

Around My Life In 50 Smells

By
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Or: An Olfactory and Gustatory History

This zine is a series of quick sketches of some of the people I have known and the scents I have smelled. To protect the innocent, some accounts have been forged. There is no way to know which are real, and it is a safe assumption they could all be fictional.

Or maybe, they are all real!

I

A cozy butch with a warm kitchen, who
smelled like peach cobbler and cinnamon.
Pairs well with vanilla bean.

II

A florist masc who smelled manic. His
clothes were like the flower shop he
worked at, so sweet it made me sick, but
his cunt was like eucalyptus and rose
petals.

III

A puppygirl with a mommy complex, who
smelled like wool and lipstick. My hair grew
back eventually.

IV

A hiker butch, who smelled like outside in
the bedroom, and like a bedroom when he
was outside.

V

A redhead with divorced parents, who
smelled like lemon blossom but tasted
slippery like soap.

VI

A lively boy who smelled like kimchi and
ginger. I guess thats what they say, you are
what you eat.

VII

The nicest guy I ever dated, the first dick I
truly sucked. It smelled new and different
to me like every smell since, like
macadamia and pistachio and horny boy.

VIII

A puppygirl who always came too quick,
who smelled unwashed, and unapologetic,
but excitable, satisfying.

IX

The punk tomboy, who stank like piss and smegma. But somewhere in there, smooth vanilla.

X

A baker tomboy, who smelled like deli meat and cheese. I've never been the same in delis since.

XI

A girl who fit my fingers perfectly. She smelled like fermented hot sauce. I was at a hot sauce factory later and the pepper mash was the same smell.

XII

A cheerful enby, who smelled like rosé and rotting blood. Sweet and sickly, a fitting smell.

XIII

A shepherd's daughter, who always wore
creed for the vibes. Under the tweed, she
smelled like sexed up apple pie.

XIV

A girl after my own heart, who smelled like
musky tomato and parmesan, and spoke
Portuguese between my legs.

XV

A surfer butch, who smelled like coastal
cypress and fresh conch fritters. He came
and went with a wave.

XVI

A bunny boy, tender in inexperience, that
smelled like blackberries and cherries, but
tasted like blood.

XVII

The stone artsy guy, whose shirts reeked of saffron and congee. It was breakfast every morning.

XVIII

The overeager boy who stank like hyssop and bleach. He only had vaseline. He said I was a 7/10.

XIX

A loser boy with an anime obsession, who smelled like fuckable persimmon. He was so... bluh.

XX

The most tragic backstory I ever heard, come to life. She smelled like cumin and freshwater eel, showers were rare.

XXI

A big tummy butch from a dream who
smelled like orange peel and pine sap. I
woke up too soon...

XXII

The dyke I wasn't wholly prepared for. I can
just barely remember, she smelled like
musky spices and cordial yearning.

XXIII

A genuine gamer girl, who smelled like
banana and frankincense. Now I love
speedrunning dark souls.

XXIV

A boy with too many piercings, who tasted
like iron and copper and zinc, and felt like
an alien on my tongue.

XXV

A geologist, who smelled like flint and petrichor. A sweet but tough customer. We would talk about rocks with cleavage.

XXVI

An icky contagious girl, who smelled like foul death and decay. Why did I fuck her?
Sometimes I still taste pus...

XXVII

A top with a culinary degree who smelled like tapioca and weed. I think I was too needy and not all there.

XXVIII

A paranoid butch with a ham radio, who smelled like fresh cut aluminum and pear.
Probably a robot.

XXIX

A bloodthirsty cougar, who smelled like a hospital and I loved every second of it. Her man though...

XXX

A dropout psychology grad, who smelled like roses and strawberries and sex. I never understood why she was always stoned until I read freud.

XXXI

A deadbeat daddy, who smelled like fajita steak and beer. I got my whole hand in him, and never saw him again.

XXXII

A shy lamb of a boy, who always smelled like pen ink and suede. He was always bullied until I showed up.

XXXIII

A space cadet butch who smelled like ferrous regolith and dirty ice. He got on the next rocket back to Mars though.

XXXIV

The party animal, with too much money. She smelled like amber and chemicals, but I don't remember it quite clearly through the drugs.

XXXV

A sleazy butch with a kind streak. He smelled like testosterone and warm cedar and musk. Right out of the shower, he needed another one.

XXXVI

The swimmer dude with soft legs and big delts, who smelled like chlorine and freshly baked bread, and made my head swim.

XXXVII

An approachable boy, who smelled like
anise and gardenia and breaking the law
together. Then he broke my heart.

XXXVIII

The guy I met as a kid, then found later. He
smelled like coriander, velvetier, and need.
It was only a little awkward.

XXXIX

A boy who was too pretty for his own good,
who tasted like sweaty lily nectar. He made
a big mess.

XL

An acolyte butch, who smelled like
candlesmoke and old robes. He was always
late.

XLI

A single mother who needed a warm bed.
She smelled like fenugreek and estrone. I
considered myself lucky to take some
stress off her.

XLII

The luckiest girl in the world, who smelled
like her voice sounded, sweet and slight,
but unmistakably huskier than it had any
right to be.

XLIII

A stone cowboy, who choked me with
boxers reeking of peanut husk and sweat,
and his hands.

XLIV

A pirate girl with daddy issues. She smelled
like original old spice and shaving cream.
Aye aye captain!

XLV

The gardening boy next door who got away,
pretty and pink, who smelled sweet like
aloe vera and freshly laundered flannel.

XLVI

The cutest blonde leatherdyke, who
smelled like his pants. Leathery, sweaty,
smooth to the touch.

XLVII

A girl who ate so much peach yogurt, her
pussy reeked of it to high heaven. Wish I
had some granola too...

XLVIII

A bath and body works addict, who
smelled like mahogany and teak at all
times. Eventually it just smelled like
pineapple lifesavers to me.

XLIX

A medical boy with money problems, who
warmed my nose with a smell like garlic
mashed potatoes.

L

A classy butch with slacks and a dress
shirt, who smelled like licorice and
tobacco. I never did see under that shirt.

My hope is this arouses and inspires readers
to take their time, smell the cunts and dicks
by the side of the road. You can't take a
picture, but if you apply yourself you can at
least describe it for later, and feel a ghost of
a lover past in your nose. And... if you are
curious... my smell is in there somewhere,
see if you can guess. Thank you for reading!

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