

Seat Sale

Moncton, New Brunswick: A Miracle in the Mid-nineties

by Vincent LAVERS

With a bustling population of almost 200,000, the city of Moncton sits at the hub of greater New Brunswick. The area was once an early Acadian settlement known as "Le Coude" back in the mid-seventeen hundreds, but was later renamed after Colonel Robert Monckton in 1755. With a rich Acadian and Pennsylvania heritage, Moncton offers one of the most unique and diverse cultures in eastern Canada. But more importantly, Moncton has hot French chicks.

I was only fifteen when I embarked on my first road trip away from my family. I planned to visit a friend of mine who spent his summers in New Brunswick; but to say that this was my only motive would be a lie. I had received my first kiss only six months prior, during a game of truth or dare in the Queen Charlotte library. Kissing was fun and all but I wanted some second base action, possibly third. I was ready for the next step and hot French chicks seemed to be my best bet at the time.

It was around two o'clock when the bus came to a stop at the Moncton station. I remember the air being much drier than that of my native Charlottetown. I kept an eye out for chicks on the ride to my friend's house, but the prey seemed sparse at best. The scorching August sun wasn't fit for man nor beast, so we decided to wait for the cool cover of night to begin our expedition.

I spent the rest of the evening getting used to my new surroundings, and enjoying the novelties of our outdoor pool and canned pop. I don't really like canned pop, but like any traditional islander I made a mental note to bring a few cases back home with me. With my cool canned beverage in hand, I relaxed downstairs with a copy of *The Times Transcript* and studied an article on Moncton's demographics. The French speaking population was eighty-percent in Dieppe and almost forty-percent in the greater



Moncton: City of Lust

Moncton area. With all of the surrounding communities taken into consideration, we had roughly a one in three chance of meeting a French chick tonight. Needless to say, the odds were in our favour.

My friend's parents found it a bit suspicious for two fifteen-year-old boys to shower and shave before taking the dog out for a late night walk, but we explained this because of the recent hot weather, and they believed it. I'm sure we could have just said that we were going out exploring, but it was imperative that we brought the dog for bait, as we didn't have the connections for booze or drugs. French chicks dig dogs. Trust me.

Within twenty minutes, we were corresponding with two obviously French girls in the local park. Our dog theory worked, as the girls found it 'cute' that two grown teenagers would have the heart to ensure the dog was getting the exercise it needed. The first girl was skinny and had chin-length blonde hair. I can't quite recall her name (I'm sure it started with an A) so for this story, we'll call her Amy. The second had shoulder length brown hair, and filled out her thirteen-year-old frame rather nicely. Her name was Lisa, and her and I hit it off right away. They couldn't stay out for long, so we planned to meet up later the next day to watch a movie. We said out goodbyes, and parted ways.

In the mind of a fifteen-year-old boy, "watching a movie," means "hardcore drunken orgy." So as a natural precaution, we discussed every

possible scenario. What if the girls brought their twin sisters and wanted to get naked in the pool? Or, what if they just want to dyke-out and make us watch? After hours of plotting, we decided the best way to prepare was to go get some snacks and pick up the movie. And so we did.

The next day's heat was much more intense than that of the day before. We were worried that the intense heat would hinder our sexual performance, and made sure to stay as cool as possible. My solution was buying a two-litre bucket of Heavenly Hash ice cream to eat on the way home. And what better way to wash this down than with a litre of chocolate milk? If that didn't keep me cool, then I didn't know what would.

During the half-hour walk home, I managed to finish the chocolate milk and three-quarters of the ice cream. I didn't feel sick at all, but wisely threw the rest of the ice cream in a ditch. The ice cream was all I had eaten that day so it settled in my stomach nicely. We met up with the girls at the park, and headed home for the movie/orgy.

James Melkonian's "The Stoned Age" was our feature presentation. While the movie had a few funny lines, I was disappointed by the infrequent partial nudity that this so-called R-rated film had. But this didn't bother us much, we were about to have the real thing. The movie ended ninety minutes later, and we put on the *Dangerous Minds* soundtrack to help set the mood.

The other couple soon disappeared into another room and I found myself beside Lisa on the couch, alone and quiet. The first kiss was nothing too exciting, but the repeated kissing and hugging is what got my nerves boiling. We were still sitting up and I was working up the courage to lie on top of her. But was it too soon to lie down? Was I going too fast? Hell, I had no idea. I had planned supplying sex toys to naked twins on the deck of our pool; I never thought about the little stuff. I started to panic, and that's when 'it' happened.

I've always wondered what she thought when I blurted, "Be right back" and ran out of the room. Did she really think I was going to the bathroom, or did she know that I was about to puke up the entire three litres of chocolate that resided in my stomach? I thought carpeted bathrooms were a brilliant idea before that afternoon, but that opinion soon changed.

Stinky brown puke everywhere. I was very upset. The natural reaction is to panic, and I did for about five minutes while trying to clean up watery puke from a carpeted floor. Ultimately, I managed to get my friend in on the cleaning process while explaining to the girls that I had spilt a bottle of bleach. Good save.

It took a while, but a full half hour later, I leisurely walked back into the living room to find Lisa listening to the *Dangerous Minds* soundtrack for the second time. I explained that we had cleaned up most of the bleach, but to be sure to use the upstairs bathroom in case of any lingering fumes of the cleaner. She obliged, and we got comfortable for a long afternoon on the couch.

Did it bother me fifteen minutes later when I realized that I didn't brush my teeth? A little, but the embarrassment soon passed. These things don't matter when you finally get to second base with a hot French chick from Moncton.