

## **FAMILY MATTERS**

*A monologue by John Dixon*

My parents never told me the Facts of Life. I learnt them from watching my parents have sex together. It was a bit like when they had rows, and told me to leave the room. I always listened at the keyhole, and when the row was over my father never failed to put his finger to his lips and say 'Shh! Keep it in the family.' Later I listened and looked from the security of their bedroom wardrobe. I assumed at first that they'd be experts at it, but after a while I was tempted to intervene and say 'Wouldn't it be better if you did this? Why don't you try that?' I would have been happy to join them and act as therapist. I'm sure they would have had fewer rows.

Something happened, and they didn't want me at home any more, and I was unceremoniously shunted out. I managed to be taken in by a large family as the boyfriend of the youngest daughter. There were many other daughters and brothers and dozens of cousins as well as a few steps and adoptees. And I remembered what my father had said 'Keep it in the family.' I got through the steps and adoptees in record time and was soon fucking the cousins. That's what cousins are for. And not long after I was into the sisters. One of the brothers obliged, and I began thinking about the mother.

They all seemed quite happy with this. 'You've got enough to go round,' they said. 'Just where did you learn your technique?' I always gave a 'comes-natural' shrug. But it set me thinking – back to my early experiences with my real family. The time when my elder sister said she'd drop her knickers and show me everything if I first dropped my pants. Well I did, and she didn't. Bitch. And there was the time when my elder brother began playing around with me, nothing penetrative, but it set me off and I was soon up him, and he put his finger to his lips and said 'Shh! Keep it in the family.' Or the time when I opened the bathroom door, which my mother had forgotten to lock, and there she was stark naked. I wasn't breastfed, and had never seen her tits before. I wanted to see more and was tempted to push her back in and lock the door from the inside.

The thing I really regret is never seeing my father's dick close to. I always wonder if it's bigger than mine, and how mine will be at his age, the staying power, the frequency, the amount, the length of load shot, and the sperm count. I've often wondered how big my son's dick will be. I'm still not sure if dick size comes from the genes of the father's side or from the mother's side, or a combination of the both. To be honest I've never thought before in terms of checking out my grandfathers'. They're both dead and buried, so I don't suppose they'd mind.