mate's eyes on his ones any longer and thus avoided his gaze by turning his face away.

An awkward silence filled the small room.

Justin's reaction was enough to let Jack realize.

## Kapitel 5: Interlude

His mind felt blank for he wasn't sure what to say, neither to think nor to believe. Why did it shock him so much? Because Justin was his best friend since forever; and on top of that a young man?

It was not like Jack was disgusted or angry about it at all, but it was hard to bear it right now. A "situation" like this was never a matter before. Besides, he was slightly irritated. Did Justin trust him so little?

There they were - one sitting on the bed and the other one standing at the door while still this awkward silence was severe, appearing to descend heavily on their shoulders as if it would overwhelm them like a curse it was hard to escape from. Justin didn't dare to say a word for his throat felt dry and his tongue seemed knotted together. A chaos of words dashed through his mind, not able to put them in order. His mind was truly roiling whereas Jack regathered his thoughts more or less.

Jack needed to get out of this room, this house, so he finally got up with a forced sounding sigh and left the room while he did not deign to look at Justin any more as his friend stepped aside, who finally calmed down and pursed his lips to say something. But it was too late.

Jack already left him behind with the words that he would need to sleep on it. Justin slightly gasped as Jack went past him while their bodies brushed against each other softly; nearly refreshing the suppressed memories. He felt deeply embarrassed and ashamed, and a bit angry with himself. It was a little bit too much for him at once since the other day; not only for him.

With shaking hands, he closed the door again. Then he sank down along the wooden surface to burst into tears right away.