

2010

# WILLIAM

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## Citation/Publisher Attribution

Vocino, Michael C., "WILLIAM" (2010). *Technical Services Department Faculty Publications*. Paper 32.  
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## WILLIAM

By Michael Vocino

During my high school and college years, my sex life was total fantasy. Those fantasies were wonderful. They were not the real thing, but they were satisfying for my adolescent needs.

Let me tell you about one of those fantasies. It still recurs in dreams to this day. I don't know who the fellow in the dream is, but I call him "William." The reason I call him "William" should become obvious.

A few years back, my parents and I went on a vacation together. We had no real time with each other recently and I wanted to make up for that. We first went to Washington, D.C. Believe it or not, I had never been there and neither had they. A few easy in Washington was fine for a time, but it soon became apparent that we were tired of grandiose buildings, museums, monuments and greaves of famous men. We decided to take a side trip to the Virginia countryside. We had our own car. We were not tied to any reservations or tours. In an instant we packed up and left the city. We would swing down to Williamsburg and from there go to the western most parts of Virginia. It was April. It was cool during the day and rather cold at night. Tourists hadn't begun to invade the state as yet, and most of what we saw we could view in a leisurely way. There was no rushing, and no pushing.

Williamsburg is a splendid place. It is a superb restoration of a colonial capital. Every detail is historically correct. No wonder, the recreated town was a virtual laboratory for William and Mary College which sits at the opposite end of the town's main thoroughfare and faces the old colonial meeting house where Patrick Henry made all those famous speeches. An traffic allowed in Williamsburg skirts the old colonial village. It is a pedestrian's paradise. Other than real horse power, no other forms of conveyance are allowed. The street runs straight for a mile or so from the government house to the college. Along it are shops for blacksmiths, artisans of all type, silversmiths, and of course souvenir shops. The street is not paved, but there are wooden sidewalks on both sides of the street. Benches for rest also line the sidewalks. It was while sitting on one of these benches, alone, waiting for my parents to finish shopping that I saw a fellow who, without knowing his real name, I call "William." William became the focus of a recurring dream. I still see him occasionally in my sleep. I especially see him when I am lonely.

While sitting on the bench in Williamsburg, if I turned to the left, I could see the entrance to William and Mary College. I did look in that direction a few times as I watched people walk by my vantage point at the end of the town's main street. There were older people sauntering slowly, not talking, and looking everywhere. There were young people in small groups talking animatedly with one adult in tow. The adult was the teacher sentenced to oversee this field trip of active youngsters whose interest in not having to spend the day in a classroom far exceeded the real reason they were here. Historians from the college (at least I presume that's what they were) talked of the history of colonial architecture and the civilization which existed here to even smaller groups of older youngsters. They were students, no doubt from the college. And, of course, there were the exasperated parents dragging unhappy and sometimes screaming children from one boring historical exhibit to the next. Only the horse and buggy rides seemed to satisfy this younger generation. They wanted action and listening to a lecture on colonial dance was not their idea of fun. Riding in an open carriage, at full clip, down a wide boulevard was closer to their idea of a good experience. I love people-watching and this was a great place to do just that.

I moved my eyes from the right and the screaming children to the left and the college gates. Just warming up for jogging were a group of young men. They were stretching and contorting their bodies in a variety of ways in preparation for what must be a daily routine. They were an undistinguished group. Only the street on which they would run made them different from hundreds of other undergraduates preparing to do the same thing at virtually every educational institution in the nation. I began to look away, but as I did I noticed a young fellow pacing slowly to join the group. He was different from most of the others. The others looked like all college runners look: young, thin, with no upper body strength or structure but with overly developed and defined thighs and calves.

William looked different. It was this difference which attracted me immediately. He reminded me of the frontrunner from the Patricia Nell Warren novel of the same name. Quite frankly, I couldn't believe my eyes. He was gorgeous. He was wearing, like the others, a William and Mary tee-shirt which was cut low at the neck and had no sleeves. It was loose fitting and allowed for a nearly unobstructed view of a well defined, nurtured, upper body muscle structure. This fellow had great pecs as well as great legs. He was light skinned, with thick light brown hair, tall, and came close to my fantasy of what the best in physical beauty is.

William began his warm-up exercises. I no longer looked around. I was frozen on this vision. The group started to run, as they came out of the gate they turned to the left and began to fade out of sight.

“Shit, I am going to miss his running,” I thought to myself.

I was wrong. Where the group went to the left, William, upon finishing his exercises, ran straight. He was going to pass directly in front of where I was sitting. It only took him a few minutes to reach my bench. He was no more than a few feet from me in the roadway. As he passed, I drank in every part of his body. It was stunning. His legs and arms were lightly coated with wispy blonde hairs, curly at the shins and falling off to nothing at well defined, smooth thighs. I looked into his face, but William was entranced in his exercise. He seemed to see nothing as he breathed in and out in a steady and regular fashion. I quickly looked around the street. There were at least several other people looking at this young gazelle. He was that attractive and that compelling. I watched as he ran the full length of the street.

At the government house, he took a right and I thought this was to be a fleeting vision only to be seen quickly, yet oh so contentedly. Again, thankfully, I was wrong. William was running back toward the college. He ran up and down that street at least nine times while I was sitting there. He made my trip to Williamsburg all the more memorable. His image was burned into my psyche forever.

My parents returned as William was moving toward the government house from the college. As he passed us by, I just smiled and waved. He didn't see me. We went back to our hotel and I soon filed William away with all those other fantasies I have collected over the years for recall as needed.

We ended our trip to Virginia and it proved to be rewarding for several reasons. It is a beautiful state, it was relaxing, and my parents and I renewed our friendship.

Long after the memory of the trip was beginning to fade, however, William came back into my life. It was in a dream. Everything was as I described above except that William noticed me each and every time he passed by the bench upon which I was sitting. Further yet, with each pass, he more aggressively asked me to join him in the run. He never spoke but with his hands and body he made it clear that's what he wanted me to do. I just smiled each time and waved back. He came physically closer at each pass and as he did, I became more and more anxious. He then began to talk with each pass.

“Join me,” he said as he waved me to him.

I looked around and no one else on the crowded street seemed to hear him. Indeed, they weren't even watching. They were either unaware of what was going on or didn't care.

At the next pass, William stood in front of me running in place. "Come and join me, don't be afraid. You can keep up. If you catch me I am yours," he said as he bent over with his hands outstretched and ready to grab mine.

As he bent forward, a charm fell from his shirt. It was on a gold necklace I hadn't noticed before. At first I thought it was a cross, but on closer inspection, it was a Phi Beta Kappa key.

"Oh, great, not only is he physically a delight, he is mentally quick, too!" I thought as he pulled me from the bench. I looked again to see who was watching. The street was totally empty. William and I were alone.

He immediately began to outpace me. I was always inches behind him. I was close enough to read the lettering on his shirt, and it read, "Yours."

I was determined to catch him. I wanted him. Every muscle in his body, his legs, back and buttocks urged me to reach for him. I was running faster and faster. I was getting closer and closer. Excitement and emotion were building within. It was becoming uncontrollable. I reached for William. I had him. I grab for his arm, he turns and smiles as we continue to run like that with me holding on to him with all the strength I can summon to the task.

"I've got you! I've got you!" I was screaming.

The dream always ends there. I frequently awaken covered with cum. I am sweating and out of breath. I usually smile, clean myself and turnover to sleep again. I am also hoping to race with William again. I am going to win this challenge and claim the prize!

