

Young Writers Award - 2001 winner

Love

by Alasdair Duncan

Below is an excerpt from *Love* by Alasdair Duncan. The story in its entirety contains sexual references and is not suitable for general distribution on the State Library of Queensland web site.

You never realised just how much you liked the black jellybeans before now; you're picking them out of the bag, watching that same stupid movie again with the lights off and the sound down low and casually messing with the passed-out-unconscious, too-cute-to-live boy on the couch next to you. You don't remember where exactly you found him - somewhere in the Valley is all you can remember just now, though for some obscure reason you keep getting an image of Chinese dragons - and you don't know what kind of drugs his friends must have been feeding him, but you do remember when he collapsed on you in the street and when he asked you - stared pathetically into your eyes and asked if you could be his friend. And then suddenly the two of you were back at your house; the place was empty because both your parents were away at that conference until next week. While you were slipping that two-sizes-too-big Calvin Klein sweatshirt - red, with the hood and all those zippers in unexpected places - over his head and he was swaying ever so slightly and mumbling something about his friends and how pissed off they would be with him for ditching them, you found the bag of jellybeans in his pocket. Damn jellybeans.