

**free press**  
**The 2023 Sex Issue**

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# letter from the editors

Hey, cutie!

Thank you for picking up the annual Sex Issue! This theme is the only fixture in our rotation, and for good reason. The Sex Issue is the throbbing erect member of the Free Press—our soul and identity as a club. Our reader base is aware that self-naturalizing capitalist, racist, and patriarchal ideologies affect every aspect of our lives, and we have to find ways to defend against and negotiate harmful constructs on a daily basis. Our intimate experiences are no exception—in fact, as many of the following works indicate, insidious power structures often replicate themselves in our most private spheres.

This is why the Sex Issue is so important to us. Compiling a diverse range of submissions surrounding all things sex is just one of countless ways to combat stringent notions of what sex, sexuality, and gender “should” be or signify. We are honored to have received an array of submissions from talented and thoughtful contributors. The enclosed works of poetry, prose, visual art, and everything in between are affecting, thought-provoking, and, in some cases, hilarious. Importantly, they also contest dominant visions of intimacy and its associated topics.

We’d like to thank our wonderful eboard members for dedicating so much of their time and energy into this issue—it wouldn’t be quite so sexy without their perseverance and stamina! In addition, we are so thankful to our contributors for their vulnerability and hard work, which has allowed us to make the 2023 Sex Issue exactly what it should be: pleasurable, sometimes uncomfortable, sometimes funny, and always a little messy.

Much love,

Emily, Sydney, and Rosa



Art // Emily Gangloff

INSTA

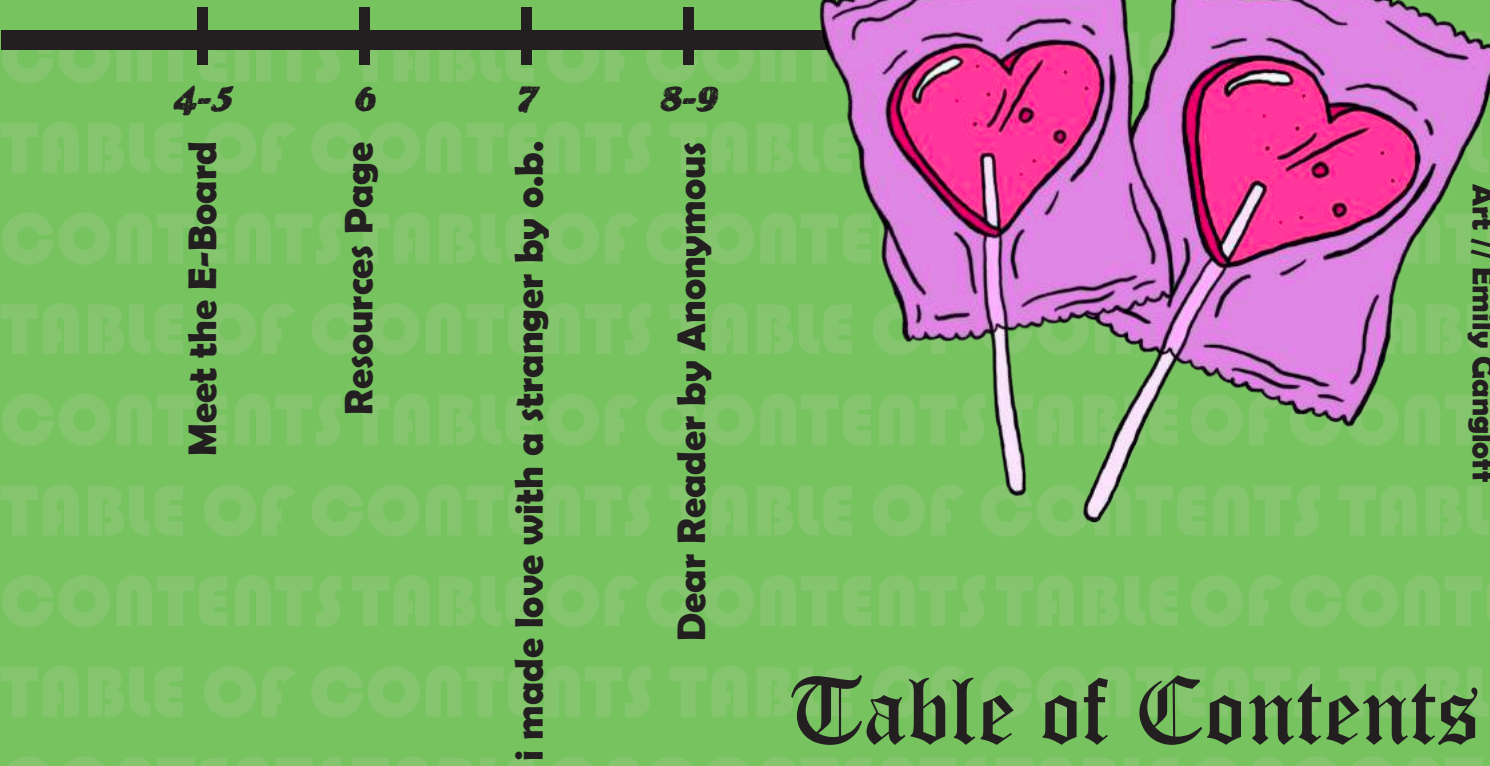


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Art // Emily Gangloff

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MEET THE E-BOARD

# RESOURCES

Everyone deserves to know local resources to help with anything ranging from health centers, emergency housing, support groups, and lifelines. So that's exactly what we did. Here is compiled a list of resources that are available to you off- and on-campus. We are always here to help, support, and comfort you. Stay safe!

*xo xo, Free Press*

## ON-CAMPUS RESOURCES:

### **Binghamton University Violence, Abuse, and Rape Crisis Center (VARCC)**

Located on the third floor of Old Johnson Hall  
607-777-3010  
empower@binghamton.edu

### **Decker Student Health Services Center**

Phone: 607-777-2221  
health.services@binghamton.edu  
\*Plan B is available for \$10 at Decker, charged to your student account!

### **Binghamton University Counseling Center**

Phone: 607-777-2772  
Monday through Friday, 8:30 a.m. and 5 p.m.  
\*extension 2 after-hours\*

### **Campus Recovery Support Group**

busober@binghamton.edu

### **SEEK Helpline**

607-777-4357

### **QCenter**

Phone: 607-777-6028  
lgbtq@binghamton.edu

### **CARE Team**

dos@binghamton.edu  
Phone: 607-777-2804

### **SHADES**

shades@binghamtonSA.org

### **Women's Student Union**

wsu@binghamtonsa.org

### **Transcend**

transcend@binghamton.edu

## OFF-CAMPUS RESOURCES:

### **National Suicide Prevention Lifeline**

Phone: 988

### **Crime Victims Assistance Center (CVAC)**

(607) 723-3200  
Crisis Line: (607) 722-4256  
Text: (607) 725-8196

### **RISE (Domestic violence emergency housing)**

607-754-4340

### **Family Planning of South Central New York**

117 Hawley Street, Binghamton, NY 13901  
Phone: 607-723-8306  
www.fpscny.org

### **Susquehanna Family Practice and Gender Wellness Center**

Fox Care Center, Suite 103  
5432 State Highway 7  
Oneonta, NY 13820  
Phone: (607) 431-5757

### **Southern Tier AIDS Program**

122 Baldwin Street, Johnson City, New York 13790  
Hotline: (800) 333-0892  
Phone: 607-798-1706  
www.stapinc.org

### **HIV Positive Support Group**

Wilson Hospital  
Picciano Building, 4th Floor, Room #2  
Phone: (607) 763-6003  
Office: (607) 798-1706  
Meets 1st Thursday of the month at 5 pm

"i made love with a stranger"

~ a poem

she kissed my body,  
my lips, my neck, my chest.  
she kissed my stomach,  
as she made  
her way  
down  
my  
body.

she was not you  
but she was there  
and i was there;  
and she wanted me more  
than you ever did.  
and she wanted me  
more than you ever had.  
this girl,  
who i knew was  
a temporary excitement,  
loved me more tenderly  
than you had ever.  
and i didn't  
even have  
to beg.

~ o.b



Art // Emily Gangloff

# Dear Reader,

**I have a confession.** And you probably won't care, but I care because it aches me and it pulls at the strings of my nervous system. It unabashedly sits on the hairs of my skin, so invasive. And it intrudes my thoughts without permission to enter.

And I look for the other girls who might think the same, in search of hope and serenity. I want to feel calm and okay, but it's starting to get heavier on my shoulders. I don't think I can carry the weight of this entire thought.

The truth is:

I don't like penis.

Not men, penis. I just don't like it. It's not appealing to me. I don't like penis in the same way that I don't like eating seafood. I just simply wouldn't put my mouth on it. My tastebuds don't sizzle and my mouth doesn't water; it dries up instead.

It's such a painful feeling, actually. Not liking the one thing I'm "supposed" to like.

I've spent 18 years of my life searching for the perfect penis.

The first penis that intrigued me grew hard at the sight of my finally matured body. I didn't know how to feel actually. I was simply flattered. I loved the attention! The glory I felt to make a penis hard! Then what? Nothing. I just kept trying to please the penis, keep it hard, make it squirt and do the one thing it's supposed to do.

Like how I'm supposed to.

The second time was more interesting. More physical. emotional, sexual, but everytime it was my turn, I'd get sick. Sick and tired, Bored, actually...

The thing is, the penis is simply a thing to me. An object used for my pleasure, and not the other way around. That's the limitation. I'm sorry to the heteronormative world.

I'm sorry to the Penis.  
I'm sorry I couldn't give you more.  
I'm sorry I was bored.

I like the idea of man, masculinity, the whole sickening schema of it...until it's time to return the favor. Not a pillow princess, but simply uninterested in serving the penis.

The only problem is that it's so hard to push the penis out of my life. It's everywhere! The third interaction with a penis was random. I mean, I was drunk and simply searching for someone to kiss. That's all.

There he was, Romeo. In the middle of the crowd, singing "Love Story" by Taylor Swift in my face until our mouths started talking into each other. Our tongues began to dance, and I was genuinely having the time of my life—until he pulled away.

"Let's take this back to my room."

He turned me around and I thought I was being spun in a romcom musical type of way. But it took me by surprise when he began to thrust his hips into my lower back, expecting me to give him a little dance on his penis.

I froze.

"I just want to make out tonight," I said. There was no harm in that, there was power. And he immediately pushed me away, back into the crowd.

"She's cool, but I think she's gay," he later told his friends.

I laughed when I heard this because cisgender men love to pin homosexuality onto a woman when she rejects the advances of his penis.

Maybe I am a lesbian, maybe not. I still find a lot of men to be quite hot. Sometimes the edits of Timothee Chalemet and Oscar Isaac on TikTok make me feel things I cannot describe.

I'm infatuated with anything but penis. And that's my truth. That's the weight I carry with me as I trek across this penis loving universe. My disinterest in penis causes reactions like earthquakes within cisgender men who expect me to please their penis with my body.

But dear reader, unfortunately I'm here for a good time. And that means having fun. A penis in my mouth isn't fun to me, but maybe a vagina is.

As I continue to shed the layers of pressure to reach my sexuality without feeling the need to kiss men, I realize the pain that comes with it. It's heavy, but it feels more like the pressure of a thousand pins begging to dig into the first layer of my skin.

I am undefined, but as I move through this life I realize my attraction for sapphics is never followed by a series of uncertain ellipses.

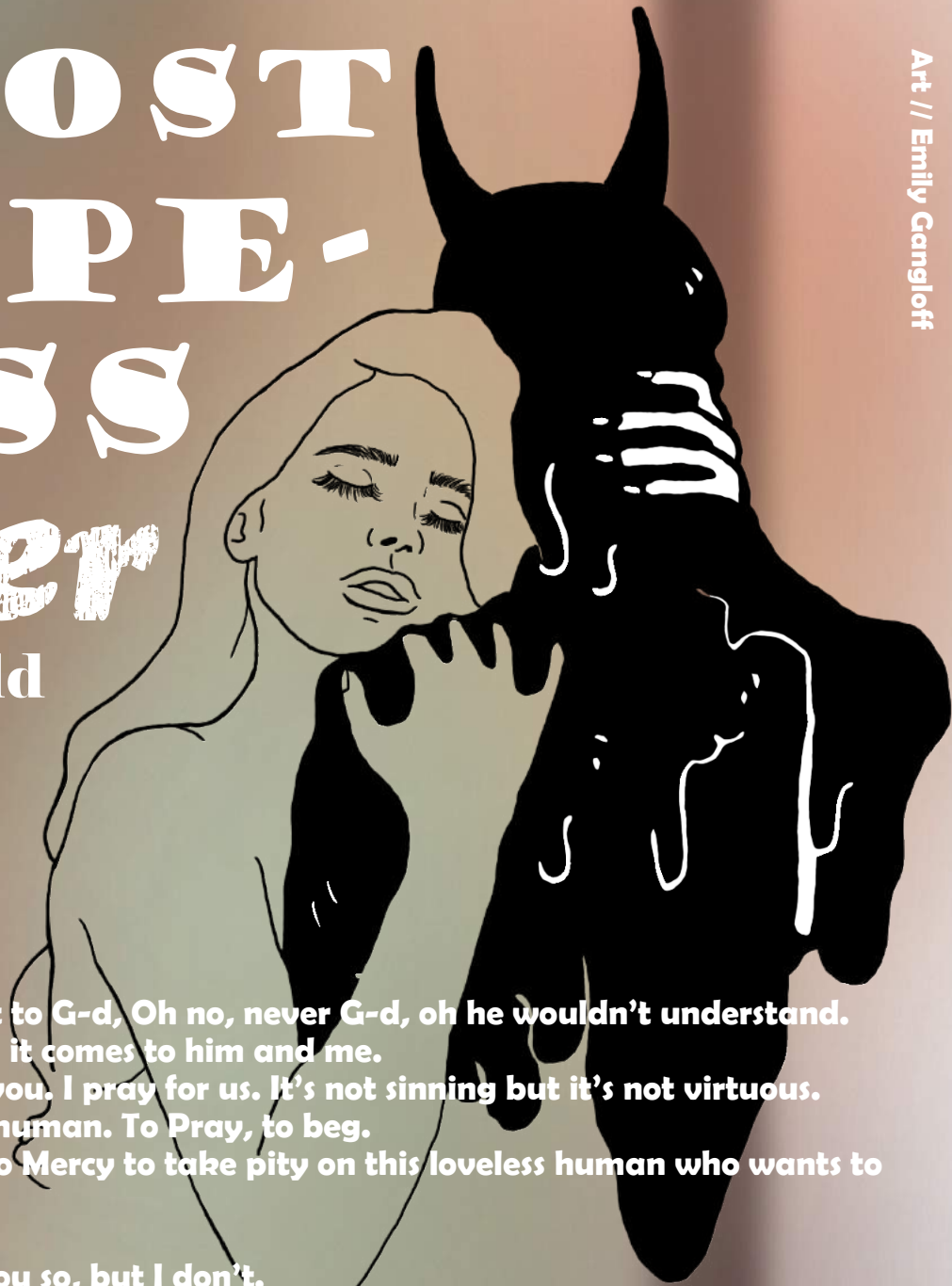
*Anonymous.*



# The MOST HOPELESS Lover

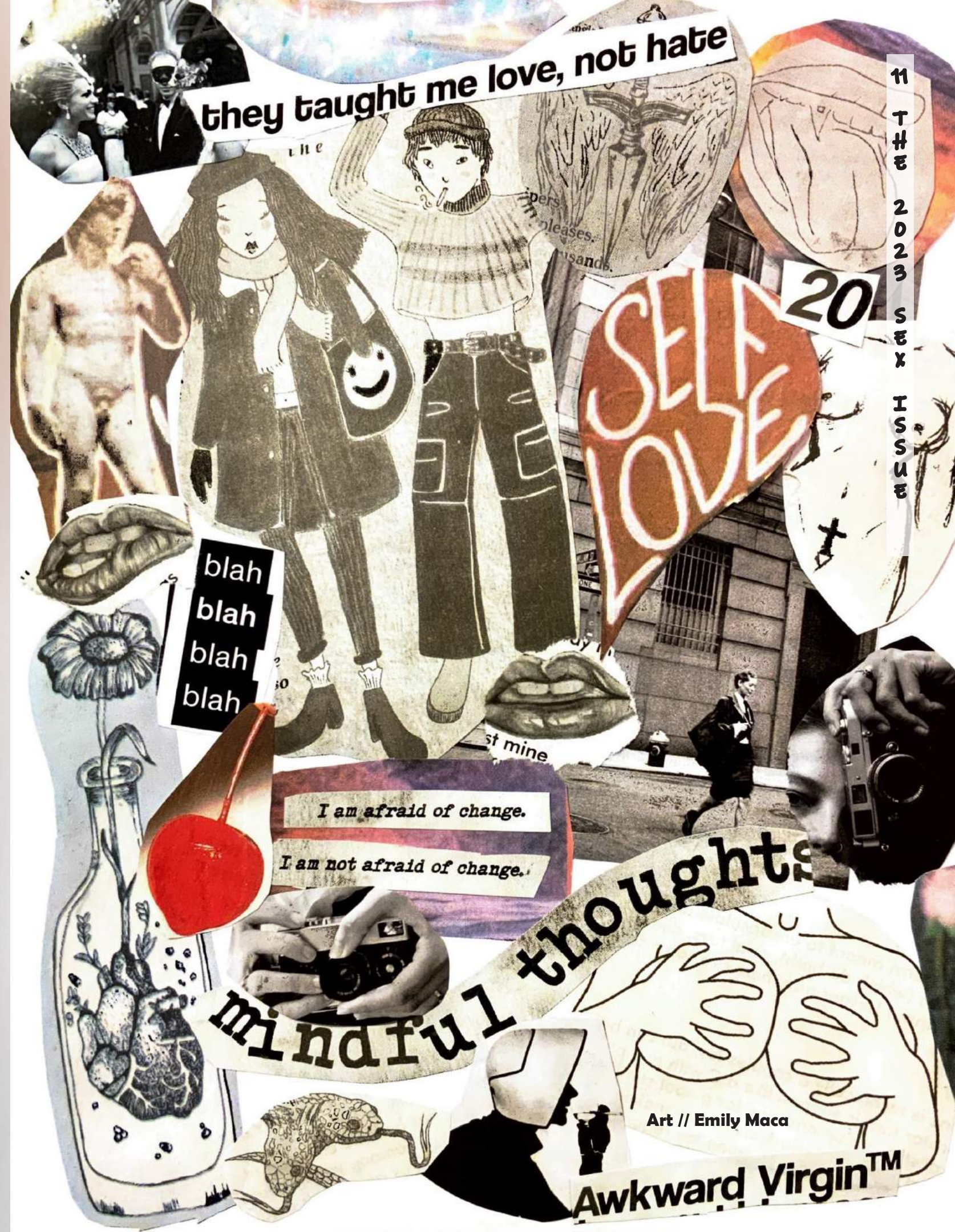
in the World

by Emily Maca



Art // Emily Cangloff

On my knees, I pray. Not to G-d, Oh no, never G-d, oh he wouldn't understand.  
 There's no G-d, not when it comes to him and me.  
 I pray to you. I pray for you. I pray for us. It's not sinning but it's not virtuous.  
 It's human. Unbearably human. To Pray, to beg.  
 I pray for Mercy. I pray to Mercy to take pity on this loveless human who wants to love a lovely human.  
 You lovely human.  
 How I wish I could love you so, but I don't.  
 Love has never been kind, not to me. It is hard to believe in something that has only ever hurt you.  
 So, look where I am now. On my knees. Shouting my prayers. (Mercy, Mercy, Mercy. Please have Mercy.)  
 Mercy isn't kind, but maybe, perhaps, if I pray enough, maybe...  
 Mercy, can you grant me this, grant me love? Let me love him?  
 I want to love him.  
 No greater devotion than to love, right? Just once. Just once, Please, just once. I promise  
 Mercy. I promise.  
 I'll love him.  
 He and I. Me and him. Us.  
 We'll seal it with a kiss, yes?  
 I promise I'll never pray again. But for just this once, can I fall in love?  
 (Mercy, I think I've reached my doom.)



Art // Emily Maca

Awkward Virgin™

# SEX SURVEY

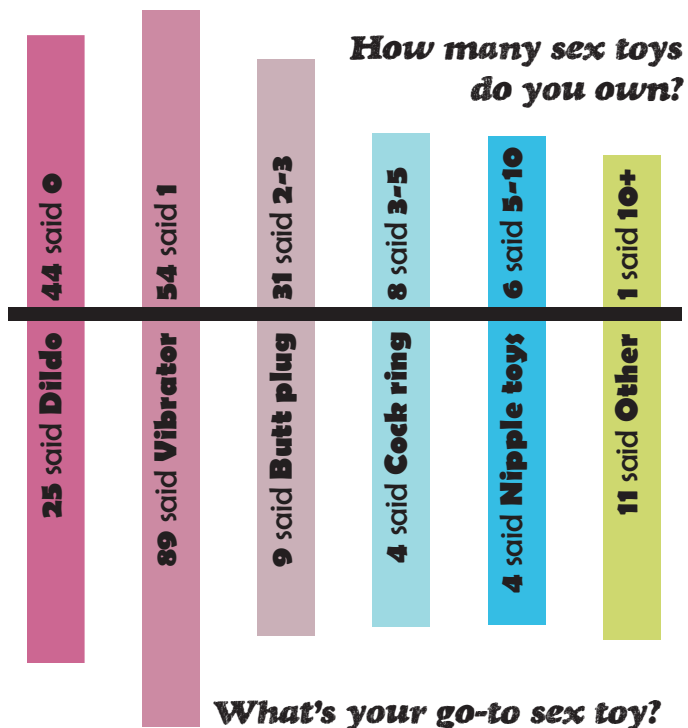
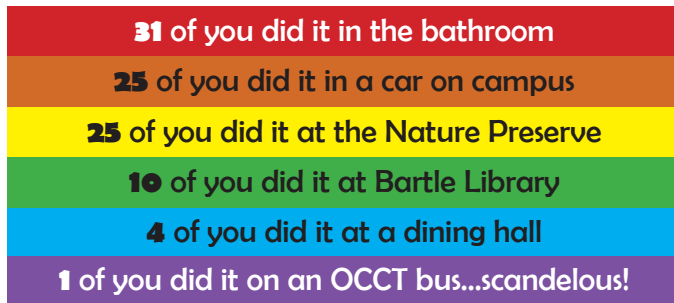
We asked and 145 of you answered!

Let's start with the spicy stuff...

Introducing Binghamton University's **Top 10 Kinks:**

- |             |               |
|-------------|---------------|
| 1. Choking  | 6. Domination |
| 2. Bondage  | 7. Knife Play |
| 3. Spanking | 8. Breeding   |
| 4. BDSM     | 9. Praise     |
| 5. Spitting | 10. Voyeurism |

If you've had the pleasure of an campus hookup, where did ya get down and dirty?

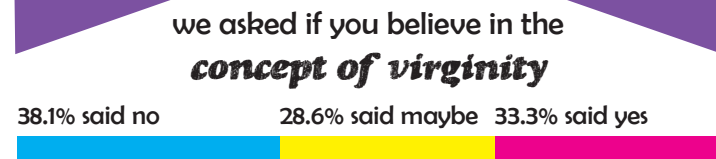


...and how often do you masturbate?

- 20 said every day
- 60 said a few times a week
- 14 said once a week
- 40 said a few times a month
- 6 said never
- 5 said other

## How do you identify yourself?

- Bisexual
- Cis het
- Gay
- Lesbian
- Queer
- Straight
- Bicurious
- Bisexual and cisgender
- Bisexual and gender non-conforming
- Bisexual but prefer men, so gay?
- Bisexual (or I guess biromantic?) and grey-ace!
- Cis pansexual woman
- Demisexual and nonbinary
- Demisexual and queer
- Femme presenting non-binary lesbian
- Fluid
- Genderfluid, lesbian, demisexual
- Genderfluid she/he/they
- Genderqueer and demisexual
- Lesbian (sexuality), Lesbian (gender)
- Nonbinary bisexual person
- Nonbinary, greyromantic, asexual (questioning demi)
- Nonbinary lesbian
- Queer bisexual trans man
- Queer genderfluid nonbinary
- Queer nonbinary lesbian
- Queer woman
- Questioning lesbian
- I fuck bad bitches only
- I'm a catgirl
- I'm a DID system with many alters, and each has their own gender and sexuality. As a whole, we identify as queer, trans (genderfluid) and poly.
- Girl who likes bisexual men
- I'm a lesbian, but I have had consensual sex with men, although it's not what I prefer. I am able to separate sexual and physical acts from romantic and sexual attraction.
- I'm just a person who likes who they like :)
- Unlabeled woman! Can't ever seem to get that label right, LOL



## FreePress's Favorite Funny Hookup Stories

The #1 spot took us by surprise...

It was the fourth of July. My tinder hookup stopped mid-sesh to turn on the national anthem so he could cum to the "rockets red glare". Afterwards, he said it was the most patriotic he's ever felt.

don't worry, the other ones are just as hilarious...

So! I hooked up with a frat guy, red flag lk, but the next morning I woke up in his bed with his gf and they were kissing! #myeyesarebleeding

I was blowing a guy and accidentally threw up on his dick...we cleaned it up and kept going.

I was hooking up with a guy in his car and he created a blend of our spotify's. While he was on top of me in the front seat, "Welcome to the Black Parade" by MCR started playing and I've never had someone pull out of me so fast. He changed the song so quickly and we just didn't talk about it.

He said "it's my turn" then proceeded to repeatedly slap his dick on me.

My car broke down at 2am in the Johnson City middle school parking lot when I was on a date. We had to sleep in my trunk in 25 degree weather and watched twilight on my phone until we passed out and were rescued by a tow truck in the morning.

He came in my butt while we were watching great british baking show.

One time I was 69 with a random hookup...she ended up farting and giving me pink eye

I hooked up in a national park and got caught by the cops...they let us off w a warning.

One time a guy started doing an "old man" voice during our hookup and he straight up switched personalities. And then when I told him to stop it he started crying and then started laughing at me because I got scared and didn't know what to do.

## We are pleased to announce Binghamton University's Biggest Dating Apps:

At #1, we have **Grindr** with **65** users!  
 At #2, **Hinge** with **44** users,  
**27** use **Bumble**,  
**5** use **Grindr**,  
**4** use **Farmers Only**  
 ...and **13** of you were craftier than us ;)

And our favorite ways to get it down and dirty **virtually** are...

**Sexting**, with **97** poets  
**Pics**, with **84** photographers  
**55** of you **Facetime**...or dare we say **Zoom**  
**15** of you novelists write **love letters**,  
 and **1** of you use **Omegle**...say what now??

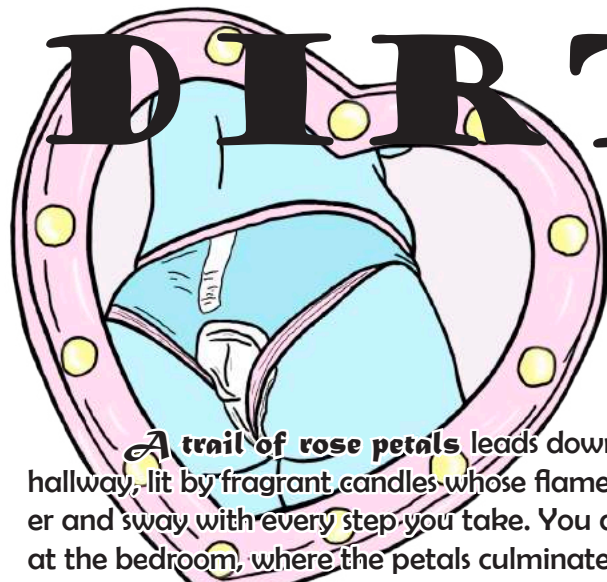
Meanwhile, **8** of you experienced **threesomes**,  
**4** experienced **foursomes**,  
**2** experienced **fivesomes**,  
 and **1** experienced **more!** Go you, we're jealous!  
**136** of you **have not** (yet?) experienced a threesome.



- Getting my Dick sucked on the Bing Clock tower.
- Michael Cera, and before we fuck, he plays clay pigeons on the guitar and calls me juno the whole time.
- Hot priest from fleabag.
- Consensual hate sex with exes.
- A muscular butch lesbian just completely dominates me and I just do whatever she tells me to for the night.
- Clones of my boyfriend all at once :3
- Having sex with famously handsome actor Dev Patel in a gentle intimate and loving way. We are also happily married in this situation and live in a beautiful house by the seaside, we have a dog too probably, he cooks me dinner afterwards and we watch the sunset.

# DIRTY TALK

Art // Emily Gangloff



A trail of rose petals leads down the hallway, lit by fragrant candles whose flames flicker and sway with every step you take. You arrive at the bedroom, where the petals culminate into a heart shaped upon a large, plush bed. Music plays faintly in the background, something sultry and teasing, maybe a piece by The Weeknd or “Love Is A Bitch” from *Fifty Shades of Grey*. Your partner stands there, elegant, perfect, naked—ready to make sweet, sweet love to you. Both of you smell like roses—every part of you—and it’s all very sexy and when it’s over, the sheets and blankets remain crisp, fresh, and unblemished.

Or at least that’s what it seems like in romance films and pulpy novels with shirtless men on the covers. When I was younger and thought ahead to when I would frighteningly and inevitably lose my virginity, I imagined it to be either the dramatized, perfect romantic experience of young adult literature, or the messy and passionate trysts of fanfiction. It would be something special and treasured, a moment I would never forget. I did not expect it to take place in the backseat of an SUV in a county park. I did not expect to have a cop shine a flashlight through said SUV window, and shake his head at the pubescent flailing taking place inside. I definitely did not expect it to be sweaty and bloody and, in an unnervingly Freudian way, similar to what I assume it was like to be born.

I’m sure we all had similar experiences. Our youthful heads were filled with daydreams of handsome men, busty women, and/or androgynous beauties sweeping us off our feet into a velvet world of flawless sex, only to be snapped into reality by muscle cramps or discovering a cum stain on your favorite blanket. But that’s what makes sex exciting in the first place.

If we had the same clean, dreamy, romantic sex every time we got horny, it would get really boring really fast. We’re not star-crossed young adult film lovers, or romance movie protagonists, or the idealized versions of ourselves we insert into fanfiction (sorry, Y/N). The messiness of sex is what makes it something so human. We as people are gross, chaotic, and grimy beings. It only makes sense that it translates over into sex.

But movies, books, and porn unfortunately do not tell us this. It’s drilled into our heads from the second we can comprehend what sex is that it has to be an idealized, pristine act that has to look and feel a certain way. We have these unrealistic perceptions of what sex should be, and then when the actual act takes place, we either fail miserably to reproduce the staged and rehearsed sexual encounters in media or feel a sad little stab of disappointment or confusion that it wasn’t the way we had imagined it to be. All of the fluids and messes are glossed over in writing or hidden from the watchful eye of the cameras filming. Which is why, when our sexual realities sink in, we feel embarrassed when we queef or humiliated when we throw up on a dick or disgusted when we sweat or cry or bleed.

But there’s nothing to feel ashamed about. Sex is messy, and that’s okay! That’s why we have towels to protect our sheets and washing machines for our blankets and showers for our sticky post-coital bodies. We’re not meant to live out the ultra-serious dramatized romantic fantasies. It’s normal to get down and dirty. Why would our bodies create these various fluids and goos otherwise?

Sex is a vulnerable and peculiar thing—seeing each other naked at all these different odd angles. It only makes sense that a situation so strange can get a bit, well, sticky.

**Gabby Lipkin**

Art // Emily Gangloff



## You Do It Twice

You began to make dinner, and I began to watch—the knife, cradled in your hand, fervently tearing apart the fat from the pancetta, the parsley from its sprig, the garlic from its shell. You drew the knife across the cutting board as if its vessel were butter, trailing across different bodies of whom your hands were familiar with. I found myself enamored by such hands and contemplated how they, too, would ravish my own offering. I held my back to the wall with my mouth, agape, like the strewn pots and bowls opening themselves for your liking. My appetite—cultivated and unfurled by the same hands, bludgeoning and thrashing at those bodies, organic as my own and bent toward a will that is unbecoming of what is thought to be natural—could only find its remedy through your refection. You ardently stepped away from the knife because it became a hindrance to desire, an insipid traitor to your keen palette, and I knew what next to taste. In this spur of recklessness we embrace, in the way a dog seizes at its bowl, with the same urgency of needing to satiate an unrelenting hunger—to be the first to consume, and to make claim for what is his. Your hands wander and forget about the boiling water though it screams for your attention, but your hands are devoted to another act of fullness. In the haze of your ferocity I consumed what was left; an empty plate, a full mouth—we were meant to eat this way.

by **Bethany Vogel**

### Sweetheart

And to kiss him until you are sticky with it, this creeping desire, this slick laugh and his name caught in your throat like honey, anything else you call him when he looks up at you like that on his belly, any molten-glass words that slip past your teeth as his whole being shivers Darling, couldn’t you live in my lap? My thigh slick with how you want me? Tell me again what you dream of at midnight. What are my hands for if not your every need?

J.R.



Art // Emily Gangloff



Personally, I'll call bullshit when someone I'm conversing with says a blatantly offensive remark. That's just who I am as a person—if something remotely offensive is said, my facial expressions can't hide the fact that I am uncomfortable. But, what happens if I'm in a setting where I *have* to people please, but the people are passively racist?

Over my winter break, I was invited to a Christmas dinner where I wanted to leave a good impression. I was told that there was going to be a guest, let's call her Karen, who talks a lot. The warning was very very vague. I knew Karen traveled around the world and wouldn't skip a beat when given the opportunity to talk about it. Honestly, I was kind of excited to hear her talk because the last time I left the US, I was three and visiting my home country. So, maybe I could live vicariously through her stories.

"Hi! I'm Nhat."

"Hi, I'm Karen. Nice to meet you! Is Nhat short for anything?"

"Yeah actually, it's short for a Vietnamese name."

"Oh! Oh my god, I've been to Vietnam. So beautiful! Have you been?"

"Not really, I went when I was three...but I was three so I don't remember it."

"Ooh you *have* to go, it is BEAUTIFUL! I went a couple of years ago and the architecture! So French, SO beautiful. Oh my god! And the food! Pho (but she pronounced it "foe")—*their soup*—is SO GOOD!"

# How to Deal

## with Passive Racism

by Nhat-Dinh Nguyen

When I heard this shit, all I could think was *WOW...is she really mansplaining about my own home country to me???* But all I could do was smile and nod...because in reality, I couldn't make a scene, I was a guest at this dinner.

Also, side note for you readers, Pho is pronounced "fuh" NOT "foe".

The title of this piece leads you to think that this is a guide on how to act when in a situation with passive racism, but I need you to understand that it is completely unjust and unfair to make a *one-size-fits-all* guide—especially for such personal, unique experiences. So maybe the title is somewhat clickbait, but this piece will go into everyday examples of passive racism, and to show that America is still racist.

Wanna know what I *actually* wanted to do when Karen mansplained Vietnam to me? I wanted to just...yell. I wanted to yell "HOW IGNORANT ARE YOU??!! VIETNAM WAS IMPERIALIZED BY FRANCE SO NO SHIT THE ARCHITECTURE IS FRENCH!! AND ARE YOU KIDDING ME?? 'FOE'???" IF YOU LOVED VIETNAM SO MUCH, WHY DID YOU NOT LEARN HOW TO PRONOUNCE THE FOOD???" I was furious, truly. The amount of self-control I had to find within myself to just smile and nod...geez.

The route I *do* wish I proceeded with was to *kindly* educate her on the history of Vietnam—the imperialism, the food, the tourism, the culture. Although it's not my job to educate her ignorance, I realized afterwards that I *should* have educated her. I *should have* put her in her place (kindly) and let her know about the unjust, white-washed history of Vietnam and how insulting it was to sell *me* on going to *Vietnam*, my *family's* country. And I should have, because I was fortunate enough to be in an environment where it was safe for me to open a discussion about it. I just didn't know it then. Which actually leads me to...

### NOT RACIST v. ANTI-RACIST

Is it enough to let these passively racist remarks slide to avoid conflict?

For me, and many others, when these passively racist remarks are said by authoritative figures, I tend to let their sayings slide. I feel the need to people please so much and keep my inner-rage as...*inner-rage*...and *not* ruin a relationship. But is this being passively-racist in itself?

As my predominantly-white public high school's all-women's choir (*what a mouthful*) was prepping for our winter concert, my high school choir teacher asked a Black classmate, a close friend of mine, "For the concert, could your hair not be so poofy?" Her hair was in a gorgeous updo that showcased her hair in such a beautiful way. As everyone in the class gave each other *did-she-really-say-that* wide eyes, I guess my teacher realized her mistake and attempted to save herself with "Actually never mind...it's beautiful by the way".

I actually think about this frequently and I imagine scenarios where someone *had* spoken up.

Why *didn't* someone call her out and say that that was passively racist?

Our community wasn't shy on their prejudices: trump flags are proudly hung in front yards, the popular girls get away with saying racial slurs because they *accidentally said it when drunk*, and the teachers who said the n-word in class readings because they "have to for educational purposes to show how racist America was" as if America magically healed itself and isn't racist anymore.

It's obvious she at least has a racist sub-conscious. Her instinct, or lack thereof, to ask her question served as a reminder that our "beloved" community

hadn't come to a basic, humanly decent conscious,

hadn't instilled a completely safe community for people-of-color to live freely, how people should,

The education system white-washes America's entire history. It hides how *often*, how *cruel*, how *openly* white people were treating people of color as sub-human, and! how it *still* happens often, how it is *still* cruel, and how people are *still* openly racist. The fucking audacity.

hadn't educated themselves not only on how to act after blatant racism, but to also *prevent* instances of racial discrimination.

As the deeply-rooted systematic issues are conveniently forgotten, *don't* let the microaggressions slide. As the historical policies that manifest discrimination into modern policies are not taught in schools, *don't* stay silent. And if you can't have the energy to educate (which is valid), remove yourself from the situation.

**orange and cold**

**a body that is mine  
 a body that is hers  
 to hold, to carry, to rest, if it pleases  
 rip and tear and hate her but she is  
 she just is  
 she'll wake today and sleep tomorrow  
 she'll drink and swallow water  
 gnaw on ice and fingernails  
 breathe and wait; take a breath and wait  
 she will, i promise you she will  
 and the sanctity of promise refuses to be  
 broken  
 she stays orange and cold  
 she will stay orange and cold**

Art // Elizabeth Kromer

by Elizabeth Kromer

# Who You are in the Bedroom

by Victoria Baries

*You look down at my body over mine.  
 And I bet you like that, right? To have something, someone to look down  
 on. It makes you feel big, right?*

*And then you pull my hair.  
 You love to pull the thin strands, you love how you can do it with ease.  
 Those strands in your hands feel so good right? Something small in your  
 hands you can pull and drag. It makes you feel strong, right?*

*And so now you beg me to ask you to pin me down.  
 And of course you would want that. Don't you crave that feeling of  
 control? That's what this is all about, right? Feeling in control.*

*Is it me you crave or the power over me?  
 Maybe we both know the answer to that.*

*And maybe we both know that who you are in the bedroom doesn't stay just  
 in the bedroom. Maybe it goes with you everywhere: that obsession with  
 control, that need to have power. And maybe I am the only one who grants  
 you that.*

*And I bet you like that, right?*

# The Craziest Story

by Katherine Quinn

*I have the craziest story.*

I met my first love when I was six years old. I remember where we were, and what we talked about. We were climbing the kindergarten jungle gym, talking about the Incredible Hulk. I remember feeling so drawn to him, as if I knew we were going to be the best of friends. By the end of the conversation, he innocently asked, "Katie, will you be my girlfriend?" Of course, I said yes! The next day, however, I decided I would rather be best friends than boyfriend and girlfriend. When I told him so, I remember he said "No, boyfriends and girlfriends only break up if someone does something bad!" And so, we remained kindergarten boyfriend and girlfriend, and we spent every recess talking about the Hulk and Sharks, and daring each other to cut our own hair with the safety scissors.

My most vivid memory is when I wrote a story about the two of us. I remember it was a fairytale, with a prince and a princess, with little accompanying pictures. I insisted on reading it in front of the class, but mid-way through, I became overwhelmed with embarrassment and sat down. At our kindergarten graduation, we sat next to each other, and my mother took a picture of us, looking thick as thieves, I thought we'd be best friends forever.

The next year, he moved away. As I grew up, he remained on my mind. I wondered where he was, what he was doing, what his life looked like, and if we would still click with each other as well as we did when we first met in kindergarten.

Last summer, he and I began talking, just by chance. I actually had no idea who he was, as he didn't use his full name on Instagram. I just thought he was a cute guy, who was a drummer in a cool band. We began talking, and I said, "This may sound crazy, but I think we went to kindergarten together." And I sent him the picture from kindergarten graduation. He was dumbfounded. He had no recollection of kindergarten at all, but he knew it was him in the picture.

As we continued talking, I found our conversation was so easy and natural. And suddenly we were the best of friends, all over again. We could laugh until we were crying and cry until we laughed. One night, we sat in the McDonalds drive through, and I opened up to him about my fear of asking for help, of allowing myself to be cared for. He listened for a moment and said "I want to be there to care for you." That night, we kissed, and it was the best kiss of my life.

The following day, he took me on his boat on the Freeport channel. I watched his tan, muscular arms as he gripped the steering wheel. "You wanna drive?" he asked, a twinkle in his deep brown eyes. In my blue dress and bare feet, I climbed into his lap, and let his hands guide the wheel. He could tell I felt uneasy. He told me "Look up. Look around you. We're in the middle of the ocean." He smiled. "Leave all of your troubles on land." And he held me tighter than anyone ever had. "I feel like a king." He said. It was July 29, the day he asked me to be his girlfriend.

We continually supported each other in everything we did. I took a greyhound to see his band play at the Black Oak Tavern in Oneonta. He drove four hours to see my play, the Importance of Being Earnest. He bought me a purple orchid. Every single line I said, I said directly to him, sitting in the aisle seat on the third row. We were so in love.

Yesterday, we broke up.  
It was completely mutual.  
Nobody did anything bad.

I still love him, but the circumstances were not sustainable. Sometimes love is not enough to carry you through more turbulent waters.

My favorite film professor once told me "When making art, be aware of what is a scab and what is a scar." This is definitely a scab. A raw, pus-filled, oozing scab that bleeds through every layer of gauze. I see his name written out, I cry. I hear our songs, I cry. I hear a joke and wish I could tell him. I know things will get better. I can see light at the end of the tunnel, no matter how far, far, away it may be. And I'm sailing towards it. I won't get there today or tomorrow.

But I'm writing this today. Today I am red-eyed and puffy faced. But maybe you are too. It will get better, for all of us. The only way out is through.

And even though he and I are no longer together, I will always get to say,

"I have the craziest story."

# MAD LIBS

by Lucas Martinez

## gossip girl blast

Spotted. Little \_\_\_\_\_ roaming the streets of \_\_\_\_\_ with a new  
(first letter of your name) (city)

honey at their side. Possible lovers? Who knows? One thing is for certain though, this  
\_\_\_\_\_ is showing a lot of \_\_\_\_\_ with this hot little \_\_\_\_\_ on!  
(animal) (body part) (piece of clothing)

## Y/N

I wake up and walk to the \_\_\_\_\_. I look at myself in the mirror. My massive  
(room in a house)

\_\_\_\_\_ orbs and lopsided grin stare back at me. I toss my \_\_\_\_\_ hair into a messy  
(color) (color)

bun and leave the house for my morning \_\_\_\_\_. I step out the door and a  
(physical activity)

moving truck is in front of me. A \_\_\_\_\_ pulls up and 5 young  
(adjective) (color) (type of car)

attractive men step out. Holy \_\_\_\_\_! And that one with the long hair and green eyes  
(expletive)

sure is \_\_\_\_\_. "DO YOU WANNA HELP US MOVE SOME \_\_\_\_\_  
(positive adjective) (Object-plural)

LUV!" he yells out to me. So, he's British...okay! I walk over \_\_\_\_\_ and pick up a  
(adverb)

large \_\_\_\_\_. "I'll show you where to take that dearie," the long haired one says. He  
(Object)

seems like the leader. As I walk into the \_\_\_\_\_ house, the boy with tall dark hair  
(adjective)

and sharp eyebrows winks at me. My tummy \_\_\_\_\_. The house is empty  
(verb-plural)

except for a \_\_\_\_\_ on the wall and a poster for something called "the X factor".  
(British thing)

Never heard of it, I prefer \_\_\_\_\_ over TV. I walk behind him up the stairs into  
(something boring)

the bedroom with no bed in it. He smells like pine trees and \_\_\_\_\_. He looks at me  
(scent)

with a crooked grin filled with those messed up British teeth. He's cocky, but I can't  
resist. I run over to him and our lips crash into each other, our tongues fighting for  
dominance. He puts his \_\_\_\_\_ on/in my \_\_\_\_\_ and I \_\_\_\_\_. There's no bed  
(body part) (body part) (verb)

so he takes me to the floor and we \_\_\_\_\_ around until I'm on top. Just then the boy  
(verb)

with a messy mop of brown swooping hair bursts in and says "Hey! That's me boyfriend!"

The end.

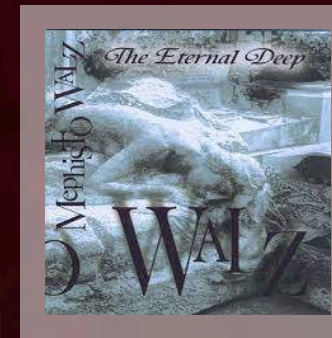
# Songs to Fuck to: REIMAGINED

by Emily Worth

This QR Code  
directs you to  
The Free Press  
Sexxxx Issue  
'23 Spotify  
Playlist!



From early 80's rock, to 90's grunge, plus modern LGBTQIA+ Pop and R&B hits, this sexy, sensual, sloppy playlist can get you and your boo feeling good upstairs and down :)



The Eternal Deep  
I Wanna Be Your Dog  
Mephisto Walz



Bleach  
Love Buzz  
Nirvana



Superunknown (Deluxe Edition)  
Black Hole Sun  
Soundgarden



Title Of Record (Expanded Edition)  
It's Gonna Kill Me  
Filter



Tango In The Night  
Caroline  
Fleetwood Mac



In Utero - 20th Anniversary - Deluxe Edition  
Heart-Shaped Box  
Nirvana



Siamese Dream (Deluxe Edition)  
Mayonaise - 2011 Remaster  
The Smashing Pumpkins



Loveless  
Sometimes  
my bloody valentine



I Love Rock 'N' Roll (Expanded Edition)  
Crimson and Clover  
Joan Jett & the Blackhearts

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One 2023 Sex Issue One 2023 Sex Issue

