

Kenneth was up to something. He hunched over his locker, snickering and moving things inside. As he turned he glanced around the locker room and looked at Dave and I.

“Check this out guys, this is going to be great.”

He had a great nervous energy about him as he maneuvered his lanky body across the room. He reached the pile of clothes that marked Andy’s locker and removed a long metal spoon from his pocket. I navigated the piles of clothes and gym bags that littered the floor to get a better look. He was scooping what looked like pickles into Andy’s pants. He couldn’t contain himself and danced with excitement as he did it. He looked at me and flashed an enormous grin.

“This is going to be so good.”

Kenneth was strange character, the son of a wild hippie mom, he seemed to be grounded in sensibility that belied his upbringing. If you saw his lanky body you might think he was clumsy and inept, but if you saw him hit the water you would think he was a demigod. He was a star swimmer and would occasionally anchor our fastest relay team.

Dave looked across the bench at me and gesturing towards Kenneth said, “What’s the great buffoon up to now?”

“No idea man, he’s got some pickles or something and dumped ‘em into Andy’s pants.” I said.

“Weird stuff”

“Yeah”

I pulled my sweatshirt over my head and smelled the fresh chlorine raining down from my damp hair. I looked around the locker room and found the world hidden behind gauze, like a lens that had been smeared with Vaseline. I was in a hazy mood, the kind you have after a really solid effort in the pool. I had competed in a few races this afternoon and managed not to drown during any of them. In this room I was a pretender; Kenneth, Andy and Dave were not. It felt like an honor to get to swim with them. I started to change my suit out for my underwear and pants.

The door swung open with a thunderous bang and Andy danced through the door flipping his curled blonde afro around and spraying water across the room. Andy was a shorter guy but he was carved from wood and had a wild temper. Andy hopped onto the bench between the lockers and boogied his way across it stopping about six inches behind Dave. He twisted himself towards Dave and exaggerated humping the back of his head. Andy was still covered with shower water and was wearing the smallest speedo he could physically fit into. Each thrust of his pelvis threw water onto the back of Dave’s head. Dave straightened up and turned; he was completely cool and stood solid with his head in line with Andy’s chest. He looked up and gave Andy a potent glare.

“Stop.” He said

“Work it, work it, work it!” Andy sang loudly as he pumped his hips harder and harder.

“Yeah, you’re hot shit Andy, go sit down.” Dave was still miffed that Andy beat him in the 100 fly.

Andy did a snap 90-degree turn away from Dave and telegraphed his march along the bench. He reached the end of the bench, hopped down and marked his landing with a flamboyant gymnastics landing.

“Nailed it!” He sang, impersonating the lead singer of a bad hair metal band. He flipped his hair back and forth to accentuate the impression.

Dave gave me a look; I knew exactly what he was thinking. Kenneth cleared his throat obviously and tapped on his chest. He waved at Dave and I and gestured his head towards Andy. We looked over and saw Andy pulling up his boxers, a handful of pale green chunks dropped from the leg of the boxers. Andy instantly began scratching himself.

“Damn, my cock itches.” He said.

“You’d better be more careful where you stick it Andy.” Said Dave, as he looked Andy directly in the eye. I could tell there was real tension between the two of them. Dave’s gaze hinted towards something sinister.

Andy looked flushed and a vacant expression washed over his face. His face tightened as he scratched himself with vigor.

“Shit, this really itches guys.” He said.

Andy kept scratching and paced small circles around his locker, his face contorted between frustration and satisfaction. He looked very uncomfortable. He stopped and screamed.

“My cock is on fire.”

He ran around the locker room; he bounced from wall to wall and banged on lockers, shouting. By the time he worked his way over to the sinks in the corner he had torn off and thrown his boxers. He was jumping up and down in front of the sink splashing water on himself.

I turned to look at Dave; he was dumbfounded. I glanced aside and saw Kenneth laughing so hard he couldn’t stand up. Dave and I shared another look.

“Fuck, Ken what did you do?” I asked.

Kenneth couldn’t respond. He was doubled over and bound by laughter. I looked at Dave again. I could tell he felt some pity for Andy but he was starting to chuckle.

Andy was still at the sink. The urgency of his cries continued to escalate; he was now screaming an endless chain of obscure obscenities at the top of his lungs. He splashed more water on himself, now with both hands. A tall, well-built man appeared next to Andy, he must have been the other team’s coach. He looked at Andy and then scanned the room; he seemed confused by the whole situation. He stepped closer to Andy’s writhing muscular body and reached an arm out. He placed his hand firmly on Andy’s shoulder and looked him dead in the eye.

“Son you need to calm down and put some pants on.”