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The wind doesn't half bite your arse up here, does it? Tore a right chunk out of mine this morning. Do you even have a proper coat with you? Will need to make sure you're wrapped up when we leave, takes an ice age to get from the car to the entrance, and we don't need you on the cold and flus as well as everything else, do we?

There was nobody in at Hannah's, so I pissed on their award-winning flower bed. How's he got time to prime for spring when fifty percent of children round here live in poverty? Did you know that? One in two, Taylor. I'd never describe myself as political, but I get why folk want to take a set of pliers to his pearly whites. Stick them on a butty and watch him gum it. It's alright him treating himself to a BUPA scale and polish at seven-hundred-quid-a-go, whilst the rest of us fidget on the NHS waiting list for a root canal. That's why me and Nath could never have worked. He'd wake up stiff after a crap night's kip, and his mum'd run him down to the family chiropractor for a quick 'just in case, best to have these things seen to'. Just have a bath.

The nurses will be in to roll you shortly. Said we could have 'ten minutes'. I don't even know if you hear any of this, but Cal said the best thing I can do is keep talking to you. You won't be surprised to learn that I've done another bad thing. In my defence, I was exploring the idea of philanthropy. It's your fault, anyway. Whenever I'm sad, I get distractedly horny. My brain beelines for that temporary transcendence that can only be achieved by coming from the heels of your knee socks. But, I've decided, that - for at least whilst my uterus is Airbnbing our little blood sucker, I'm going to abstain from any physical contact, and stick to wanking. I've only ten more days to go, I think we can manage that, can't we? So, I'm in the

rocket bed, Mum and Shoddy are at work, Cal's pretending to be at a job he doesn't have, (probably at the bookies), when my fanny flutters at my fingers for a quick trip elsewhere. So, I pull the diggers over my head to block out the Spidermen and settle into it. I don't know about you but if I've got a bit of time, I like to elongate the journey. I've mastered the precarious art of cruising to the jetty's cusp, taking a delicious pause to savour every coursing wave and ripple, before I pencil dive off the edge, with a gorgeous splash. The enveloping crests and I are growing tantrically acquainted, and my mind finally empties as my toes curl tight at the ocean's lip, and then would you believe it, fucking Skype goes off. I try to ignore it, but the poor lad's persistent. Then a car alarm joins in, and next-door's baby's starts skriking, which sets their dog off howling. Alright everyone, calm down. My hands are forced from out of my knickers, and I find myself back in front of my mum's computer, grinning at Tommy's oversized windbreaker.

'Princess Jadey! I was hoping you'd pick up.'

'Alreight Tommy?'

'Better now. You not at work?'

'I work from home. Just been – tying up a few loose ends.'

'Fancy a go on my loose end?'

'Umm.'

'You are sexy. But you know that, don't you?'

'Thanks Tommy. People have said that before, yeah.'

'You not got a boyfriend?'

'Nope. Done with them, thank you.'

'You just want a bit of fun, don't you?'

'That would be nice, yeah.'

‘What colour’s your underwear?’

‘I can’t remember. Black I think. No, pink today. Maybe black. I’m not sure.’

‘Best have a double check then, eh?’

‘You asking me to strip for you, Tommy?’

‘I’m telling you to take your t-shirt off, yeah.’

‘OK. What’s in it for me?’

‘Oh, you want to play do you, Jade? Top off first. Good girl.’

And I know I shouldn’t have done, but I’ve still got one foot hanging off my massively over-cooked masturbation metaphor, and even though he’s a bit rough, and OK, not right in his head, and I suppose – family – I can’t help but feel sorry for him, and my unsatiated vagina is getting hangry. So, I strip down to my knickers, and touch up my own bare tits whilst he tugs one off. I can’t bring myself to wank in front of him, but I am undeniably wet. He watches my little performance with both eyes popping until eventually they cross over, and a little-piggy-went-to-market squeal escapes alongside two fistfuls of thick jizz. I force quit the app and finish myself off.

I think we’ve had this chat before, but as soon as I come from a wank I have to do something practical to shake off the shame, before it has time to properly land. Like, count how many contact lenses I’ve got left until the end of the month, or check my credit card statement. I pull my letters out from under the rocket bed. Two maxed credit cards, one heavily defaulted Topshop card, a fine from TFL for dodging a £3.20 tube fair three years ago, that’s somehow ballooned from twenty quid to four hundred, nine different parking fines – all with ‘pay now or we’ll chop your hands off’ follow ups. And a court summons for this latest whiplash nonsense which falls on the same morning as the parasite’s leaving ceremony, so I shan’t be attending. Not good,

is it babe? I'll sort it. We'll sort it together, won't we? My mum's on my case to start paying board and all. She's been on my case full stop to be honest.

'And how long do you think you can get away with working from home? I don't mind you being in all day, course I don't. Not if you're working, but you'll have to keep tidy, Jade. I haven't time to come home to a tip.'

Oh right, yeah. Glad you said that mum cause I was thinking of having a poo on the coffee table. We don't use bins in London, we scrape our plates on the floor, and then just give them a quick wipe on the curtains.

There's a job going down The Crown. Maybe I could pick up a few evening shifts to tide me over a bit. I hate chopping limes though, the juice sets off my eczema. You know how bad it gets. We'll work it out. We'll get to that stuff. For now, I need to wrap my head around what's happening with you. I can't sleep for it. And when I do, I dream of that sodding cat I killed on the way up. I've found heads in the bath. Tails curled around my fingers in the bottom of the washing up bowl. A tongue between my toes. Hearts, lungs, whiskers and arseholes scattered down Nath's parents' mile-long drive. What are you trying to tell me, babe? What is it that you need me to know?