

Three points of view

HE COULDN'T keep his bloody mouth shut, could he, I mean he had to boast, had to let the boys know, had show what a stud he was, well, he wasn't a stud, the pathetic little creep, and that's being too nice, he's a stupid little toe rag, Jesus how could I have been so stupid, so bloody stupid, I can usually spot them a mile off, sniffing around for a free bit of pussy, the losers, the idiots, good for a few drinks but that's all you're getting so don't get your hopes up, it's never free, darlings, that's always your first mistake and not one of you will ever be around long enough to make any more, but he slipped through, Jesus I must have been blind, totally bloody bling, the smarmy little bitch, I can hear him now, bragging and boasting how he scored, I told him, I always, always, always told him don't tell anyone, don't tell anyone, no one, bloody no one, ever, don't even tell yourself, nothing stays secret in this godforsaken arsehole of a town, well, now we've got the mess, Jess has gone off on another bender and I thought that was all behind us. well, he's not to blame this time, I am, it's my fault, stupid bloody me and that stupid bloody creep, Christ he wasn't even a good lay, though he thought he was, thought he was God's gift, well, you weren't, you little creep, not by a long stretch, I've had good and you don't even come close, will I ever learn, ever, ever, I just hope Jess doesn't take it into his head to call it quits, he almost did last time and that upset the kids, and that was bad, it breaks my heart when they cry when Jess and I are shouting at each, so why, why, why don't I think, why do I fall for such complete sodding jerks like him and Jess, well at least Jess has got money, and if Jess does decide to end it, it'll be my fault, I can't blame that little creep even though he couldn't keep his mouth shut and had to tell the boys he was shagging De Silva's woman, had to tell them, what is it with bloody men, why do they need to tell the world and his sodding bloody dog every time they get it up, I told him as long as no one finds out, we're fine I told him, time and again, time and time and time again, I must have known he wouldn't, I must known he was antoher shitbag blabbermouth like all the others, I must have sensed it, so shy didn't I end it then, well, that would've been to late, it wouldn't have been look who I'm shagging but guess who I shagged, little wankers, they're all little boys when it comes down to it, they all just have to boast and brag and tell each other and play the stud and make out we're gagging for it, well, dream on you little creeps, go somewhere quiet and jerk off because that's all you're good for, I'll make sure you don't get another shag in this town for the rest of your life, well, that's nonsense, there'll always be some simpering little cow he'll make those eyes at and fall for his schtick and he'll go bragging about that one next, well, I hope she isn't married with bloody kids, it's always the kids who suffer, always, so what do I do, in

a way Jess is too blame, he such's a self-centred little prick and even worse in bed than than that little creep, Jesus I do do bloody pick them, I really do, every one a jerk.

...

Well, I fucked that up something rotten, and I'm not even sure what I bloody did wrong, you never know with bloody women, a total bloody mystery, complete mustery but you can't even say that these days, you get crucified by the sisterhood for even stating the obvious, but they are, a complete bloody mystery, I don't know anyone who understands how they think, they probably don't even understand themselves and I thought we had a good thing there, I really did, I thought this might be something, so what went wrong, what the hell went bloody wrong, fucked if I know, one minute she's all goo-goo lovey-dovey sweetie-pie I love you and you're the best, really, the very best, the next she's screaming like a bloody banshee and trying to scratch my eyes out, and for no good reason, well no reason I know of so why, why, why, what the bloody hell did I do to upset her, I've not got one single bloody clue, so there's nothing I can do to patch things up, as if there's any hope of that, cos that's not the impression she gave, it's over done, the end, finito, and I've really fucked it this time, Christ and we got on so well, like two peas in a pod and the sex was great, really great, even though keeping it all secret was starting to get to me, becoming a bit of a pain, I mean you like to go out with your woman but she said we couldn't, and women say we're only after the sex, with her it was more than that, it was different, she meant something, I wanted to take her places, give her a good time, show her what she meant to me, prove all that bullshit men are just bastards crap wrong, who says we can't be romantic, but I never go the chance to show her, I even told her to leave him and move in with me and start a new life, but she didn't seem keen, well that's the impression I got, and thinking about it maybe I dodged a bullet there, who knows, what was I thinking, she would have brought the kids with and I'm suddenly stuck with two ready-mades I don't even know, shit that wouldn't have been so clever, maybe it was all for the best, maybe I was lucky to find out about her before it all got any heavier, not so great when you find out you've got yourself bogged down with a mad harridan who loses it without warning and tries to scratch your eyes out for no reason at all, so what bloody was it, what the hell kicked it all off, what did I do, fucked if I know and she wasn't making any sense at all, nothing. just screaming and shouting and yelling that I couldn't keep my mouth shut, well why keep my mouth shut I was proud of her, a woman like that doesn't come along every month and if she does

you've got to cotton on fast or she's off and some other dude is knobbing her, so what did I do wrong, Christ you can't win, you really can't, I mean what is the point, someone give me a bloody clue!

...

I told her, I told her, I told her, I made it bloody clear, nothing was clearer, that was the very last time, it had to be, one more time and that was it, all over, dead and gone, well she still couldn't stop herself and now there's been one more time, and I'll look like a prize prick if I let it slide again, that should be it, had to be it after what I said the last time, so what the hell do I do now, what the hell do I do, I don't want to leave her, I love her but if I don't and if I stay she'll despise me and if I do and kick her out she'll hate me, Christ I don't mind a woman being cock-happy if it's my cock involved but she has other ideas and take a look around and will that ever change, ever, will she ever be satisfied with just the one guy, who knows, I don't and maybe not, by why not, why not, I thought we were rubbing along okay again, took a while to get there after the last time, but we did get there, thought we'd put all that crap behind us, buried it, I never brought it up though I wanted to sometimes but I didn't, I held my tongue and that was hard, but I did, didn't say a bloody word, okay so it wasn't Romeo and Juliet or Tristan and Isolde or Doris Day and bloody Rick Hudson but when is it ever that except in Hollywood and cheap novels, still, we rubbed along okay, but after what said about never again, I've got to follow through, I'll look like fool if I don't, never make a threat you won't carry out, ever, just not worth it, you're just asking people to despise you, and if I do, if I kick her out and divorce her, but no, I don't want to, I just don't want to, all I want is for everything to be right again, and anyway what with my boozing she'll get the kids, the courts don't like alky dads, well, at least I can admit it now and that's something and at least I proved I can keep off this booze when I have to, when I try, but they would still say I'm a risk and that kids are better off with the mother, that I might backslide and won't look after them, they're too young, but I'd do anything for those two, anything, I really would, so what do I do now, I'm fucked if I do and I'm fucked if I don't, and she was the one who did it, not me, can I really give her a second very, very last chance, no, she would think of me as a wimp and I couldn't live with that, couldn't live in the same house with a woman who despises me, so what do I do, what the fuck do I do and it wasn't even my fault, she is the one who takes off like some bitch on heat, I told her one more time and that was it, just one more time, but she didn't listen, wouldn't listen,

couldn't listen so what do I do, I don't have a bloody clue, not a bloody clue, and I can't say I wish I'd never met her because that would be saying I wish my two kids didn't exist and they are the world to me, nothing comes close, nothing, nothing. Little bitch.