

# Toyon: Multilingual Literary Magazine

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Volume 69  
Issue 1 *Volume 69: The Sex Issue / El Edicion  
del Sexo*

Article 16

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2023

## Individuals Together

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### Recommended Citation

Kuckuk, Linda J. (2023) "Individuals Together," *Toyon: Multilingual Literary Magazine*: Vol. 69: Iss. 1, Article 16.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/toyon/vol69/iss1/16>

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# INDIVIDUALS TOGETHER

Linda J. Kuckuk

*graphite on paper*

I feel about it.”

Adam’s eyebrows raised.

“Oh.”

“Yeah. I know it’s weird, I guess I’m just a late bloomer, but—”

“No, no,” Adam shook his head, “No, listen. I’m asexual. Even if you aren’t, which it’s totally fine to be, it’s okay to have reservations about it, or to be uncertain. That’s totally fine.”

“Really?”

“Yeah.”

“Everyone’s always told me asexuality isn’t real. That it’s just straight people faking. And that having sex is part of being gay.”

“It’s part of it for some people. But not everyone.”

Simon had stopped fidgeting.

“That’s...I should’ve known that.”

“Sometimes you gotta hear it from someone else,” Adam smiled, “I just did a bit ago.”

Simon smiled back. He was cute, in an awkward sort of way. He fixed his glasses and cleared his throat.

“Do you like monster movies?”

“When I see them, yeah.”

“There’s that retro movie night downtown soon. They’re gonna have some of those old 30’s ones. I’d—if you wanted, um—”

The bell rang, and both of them jumped. Simon shook his head.

“Sorry. That was a mess. Nice meeting you.”

He stood, and Adam stood with him, taking his hand.

“Never asked someone out before?”

Simon flushed.

“No.”

Adam smiled.

“Do you wanna get out of here? I know a good diner that’s open late.”

He smiled back, looking down as if to hide it.

“Yeah. Sure.”

As they walked out the door, Adam’s phone buzzed as he received a text from an unknown number. All it contained was three emojis: a smiling face with glasses, a pink pulsating heart, and an angel.

Simon caught a peek of it.

“That friend of yours?”

“I think so,” Adam said as he pocketed it.

“Do you want to invite them?”

“I think they’re gonna be busy for a while. Called that place a sex fest.”

“Oh wow.”

“They’re playing the game, and I can respect that. But it’s not for me.”

“Me either. At least, not that much.”

“And it’s all fine,” he said more to the air than to the man beside him, “any way you like it. It’s all fine.”