

#13 Your first kiss

// For the next 50 days I am doing [Fat Mum Slim's 50 things to blog about challenge](#) - in no particular order



Today's post is number 13 – your first kiss (and don't skip the awkward details)

Isn't just talking about your first kiss on a blog read by your parents and friends and complete strangers awkward in itself? Oh and by my husband?

Its totally awkward.

Well lets get it over with. My first kiss happened on our year 10 hockey trip to Bathurst. Tonsil hockey camp? Hehe.

I mean really, why was I even ON a hockey trip? I certainly couldn't play for peanuts so how on earth I ended up going on it I don't know.

I can't remember if I was sweet on the guy before the trip but anyway there was a boy and girl team and we were all staying at a motel at Blayney just outside Bathurst. It was three or four girls to a room and I'm sure we weren't supposed to be outside of our own rooms fraternising with the boys but being such a rebel there I was - locking lips with a guy named Ben.

If I recall he might have even been the year above me! Outrageous.

I don't remember too much, but I do remember thinking "oh my god, he cleaned his teeth, his breath is so minty fresh". I probably had garlic bread for dinner.

Hopeless.

I think we went out for a couple of months, or maybe it was a month..but I could sense when it was coming to an end and he was going to break up with me so I just simply avoided him for a couple of weeks so he couldn't do it.

He ended up breaking up with me over the phone. By then I was getting tired of hanging out in the library at lunchtime by myself so I wasn't too upset about it.

Classic.

- Jen