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At the Sign of the Purple Pussycat

by Nick Barrett

She'd tried her hand at most things, but drew the line at honesty. We all agreed that much about my flat mate Chrissie. But maybe her most dishonest act so far was agreeing to marry Davy next week. She didn't love him at all, a fact she shared with me like we shared everything.

I was trying to bring Davy's good points to mind, but the clanging of those bloody pots and pans that the girls, all dressed as mini skirted nuns, were smashing together - warning everybody that this was a hen party so get out of the bride's way or pay the price - was splitting my brain.

Anyway, he told his pals Chrissie had said she loved him, so he said let's get married. Davy was cute, no matinee idol though. He had a good job and good prospects. But he was just a meal ticket, we all agreed. "If Chrissie found out what love really means she couldn't cope, she'd faint," Angie had said, unfairly I thought. "She'd run off to a convent in fright," Mary said. Yes, maybe a convent.

The rampage through the streets went on with the pots and pans banging away. Some half pissed bloke was being harassed for a pound for a kiss from the bride. It was obvious Chrissie was tonguing the man in the middle of the street. His hand gave her backside a squeeze, which she responded to, grinding her crotch into his. He almost copped a squeeze of a breast but we dragged her away, laughing.

Chrissie's giant inflatable penis and the fake plastic breasts most of us were wearing had already been lost when we reached our destination, smashing through the door under the

pink neon sign of the Purple Pussycat, past bemused bouncers poised to throw drunk men out rather than stop drunk girls coming in, even our sex mad, ravaging mob.

Chrissie was kissing any man she could grab. Angela and Brenda were mopping up the better looking ones, giving out free kisses and gropes. Chrissie made a play for a short haired dikey looking girl, still obviously female despite the barthea blazer, chinos, man's shirt and shiny black loafers she was wearing. Chrissie gave the girl a kiss and a lingering look, holding eye contact even as she was dragged away, laughing again. The girl seemed sorry to see Chrissie go. A connection was made there, I could tell.

That was about as honest as Chrissie got that night, until hours later back at the flat she crept into my bed, as usual, and we made love, as we promised each other we always would. "We'll always be together, I'll only ever love you, honestly," she mumbled afterwards, falling drunkenly asleep.

So Chrissie was worried I would be jealous about Davy, which was touching, but she had no need to be - sharing a meal ticket could be fun, couldn't it? Which I had already confirmed one lovely night with Davy.