

B Day

There was something strange about the bed. He twisted trying to make himself comfortable. He sighed. Nothing surprising: he'd spent his life pissing around. He still recalled peeing into the corner of a bedsit. On top of his own clothes if he remembered correctly. He'd dropped them in a mad rush. Maybe she'd taken them off for him. The images were blurred. Probably about 4 o'clock in the morning. They'd been out all day. Who knew how much they'd drunk. She didn't complain. Thought it was funny, Neither of them were sure if they had managed to do it or not. He'd never heard from her again so presumably she hadn't become pregnant. Those were the days. All these years later he seemed to be in the same fix. Like the French themselves his father would have said: never much good at winning wars once Napoleon was thrown out.

He needed a wee. He was falling off a cliff edge: old nightmares bundling together. He turned over. He was definitely on the wrong side of the mattress. He always slept on the right. What was he doing on the left, up against the wall.

His mother kept nagging. Pick up the lid. You want me to clean up all this after you? But boys are boys and they are messy and piss to mark their territory. Natural. Instinctive. He peed all over the toilet seat every morning and drove his mother despair. He loved the attention.

His father had learned never to stand for it. He sat. He'd learned the maneuvers in some foreign country where squatting was much more effective than spraying. The West still has a lot to learn but where there is no will there is no way, his old man would reminisce. Those Arabs taught me a thing or two. How to skin a goat, how to piss down a hole. How to eat with one hand and wipe yourself with another.

Everything was blacked out. In the dark he couldn't see a door, a light. His orientation in a strange bedroom left him blind. He fumbled and tripped. A woman moaned. So did he. But they were no longer sharing the same pleasure.

He clutched his bits. He needed the loo. No idea how to get out of this one. He was too old to pee in the corner. If he could find it. The room smelt of perfume and maturity, of nail polish and condoms. This was no student bedsit. He needed to grow up quickly before it all came flooding back.

He woke up. She was hot and small and rounded and sweet and sexy and far too good for him.

Her body lay silently beside him, tempting: suddenly frightening. His wife would kill him.

He jumped up and struggled into trousers, back to front.

Somehow he managed to get home. Something to be grateful for. He was dying for a slash. He fumbled his way into the bedroom. His wife shook her head, fell back to sleep. He remembered his father and for once squatted. He was old enough. His wife deserved it. Time to stop pissing her off. Would he ever grow up. He sat there and thought about it. And about what he would have for breakfast.

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