

## Sex on the Orient Express

The train pulls slowly into the station at Edirne. I peer out of the window. It is almost midnight. I need to go to the customs office. The bastards stole all my money when I entered the country six months ago, but I have a paper which will allow me (so they said) to claim it back when I leave.

I go into the corridor. There is a man approaching me with a tray of custard tarts. Custard tarts! What the heck is he doing with custard tarts? Taking them to Sofia? Selling the things? Who on earth is going to buy custard tarts for a midnight feast on the orient express at the Turkish border?

I dodge to the left and he dodges to the left. I dodge to the right and he dodges to the right, then he lifts the tray up so I can duck underneath. Unfortunately the edge of the tray catches that rail that all trains seem to have along the middle of the windows. The tray tilts and swings over, and every custard tart smashes to the floor. There is a massive splodge of custard reaching from wall to wall, and oozing several feet down the corridor. It is squirming about on the floor. Blobs of the stuff shiver and wobble. There is a yellowish-white river of the stuff disappearing under a compartment door.

I stare in horror at the mess. There is too much of it to jump over so I turn and leave the carriage by the other door.

I am standing in the customs office. They are checking my form. I start to giggle. The officer looks up. I grun and look away, then burst out laughing. He thinks I am nuts. Or maybe he thinks I'm high on dope. Maybe I am. (Maybe I still am. I stare back at the words I have just typed: "I grun", it says. I quickly change it: "I groin" is the improvement. Oh heck, what does it matter? I grun, he groins, they grin. And we're all stoned together!)

The guy asks me to sign the form. I am snuffling and giggling as I sign the paper sideways. The poor bastard. He has been beavering away all evening making these damn custard tarts. He's waited up half the night for the midnight train to pull in. He proudly loads his tray with his prize custard tarts, strides purposely down the platform, onto the train, then does the hokey-cokey in the corridor with some fuckwit foreigner, and the next thing he is looking at is a river of custard flowing into some unsuspecting traveller's compartment.

I count my money, burst out laughing, and weave my way out of the customs office. Now what am I going to do? I am entering Bulgaria with bucket-loads of useless Turkish lira. I have been broke for six months in turkey, and now I have my money back I wont be able to use it in Bulgaria because I am not allowed to export the currency. Hold on! I am not allowed to export the currency, and yet the customs mob are making me export it.

"How long's this damn train here for?" I ask a passing porter. He shrugs. Oh well, silly question.

I walk into another office. "Can you change that into dollars please?" I ask.

The girl counts the money and gives me dollars. I get back into the train. There is a man with a hose and a brush and bucket cleaning the corridor. I quickly duck into my compartment and burst into uncontrollable laughter. This dope is really splendid stuff, and I don't remember taking any. Wow!

It is a while before I notice there are two bloody Turks sitting in my compartment. "Hoi!" I scream. This is my compartment. Out!" I open the compartment door and point towards the wet corridor. They smile toothless smiles. "Full, complete...." I have a brain-wave. "Corps diplomatique!" I scream waving my passport at them. They get up and leave, and I have my compartment free again. I lock the door and settle down for some kip.

The train creeps slowly out of the station, then stops. Ten minutes later it creeps forward again. I am beginning to realise why the ticket prices are so different. I could have caught a train at five in the afternoon. The fare was twice the cost of the fare for this train which left

five hours later. It claimed to connect with the Munich train in Belgrade, but we are already late. There is no way I am going to make my connection. I walk back out to the corridor. The door of the next compartment is open. It is full of Turkish men and one Turkish girl. Only one with all that lot? She looks thin, but quite attractive. Anyway, who cares about a Turkish girl? I'm looking forward to the girls in Belgrade. I remember how good they looked last time I came through. Hey-ho Belgrade, here I come!

I lock the door to my compartment and settle down to sleep. The train picks up speed and we rattle through the Bulgarian night towards distant Sofia.

In the morning I am standing in the corridor staring out at the mountains. The girl from the next carriage joins me. I turn and smile. "Hi."

"Are you English?" she asks in an American accent.

I look puzzled. "Yes."

"I thought you were Turkish," she said.

"Turkish! Good god! Why?"

She waves a hand. "Sorry. It doesn't matter?"

I laugh. "Oh well, I thought you were Turkish, so we're quits."

"Why did you think I was Turkish?"

"You were sitting in a compartment full of Turks?"

"But everywhere else was full."

I turn, and point to my empty carriage. "Plenty of room, especially for pretty girls." I turn back to look out of the window. "Just look at those amazing mountains."

The countryside is beautiful. The track is lined with shrubs, bursting out with spring flowers. White blossom is everywhere, and some miles in the distance are these great mountains lifting up into snow.

My new friend turns back into her carriage. "I'm going to get my things." And she installs herself in my carriage.

The journey is much more fun with two. I love being on my own. Being one is fun. Being two is too. We play silly games. The Turks come and stand in the corridor outside watching us. I pull the curtains. They stay there, trying to peek at us through a tiny chink in the curtain. At first it irritates me, then I find it fun. I kiss the side of her face, and rub my lips up to her ear. Then I'm on the floor, on my knees, facing her. I pull her blouze to one side, and reveal one breast which I kiss. There is a scuffle in the corridor as there is not enough room for them all to see through the chink in the curtain. I pull back her blouze, and jump onto the seat. We sit back to back, our feet on the seat. I get up, pull back the curtains, go into the corridor, and demand the audience move. I cannot see the view. "You have the view from your compartment, go on, shoo."

We sit like schoolkids each watching the scenery on opposite sides of the train, saying nothing much, and giggling. We play games with our shoulders, hunching them, and wiggling them. Then we play touch with our arms. It is all different doing it backwards, trying to feel each other with our elbows, while facing the wrong way. Then we do it with our heads, rubbing each other, and trying to feel the other person with our ears. The Turks are back, watching us. We are having a whale of a time.

I start to play other games. "I spy with my little eye something beginning with H."

"Is it inside the train or outside?" she asks.

"Outside."

"Well how can I see it when it's outside? You are looking out one side and I'm looking out the other. And anyway, we've gone past it now, haven't we?"

"You have to guess what it is I can see."

"Oh, alright," she giggles. There is a bit of a silence. "Houses," she says suddenly.

Actually I hadn't thought of anything at all, I just said H as it was the first letter that came into my head. "Sure. Your turn."

"Ummm." She wriggles her shoulders, and pushes the back of her head down my face. "H," she says, laughing.

"Are you serious?"

"Deadly serious," she says in a silly malevolent voice.

"Not houses, surely?"

"Of course not, silly."

My brain is not working very well. I have put my hands behind me and I am feeling all up this incredible girl that is lying with her back to me, and it is putting me off. I am muttering to myself, 'Help. No, don't be silly, you can't see that.' I suddenly can't think of a single damn thing that begins with H.

She is wriggling against me, her hair brushes down the side of my face. "You're putting me off."

"But I'm giving you a clue."

"A clue? Oh." My brain is still blank. And then suddenly I think of a much better game to play. "Look, this is a silly game. Why don't we play 'I feel with my curious fingers?'"

"What's that?"

"It's I-spy, only you have to guess what it is I'm touching."

"But I'll know what you're touching."

"Ah, but this is different, you will have to guess what it is I want to touch by the clue I give you when I touch something else."

She giggles again. "Okay. Do you want to go first?"

"Only to make it more complicated you have to work out whether I just want to touch you somewhere, or I am aiming at something that I want you to touch me with, and you have to guess what it is I want you to touch."

"That's crazy."

"We have ten hours on this train."

"Okay, okay."

I reach up her back, under her shirt.

"You want to touch my bust."

I burst out laughing. "Idiot, you don't have tits on your back."

"I thought you were trying to get under my bra straps."

"Nope."

"Ermmmmm." She starts clicking her teeth. "What on earth would you want to touch on my back, right up there?" There is a long silence. "I don't know. I give up."

"Your hair darling. You see, I've suddenly realized what you were spying in the last game."

"Okay. Your go again."

I move one hand right down her side, down to the elastic of her knickers, feel underneath it, and then stop.

"Hmmm. That's more like a man. You want to touch my bottom."

"No. That's too obvious."

I move my hand about, feeling the fabric of her knickers.

"Oh, I see. You're kinky. You like women's clothes."

"Your turn."

She pushes her hand back behind her, and starts feeling under my shirt. "God you're bony. When did you last have a decent meal?"

"It's all that nervous energy I use up fucking girls like you. It takes it out of one, you know."

"Well?"

She has a hand resting on my rib-cage. I now see how this could actually be quite difficult. Now why would she want to keep her hand there? There's nothing remotely interesting there. Rib cage. Hmm. What's next to it? Nothing really. Hold on, she came from behind, so if she continued feeling across me she'd get... to my belly button! Yikes. Surely not? "Hey, you aren't kinky too, are you?"

"Certainly not, I'm a good all-American girl."

"All-American girls can often be very strange."

"I'm not," she says in a casual little-girl voice.

"Okay, so you are heading further down towards my cock."

"Hopeless. Good old fashioned male egoism. Wishful thinking baby."

"Alright, you want to touch my hairy chest?"

"Your turn."

This is getting difficult. Suddenly I have a cunning idea. I shove my hand up, and under her bra and cup one breast.

"Oh. Are you sure you haven't got there already?"

"Absolutely not."

"You got stuck, or cant quite reach my face. You wanted to stroke my hair."

"Good try, but no."

"You don't want to feel the bra?" she says sniffily.

"Not at the moment."

She suddenly bursts out laughing. "This is a re-run of psycho, and you really hate me because of something your mother told you when you were very young so you want to reach up and strangle me."

"Good god, no. My mummy just told me to do what I like with pretty girls, but that I wasn't to bring them home and mess up the furniture."

"You wanna squeeze me tight, honey," she says in a raunchy voice.

"Close."

There is a long silence. "I give up."

"Easy. I want to bring my other hand up," I push the other hand up the other side, and under her bra, "so that both hands cup your breasts." I give a little squeeze. "I like you."

"That feels nice." She wriggles a bit under my hands, and pushes her bust out.

"We're being watched."

"What? Those Turks from next door?"

"Yeah. They're trying to peer through a chink in the curtains."

"Shall we give them something to look at?"

"I think we're already doing that."

It is mid afternoon before I even think to ask her name, as we roll slowly into Sofia.

I smile as I remember my last visit to the city. I am playing the violin in a band of itinerant musicians. It is two o'clock in the morning. We climb up the steps of a tenement building. We set up on the landing. They know what they are playing. I haven't a clue. I just remember the Czech folk tunes I learned when sitting on the floor at Al Lloyd's place in South East London. I also learned a few Romanian folk tunes, and some gypsy music, and some Bulgarian dances from the pieces he played me from his vast collection of east European folk music.

I am playing my tunes, and the rest of the band are playing theirs. No-one notices. Everyone is totally sploshed out; pissed as farts, playing any old stuff, out of tune, bum notes, timing all to fuck, and every so often one member of the band falls down the stairs.

We squeak and screech and squawk, and a door opens. There are screams, and a stream of foul language. Another door opens and an old boot sails past my ear. Another door opens and a woman with a short negligee comes out holding a bucket. I watch fascinated as she throws the water over me. Her night dress rides right up to expose her bottom and her fanny.

We clamber up to the next landing, and start to play again. Another round of screeching, and another door opens, and a bowl of rubbish is thrown at us, and another member falls down the stairs.

I climb up the stairs to the next landing. We are now playing on three different landings at once. The other violinist is sitting down. His legs have finally packed up. The cellist has his cello held horizontally, with the end sticking up against the sill of the landing window. He is playing a Bach unaccompanied sonata. The violinist is playing some weird winding gypsy melody with a profusion of slides and seriously bum notes. I am playing an old Slovak love song called The Green Garland, and to make matters worse, I am actually singing along with the tune. I can't speak Czech, but I know it goes something like "Ni prik she la oom ba meetch keev domyek". And I'm really getting into the guttural Slovak vowels when I stumble against the railing, as a woman hits me over the head with a pan.

I am draped over the railing as she hits me repeatedly. I crawl towards an open door clutching the violin. She is screaming at me, and hitting me on the back and about the head. I crawl down the corridor and collapse. Suddenly she stops. She is standing over me. I slowly turn and look up. Her legs are sturdy, and I note with horror she has large knees. She is wearing a white rough night shirt, which comes down almost to those big knees. The front is tight up to her throat. Her hair is all over the place. She is biting her lips. She says something to me. I have no idea what it is. It sounds as if she is cursing me under her breath. She turns and goes back to the front door. She locks it. I start to panic. There is no way out, and I can barely stand. And those knees are as big as a cart horse's. She advances on me, and gives me an almighty kick in the groin. I inadvertently twang a couple of the violin strings as my body ricochets from the blows. She spits at me and walks into another room.

If only I could stand I would make a bolt for the door, but I can only crawl. I lie still for a while collecting some semblance of my wits, which I'm sure I left somewhere to the left of the last cafe we got thrown out of. Over the course of the evening I have drunk the best part of two bottles of vodka. I cant see straight. I cant think straight, and my legs have completely gone. I carefully prop the violin against the door jamb and crawl into what I think is the loo, and kneel up against the bog to have a pee. The rim is a bit high for me, and I try to pee up in an arc to get it into the bowl. I stare mesmerized at this arching stream and think of the fountains in the Alhambra. As I finish I fall over again. After what seems like an eternity I manage to get myself upright, and find a basin and wash myself. I stick my head in the water. If only I can find my way back to the front door and get down the stairs and.....oh shit, where to? The rest of the slobes will be hunched in bundles on the stairs. Could I make it instead to a sofa or a bed? I stagger down the hall, holding onto the walls with both hands. I push open the first door, and stumble into a bedroom. Before me is a bed. I sit down, kick off my shoes, and slide my trousers down, and roll into the soft chaos of rumpled sheets. I'm settling down when I realise there is someone else in the bed. The person doesn't move. The person doesn't say anything. I cant get out again. I am only just hanging onto the wrong side of reality. I feel as if I will never ever get vertical again. I feel as if I have been smashed down by a bloody great boulder and I'm lying under it, pinned to the ground. The boulder is banging me down and down. I reach up, to try to push the boulder away. It is flesh covered. I can feel a tumble of hair. Oh no, it is the old cow. She is hitting me again. And then I realise she is trying to shag me. She is muttering at me, and squeezing my legs, and grunting. I clutch her bottom, but I cant get myself to function at all, and eventually pass out.

She is still there in the morning. She is lying on her stomach. I stroke her bottom, and she clenches her buttocks. I get onto her and try to make up for the previous night. I start and stop. I keep passing out. Two hours later she hasn't moved, and I am still draped over her like an overcoat. She is fast asleep, and breathing deeply. I fall asleep again, only to wake up as she moves, and turns slightly. I fall off, and she climbs over me, and attacks me like a tiger tearing me up for lunch. She goes hard at me, shaking me as she jerks herself on me. One minute she is clasped tightly to me, wriggling, the next she sits up, clutches me by the shoulders, and shakes my upper end while banging my lower end. Then she throws me down, and falls on me again, wriggling, and squeezing me, and making a noise like a high-pitched bumble-bee. Then I am suddenly drenched in a warm fluid, all down my legs, and she slides very very slowly down my legs giving little pulsing squeezes all the way down, while she bites my chest and stomach, and eventually tries to swallow my cock, and I fall asleep again.

Suddenly the bedclothes are pulled off, and she motions to me to get up. My breakfast of eggs and cheese is on the table next to the violin. She sits opposite me watching me eat while she smokes a cigarette. I don't know what to say. I don't know the language. I am too tired and confused to say anything anyway. I smile at her. I tell her she looks pretty, though she looks thin, straggly, and harassed. Her face is thin and drawn. I go to the bathroom to wash. The rooms are all the same, with small patches of worn carpet, and curtains so thin you can see through them. The furniture is made from boxes roughly nailed together. She gets up when I come back. I go over to her to kiss her worn face. She seems to need affection. Something is wrong. I move her shirt to look at her breasts. They are held in what looks like a bit of sheet which has been twisted twice and is worn like a waistband. The twists hold up her breasts. She puts her arms on my shoulders. I suddenly want to see what her knickers look like. I pull up her skirt as she stands there, and bunch it round her waist. Her knickers are very loose. They look like two handkerchiefs stitched together. I pull them down, and they drop onto the floor. She steps over them, and pins me back against the wall, then reaches down to undo my trousers, and climbs onto me again. She is making the strange bee noise again.

I have this image of her living alone in this flat, and wonder what she will do when I finally get out the front door. I try to ask her a question. I point to the picture frame on the window behind me, and draw a box on the wall beside me, and then cover it with my hand and bang the other one on top of it. Her lips tighten, she nods, and bites my shoulder. I start counting with my fingers. She stops me at ten. I cant help it; tears come into my eyes.

I try to explain. I will come back. But I must return the violin. Then I will come back.

For a week I live with her. I take her out to restaurants. I am reasonably rich after my escapades in Turkey, and we eat somewhere different every night. We dance very slowly to records in the beer halls. Every night the speakers blare out old Shadows records. Here I am listening to Apache, dancing the wrong dances, with a scraggy girl who I've grown very fond of, who almost eats me every time we get close. My cock is unbelievably sore, and I have teeth marks all over me, I still have lumps the size of eggs on my head where she first hit me, and my legs are covered in bruises. Sometimes when I wake up in the middle of the night she is bent over me, holding my shoulders, and muttering to me in a long rambling tirade. If I stay another week I'll get hospitalised.

When I finally leave I am crying, and she stares at me with unblinking, blank hollow eyes. Ten years is one hell of a time to wait for your man to get out of jail.

The train has stopped. Suddenly the door is pulled back and hands are fumbling with the curtains we have tied together across the windows.

I hurriedly do up my trousers. She smoothes her skirt down, and does up a couple of shirt buttons, and there is a guy at the door asking for our passports. He is grinning. Our clothes are in obvious disarray. He has obviously just interrupted some high jinks. He only looks at the outside of the passports, hands them back, grins again, and is gone.

We settle back down on the bench seat. She undoes my trousers. "Hold on. Wont we have to get out for the customs check?" I stand up. Do up my trousers, try and readjust my shirt, and walk out to the corridor. We are stationary. There is no platform, and there are guards with guns slung about their shoulders all over the tracks. There is no sign of any customs officials.

Oh, what the hell. We are back on the seat. She suggests leaving the curtains open. She wants to embarrass me. She is amused at the way I jump every time the curtain jigs. She undoes my trousers again. This is ridiculous. I am standing by the door looking out, and my trousers are round my knees and there is this wretched girl giving me a blow-job. A couple of passengers come up the corridor. They laugh as they pass. I am furious, and seriously embarrassed. I shut the door, and pull the curtains. She is still busy. Five minutes later there are two guys in uniform tramping through the carriage asking to look in bags. It's hopeless. My trousers stay undone. I cant do them up anyway without causing severe discomfort. I drag down the cases, pull back the zips, gesture at them, and face the window. The guys are not interested in the cases. They are ogling a girl with long golden hair, with the whole front of her shirt undone. She is standing by the door with a smirk on her face. Bloody women! Look at the state of this carriage! Look at the state of my clothes! Look at all these bloody officials tramping through our bedroom! I bet the word has spread and every blasted squirt with a badge will be banging his way down the corridor to look at the Americans in carriage 17 with their gear all on display. Bugger all frontiers! Bugger all blasted officials! And to hell with all these exhibitionist women! The train suddenly gives a jolt and I hit my cock on the little window table. I grab the rail and wince. I bet she is smirking even more. Sod the woman!

At last the customs mob leave, and we are left in peace. I turn round. She sits down. Her hair tumbles down around her. One breast is clearly visible. I look carefully at it. Blast the woman, she is gorgeous. I want to fuck her all the way to Belgrade. I carefully tie the curtains back together so no-one can see in, and we settle back down on the seat, buttons undone everywhere, and fingers sliding like snakes under clothes. Fifteen minutes later the train begins to move, very slowly. It shudders and stops. A couple of minutes later it moves slowly forward again, and then stops.

I am lying along the bench seat. She is astride me, when suddenly the fingers are back at the curtain. What the hell is going on? Not some blasted passengers wanting seats? I swivel my legs down to the floor, knocking her off me, and she pulls up her knickers, and straightens her skirt. I am still fumbling with my trousers when the guy finally makes it through the

curtains demanding our passports. Passports? But we've already shown our passports.

"You are now entering Yugoslavia. You must show your passports."

Oh shit, yes. There are two sides to a frontier. Damn. We hunt around for our passports. They are duly stamped, and he goes his way. We shut the door, and pull the curtains. I am busy tying them together again.

She lies down on the seat. I drop my trousers again and climb aboard. I am playing with her tits when the door opens. She clutches hold of me to prevent me getting up. I am lying there on top of her. Two guys duck under the curtains and stand in the middle of the compartment.

"Customs," they say.

If they ask if I have anything to declare I might say something everybody will regret. Instead I point to the rack above, and start kissing madam's delicious-tasting tits. I really no longer care what is going on around. I cant get up. I cant possibly open the suitcases. I just don't want to know. I am not here. I am at home in my nice quiet secret bed, and ..... oh hell!

They stand in the middle of the compartment staring at us. No-one makes a move for the cases. Madam is holding me down, hard against her. Finally they turn, duck under the curtain and shut the door. We are finally left in peace. Ten minutes later the train begins to move forward, gradually gathering speed. I get up and stare out of the window. I check the door, and try to lock it, but it looks as though the lock is broken. I give up.

We are standing facing each other. I am tying her shirt ends together behind her back, so her front is naked from the neck down to her waist. I am playing with her skirt, tucking the sides into the top of her knickers. My trousers are on the seat behind me. It has become absolutely impossible to wear them any more. The train is picking up speed, and the countryside is rushing past. It seems that on every gate is someone waving to us. Somehow I don't mind being on a moving train being watched by people that flash past on gates. I am standing there in front of her, the end of my cock just touching her skin. I stand on the seat, and it is just caressing between her breasts. It is bright red, looks like a bloody great barge pole, and I swear steam is coming off it.

She reaches down and starts licking me. Just then, out of the corner of my eye I see the curtain move. No. I don't believe it. "Full up, blast you!" I scream. She turns. We are both staring at the door. Hands are undoing the curtain. A man walks in. My jaw drops four hundred miles.

"Tickets," he bleats, staring from one to the other.

Tickets? Sodding tickets! Tickets? I don't believe it. Tickets? I am hunting through a bag on the rack. I just don't believe this is happening. If some bright spark filmed this it would bring the house down in every bloody cinema on the fucking planet. The ticket collector just cant believe his luck. I will never ever again have anything to do with an American tart with long fair hair and gravity-induced knickers on a train going to Belgrade. I don't think I could handle a re-take of this.

At the next station the carriage fills with country folk in multi-layers of clothes, carrying pots, baskets, and all kinds of paraphernalia. They start talking loudly, and cackling away. Half of them seem to have no teeth, but that doesn't stop them from opening up large bags and bringing out bread, olives, ham, bottles of wine, and setting to, having a magnificent meal, which is spread all round the carriage. We feel as if we have been invited to a marriage party. I vaguely remember some absurd joke in a Cliff Richard movie which I watched by mistake. Something about mixing up the words for marriage and bread while travelling through Yugoslavia. How can I make some joke with the good folks about this? They wont understand a word. I could try it in German, only my German doesn't run to much more than survival words. Or I could try in my incredibly croaky Russian. I try it in Russian. They laugh uproariously. I suspect they are laughing at all my grammatical errors rather than the joke.

"You," the guy in the corner points at us in turn, "married?"

I shake my head. "Friends," I say.

He laughs. "In Yugoslavia, every boy and girl friends before they marry." And the whole carriage roars with laughter. I surreptitiously look down at my trousers, but for once everything is in order.

It is ten o'clock at night before we pull into Belgrade station. This is the end of the line. The first hotel we try is full. The second is full, the third is closed, the fourth is ridiculously expensive, so is the fifth and sixth. It is half past eleven. We are standing on a bridge over the river Sava watching the lights of the city. The river is wide, and I assume we are looking down at the great Danube. Below us is a boat moored against the quayside. Wait a minute. What is that sign on the top? We walk back, and scurry down the steps to the quayside. The boat is a hotel. Hey, this is great. They are open. It is cheap, and they have a room, or is that a cabin?

The room is small. There is a table a chair, and two bunks, one above the other.

"I'm not sleeping in the top one," I say

"Neither am I."

"That's settled then."

I sit on the chair and watch her as she takes off her trousers. She wraps a towel around her and disappears to the washroom. I kick off my shoes, and put my feet on the bed. My mind is a complete blank. I am just feeling the very slight movement of the boat beneath me. It is sensuous, rather like a mild hit from marijuana. The movement is slow. It is as if the boat is unconsciously moving in its sleep. It is dreaming. We are going to sleep on a dreaming boat. I slide off my trousers and my pants, and lie back on the bed. If I concentrate on the slight movement I can magnify it as I lie back, and the whole of the inside of my mind begins to slowly rock a little.

The door opens and a girl with long fair hair with a towel around her middle comes in. She lets the towel drop. She comes over and kneels on the bed facing me, leaning forward. Her hair tumbles forward onto my face and shoulders. I shake my head to let the hair rustle about my face. I'm sure I can hear the faint sound of a waterfall in the tumbling tresses of her hair. I touch the insides of her legs. They are warm and soft. Her skin is strange. I stroke it, and can feel something like electricity in gloves coming through the skin. There is a soft foamy magic which is reaching slowly towards me to envelop me, and mixing with the dreamy movement of the boat. She is kissing my face; soft kisses; kisses of a fluffy brush painting me with the colours of love, brushing her warm breath into my skin. My fingers are brushes too, leaving small streaks of paint in a trail of electric particles on her legs, and up under her white knickers. I brush my nose up and down one of her breasts. My nose is a butterfly, searching amongst rose petals, twirling round her nipple, which goes hard as the tips of my butterfly wings stroke round it. She sits back on my legs, and starts to undo my shirt. Her fingers are fluttering around me as if searching for something, playing with the hair on my chest, and following the lines of my ribs.

I am drifting around. The night has turned into a magic cave and I am floating around higher and higher towards to roof where a waterfall of silken water tumbles down around me. Slowly she pushes herself down onto me, and I have disappeared under the arched roof of the cave, and the waterfall dissolves around my ears, and I am completely lost in a world that slides from the real to the make-believe as my cave rocks slightly to and fro.

I open my eyes. There is a misty grey everywhere. I peer up over a heap of bedclothes, and through a tangle of arms and hair to a pale blue sky framed by the port-hole. I spend twenty minutes exploring an all-American girl who has collapsed on top of me. I have one foot on the floor, and the bed is hardly big enough for one, let along two.

Suddenly I am awake. Hey this is a nice girl. She may be still asleep, but this girl needs

shagging. This girl is going to get shagged. This girl is going to be squeezed, stroked, twisted around, and banged to hell and back. This girl is going to get woken up, shaken up, and shagged until she is so awake she is .....hold on. She still has her knickers on. No problem, with a bit of wriggling, and adjusting we can get round that, and it is fun to have some fabric to pull her in closer. She is grunting, and groaning a bit. She is waking up. No matter. She is ripe for shagging whether she is awake or asleep. Turn her over. She now has one leg on the floor and one leg stretched down the bed. I am clutching the end of the bed and ramming her so damn hard the bloody boat is rocking, and she is making so much noise it sounds like the engine is changing gear..

I stop, and sit up. "They'll be sending a mechanic down to mend the gearbox in a minute."

She laughs. "Who cares?" She sprawls out across the counterpane. I snuffle around in her, pushing my face into her tummy, and up under her breasts, and across her face. "When I was at college the girl in the next room to me use to make a hell of a noise when she was fucking. You could hear her at the end of the corridor. It always sounded as if she was being beaten or tortured." She laughed again, and squealed.

I settled down to a long methodical action, covering every part of her, fucking her between her tits, fucking her hair, fucking her bottom, fucking up and down her legs, across her face, in her mouth, around her ears. Five a.m. crept towards six a.m., towards seven a.m.

Suddenly I sat up again. She had been very quiet and almost motionless for the past three quarters of an hour. "You aren't bored are you?"

"Bored," she squealed. "What a question." And she pushed me in the chest, clambered over me and paid me back for all the pummeling I had given her.

From under a tangled pile of bedding which had turned into a hurricane cave I watched her dress. She stood with her back to me and fitted her bra. I reached out to stroke down her waist and over her small tight buttocks, playing with the curve into the top of her thigh, playing with the curve down under her bottom towards her fanny, hidden in amongst a tangle of fluff. She bent over and picked her shirt off the back of the chair, buttoned it up, and knelt down to look for her knickers, held them up, and made a face. "I cant possible wear these. What have you been doing to them?"

"Every skirmish has the odd casualty," and I pulled her back down onto the bed. She was on her knees on the floor, with the rest of her body across the bed, and I gave her one further pasting while she groaned and tore at the bed. Finally I fell over on the floor, and almost immediately fell asleep.

Half an hour later I woke. I looked up, and there was a smart, neatly dressed young lady in my room, smiling down at my hunched and naked body.

"Gosh, how nice," I said; immediately awake. "How nice to be visited first thing in the morning by a stunning looking bird. That gear is really great." I reached up to touch her skirt. I pulled it sideways, and let it flounce back onto her legs. I stroked up her legs, and with both hands pulled out her skirt to look right up her legs. She laughed and backed away, and backed into the chair. I was up and on my knees, with both hands clasped round the back of her thighs.

She brushed her skirt down and pushed my hands away. "You've had enough for one morning. Why don't you put some clothes on."

"That's going to be a bit difficult. With you around I'm going to wet my pants."

"In that case I'd better go. See you on the deck," and she bounced out in a business-like way with her skirt swishing as she swept through the door.

An hour later we were sitting in a bar having a massive breakfast; bacon, cheese, eggs, bread, coffee. Breakfast is good. Breakfast is wonderful. Breakfast is the best meal of the day. Food on an empty stomach. Sunshine streaming through the open doors of the bar. Everywhere is warm, and the day just begun, and sitting opposite me this incredibly

wonderful girl. She is smiling. Heck, she isn't just smiling, she is giggling inside and although I cant actually hear her giggling, I can see the giggles bursting out through her mouth and through her eyes, which giggle when they look down at her breakfast, and they giggle even more when she looks up and catches my eyes giggling at her. How incredibly wonderful to be two children sitting at a table on a sunny morning in the middle of a place called 'beautiful city' giggling at breakfast time after having explored each other mercilessly for the past four hours. The food is good, there are the Beach Boys bouncing out of the cafe speakers as they sing about wonderful American girls, and here is a wonderful American girl all of my own. I get up and skip round the table, fluffing out her hair as I dance behind her, and grin as I sit down again. I cant believe what a wonderful day it is, and I get up again and walk out to the pavement. There are people everywhere, and up and down the pavement are loads of pretty girls. I put out my hands to touch them as they go past, and laugh. They turn and smile at this silly boy in the middle of the pavement who is obviously as high as a kite. Two very nattily dressed girls go by. I shout, and make a gesture for them to twirl round for me. They laugh, and skip round on the pavement, then burst out laughing, and walk on hugging each other.

I'm standing back in the doorway. God, what an amazing world! What a wonderful morning! I want the world to be this bright, and laughing this loudly forever.

We pay the bill and walk up to the castle and lean over the wall between the cannon, looking down over the city. I put my hand up her skirt, but she brushes it away.

Below us is the city, the river, everything. Above is the sunshine. Around us is laughter, and birds swooping down into the trees. Life is just so unbelievably wonderful. Life is a magic trip filled with dancing and sex and pretty colours and lots of giggles.