

Do you remember your first kiss?
I'll never forget mine.

It was the summer of 1981. I was eleven years old.

Johnny was the rebel on the block.
He and I were friends. He always impressed me with his ability to pop a wheeler on his dirt bike. But, he was also rude and disrespectful to me. I hated when he teased me just for being a girl.

I think he liked me, despite all the teasing. He didn't come right out and say he liked me, but he'd always ride by my house and pop wheelers to show off.

We both were hanging out in my front yard one day. My Australian shepherd, Brandy, was running circles around us. I could hear Madonna singing from a tiny boom box in my garage. I was feeling pretty in my hot pink corduroy jeans.

Johnny and I decided to play truth or dare. I chose the dare. He said "I dare you to french kiss me". I leaned in with my mouth wide open and we french kissed. It felt like two lizards wrestling each other. Our tongues were dry and stiff. I could smell cheese on his breath and it tasted like dirty socks.

We kissed for about 5 seconds before I pulled away in disgust.

I wish I would have waited to kiss someone because I wanted to, instead of doing it on a dare. I learned that it feels unpleasant if you're not into it. Overall, my first kiss sucked because it felt forced and unnatural.