

Senses

Jim has been using that soap since he was six. Every time I use the bathroom at his flat I see the translucent red bar, sometimes still slick from his hands, sitting on the soapdish above the washcloth on the shower caddy.

"I dunno, Strawberries smell good. I canna explain."

I smiled at his reason, absorbing his Scottish enunciation.

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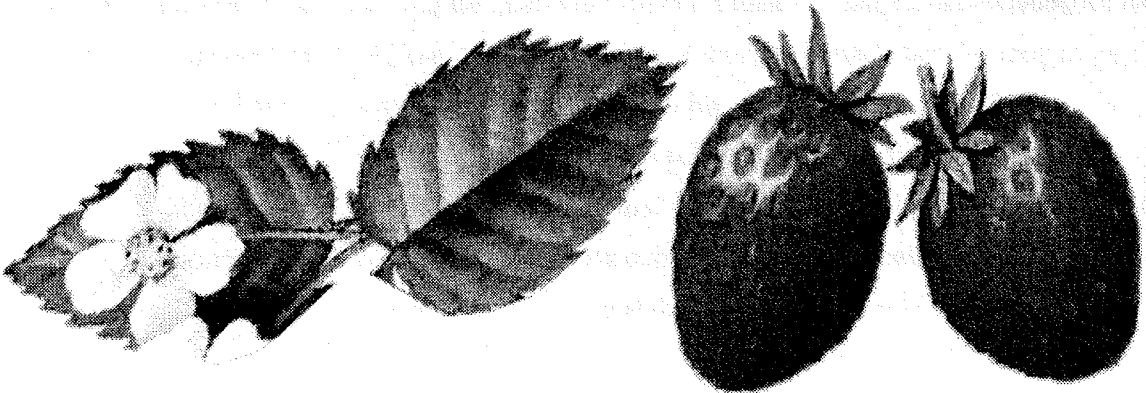


"It looks like bamboo." She didn't want to be there so she made it miserable for William. Sure if she liked Hawaii her tone would have been different, maybe a naive laugh would inflect the words she now huffed. The sun heated the thick water vapour in the tropical air and coupled with the sweat that streamed from her pale scalp and into her black hair. Everything has a scent and she ignored the scent of her glossy hair sucking up the molten yellow rays and engorged her senses with the baking sugar cane.

Steam escapes from the heated water that melts the sugar in the double boiler bowl. Smooth warm liquid coats your tongue as you inhale the sweetness. Strawberry flavour is spread over the molten sugar. The warm translucent nectar calls you to taste. **Drink! Ignore the scalding temperature.**

Pick up the pot and pour the strawberry liquid. Let it glaze your (this word possesses the noun it precedes) insides as it slides in to feed you.

Pools form in your mouth as a few molecules touch your tongue and you savour the vapour candy.



Sheila
miss Jim so much. I know I can
honestly say I'm in love with
him, he's changed & I
miss him attractive. I miss
he was my total dream
now. I miss him in love with me.
I miss him as the dad

Worst thing that Jim ever did to you: I suppose it was when he tried to stab me when he was about four years old. I always used to torture him and torment him all the time. The knife was just an ordinary food knife -- it wasn't sharpened but it could have easily been a sharper knife, a breadknife or something. I was *incredibly* mean to him, pouring boiling water on his back when he was in the bath. Young children are *incredibly* vicious. It was something to do. I didn't regret it until I was about 22. I suppose if I was born in 1965 I'd be 22 now, wouldn't I?

Pale bare chest, tight young skin, taught over his lean muscles, hands over his crotch as the chase ended and he stood taking a scolding from his mum. I caught myself tilting my head trying to peek past his hands as he stood in my imagination.

My parents had a fruit garden that was featured in Gardening Monthly every year.

The moist climate in the British isles is kind to plants and trees, and is particularly good on the south-west coast of England, the south and west coasts of Ireland and the west coast of Scotland because the Gulf Stream brings milder spells that encourage plants from warmer climes to flourish.

The perennial herb, *Americana bracteata*, is a strawberry plant that is native to North America. The strawberry plant is highly prized for its sweet, juicy fruit and is cultivated in temperate regions around the world. (Grolier Electronic Publishing, Inc.)

Dad and Mum wear matching Dickies overalls and matching "There's one thing that unites us. One thing that we all have ten-hole Doc Martens- "That's gardening gear!" my dad scolded in common. What is it? What is that one thing that unites us? me at the breakfast table when I was 15 for putting my mothers

It's not class or ideology, colour creed or roots, the only boots on with my school uniform. It was bad enough that I had thing that unites us is Doctor Marten's boots. Doctor Marten's to go to a school that still required uniforms... punk was boots for the world so that everyone can be free, they're class-invading popular culture and I wanted to show my participation. less, matchless, heat resistant, waterproof-retail for only nineteen pounds and ninety-nine p. Pretty soon everyone will be wearing the boots with the "air wair" soul, and your boots will have a meeting and your boots will take control. Thanks to Doctor Marten everybody moves to one beat. Thanks to Doctor Marten they'll be dancing in the street....No don't you want me?".....Okay boots do your stuff.....Doctor Marten's, Doctor Marten's, Doctor Marten's boots. Doctor Marten's, Doctor Marten's, Doctor Marten's boots! DOCTOR MARTEN'S, DOCTOR MARTEN'S, DOCTOR MARTEN'S BOOTS!!"

--Radical Posture from BBC
T.V.'s "The Young Ones"

Mom and Dad would pose out in the garden for the picture holding a basket of their prizewinning strawberries. Purple nights when I would get stoned, I'd sit among the strawberries (please listen to "Strawberry Fields" by The Beatles) and pick the most juicy one, sometimes filling my skinny body with the ones that were as big as apples and gush into their sweetness. She picks up the drill and screws on the dulllest bit. Slowly she approaches his chest and slowly drills the wide hole through his chest. Then she pulls it out and dips it in sand and then re-inserts it into his chest. Blood is gushing from the wound since she punctures his heart repeatedly. As his heart beats faster the geysers of blood gush faster saturating him and everything that is around him.

Jim stood at the doorway of the bathroom, a towel wrapped low on his hips, droplets fell from his long brown bangs, glided down his chest and were sucked by the terry loops of his towel. His pale skin released the candy scent of the soap, crossing the room to where I sat. I watched him as he watched the T.V. to catch the opening credits of "The Simpsons"

Rewinding the tape I squish into my couch, clench my lips as I prepare to watch "the Simpsons". The open credits' couch scene features the Monty Python foot crushing the Simpson family. William's laughter cools me.

then unpack the jibbers... ahhh... So what gives with your love life? mw. I just say there are always lessons to be learned from the inner amorous workings of Miss S. Wright!

"That's fuckin' funny." Jim walked back into the bathroom. I swallowed the warm liquid that gushed in my mouth. She picked up the drill and screwed on the dullest bit. Slowly she approached his chest and slowly drilled the wide hole through his chest. Then she pulled it out and dipped it in sand and then re-inserted it into his chest. Blood gushed from the wound since she punctured his heart repeatedly. As his heart beat faster the geysers of blood gushed faster saturating him and everything around him.

THE WISHE THE DREAM THE FANTASY!!

My mouth slid over him finding new strength to grasp tighter with each gushing moan that pushed past his lips. In a move of mutual dominance I turned my body to feed the crave that swelled, saturating my muscles. I felt his cool tongue on my scorching flesh. His soft stubble tickled the thin skin of my thigh.

100 mason jars covered the kitchen counter. The giant pot, still sat on the stove filled with the freshly made strawberry jam. I knew the kitchen would smell this way for a few days as we dolloped servings onto our toast and crumpets and scones and shortbread

Every time I go to McDonalds and order an Egg McMuffin and ask for jam as I order they always forget it. I have to remember to wait and ask them for jam when they hand me my food.

I paced to redirect my energy, sitting quickly as Jim's voice became clearer as he stood in the doorway. "William should be home any minute."

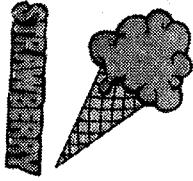
"Oh yeah, that guy, your brother, my boyfriend."

He laughed at my statement, then I laughed playing it off as sarcasm and not as a reminder.

I haven't seen him for ages. Plus, honestly, going out with someone for so long when I'm so young is scary. So technically, in name, he is my boyfriend! But I am definitely "in love" (to use your terminology) with this guy Mark. He's a bit

Jim dressed and sat by me on the couch. I breathed in,
the attraction is ever lasting

the great British **BANGER**



unaware of the drool that puddled in my mouth, that made a sucking sound.

"Hungry?" He looked up from tying his boot.

"Yeah." I exhaled hard to dry my mouth.

I felt this sphere- 1) a perfectly round solid geometric figure 2) something shaped like this 3) a field of action or influence or existence [It took him out of his sphere.]- of lust radiating from me and bouncing off him and back into me. I clenched my legs shut afraid of burning something. I just wanted a taste.

"Did you tape the Simpson's" William gathered his bag and jacket, ready to spend the night at my flat.

"Yeah."

"Ha we saw it before ya." Jim antagonized his older brother.

"Was it good."

"Yeah."

Previous Category: Transportation

Communication in United Kingdom

Televisions in use:	24,900,000
Televisions per 1,000 persons:	435
Radios in use:	65,600,000
Radios per 1,000 persons:	1,146
Number of Daily Newspapers:	104 publications
Daily Newspaper Circulation:	22,494,000
Newspaper Circulation per capita:	395 per 1,000 population
Newsprint Consumption:	32,479 Kilograms per 1,000 population
FM Broadcast Stations:	525
AM Broadcast Stations:	225
Telecommunications:	Technologically advanced domestic and international system; 30,200,000 telephones; equal mix of buried cables, microwave and optical-fiber systems; excellent countrywide broadcast systems; broadcast stations - 225 AM, 525 (mostly repeaters) FM, 207 (3,210 repeaters) TV; 40 coaxial submarine cables; 5 satellite ground stations operating in INTELSAT (7 Atlantic Ocean and 3 Indian Ocean), MARISAT, and EUTELSAT systems; at least 8 large international switching centers
Country Telephone Code:	44

Next Category: Travel