

CRUISING

Patsy the kerbside professional had Trevor's number plate on her favourite list. Middle age had left him impotent, made worse by his unsympathetic wife, 'you're only fifty, I know for a fact George Cole still does it twice a week; you need to see a doctor.'

Trevor didn't question his wife's certainty about their neighbour's sex life indicating that she might be part of it herself which made him miserable enough to find solace cruising and Patsy became his chosen lady of the night.

Slim, blonde and leggy, her age and identity masked by Max Factor. Patsy was not in great demand but she was understanding. Of course, like most prostitutes kissing was prohibited, which restricted Trevor's thirty-minute backseat slot to holding hands and verbal comfort, which was satisfactory as even when his equipment was serviceable he had no imagination and probably the reason for his wife's fecund experimentation.

A typical night tariff was Patsy cooing in Trevor's ear. "There little one, mummy understands you.'

This was accompanied by fingers run through thinning hair and wiping away tears of self pity.

Trevor would then return home to his wife who didn't take her eyes off the television as he sat silently beside her.

Patsy returned to her apartment, pulled off a blonde wig; washed away layers of makeup to reveal a five o'clock shadow. Tight high heels were kicked into the corner before she collapsed into bed. In the morning Patsy became Pat, a strong agile man who joined Trevor on the council refuse lorry both of them aware of the others double life but both separating fact from fantasy until the next session.

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