MY BEAUTIFUL LAUNDERETTE CALLY DONIA

Doyle,

Where the fuck did you leave my shirt? Remember it? My good shirt, the lawn one with the ruffles that belongs to the dinner jacket that's also disappeared? The one you borrowed to go out with that bird and promised you'd have dry-cleaned and back in my wardrobe before tonight?

And the milk's gone off—better get the milkman to start delivering. If I depended on you, I'd starve.

Bodie.

Bodie.

You're a kinky one, aren't you? Don't know now if I should've let Cowley coerce persuade me to let you stay here—dry clean my girlfriend and have her back in your wardrobe? Always preferred the bed, myself.

What shirt?

Buy your own fucking milk. Who do you think I am—the Cow?

Doyle.

Dovle.

I can't believe you! No, I can, you little crud. The shirt, Doyle, that I needed to wear last night to that stupid sodding dinner baby-sitting that stupid sodding Arab and his stupid sodding Ambassador. That shirt, the one I didn't have and had to go out and buy a new one of. And just to say thank you to you for losing it, I've attached a nice little present for you.

Got milk, but you've run out of soap powder, Scrooge.

Bodie

Bodie,

If you meant that shirt, why didn't you say

so? Thought I gave you that back ages ago—not my fault if you're too bloody lazy to have the thing cleaned, is it? Where'd you buy the new one anyway? Could buy a house in Wales for that much money. You ought to try a bit of thrift once in a while, mate. I mean to say, buying a shirt to save on the dry cleaning's a bit rich, isn't it?

You okay after that spat last night with the Ambassador? Jax says it got a bit nasty. What'd you do anyway? Fuck his wife?

Did not run out of soap powder. Never buy the stuff—that's what Morag down the launderette's for, isn't it?

Doyle.

Doyle,

What d'you think I am? Anyway, he didn't bring his wife—any of them!—with him, did he? So I couldn't do anything that stupid. Leave that kind of thing to you. What's this I hear about you and the new recruits down the training range? Sleeping rough, eh? And them so young, naughty Raymondo.

Saw Morag. Isn't she a bit big to fit in the machines? Thought it'd be easier just to use soap powder myself. Is that moustache her own, or is it just a trophy she got from some poor bloke? Oh, yeah, and she says not to put your denims in with your underwear any more, else you'll end up with pretty blue undies, petal.

Bodie.

Bodie,

What did you say to Morag, you bastard? She was all over me, offered me tea and sympathy, even offered to hold my hand. If you've landed me in it— What do I mean, if? I'll get you for this, Bodie, the minute I find out what you've said, I'll get you for this. And

while we're on the subject, you can pay next time, you stingy bastard. You getting desperate or something? I never did put my denims in with everything else, which means you've been fiddling with my knickers. Something you want to tell me, butch?

And I still want to know what happened with you and the Ambassador. Cowley nearly bit my head off when I asked him and then went off down the corridor sounding like something out of Macbeth. You know, hubble, bubble, toil and trouble. Cept I think it was your head he was planning on boiling.

Sleeping rough, I can inform you if you care to listen, blockhead, means getting twenty shit-scared, farting, snoring wet-behind-theears little pricks and taking them out to harden them up so they can survive CI fucking 5. So shut up.

> Yours, Naughty Raymondo.

Dear Naughty,

Little pricks wet behind the ears? You shall have to teach them to aim better, petal! Can just picture that, all sitting round while Mr. Doyle pulls out his weapon, shows them how to load it, cock it and shoot! Hardening the little pricks—Freudian slip there, ducky?

Suppose that explains the piles of clothes you leave lying around behind your arse. Can't you at least dump them all into just one pile? Almost did myself a mischief this morning. Got in early (by the way, I expected you to be here at 6.30. Thought the training schedule was easy-peasy? Didn't Cowley say something about 'light duties' until diddums was all better?) and as it was still dark and as I was absolutely knackered after last night, I didn't see your fucking athletic support until I'd caught my foot in it and measured my length. And if you think I'm taking that down to Morag, then you're even stupider than you look, Goldilocks.

Got you some stuff from the dairy on the corner on my way home. Could do with some meat on your bones, going by last time I saw you.

Bodie.

Dear Bodie,

It's not usually my feet I measure in my jockey strap. But it takes all sorts, doesn't it? Foot fetishists and all, I suppose. Oh, well, I still love you. thousands wouldn't but they didn't before, did they?

Cowley's idea of 'light duties' this time round means 14 hours, half down the training, the other half doing crap in the office. And get your mind out the gutter, you perv! Didn't mean that and you know it. Thanks for the stuff from the dairy, but could you get margarine next time? Don't use butter. And I still want to know what went on between you and the Ambassador. I'm beginning to think you were a very naughty boy, William. Told one of your Arab jokes, did you? Or tell them you're Jewish? C'mon, Bodie, give! I'll try to give you a ring later, if you're still in. Won't phone till after about one, though, give you a chance to sleep.

The little pricks are still stupid enough to get themselves wet behind the ears. Christ help us all. Listen, if Cowley tries to send you out with McNulty, you put your foot down. Grapevine down here has it that he's trigger happy, makes Shotgun Tommy look calm. No point in me getting better if you're going to end up flat on your back, is there?

Where'd you put my green T-shirt? And my old denims, and my white shirt, bath towels, spare sheets and socks? You can't have lost them, so where have you put them to be 'tidy', you mad military bastard?

> Yours. Doyle.

Dear Ray,

See you found the sheets. I'll see if I can find the other stuff for you. Must be in this pigstye somewhere, I suppose. Although how you can ever expect to find stuff, I'll never know. Here, have you been using a new aftershave, or has a strange man been sleeping in our bed?

Look, give it a rest. About the Ambassador, Imean. There was a bit of a misunderstanding, that's all, nothing major, but you know Cowley. The only time he doesn't get his knickers in a twist is when he's in his kilt. Borrowed a pair of your underpants-Christ, but you're a skinny thing. Could hardly get them on.

Thought you were going to ring me today? Woke up specially and then had nothing to do but watch the test card. Won't be in today— Cowley's got me baby-sitting some diplomat in the afternoon and stake-out overnight. By the way, thanks for the lasagne. Was starving when I came in.

Bodie.

P.S. It'd take something bigger than your support for me to measure that length in, Ray.

Dear Bodie,

All right, so I know where one pair of my underpants has gone (never be able to wear them again, not after you've stretched them all out of shape with your fat bum), but where are the rest of them? Had to go to work this morning in all my glory and if that lot start slagging me off, I'll have your guts for garters. And no, I don't wear garters, so don't bother saying it. And what the hell happened to my towels? How the fuck did you manage to get them covered in green streaks? You're costing me a fortune, mate. And don't blame it on Morag-never had any trouble with her before.

Cowley says I'll be off this weekend. Any chance of you having some time free? Could maybe have a drink, actually get to see what the other half of this team looks like?

Ray.

P.S. It true what the rumours are saying?

Dear Ray,

Had a whole hour off today (Christ, can't wait until we're back up to full strength. In fact, I'd settle for half-strength.) and spent it running round Marks and Sparks like a chicken with my head cut off. Hope you like your new fucking towels. Cost enough. It was your fault anyway. I mean, who leaves a pair of green knickers in his pocket? And what I want to know is how come I don't have the time for a pee, but you've got time to fuck some bint, eh? Bottle green knickers? What was the rest of the outfit like?

Been quite nice out in the country, baby-

sitting that diplo. Champers and caviar all the way—for the nobs, we plebs have to make do with chip butties and Fresca. And yeah, yeah, I know about the cholesterol, but it's either that or nothing.

Wish you could phone me. Feels like months since I saw your ugly mug. Need to be reminded how incredibly handsome I am and no one does that better than you. Asked Cowley the old bastard actually had the cheek to grin at me when he told me I was going to be up in Birmingham from Friday to Tuesday. You'll have to have a pint for me.

> Yours. Bodie.

Dear Bodie.

I asked you a question about the rumours about you and the Ambassador. Are they true? Better tell me, mate, before I start jumping to conclusions and find you guilty.

Left you a salad to make up for all those chip butties. Murphy says Birmingham was really nasty and you got knifed. Cowley tells me it's nothing, but I want the truth from you. Are you all right? And don't go all stiff upper lip on me. If you're not all right, I'll get Cowley to put me back on active and if he won't, I'll rip his balls off and feed them to him. What's going on, sunshine? It's not like you to be this careless. Is it all those chip butties slowing you down? Or is something getting at you? Wish I could park you on the settee and not let you out of here until you'd spilled your guts, but all I can do is leave you these poncey notes. But you tell me, Bodie, if there's something the matter. I can always call in sick and wait here to see you, if you want. We're so short handed, Cowley won't even be able to fire me.

Jax says his oppois going to be wrapped up in about a week, so we should get some time off together then. You be careful, you stupid fucking sod, or I swear I'll kill you.

Ray.

P.S. The green knickers belong to some O.A.P. who has the misfortune to live down the Estate where one of our bright young lads was supposed to do a house to house and managed to jump a fence right into a clothesline. Was so busy picking him up, I didn't realise I had a pair of her knickers in my hand until she was coming after us with her carpet beater and curlers. Speaking of knickers, I shall have to wear those if some of mine that haven't stretched don't turn up soon, fat arse.

Doyle

Ta ever so for the phone call. I feel so much fucking better already. What would I do without friends like you, eh? As I said, I'm being careful and no, there's nothing wrong. I'm just fucking knackered from working all the hours of the day, running my arse off, doing my sodding job. Sorry you were so upset that I couldn't set you straight about those rumours you're so fucking worried about, but that's because I haven't heard any, but that's not too surprising is it, since I don't get to sit on my behind all day, slurping tea and talking about people who're supposed to be my partner behind his fucking back, do

Will be in Manchester for four days, so you can have your precious flat all to yourself. Bought you three packets of sodding underwear to shut you up. And if you had half a prick on you, your own would still fit you.

B.

Bodie,

That does it. I'm taking Thursday morning off, you should be back by then, and we're going to sort this out. What're you getting your knickers in a twist for? Or my knickers, you seem to have lost all yours. All the rumours say is that you made a pass at the Ambassador and the Sheik had a fit and threatened to turn you into a eunuch then and there, and with a blunt knife. You really pick them, don't you? Look, it's no skin off my nose if it's true, but it is important if that's what's making you so bloody stupid on the job. Keep this up, mate, and I'll be spending my first day back on full duty laying wreaths at your bloody funeral. Just tell me, Bodie, that's all. I'm not going to faint, even if it's true.

By the way, I was only joking about the stupid underpants, but thanks anyway. I suppose it's the thought that counts. Although I'm going to leave it to you to take them to the launderette and explain to Morag why I've suddenly started wearing leopard-print pants. Yours.

Ray.

Dear Ray,

Sorry I flew off the handle before I went up to Manchester. Didn't really mean it.

Thanks for having my washing done, especially since I didn't get in until this afternoon. Was hardly here before I had to go back out again. Really appreciated having some clean clothes for a change. Let me know how much I owe you and I'll leave it for you.

Look, to be honest, I got back to town this morning, I just didn't have the balls to face you. I know you said it was all right, but it's one thing for you to leave me a note that says that. Didn't want to actually see your face when I told you. I didn't make a pass at the Ambassador, I'm not that stupid. But he made a pass at me, and we were on our own in his suite, there wasn't going to be anyone else back for ages. So he started giving me all these outrageous compliments and putting his hand on my knee, the same kind of thing you'd do with a girl. Then he started telling me what he wanted to do to me and what he wanted me to do to him. Ray, I know I should've told you ages ago, but what was I supposed to say? By the way, your partner, the guy that you share a bed with on stakeouts and who gets to see you naked in the showers and works out with you is as queer as the proverbial three pound note? Yeah, I thought it was a fucking stupid idea as well, so I kept my mouth shut. I've been passing for straight all my life. I'm one of those blokes who can do it with women, but I prefer men. I even thought about getting married, when I was in the Paras, you know, to give myself a bit more cover, quiet the rumours down a bit. Never did it, which is probably for the best, I suppose. It's not something I ever chose, the being queer, I mean. I've always been like this, as long as I can remember. I think that's

why I'm so good at keeping my hands to myself where I'm not wanted, so there's really nothing for you to worry about. Honest, Ray, I'm not going to creep up behind you one dark night and have my wicked way with you. You matter to me too much. You're the best friend I've ever had, and you don't know how many times I've wanted to tell you the truth, but I was always too scared it would make you go all uneasy and stiff about me. We're too good a team to let that happen, aren't we, Ray? And I promise you, give you my word, cross my heart, the whole bit, I'll never lay a finger on you. You can trust me, honest, sunshine. I've never touched you yet, have I? And it's not me that's changed, it's just that you know about me now, that's all. Don't let it ruin things between us, please. That's the only reason I lied to you and made you think I was a real ladies' man. Didn't want to ruin things.

Anyway, about the Ambassador. We'd got as far as a bit of serious feeling each other up and he was rabbiting on in his own lingo, don't know what it meant, but I got the general gist. Anyway, we were Sorry, you won't want to hear all the gory details. We hadn't got very far when the door opens and in walks the Sheik. Who threw a fit, because it turns out the Ambassador is his baby brother, one of dear old daddy's by-blows. So he's jabbering on, and the Ambassador is jabbering on, and all the bodyguards are at the door, screaming to know what the fuck was going on, and then Cowley showed up. I had to lie to him, Ray. I had to tell him that the Ambassador had suddenly started feeling me up and that I'd been in the process of turning him down when the Sheik had walked in.

Well, that's the lot. But Ray, you've got to believe me. I won't touch you, would never do that to you. As I said, I've never laid a finger on you before, that won't change just because you know about me now. All right?

Bodie.

P.S. Don't know what you did with them, but there weren't any socks in the washing, so I ran some through by hand and hung them in the bathroom. Should be dry for you in the morning. Dear Bodie,

What do you mean, I can trust you not to lay a finger on me? What were you touching me with all those times when you've felt my bum up, or 'accidentally' brushed against my crotch when you've been doing something else and could pretend that your hand just happened to be there? You've never kept your paws to yourself before, Paddington, so why should I believe you now? You're the one who wants us to keep on exactly the way we were before, so if you stop feeling me up, it'll be you who's going all stiff and funny peculiar on *me*, not the other way round. But if you keep on the way you used to, every time you put your hand on my arse to help me upstairs, then we'll both know that it's because you fancy me something chronic. You do, don't you?

I don't want clean socks, I want you to start telling me the whole truth. Now, Bodie, not next week, not next year. We might be dead before then, and I want the truth. It's obviously easier for you to write me a note than tell me to my face (which just goes to prove that it was your fat arse that stretched my underwear, not your balls), so I won't try to make you tell me in person. But I want the truth, Bodie. All of it.

R.

Dear Ray,

Believe me, mate, you don't want all the truth. D'you really want to hear that I started with boys when I was only ten, before I knew it could spit stuff out as well as get hard? I thought I'd broken it, the first time I actually came, scared the life out of me and Jack McCluskey. First girl when I was almost 19, did that to keep some ugly brutes off my back and stop them from calling me a pansy and setting me up as a public convenience. Had my first real love affair when I was 21, lasted until he got killed. Run over by a bus, which was pretty funny under the circumstances. Not that I did much laughing over it. But since then, there've been blokes, some of them pretty important to me, but I couldn't really risk the involvement, not when I was under constant security checks and all the ones I fancied were the kind my CO was guaranteed

to have a canary over. But you said you wanted the truth, so there it is. And yeah, I've got eyes, so of course I fancied you. Christ, mate, half the straight blokes play tents after you walk past them, so what can you expect from a fucking poof, eh? So don't pretend to be stupid. You know, I know, and let's leave it at that, okay?

Mathieson and King should both be back in a few days, so we should be able to catch our breath soon. Still fancy that drink with me? I promise not to lisp or hit you with my handbag if my fella fancies you more than me. Bodie.

Bodie,

You bastard! I told you I wanted the whole story, and you give me that crap? Come off it, mate, I'm more to you than a tight arse walking away from you and I know it. But I don't know why I'm disappointed that you didn't tell me the truth. Why should you, when you didn't have the balls to tell me you were queer. D'you honestly think I didn't know, you dozy bastard? Christ, but you can be incredibly thick sometimes. How'd you expect me not to guess, when you spent half your life around me hard as a fucking rock? And what about that night we were stuck on night manœuvers with the army and we put our sleeping bags together to keep some heat in? Bodie, how did you think anyone could ever manage to sleep through all that heaving around and huffing and puffing? Don't insult me, mate, just tell me the truth for once in your godforsaken life, you fucking coward.

> Your so-called partner, Doyle.

P.S. And stop borrowing my T-shirts. You're ruining them.

Ray,

You knew the whole time and you let me go through all that? Then you have the cheek to call me names. Talk about the pot calling the kettle black! Christ, we'd need floodlights to find you on a dark night.

But you want the truth, do you, you little

bastard. All right, I'll tell you the truth. Want to hear it, Ray? Get your jollies from me suffering, do you? Then you're going to love this, prick. While you were sitting there laughing up your sleeve at me, I was so fucking miserable I even considered going back to merc work. I was in love with you, though what I saw in a vicious little sod like you I'll never know. Oh, yeah, that's right, I was in love with you. That night down on the pig farm with the Army? You heard me coming, but did you pay attention to after? Couldn't bear it, so there I was at three o'clock in the morning in February, walking around outside because I was too fucking scared of what I'd do if I stayed in there with you. You see, I knew I could always put the other down to feeling my oats. I could always say I had a wet dream, but there's not much I could say to wangle myself out of it if you woke up to me cuddling you and telling you how much I loved you, is there? So I ran away instead. Always running away to protect you, so that I wouldn't scare you off with who and what I am. Oh, you're broad-minded, I know you are. But you crowned that bloke who tried it on in the pub that night, and look what you did to that fella who grabbed you and kissed you when we went in to nab Vickers from that club. Remember that night? You must've laughed yourself sick when you got home, seeing as how you knew that I was queer and you probably knew that I was in love with you too. And there was me, terrified that someone in there would recognise me and blow my cover and that would be the end of us. Pathetic, isn't it? I stood back and let you beat some poor fairy up because I was scared you'd suspect me if I tried to stop you. So go on, have a good laugh, have a proper giggle at my expense, but I'm warning you, Doyle, you'd better get it out of your system before you see me next. One crack, just one crack, and I'll beat you to a pulp, I swear. It's not even that I can't take it, but I won't, Ray, I won't. You make any digs at my expense, you say one fucking word to Murphy or anyone else, and you won't see me for dust. You got that? Really clear, is it? Just want to make sure. I won't take it, Ray, so don't even make any jokes.

Well, this note's a bit like Pinocchio's nose, isn't it? Grew and grew and grew. Almost forgot to tell you: Cowley said last night that you'll be back on active duty in three days and I'll be off this case in about 60 hours, so we'll be back together as a team. If you still want us to. If you don't. Look, if you don't, then just say so, and I'll talk to Cowley. I'll tell him that I've decided that I work better on my own, that it's nothing you've done, don't worry, I won't land you in it. But make your mind up, will you? Don't chew over this the way you usually do. Worse than a bloody cow, you are. Not much else to say, really. I was so furious with you when I started this, but there doesn't even seem much point in that, does there? So you knew and didn't say anything. It's better, I suppose, than you knowing and going to the Cow. He's got a saying for this—god, the old bugger's got a saying for everything, hasn't he? But he'd probably tell me that half a loaf's better than none. Or be grateful for small mercies. I am, in a way. As I said, I suppose it's better than you finding out and running away from me screaming rape. So there it is, Ray. Your partner took one look at you and fell like the proverbial ton of bricks. I did the one thing I always swore I'd never do, because of you, but that's not your fault.

If you can't face me after this, then at least have the balls to tell me. Leave me a note if you have to, and I'll be out of here before you come back off your shift. But don't think you can play your games with me, Ray, because I won't let you.

Anyway, suppose this has gone on a bit, hasn't it? Nothing else I can say. It's your turn now.

Bodie.

P.S. Your mum rang, something about it being her birthday and what kind of son forgot a thing like that. I laid it on a bit thick, got you off the hook. Said you'd just finally had time to send a card today, so you'd better get your finger out.

P.P.S. Sorry about your T-shirt. But I'm sure Morag'll be able to get the bolognese sauce out.

Dear Bodie,

Blood out of a stone, that's what it's been. Have you any idea how long I've been trying to push you into this? Years, bloody years. All right, then months. I caught on at the very beginning, you know, all those years as a copper paying off, you could say. Not that it was hard to tip what was going on. You're about as subtle as a bull in a china shop and almost as clumsy. But just because I knew what was going on in your head didn't mean that I knew what was going on in mine, did it? Now that you've been honest, I suppose I ought to as well. Well, here goes. I've played around a bit, the way boys do, really. You know, round the back of the bicycle shed, you show me yours and I'll show you mine. Funnily enough, the first time I saw anyone come, his name was Jack as well. He was in the second form and used to show off to us young'uns in the first what he could do with his prick. Made us all as jealous as hell, and I don't mind telling you I was quite the local hero when I started shooting too. But none of it ever went much beyond jacking off, crouched down together, trying not to get our trousers messy. Then there was a bit of playing around when I was on the swimming team, but we never really did much there either. Then there was art school. I did everything when I was in with that crowd: booze, drugs, orgies, you name it, I did it. Including mutual masturbation, fellatio and sodomy. It was at one of those orgies that I kissed my first bloke. But the thing is, Bodie, I never liked it as much with men as I did with girls. There was something about women that could get me going in a second, when it always took actually doing something with a man before I could get hard. So I didn't know what the fuck to do when I realised that not only did you fancy me, but you weren't going to pack it in. And you weren't going to conveniently make my decision for me, either. There was only the once that you stepped out of line, only the once when I could have said that yes, you definitely made a pass at me and that was when that mad bastard Preston was after me. We were going up the gangplank to Browny's boat, and I think you meant to just pinch my bum, the way you usually do. But I slowed

down when you weren't expecting me to, and your hand slipped between my legs and your cock bumped into my arse. Then when I turned to look at you, you just sort of spread your hands and looked so fucking scared and apologetic, I let it pass. Anyway, we were on a job and I was concentrating on not being picked off by some maniac.

I never wanted to play one of my games with you, especially not when I realised that you were in love with me and that that was why you never chanced your arm. I mean, if it had just been lust, you could have picked a night when we were one over the eight and tried it on then, couldn't you? If I'd fainted in horror, you could've put it down to too much booze and that would've been that. But you loved me, it was as plain as the nose on your face, so I had to be sure what I wanted before I said a word to you. I had more or less made up my mind, but this not seeing you is what finally did it. I actually had to do without you, even though we were sharing because of the security cock-up. D'you realise this is the longest we've gone without actually being together since the day Cowley teamed us? And it's half-killed me. Well, I suppose you know all about that too, don't you, pet? So this is it. I'm willing to make a go of it if you are. Not just a fling until I get bored or until a bit of skirt attracts my attention, but a proper relationship. The best I can promise you is that there won't be any men apart from you, and any girls I fuck will be just passing fancies, nothing serious. But I don't know if I can give up women for you, Bodie. I'd have to call myself bisexual, but I'd say I'm about 80-20% towards women versus men. I know it's not exactly red roses, but it's all I can offer without lying to you. But it's all right by me if you want to give me roses! Always remember, pet, that you've got it in writing, which is more than anyone else ever got: I love you. More important than that, you're the one person I trust and the only one I don't resent if I need to lean on them. Won't be plain sailing, but you knew that because you know me. I'll try, Bodie, I'll honestly try. And when I see you, I'll explain to you about that bloke in the pub but it wasn't because he grabbed my balls. I knew him from my days on the drug squad

(wake up, Bodie!), and, well, I'll tell you about it later. I know I'm supposed to be the brains of this partnership, but it honestly never occurred to me how you'd see me pummelling his brains out. But it had nothing to do with him being queer. I just had a lot to get him

See you on Saturday? We could get this pigsty sorted out before it drives your orderly military soul round the twist, have our Morag take care of the washing, then go down to the Black Swan for lunch, talk about all this, sort a few things out. If you're willing to go for it, given the circumstances. I'll be gone by the time you get home (Cowley thinks that as I'm almost back on active duty, I can stop 'lying around on your spreading backside doing nothing at the tax-payer's expense' and make myself useful, so I'm out setting up security for that conference at 5.30 in the morning.). Sent a card to Mum—thanks, mate. And you owe me a new T-shirt—not even Morag can do away with Luigi's bolognese sauce. Anyway, I won't be here when you get home, so leave me a note, will you?

Ray.

Dear Ray,

Sod the fucking launderette. I want you waiting in bed for me. Not much point in doing a washing, is there? We're just going to get the sheets in a mess anyway. I'll see you my Christ, I can hardly believe I'm going to finally see all of you, in bed, for me! But I'll see you on Saturday, Friday if I can get the Cow to set me free early. D'you think I could wangle some compassionate leave? Conjugal visit? Nah, didn't think so either! I can hardly wait, love. Listen, em, a bit of a delicate question here. Obviously, I've been round the merry-go-round a few times, nothing's going to be a bit much for me, so no worries there. The thing is...Look, how long has it been for you? I mean, if I want to fuck, you know, the old sodomy and buggery, the love that dare not speak its name and all that crap, how would you feel about that? We can wait a bit, if you really need to. But I want you, god, Ray, I want you so fucking much all my trousers have gone too tight. You've no idea how many

wet dreams (and not all of them when I was tucked up safely in my own bed. Remind me to tell you about that time in Cowley's office, will you?) I've had about your gorgeous arse, the way the muscles clench and Sorry. Getting a bit carried away with all the excitement. Saturday!

Love, Bodie.

P.S. Took you at your word. It's all right if you're not madly in love with me yet, as long as it's all right with you if I go a bit overboard sometimes. Hope you like the roses.

£3£3£3

Bodie,

If it didn't mean we'd both be out of work, I'd kill the old bastard. I thought we were going to be back at work on the same shift again, not spending another two days cleaning up the Bishop op. Well, at least we had Saturday. Worth waiting for, wasn't it? Listen pet, you really mean it when you say you love me, don't you? Good. That means you can take the sheets down to Morag and explain why they're covered in cum and vaseline, you messy bugger you. You should take a leaf out of my book, mate, and always use the receptacle provided!

Love, Ray.