

THE
**DOWNSIDE
OF BEING UP**

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G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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*For guys everywhere who get it.
And girls everywhere that don't.*

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Look, I'm just a kid. I'm not a dork, a jock, a brain, a freak or a perv. I like cheeseburgers with ketchup, video games and movies. No, I'm not the most popular student in school, yes, I am toilet trained, and okay, once in a while I pick my nose. Also, I like baseball.

But I have absolutely no control over what goes on in my pants. I get eighteen boners a day.

Literally.

I get them when I'm emptying the dishwasher. I get them when I'm putting on socks. I get them when I'm in the cereal section of the supermarket. Why would cereal straighten my weinerschnitzel? Really, I have no idea. It just pops up out of nowhere. And when I say pop I mean *pop!* It's like having a steel pole rise in my pants.

Not a very big pole, though. I've measured. Right now it's four and five-eighths inches long. Let's just say I've already prayed to the penis gods and offered

'em a trade. I told them I'd swap my left pinkie toe for an extra two and one-eighths inches of manhood. That would bring me close to seven. Pretty fair exchange, right? Sure, I may limp for the rest of my life, but at least I'd be packing a bit of thunder. I mean right now I don't even have a rain cloud in my jeans. On the naked self-esteem scale I score a negative ninety-three.

Holy cow, I don't even know why I'm talking about all this. Actually, I do. It's because no one ever discusses this stuff. It's like some sort of sweep-it-under-the-rug topic that no one ever talks about even though all guys go through it. I mean, the closest anyone ever comes to even mentioning it is in sex education class, except in there all they do is show pictures of limp penises (or penii, whatever you call them) and they're always attached to an inner gland or something. *Barf!!* Is there anything on the planet less attractive than a side-view medical diagram of a soft beef kabob? Really, just shoot me right now.

Basically, I get stiffies all the time for absolutely no reason and they are ruining my life.

Seriously, I want them to stop.

But they don't, or won't, so I'm forced to hide them. Oversized shirts that I wear untucked. Baggy pants

with enough room inside the crotch for a microwave oven. Dictionaries I keep on my lap as if I am eager to look up fourteen-letter vocabulary words just for the “exuberating experience of exponentially enhancing my grandiloquent education.”

Yeah, right. The only thing a big ol’ *Webster’s* is good for to a kid like me is hiding my ding-dong when it stands at full attention. Fact is, my wang has completely flipped its wong and though I’m not sure when it happened, successfully hiding my boners has become the greatest battle of my life.

Yet, one time I failed. I blew it. I got busted with a sky-high pork pipe. That’s what forced me into “correctional erectional analysis.” Yep, therapy. A shrink. Writing about it is supposed to help. At least that’s what my therapist says. My second therapist, that is. My first therapist, well, let’s just say that my correctional erectional analysis seems to have sent her zooming into some sort of psychotic midlife crisis of her own . . . but her meltdown’s another story.

Really, this is my last chance. I just hope that scribbling down the hard truth about my out-of-control bologna pony is going to allow me to get a grip on life and move on.

It’s cruel. It’s torturous. It’s Bonerville Middle

School, a place where all red-blooded boys eventually
have to go.

And it ain't no fun. It ain't no fun at all.

Especially when ya, you know, kinda like a girl.