

Writing About Sex Isn't Nearly As Easy As It Looks!

(full version)

A satire by Patrick Mackeown

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"Could you write about my breasts?" a blonde client said to me.

"Write about them?" I replied. "Write about them, how?"

Jenny stared at me for several seconds.

"Well, what else would you write about?" she asked, at last. "I mean, what exactly do you writers do all day?"

I opened my mouth and then closed it again. And then standing abruptly I said, "This conversation is making me feel slightly uncomfortable. Why don't we talk about something else?"

"You still haven't answered my question," Jenny replied. "Could you write about them, or not?"

I looked at her for longer than I needed to. I already had a fairly good idea of what her chest looked like. Well, through her cream-coloured, polyester sweater, anyway. Jenny's bosom was arresting.

"You don't just write about someone's breasts," I informed her. "That's not the way it works."

"Oh," she sighed. "And how exactly does it work?"

"You write about feelings," I explained.

"You know perfectly well how I feel!" she snorted. "I feel as though you ought to write about my breasts!"

By this time Jenny was moving away from me. She swayed rhythmically as she crossed the floor. I'd seen walks like hers before. They're calculated to exaggerate the bottom's wiggle. I tried my best to ignore her.

"Well, I could write about a city girl ruthlessly using her sex appeal to advance her flagging showbiz career," I said. "I could mention your breasts there, I suppose."

"What do you think my best feature is?" she asked.

I wasn't expecting that. Her flat tone gave me no indication as to whether she was referring to her body parts, or her photographs. And since all of those were pictures of her with very little on, I guessed that it amounted to the same thing anyway. There really was only one possible answer. I got the impression that Jenny just wanted to hear me say it.

"I'd have to say it's your ancestry," I blurted.

It was an entirely made-up reply. I was looking at the rear cover of her photo collection as I spoke. Its biography had given me the information that I was using.

Jenny looked puzzled. "My ancestry?" she said.

"Your family comes from Bowling Green, in Dublin, where James Joyce's wife was from," I said, returning to my seat.

Jenny Fuller marched towards me. She wasn't swaying anymore. "Give me that!" she spat, thrusting out her hand.

I put the collection behind me, involuntarily. Not because I wanted to tease her, but because I wanted to remain in control of the conversation. Jenny almost tripped over me as she reached behind my chair. Her chest was pushing me backwards gently. Her intoxicating scent was heavy, musty and laced with the nectar of wild gorse pollen.

"Give it to me!" she hissed.

"Just stop," I said. "Jenny, please. Just stop."

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Mutilation Murders

The torso of a black child has been discovered in London's Kensington Gardens. Detective Chief Inspector Hawthorne and his men quickly discover that the boy was a victim of a ritualistic killing. At Heathrow airport a second child, Jubulani, and his mother disembark from their plane. On his arrival in London Jubulani is kidnapped. A Ju Ju witchdoctor in South London is preparing the new child, Jubulani, to be sacrificed. Hawthorne is racing against time to save the boy.

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Georg, a nine-year-old street child, has been captured by human traffickers from Moscow and is about to be sold to a child pornography ring in Amsterdam. Detective Chief Inspector Hawthorne, from Suffolk CID, is on the case...

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