SILVER THRUPPENCE

Sooner or later it seems that every Pros writer sits down and does a Christmas story, or two, or three... Well why not? Christmastime is the perfect time for tales of love and romance. And despite what you might expect from the wee Scot, this piece is no more, and no less than a romantic love story.

I SAW THREE SHIPS

GAEL X. ILE

HE COULD SMELL THE COLDNESS OF THE AIR, the reek of frost and the aching need for snow to siphon off the worst of the cold, all of that overwhelming the fainter aromas of plum pudding and goose. And that grimy smell—the one that always seemed to cling to eight year old boysthe unpleasantly familiar odour was rising from the lower bunk. He rolled over, shoulder shrugging quickly back under the Star Wars duvet, face turned towards the beauty of hoar frost pliéing across the window, back-lit by the streetlight outside. It would be dark for hours yet, and quiet, for not even the rapacious greed of children would be awake until at least five. Here it was, barely four, and he'd had all the sleep he needed. Exercise and fitness, that's what it was, keeping him from sleeping his life away like the rest of the family.

Family, he thought to himself, almost muttering it aloud. Bloody presents and games and playing charades, not all of the latter in the living room for the family's laughter. No, most of his charades came when he smiled pleasantly and lied about what he did for a living. These people, his flesh and blood, were what he risked his life for and typical of the whole bloody nation, the family disapproved of violence and guns, tut-tutting over the American police shows with their 'excessive violence'. He'd show them excessive violence, if he could persuade Cowley to let them come on an oppo with the rest of the squad. Now that was violence and none of it dubbed in later complete with jangling music and jiggling tits.

A peculiar noise interrupted him and he tensed, waiting, until he recognised it: old Petra, snuffling and growling in her sleep, dreaming of chasing next door's cat. He missed that old dog, sometimes, but only when he was getting maudlin and needed reminding of why he wasn't over-fond of dogs. He still had the scar on his hand from when she'd nabbed his choc ice from him that day.

Of course, now that one noise had caught his attention, all the other little night time sounds started intruding.

That rustle had to be dear old Aunt Agatha, tucked up, dead to the world, in the back bed- £3£3£3 room. He snorted faintly in amusement: small 57 wonder she could boast that she slept like a £3£3£3 log. After sampling the sherry for the trifle—'have to make sure it's sweet enough, dear'—and the brandy for the plum pudding—'can't let that skinflint uncle of yours get away with using some cheap rubbish and keeping all the good stuff for himself, can we?'—and every type of Scotch in the house—'well, I never have been able to resist a mystery, you know that, dear. Absolutely must find out which one they used to flavour the whisky cake, won't rest until I've tracked it down'—and every other, even vaguely alcoholic drink in the house—'you know I'm not a drinker, dear, but I live in hope that I'll find something to let me join in the sociableness of it all'-it was a wonder the old tart wasn't dead from alcoholic poisoning, instead of just sleeping like the dead. And that snoring had to be the beloved Uncle Frank. With the racket he made, maybe it wasn't so surprising his wife hit the bottle as much as she did-probably the only way she could ever get any sleep at all, with the Flying Scotsman rattling away in her ear.

Creaking bedsprings. That was none other than his delightful little sister and her lout-

sorry, husband, but it was so hard to tell the difference. Nice enough bloke, he supposed, if you went for the chinless, witless wonder type who never thought beyond the game on Saturday and his pint of an evening. Any evening. And any match, just as long as he got to sprawl on the settee to watch it, complete with action replays to fill in the blanks his pathetic little brain had missed. Thinking of pathetic little brains, his Aunt Brenda would be up and about by five, sallow face fallen with not sin but misery, because there would be no-one else up for hours to appreciate her sacrifice and her hard work and how badly she'd done her back in, lugging that great big goose into the oven because there wasn't a single one of these ungrateful toe-rags willing to get up out of their nice cosy beds to help her struggle through the bitter chill of morning, up before dawn—never mind that dawn wouldn't show its overcast face until eight at least—fingers numb with the cold, and her 'dying of the 'flu an' all'... Oh, the joys of Aunt Brenda, M.B.E.-Martyr of the British Empire, with bells on.

£3£3£3

Bells, oh christ, Cousin Maggie and her brood. 58 She'd be showing up with Denis to play cha-£3£3£3 rades and her unruly squad would insist on having a party game of tolling bells, not one of them the expert bell-ringer they claimed to be. Last time he'd been home for Christmas, he'd had to spend half-an-hour admiring the full set of hand-held bells they polished for so many hours. Pity they hadn't spent any of those hours practising how to play the damned things. And little Sarah would be 18 by now, and if she came with the brood, he'd not have the excuse of her being underage to escape her clawing clutches. Maybe he could come up with a girlfriend before Sarah and her giggle could arrive...

> They really weren't a bad lot, he conceded, burrowing right in under the duvet, hiding himself from both the cold coming through the window and the rather disturbing noises that were coming from the bottom bunk: they should know better than to feed baked beans and cabbage to young Eddie, even if it was his favourite meal. No, they weren't a bad lot, and that was half the trouble. The other half of the trouble was that they were all so bloody petty. Petty problems, petty secrets. Not a deep, dark secret amongst them. His mum was the only one who had been

interesting, running off up North to marry the man she loved, not the man she ought to marry. Without her around any more, there really didn't seem to be much point in hanging about this banal little house with its banal little people. He'd've forgiven them if they'd at least had a few interestingly nasty vices, but their idea of vice was two choc-ices at the pictures topped off with a drink of Kia-Ora. Christ, none of them even knew what he did for a living, small minded and lack-lustre enough to believe his pap about the civil service and paper pushing. Him! As wild as he'd been, they honestly believed he'd settled down into a nice little civil servant, quietly and pedantically working his way up the ladder, saying yes sir, no sir, three bags full sir and tugging on his forelock with the proper obsequiousness.

He rolled onto his back, stretching, toes pressing against the bottom of the bed, creaking the bedstead, making the whole rickety tower shake. Eddie snuffled and rumbled and sounded like a pig after a truffle, then descended into silence again. Distant door opening, door closing, footsteps, door opening, door closing, faint noises, toilet flushing, door opening, door closing, footsteps, door opening, door closing...

He wanted to scream, to rave and rant like a lunatic, wave his gun around and wake this bunch of zombies up. But all they'd do is look at him blankly, and tell him of how they disapproved of guns and violence, then turn away to watch Dirty Harry again, eyes glazing, minds blanking...

A whole day of it, with no interruptions. A whole day, which was ten times longer than the time he'd spent with them last night and only an hour before Aunty Brenda started her moaning and complaining and clattering in the kitchen so that everyone could appreciate what a good-hearted, self-sacrificing soul she was...

He almost fell, he got out of the bed so quickly, his training turning the fall into a light-footed, secure landing. Shivering in the cold, skin blued by the night-time and the chill, he threw his clothes on with the long efficiency of being ready to go racing to wherever Cowley was sending them this time. The few things he'd brought with him were stuffed into his carry-all, flopping to the bottom of the bag, tons of space left behind by the presents that had joined the obligatory

pile of unimagination under the tree. The emptiness gave him an idea, making him grin. Silently, he crept downstairs, into the kitchen, far more quietly than Brenda would ever manage. The light from the fridge highlighted his face as he raided it, grabbing a bit of this, a taste of that. There was so much food here, they'd never miss a bit of it, and if he was going back to his empty flat, he'd need a bit of food in, wouldn't he? Not even Ali would be open until mid-morning, and once he got in, he'd not be going back out again, not in this weather. So he filled his bag, Santa in reverse, lading himself with the one thing he always thoroughly enjoyed about Christmas.

Tiptoing to the front door, he glanced in at the living room, forlorn in the dark before morning. He had presents under that tree, but he wouldn't miss another pink shirt or packet of socks, would he? Still, it didn't seem right, leaving the tree like that, not on Christmas morning. His mum had always made sure the tree was lit before the rest of the family got up. To make the magic of Christmas shine, she'd always said. To capture some of the angels' glitter before they went back up to Heaven, keeping some here on Earth for her own little boy...

Funny, how you could still miss someone, even after all these years.

Sure footed in the dark, he found the plug, shoved it into the socket, flicked the switch down and the fairy lights came on, all twinkling in the cold air, the old magic feeling of Christmas morning stealing his breath, just for a second, the way his mum said it always would, because that first breath on Christmas morning belonged to the Baby. He'd lost his-her-faith long, long ago, but still, she echoed in him, sometimes.

As he got into the freezing car, he looked back at the tree glittering away happily in the window. He was glad to see the back of his terminally dull family, but the sight of that tree made him less willing to go home to his own flat and spend the day on his own. There was always one other place he could go, one other person who'd not be surprised to see him, not even at 5 o'clock on Christmas morning. And he knew he'd be welcomed, filling an otherwise solitary day, Doyle not being one to even go through the motions when it came to family, preferring integrity to insincerity. Yeh. He'd go knock up

Doyle, wake him up as if they were kids and it a sin to sleep past five on Christmas Day. He found carols on Radio 4 and he sang along, gleefully anticipating rousting Doyle from his nice warm bed at this unholy hour. He thought of bare feet on cold lino, of a sleep-tousled Doyle making him a cuppa, and almost blew the roof of the car off as he joined the King's College Choir with "I Saw Three Ships."

The buzzer was delectably loud as he pressed on it, the frost cutting into his lungs as the noise from the door cut into the morning. He still found the wherewithal to smile, though, even though his feet were at that painful stage just before numbness sets in and his nose was threatening to drip and his eyes were stinging as badly as his lungs. The thought of Doyle being dragged out of his lovely warm bed was enough to make him grin even if Cowley were to show up. (I saw three ships come sailing in, reduced to a soft, gleeful whistle)

"Who the hell is it?"

Oh, better and better, if Doyle was already so miffed that he wasn't saying hello. Didn't sound sleepy, though, which was a pity. "Ho, ho, ho," £3£3£3 Bodie boomed, trying to sound fat and bearded 59 and jolly.

"Ho, ho, ho yourself," came back, almost drowned out by the buzz of the door-release.

Bodie covered the small garden in absolutely record time, slipping and slithering on the crunchy frost, a million stars twinkling beneath his feet. Doyle was already at the door, holding it open, hauling him into a breathtaking warmth that stifled him for a second, stealing his breath. A proper Christmas morning, then, if he'd already given a breath to the Baby and to the memory of his mother's Christmases... He made a face at himself for being so stupid and falling back to the habits of childhood, comfortably ignoring what some would see as the less than mature behaviour of turning up on a friend's doorstep at five in the morning.

"If seeing me makes you feel that sick, what'd you come over for then?"

"Wasn't making a face at you. Here, take one of these bags, will you, while I start bunging things in the fridge."

"Rob Sainsbury's on the way, did we?"

"Nah. Just borrowed a couple of things from dear old Aunt Agatha, that's all. We can give

them back if you want," he said, sounding hopeful, "after we've eaten them, of course. Might liven that lot up, you know. It is the day for miracles, isn't it?"

"That bad, eh?"

"Worse. Aunt Aggie's been at the sherry again, so that means no-one's safe until the mistletoe comes down. Brenda's thicker than usual-had a Very Meaningful Discussion with her on the subject of Snow Stains on Suede Boots and How to Avoid Ruining Boots. Uncle Frank's dead, but his body still doesn't know. Keeps on telling jokes worse than the smell from your socks."

"Oh, thank you. Here, give me that. Cheese shouldn't be kept in the fridge, Bodie, you'll ruin it. What," he added, juggling the Edam and the tin of custard, "about your darling little sister May?"

"Unfortunately, despite what she said last week, she and the louse managed to get there after all. Would you believe they parked his bloody artic on the street, right outside the house like a bloody lay-by café?"

"She pregnant yet?"

£3£3£3

"Not from want of trying, anyway. Couldn't 60 keep their hands off each other, paws up dresses £3£3£3 and everything."

> "Ooh, ducky," Doyle whispered, batting his eyelashes, leaning into Bodie in a wickedly funny parody of May, "you didn't tell me 'e was a transvestite. 'Ow thrilling. 'Ere, d'yer think I could get ter meet 'im?"

> "No, petal, he's too much of a man for a delicate little flower like you."

"So I should stick to you then, eh, butch?"

Bodie grinned at him happily, slipping so comfortably into their usual camp, the bright friendship washing over him. He could have hugged Doyle then, would have, if he'd been a woman. Or if the attraction between them had ever been spoken of. But instead of filling his hands with Doyle, he filled them with the foodstuffs of breakfast, mishandling the frying pan well enough that Doyle automatically took the work over. Then Bodie was free to lean against the wall, feasting his eyes on the sharp grace of Ray's movements. As sausages were stabbed with fork and rind trimmed from bacon, he watched, constant jokes pattering from him, keeping Ray's eyes laughing and his smile broad. The kitchen was warming up even more, heat radiating from the oven, until they were ensconced in their own little enclave of heat and light, the large still darkness of Christmas morning breathing quietly outside. (On Christmas Day, the notes now bouncing around inside his head, On Christmas Day)

Reaching past Doyle to do his share of cooking breakfast—slicing the bread for frying—his watch caught on the back of Doyle's sweater, the thick Aran stitch grabbing on and not let-

"For christ's sake, Bodie!" This, muffled, from Doyle, bent double to get the eggs out of the cupboard. "Gerroff!"

"Can't," Bodie said, also muffled, this from trying not to laugh at Doyle's contortions, which were only ensnaring his watch more firmly.

"What d'you mean, can't? Get off me, Bodie."

"I'm not on you, sweetheart." Wish I was, though, he thought, Doyle's face pressing against his thigh as they stumbled up against the cupboard. A hand had grabbed onto him, round his outer thigh, the right leg, the pocket where he'd stuffed his car keys, and he could feel the hardness of metal surrounded by the firmness and heat of Doyle's hand. Was so aware of that, of the hard hand on his thigh, the hard ridge of cheekbone on his other thigh. Even believed he could tell that the cheekbone was the smooth one, the hand the one that bore the bracelet. And while his body was inhaling the sensations, his mind was making his mouth speak, as brusque as it knew how, hiding, always hiding just how much he loved touching Ray. "Stupid watch's caught on one of these bumpy, patterny bits on your jumper. Stop squirming!" Please, before you move that last inch and feel how hard *Iam...* "Can't get it undone with you squirrelling around down there. Hang on... There, that's it. You can stand up now," but his hand rested, lightly, on the curve of back, fingertips moving just a breath, sneaking an extra touch.

"Thanks, mate," sarcasm heavy, but that was more, perhaps, to cover the flush in his cheeks. Doyle shied away, turning too quickly back to the worktop, egg box in hand, abruptly concentrating on making breakfast.

It was turning on them, the way it always did, changing from the sweet lightness of camping it up with each other, to this, this congealing silence. There'd be an argument next, split-

ting them apart, wedging a no-man's-land between them, putting them both back firmly in the land of friends only, nothing more, just that, don't touch, don't get too close...

Not today. He wasn't going to let it happen today. (On Christmas Day, On Christmas Day)

"You should've told me you wanted pyjamas from Santa, I'd've had a word with him for you."

Doyle didn't look at him, seemingly too busy, carefully turning the bacon under the grill and sliding the bread into the pan. "What're you going on about now, Bodie?"

"You, sleeping in your good Aran instead of blue pyjamas from Marks."

Doyle didn't answer immediately, picking up a fork and slowly turning the sausages so that the crisp browned skin was on top, the pallid pink underneath. There was a sudden hissing and spitting as the softness was seared. Bodie watched him, abruptly patient, with the familiar calm of waiting for Doyle opening in him. He knew that lack of expression, that sedate precision of movement. Doyle was turning the moment on them with the same deliberation he was turning the sausages, round and round and round. No argument this morning, but something, definitely. (In the morning)

"Wasn't sleeping."

"Still a kid at heart, then, sitting by the fire listening for Father Christmas." He took a step, so that he was standing right behind Doyle, feeling the heat from the cooker on his face, the heat of Doyle's body on his chest, the curve of Doyle's buttocks on his groin. "So that you could nick him for B&E, if I know you, eh, copper?"

Under the humour, the coils of their friendship were flexing, like the gyre of snakes in the sun. Doyle didn't answer him, not needing to bother with words, instead transferring the food to the oven plate, his body brushing against Bodie, neither one of them shying away this time. Bodie reached round Doyle, steadying the frying pan while Doyle cracked the eggs into the sizzling fat. They stood like that, Bodie ever so casually hooking his thumbs into the loops of Doyle's jeans, his hands resting on Doyle's flanks where he could feel every minute flex of muscle. (I saw three ships)

It only lasted another couple of minutes, then everything was ready and their excuse gone. There was the usual flurry of gathering cutlery

and piling food on plates, of pouring the tea and balancing the mugs without spilling something all over the pale beige of floor. They went on to the sitting room, a dark place with curtains drawn, but warm, the fire on, the red heat of it flickering on the gilt of Christmas cards which hung over the mantle. There were a lot of cards: two strings of them, so many from people who had cause to owe Doyle. Some, even, were from family, signed casually with a name, but none of the messages that filled the cards came from friends and colleagues.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Raymond! Can't have that, can we?"

Mouth stuffed with burning hot tomato, Doyle glowered at him and mumbled something, which Bodie took to be a polite question.

"The tree lights out, of course. Can't have that on Christmas morning, mate. Where's the plug?"

A finger, pointing, then two fingers gesticulating.

"You should be so lucky, angelfish." Shoulder just about dislocating, he managed to get the plug in. "Stupid place to put your sofa, Ray. Almost did meself a mischief there—and why £3£3£3 haven't the bloody lights come on?"

"Must be like you."

Bodie looked at him with reasonable distrust. Doyle lived down to his expectations. "Must have a screw loose, mustn't they?"

Bodie didn't even bother to groan at that one. Back eloquently turned to Doyle—all the better to hide his grin, bad puns being a favourite of his—he resolutely began tightening the fairy lights, one by one. Red light, blue light, yellow light, green light, clear light. Red light, blue light, yellow, green, clear, red...

It went without saying that it was the very last one, the one that Doyle, typically, had stuffed up the angel's skirt. "Lovely," Bodie announced, either about the angel's legs or Doyle's, coming back over to where Doyle was lounging in front of the fire, "really nice." His plate was nippy hot from the fire, the food still warm, and Doyle had moved aside just enough for him to sit fully in the heat. Ray was all down his side, a separate and distinct heat, not the flickering fumble of the fire, but a steady pulse of warmth, changing only when Doyle breathed in and therefore pressed a fraction more closely. He was aware of it, with all of his being, only the small-

61 £3£3£3

est part of his mind being spared for the mundanity of eating. The rest of him, as it had been in the kitchen, was inundated with Doyle, his senses banqueting their fill. He didn't need to look—didn't dare—to see that Ray was looking at him. He could feel it, with the same acuity that he could feel where the rough brush of Aran left off and the silky spring of arm-hair began. They had worked together for so long, had been growing closer for so long now that he even knew what question Doyle was going to ask him. He took his time, mopping up the spilled yolk with the crisp fried bread, waiting until the yellow unguent had turned the bread soft, eating it, slowly, giving himself time, thinking it over.

As soon as he was finished with his breakfast, Doyle would ask him—about turning the tree on, about leaving his family early. And it would be up to him, to answer or to joke: to open them both up to each other or to put them back to being just friends who worked together in a job that foisted closeness upon them.

His choice. (On Christmas Day in the morn- $\underset{\pounds 3 \pounds 3 \pounds 3}{\pounds 3} ing)$

62

All up to him, on Christmas morning, in a £3£3£3 room filled with the glow of the fire and the twinkling glitter of the tree: the light skittered across tinsel and blown-glass ornaments, then moved to the reflected firelight shining from the Christmas cards where it melded and mingled before returning to glimmer on the tree and begin it all again. Outside, there was nothing but the blackness of winter's morning and the coldness of starlight shining on frost under the heatless light of the streetlamps. And inside: utter silence, apart from the tiny sounds of the living in this room and the even fainter whir of the fans running in the electric fire.

> He put his plate down; Doyle stretched an arm across him, his body touching, taking the plate and putting it out of the way, not on the carpet where Bodie had left it to be trod on. Bodie could almost see the question in the air, and took a sip of tea, frowning, looking at where he was and what there was outside for him and what there was for him with his family. (And who upon those ships shall be, On Christmas Day)

> Closer or farther apart: his choice. (On Christmas Day)

Doyle took a drink of tea, slurping it as usual, the sound achingly charming for its very ugliness made appealing by the love Bodie felt for this man. So much they'd never, ever spoken, this love and this attraction not the least of them... Too much, to be said all at once; too, too much to be heard all at once. So start with something that was small, in comparison... [In the morning)

He answered the question that hadn't been said yet. "Always get a kick out of turning on the lights, you know," voice low and quiet, as intimate as the room, as secret as the morning. "Every Christmas morning, when I was little, Mam would come and get me out of bed, wrap me up in her dressing gown and I'd smell her perfume. Lavender and roses, that's what she wore, always had lavender water and rose soap that she'd use for special occasions and Christmas...magic. Everyone else'd still be asleep, snoring away, dead to the world, dead bloody boring, except me and Mam. We'd come down the stairs, and I'd be trying not to laugh and she'd be whispering 'sssh!' at me and then she'd open the sitting room door. She always had the fire lit, so that the coal would be cracking and roaring, and the tree'd be in the window. Didn't matter if we were skint, she'd always have that fire lit and the tree up. We'd be looking at it for days before she'd let us light it up. Never before Christmas morning, not even by a minute. She'd sit me in front of the fire, against the fireguard, and then she'd go over and turn the lights on. Pure magic." He stopped then, relaxing into Doyle's comfortable and comforting silence, letting himself go back and remember his mother and the magic she wove for him.

A glass was put into his hand, amber whisky catching all the lights, trapping the colours inside, like his memory. "And once the tree was lit, we'd get all the parcels Santa'd left for the family and arrange them under the tree. She'd let me get one thing out of me stocking and I always picked the tangerine. Can still remember how that smelled when she'd pull the skin off for me... And before she had to go and start making Dad's breakfast, she'd sit me by the fire and tell me the Christmas story and we'd sing carols, but dead quiet, so that we wouldn't wake anyone else up. Didn't want to share 'our' Christmas with anyone." (I saw three ships)

He drank some of the whisky, the heat inside matching the heat from Doyle's body pressed against him. Then he told Doyle the most precious secret, the one that anyone else would laugh at, the one that it would be all right if Doyle laughed at, because Doyle wouldn't do it for cruelty. "She was beautiful, Mam was. Always laughing and glowing and...well, bright. She wasn't dull and boring the way the whole family was. She had this thing, every time we put the tree lights on, about being able to watch me when I got to see the tree for the first time. You know how it is when you're a kid, and the tree goes on? Always catch your breath. She used to say that was the angel stealing a breath to take back up to Heaven, cos the first breath belonged to the Baby..."

Silence, like snow, blanketing him.

"Why didn't you stay with them today, Bodie?" (Come sailing in)

He shifted, uncomfortable. This was getting too close to actually saying the big things, the ones they weren't ready to hear yet. But still... "She was the only one who wasn't dull as ditchwater. Being back with that lot... Christ, Doyle, watching Cowley wash his socks would be more fun. And it's not really my family, if you stop and think about it. I've been gone for so long, ever since me Mam and Dad died in the accident and they moved me and May down to London. D'you know that it was when Mam died that I ran off to sea? All the excitement and all the fun went when she did, and I couldn't get her back, so I went running off to find the fun instead." He chuckled, echoing Doyle. "Found more than even someone as handsome and as well-endowed as me could handle."

The reference, vaguely sexual though it was, hovered between them. Another thing, almost, but not quite, spoken.

More silence, almost a minute, before Doyle said anything.

"It's funny, innit, Bodie? All the blokes at work, all our birds, they all think you're the one who can do the Gothic Family routine, don't they? And all that's wrong with your lot is they're boring. And then you've got me. Hate my family, 'specially Dad. What he did to my big sister, I'll never forgive him for that."

It seemed the most natural thing in the world, to Bodie, to stroke his thumb along the side

seam of Doyle's denims and it seemed the most natural thing in the world that Doyle, in their little cocoon of quiet, captured that hand and ran his own thumb across its smooth palm. Silent, Bodie watched as Doyle traced the calluses left by hours of gun practice and killing, and traced the long life-line, going from birth to death and back again.

More words then, from Doyle, not quiet at all, no sanctimonious pseudo-respect for the season, but a voice filled with all the anger and bitterness usually kept behind a very high wall. "And my sister, mind you, she's not much better, is she? After what she went through, does she stay away? Nah, not her. She has to go and marry a man just like me dear old dad an' let him batter her an' keep her pregnant..."

A pause, while Bodie reversed the entwining of their hands, his fingers soothing Doyle's pulse, easing the heat of anger, fuelling the heat of arousal. He was waiting, unknowing of the details, simply knowing that there was something still to come, more words that had built up inside Doyle and were, finally, ready to be spoken.

£3£3£3

"Never told you why I don't spend Christmas 63 with me mum, 'ave I?" A quick smile tilted up at £3£3£3 Bodie, warming him, brightening the morning despite the darkness of the words. "It's nothing major, Bodie, just that I can't stand watching her with them all, letting them get away with their crap, letting the shite keep on happening, when she could stop it, if she'd put her foot down... Every Christmas, it's always the same. Place looks like Santa's Grotto and ends up feeling like a constipated Scrooge. Dad gets drunk and hits Mum. Jacko gets drunk and hits Peggy. I get drunk and hate them and then I want to kill the lot of them..."

The words simply sat there, waiting for response. Doyle stared straight ahead as though a small part of him was horrified that he'd finally come right out and said it, spoken the unspeakable. Bodie stroked his fingers along the minor rills of Doyle's wrist, thinking.

"S'pose it's better to spend Christmas on your own then, isn't it? Laze about, watch the Queen and old films..."

"Carols from King's..." (On Christmas Day) Both of them were very careful not to mention the continuing 'absent-minded' caresses,

nor the physical closeness, nor the tingle of desire rippling through them: these were not the kinds of things one mentioned, not the kinds of feelings one spoke about. Instead of speaking, they sat, backs to the fire, using silence as their cloak of excuses to keep on touching, to keep on wanting. It was all right, as long as it was never spoken: nice and uncomplicated, so simple, with risk of neither rejection nor ruination of partnership. Of course, unspoken, it all stayed secret, a bond to hold them closer than mere friendship could. Fear, too, played its part, sometimes splaying them apart until they stood akimbo, each one proving how much of a man he was and how the other was 'safe' with him. Better that than losing a friend, better that than losing a partnership and having to explain the sordid disaster to Cowley.

But sometimes, for both of them, the ache of wanting was no sweet secret pleasure, but a bone-numbing pain that worried the spirit until acrimony stung like smoke. Then the arguments would start, more protective smoke to hide what neither one had the courage to say. £3£3£3 Easier by far to face death than to face living **64** with its risk of having and then losing all that £3£3£3 life and loving.

> Bodie felt the thrum of Doyle's pulse racing through him, his thumb pressed to the blueness of vein, making the skin there flushed and bright in the orange glow of the fire and the rainbow twinkle of the tree. He could even feel the moment when the tension grew too much and the fear began to twist the vulnerable intimacy. Soon there would be words spoken in haste and unease, pushing them apart to live and work another day. He shifted, edging away from the burn of the fire, a physical rift coming to match the recurrence of the emotional one.

> Doyle's voice as he spoke was rough, deliberately gruff, calculated to both dispel the danger of intimacy and the palpable affection they both knew had been too clearly displayed. It took a conspiracy to keep such excess silent and unseen, a wilful blindness that was consummate.

> "Well, you might still be green around the gills and wanting to stay up to see what Father Christmas looks like coming down the chimney," a breath, giving Bodie the chance to grab the life-saver of their usual back-chat, with bawdy

comments about Santa 'coming' and strange men coming to visit in the night, but the pause was as ignored as the stroking fingers had been before. Doyle cleared his throat, and Bodie felt himself to be watched, with himself as the stoat; his own gaze returned across the short distance, unblinking and powerful. He knew what he wanted, knew what he hated giving up, yet again.

Doyle was glancing at him, carefully casual. "Don't know about you, but I want to go to bed."

Bodie blinked at that. Then his eyes were unflinching, all his courage piled high to build either bonfire or pyre: one or the other-it no longer mattered which—but he had to bring it out, had to let it out to say to Doyle, to show him what they could be. He was too tired of being lonely in crowded rooms, too tired of being alone when he was fucking his girls, and so tired that he was exhausted of all fear. He warned Doyle with the expression in his eyes, meeting Doyle's caginess with a cutting honesty of his own.

"Yeh, I'd like to go to bed." A heartbeat. "With you." (On Christmas Day in the morning)

There. Spoken. Finally admitted, the desire between them out in the open, lying there bare and unadorned. Said, out loud, the secret they'd carried and cradled in stolen moments of sweetness; years of silence broken.

Doyle simply stared at him until Bodie couldn't face him any longer, turning his gaze from the greenness of eyes to the whiteness of wrist, remembering how that pulse had tripped and tumbled like a flood. Surely that had been reason enough to speak, to expose it—but to what, fear whispered gleefully. To silence. The words from his tongue and from his heart, and all the words between them this strange morning now were made to nothing by the deadening silence of Doyle's wordlessness. Bodie took a deep breath, preparing the pyre: there were other things that needed saying, then, apologies and farewells and 'don't-tell-Cowleys'.

But oh, he should have known better than to expect Doyle to just leap in with a witty comeback and groping hand.

A long, tapered finger drew a line of desire from his mouth to his heart, fire lingering behind. "Better come with me, then," Doyle said simply, giving no more than that.

He rose lithely to his feet, walking away without a backwards glance, pulling his sweater up as he walked, the beauty of his back revealed by the peeling away of the heavy snow of his Aran. It took Bodie's breath away: nudity they had had before, but he'd never dared allow himself more than a furtive feast, a storing-awayuntil-later to be gleaned for every second's pleasure. It was different, universally different, to see that bare skin and know that now it was there for him to touch and kiss and taste. To see it under him, inches from him, as he sank into Ray's body, as he took Ray, made him his, made him belong to him, made them belong together...

His cock was caught uncomfortably in his underwear, arousal becoming pain. The sound as he began undoing his zip was embarrassingly loud, a venality that belonged in the fairground where there were quick knee-tremblers in the vans of lorries and discarded toffee-apples to be found stuck to your shoes afterwards. He didn't want to be all common and bestial, not with Doyle, not when this morning was like magic, a time out of place, filled with dancing lights and shining fires, pockets of warmth in the cold. More than anything, though, he didn't want to put Doyle off: he himself had done this many a time, but the subject had always been ever so carefully avoided with Ray. Joking had been used, as always, to keep the truth unspoken, to keep the danger restrained, and if Doyle were coming to this virgin, out of nothing more than the emotions that were vibrating and amplifying between them, then he'd not be letting his own carnality ruin it.

He wanted more than this once, far more. Wanted forever, not that he'd say it, not to Ray, not when it had taken them three years to finally acknowledge the attraction that had been beating its wings on them from the second they'd seen one another. But romantic notions weren't standing up very well to the needs of the body, not when his cock was screaming at him, half trapped, half free, zip neither up nor down. Mocking himself for the insecurities that were crippling him, he finished tugging the zip down, eyes startling up to look at Doyle when he heard that earthy laugh.

"In the same boat as me, then? Thank christ for that—thought I was going to have to take it all slow and romantic."

They were in the bedroom now, the bed looming behind Doyle, white sweater a heap on the floor, visible only because they had adjusted to the dark. A click and a flood of light, blinded him. Then he could see Doyle, and the uncertainties that filled his face. So nice to know they were matched on this. He couldn't help it—had to look. Doyle's trousers were taut-filled, his arousal blatant and needfilled, mouthwateringly displayed. He swallowed, once, in convulsive anticipation, as Ray slowly unzipped, fabric parting to show the silk of hair and no more. They stood there, face to face across the distance that was still between them, both staring, both looking, neither truly sure of what the other was searching for. Bodie took a step forward, hands at his sides, his body saying what lay behind his words.

"I want you," was what his mouth said. I love you, is what his body was saying, arousal on display but not a sexual move made.

A shout of laughter from Doyle, a flinch of pain from Bodie, then there were arms hugging him tight, and chilled flesh pressing against the front of his jumper, a mouth laughing and kiss- £3£3£3 ing and it dawned on him what the laughter 65 had been: joy. He had just heard Doyle—Ray £3£3£3 Doyle—laugh with joy, because he, Bodie, wanted him. There was no laughter in him for that, but a sweet eruption of happiness, hope bursting through him to fan his desire even higher.

"D'you want me, too?" Stupid question, but he had to ask, had to hear the words actually spoken.

"Oh, no," reply laconic and dry, "I do this to everyone—dentist, physio, Cowley..." Then a ribcracking hug, a tongue darting into his ear, warm breath flowing behind. "Course I want you, wanted you for ages, just too bloody scared to be the one to say it." Another laugh, the breath tickling across Bodie's neck while hands were smoothing frantically over his chest, pushing wool and cotton out of the way. "Bloody typical, innit? We'll go in there, face terrorists, ask Cowley for a rise, but will we say, 'oi, mate, I like you?' Nah, not us, not big brave CI5 agents. Too busy hiding behind our birds, weren't we?"

Bodie already knew the answer to that, so he didn't waste his energy on saying a thing. Instead, he withdrew barely far enough to get his

sweater and shirt off, arms going round Ray, dragging him in close, so close, he could feel Ray's heart beating.

He felt Ray's breath catch, and found the time to smile, thinking about how childhood's echoes can sometimes bring happiness to ease the scars. Then there was no time, nothing, for Ray's mouth was open on his skin, wetness of tongue playing with his nipples, turning his body into a triangle of pleasure: nipples and cock. When he could open his eyes, he saw the tangle of curls, so rich a colour against the palest pink of his chest, saw the pinkness of Doyle's tongue as it danced across the different pinkness of his nipples. The sight engorged him, but left him even hungrier, desperate for more of this incredible beauty, this sight of Ray making love to him.

Oh, christ, yeh. That was what he wanted. Call it for what it was; forget the euphemisms of affection and friendship and lust. Love. That was what they had here and he was going to say so, was going to bring it out to where they could both see it and 'aah!' over its perfection.

But then Doyle, eyes slitted, stood straight, £3£3£3 hands going with strength and resolve, excit-66 ingly masculine, to hold Bodie's head, position-£3£3£3 ing him, keeping him still while Doyle leaned closer, closer, fraction by fraction, time slowed to a stop, until he was kissed, and kissing, and all the words were driven out of him by the gesture that washed over and through him, telling him that it was more than just lust for Doyle, too. It could never be mere lust, not with this feeling that was flowing back and forth between them, filling up all the little empty hexagons of his mind, the tender touch of flesh soothing his soul. It was wondrous to have so much trust that he could relax into Doyle's strength, letting the situation transmute itself from the fantasies of his mind into the reality that was making him so hard. When he'd allowed himself his guilty secret, lying alone on top of his bed, lights out and door locked, it had always been with himself as seducer and controller, bearing the brunt of the responsibility. But instead, oh, how bone-meltingly perfect to have Ray take the helm, steering them over to the bed, stripping Bodie of both clothes and inhibitions. Bodie couldn't fill his hands enough with the pliancy of Doyle's flesh nor could he catch his breath from the sheer thrill of being able to let some-

one else lead, to let someone close enough to love him like this. The words were in his mouth, along with Doyle's tongue, both filling him until he thought he would have to overflow with it

He put the words into Ray's mouth. "I love you," he said, not quietly, proud of his own courage for saying it.

He felt the words being drunk in, felt them reach into Doyle and take root. Felt the completion tendril out, coming back to touch him in the trembling caress of Ray's fingers.

Unspoken, but shouted loudly for him to know. It should have scared him, this loving and revealing, with a veil of seriousness covering them. No jokes, not this morning, not quite yet. It was all still too new and fragile to risk jokes and the hiding behind those jokes that they would always do, a lifetime's automatic survival tactics coming to play. No, he'd be serious this morning, and as sombre as a man could be when his whole being was singing a pæan to the man kissing him.

His trousers were tangled around his feet and he was tangled round Ray, so he withdrew back into the solitariness of his own body long enough to doff shoes and socks and all the other impedimenta that were stopping his skin from knowing Ray's. It was a shivering pleasure to be naked standing in front of Doyle; a quivering excitement to stand over that bed with its sprawled occupant, arousal arrogantly demanding Bodie's attention. He gave it, coming forward to kneel on the bed between Doyle's spreadeagled legs, all his focus on that rigid manhood that was thrusting up to meet his mouth, blunt head butting his lips, pre-cum making his lips shine as he opened to take Ray inside for the first time anywhere other than in dreams.

The taste of him was intoxicating, inciting, bursting into him like famine faced with feast, making his mouth water and his body growl with all-consuming need. He fluttered his tongue around the glans, finding the shape, memorising the texture, his taste-buds finding the sweetness, swallowing, the salt-taste hitting the back of his tongue, the moment of discovery stretched so long the two sensations were separate.

Knowing him now, Bodie pushed forward, bringing Doyle in deeper, plundering himself

with pleasure. Hands were on the back of his head, clutching at him; words were in his ears, enflaming him. To hear that, from Doyle... More than he had expected, more than he had ever expected. Hips shoved upwards, an uncontrollable urge answered by the rippling of his throat and the massaging of his hands, Doyle's arse finally his to caress and own. There was a quiver of belly and he knew that Doyle was on the verge, knew the ecstasy that was gathering, his whole body alive to what Doyle was feeling.

He didn't want it to be this mundanity of sucking cock: there'd been too many of those already—meaningless blow-jobs in meaningless places, rarely a face to go with the cock, never a name. There had to be more, for Doyle, for it to mean something. He was afraid in the superstitious shadows of his mind that if he left it at this, then it would never be any more, would degenerate into meaningless blow-jobs in meaningless places.

Possession. He needed to possess, or be possessed. Thy will be done, in Heaven... Yes. The result would be different, irrefutably, from the results intentioned by the prayer that had been repeated every single night under his mum's watchful silence, but there was depth to the meaning now, not merely childhood's obedience. The need for it was cutting fierce: to be possessed by Ray, to give up his sovereignty to the one man he would ever trust enough to do that out of love and not because he lusted after the feeling. And god forbid, not because he'd been beaten into it by someone stronger, by some pick-up for the night. Fighting Ray's hands, pushing down on Ray's hips, he withdrew his mouth and sat back, his body curled in tight and tidy amidst the passionate sprawl of Ray's body. He ran his hands the length of Doyle's trembling thighs, hair springing up to caress him, cock straining to find the mastery of his hands. He resisted temptation, looking up to meet eyes ferocious with desire.

"If you think you're stopping now," Doyle muttered, voice as hard as his cock, "then you'd better start running, cos I'll kill you for it. After I've fucked you into next month."

"Not stopping, slowing down, that's all. No point in hurrying it, is there?"

Doyle look down, pointedly, at his cock, which was arching upwards, pointedly. "Speak for yourself, mate. We," he nodded at his weeping cock, "are in just a bit of a rush, you know."

Abruptly, Doyle was sitting up, legs and arms wrapped around Bodie, cock digging into Bodie's belly, mouth hot and wet on Bodie's neck. "'S all right, Bodie," was whispered to him, "'s all right. Don't be scared, mate. It'll work, it'll all be fine, you'll see. I'll make it okay. Just don't let it stop..."

And that was almost as thrilling to Bodie as the feel of Doyle's frantic body rubbing against his, this hearing the words spoken and the need roughening the voice. And the fear, his own fear spoken for him by Doyle—they were in perfect harmony as always, nothing screwed up by this cavalier change. For all they'd let things be tacit between them, for all they'd conspired to keep their attraction secret even from themselves, now that it was out he couldn't be content with less than everything. "It's never going to stop, is it, Ray? We won't let it, not ever." There was the familiar, uncomfortable feeling of someone walking over his grave, although this time, it was only the echo of walking away from his mother's grave, and the confused agony of adolescence. £3£3£3 "I think it'd kill me if you let it stop..."

Hands framed his face; eyes burning blind to £3£3£3 the world outside stared at him. "We're going together, you and me," the talisman was spoken, the vow made. "The pair of us, together or not at all. And don't you forget it, Bodie."

His own hands were strong upon Ray's back, kneading him, needing him, pulling him in close for kissing. "Want you to fuck me," he said, taking one of Ray's hands and leading it down to his arse, to where the flesh parted. He lowered himself again, trapping Ray's hand, letting the simple weight of his body keep Ray where he wanted him. "Not many I've let do that, Ray. None of them I've wanted to, not the way I want you. Want you in me, where I can own you, mate."

A bite on his neck, then a sucking kiss and he knew he was being marked. He revelled in it, throwing his head back, wanting the seal that would show he had been branded by possession where it would not show. His blood was rushing up to meet Ray's mouth and his cock was blindly seeking Ray's heat, nudging at the flatness of belly and the roundness of cock. All his muscles were turning to tense jelly, weak

and strong all at once, an overload of sensation as the tip of Ray's finger began the claim on his body, began the new partnership. They'd be equals in this, too, but he wanted to be the first, needed to make this commitment, now, before they could find some fear big enough to drive them apart. He leaned back a little more and the finger eased into him a little farther, making its presence felt.

"Just a minute, Bodie. In the drawer, some stuff we can use..."

He groaned as his body was abandoned to air so cold and unfeeling in comparison. Then kisses were showering upon him, hands darting and touching, twisting his nipples until the pleasure made him want to scream. "Getting too close," he said, straight-arming Doyle, giving himself time enough to breathe and to let building pleasure recede to manageable proportions. Chest heaving, eyes roving addictedly over Doyle, he stretched out on the bed, not letting go with his eyes as he hooked his arms behind his knees. Even over the flush of arousal, he knew his face was reddening as he exposed himself, £3£3£3 his buttocks so white on the blue of the duvet, 68 his arse-hole so pink. Vulnerability flooded luxu-£3£3£3 riously through him, and with it, a question. "You ever done this before, Ray?"

> A confident grin. "Yeh. With a couple of birds, and a couple of blokes, back when I was on the Drug Squad and going through my wild and woolly days. Told you it'd be all right, Bodie. Know what I'm doing." Index finger pressing in, slick-coated with gel, "Know how to make it feel great as well."

> A second finger was pressed in, and Bodie relaxed, letting the muscle stretch, enjoying the feeling and the intimacy. How much better it was to have Ray doing this instead of himself, twisted and awkward, pretending that the hands touching him were not his own, but Doyle's, that the hand that trembled on the skin of his arse was Doyle's, not his own. But the reality was so much more, so much farther beyond even what he had ever dared dream.

> He murmured approving pleasure at the touch, encouraging with both movement and smile, his eyes half-closed as he watched the rapt expression on Ray's face. He felt rapt himself, and wrapped, the love between them translucently tangible—even if only half-spoken. Af

ter all, he himself was the only one who had actually dared say it.

He shoved the insidious doubt aside, scorning it along with his trepidations for the future. It would all be all right: Ray had said so and he himself was hell-bound and determined that nothing, neither the world nor themselves, would ruin this. Not now that they had come this far. He told himself, as Ray's fingers were inside him, touching him with knowledgeable perfection, that there would be plenty of time for Ray to get round to saying it. He'd make sure of that...

He looked down, to where Ray was kneeling, body taut and trembling, a soft sheen of sweat diamond-glitter amidst the hair of his chest and belly, face flushed and eyes bright as night-frost. But warmer, oh, how much warmer. The heat from that gaze was like a song to him, ululating into his soul, saying what he realised needed not a single word.

Ray was leaning forward now, cock arching forward hungrily, so Bodie squiggled on the bed until he could reach down and take hold of the flesh that would so soon be a part of him. He heard Ray's gasp with his skin, with every nerve of his body, and felt the leaping pulse of desire fill his hand where it was overflowing with Ray's cock. Then he saw his own feral grin mirrored on Ray's face as skin touched skin, as hardness touched softness, as one flesh yielded to another. There was the expected moment of discomfort, but his body remembered how to let a man in and his mind was desperate for that, for the having of Ray Doyle inside himself and part of himself where he could never be taken from him, not by gun, nor villain, nor their own fears.

He watched Ray's face, enraptured by the blurring of his features, until it dawned on his passion-fuddled brain that it wasn't Ray who was blurring, but himself, becoming lost in all that Ray was doing to him and in what he, in his own turn, was doing to Ray. There was a weight on him, sharp hipbones digging into his hamstrings, a pressure as pointed and hard as the cock inside him. His body clung, inside, as Ray pulled out, his nerves weeping for their loss, until Ray plunged back inside, wiping their tears with an influx of pleasure. He wrapped his arms, tightly, around Ray, hugging him close, forcing him inside, to stay there, to bond to him, to make

their flesh fused into one single being. Every time Ray breathed, he felt it, chest hair tickling his nipples, balls stroking the exquisitely sensitive skin of his buttocks. There were lips kissing him, tongue caressing him, words whispering in his ear.

"Love you," he heard said, in Ray's voice, from Ray's mouth, coming into him. "Love you..."

He moved them, surging upwards, no longer 'Midas'-ing up treasure, but living it, loving it, craving the movement of flesh inside him, bumping hard and delectably where it made his pleasure soar up through his cock. Ray's belly was rippled with muscle and slickened by sweat as his cock-head butted there, snub head transmitting ecstasy to every fibre of Bodie's being. There was a storm gathering in them, waves of delight and fire blustering round them, fireworks of pleasure and slashes of lightning that made him shake with the prescience of orgasm.

He knew it was going to be over soon, from the burning pleasure in his belly and from the rasping gasps that were breathing against his neck where Ray had buried his face, sweat dropping wetly onto Bodie's own damp skin. He slid his hands lower to cup buttocks that were hot and slick and hollowing with every pumping thrust into him, and it was as he touched, hard and hungry, one promissory finger to the tiny circle of muscle there, that he felt the splash of cum inside him, felt Ray fill the endless depths of his body, casting out loneliness and demons and insecurities alike. He arched himself up, his own body spasming, dissolving, and blending with Ray's, fluid commingling, joining, and reforming, making him no longer alone.

Sleep, came: brief, rejuvenating, and dreamless from the perfection that he'd had. He was warm and comfortable, as secure as a child when he awoke to a tangle of limbs and the aroma of sex and masculinity. Absently, not quite awake, he stroked his hand down Ray's back, the faint rime of sweat tipping his fingers. Smiling, he remembered the elation of having Ray inside him, both of them lost to anything and everything but each other.

And then reality re-commenced, with its pointed comments on strained muscles and aching backs, of cold nipping at toes and chilling sweat-damp skin and post-coital reactions of a man who had, perhaps, been seduced by his own loneliness at what was, for Doyle, the most painful of seasons. Bodie was shivering now, but no longer from the overload of pleasure. Part of it, at least, was from the bitterness of reality's icy touch: all very fine and well to be suffused with romantic notions with Ray inside him, with Ray's face buried against him, with Ray's words flooding into him even as his lifeseed had. But now, in the grim greyness, with the faintest hiss of early morning traffic this Christmas morning, it was different. He found himself slapping sheets of steel all around, building a bunker to defend what had been so thoroughly exposed, trying desperately to hide the humiliating extremes of his need and love before Doyle could turn away, or turn it to joking or pretend that it had all been nothing more than fucking and all the whispered words had been pretty lies to make his bed-mate yielding and co-operatingly spread-legged, sweet nothings to get a randy man something...

Hands, touching his shoulders, tentatively, as if aware of the pre-fab armour plating that had been thrown up with such despairing alacrity.

£3£3£3

It was, it seemed, one of those times to be 69 eternally grateful for the rapport their vicious £3£3£3 work had forged between them, for when Doyle finally spoke, it was to say the only words that could stop this dream from becoming nightmare.

"Never said that to anyone before, mate, 'd you know that? Never told anyone I loved them and meant it before, y'see." A sudden grin, bright in the gloom of winter's morning. "Never expected to have a chance to say it to you, either."

(And all the bells on Earth shall ring, on Christmas Day/Bodie rolled over, caressing Ray's body anew, letting the love show, unblinkered and unfettered.

"Hear that?" Doyle said, as pealing bells began sounding from the chapel up the hill, and fainter, sweeter, from the church over beside the shops. "Always reminds me of that old carol you know the one they make you sing in Primary School, 'I saw three ships come sailing in'. Can never remember past that bit, though."

"Yeh, it was on the wireless on my way over here earlier. And all the bells on Earth shall ring, on Christmas Day, on Christmas Day. And all the bells shall ring on Christmas Day in the morning'." He wasn't really singing it, more

mouthing it breathily against Ray's skin. He made a face as one of the bell-ringers at the chapel made a teeth-edging mistake. "They weren't half kidding, either! Listen to that racket! D'you know," he said, letting his fingers do the walking, going all the way from chin to cock, "they're supposed to be ringing them for Christ's coming, right?" He cupped his hand possessively around Ray's cock, fingers squeezing as he leaned forward and traced the lines of Ray's smiles, lingering to kiss him deeply, with all the

mastery of loving and being loved and the flashflood rush of lust. "Well, in that case," and he was all innuendo and glittering humour, his prick pressing into Ray's thigh with insistent enthusiasm, "d'you think we should see if we could get the bells to ring for a second coming of our own?"

The flesh in his hand twitched, the very first intimation of imminent arousal.

"Why stop with the second one?" So they didn't.

I saw three ships come sailing in, On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day; I saw three ships come sailing in, On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the bells on Earth shall ring, On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day; And all the bells on Earth shall ring, On Christmas Day in the morning.

for Snow White

£3£3£3 **70** £3£3£3