

'Saturday night divas' from Adolescing. Copyright © Hilary Leland 2014.

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Saturday night divas

We were all good girls really in our teacher training group but Sam, Gemma and me, we fancied ourselves the anarchists, the bad girls. We went to the slightly racy clubs, Sam even had her belly button pierced. We all had slightly unsuitable boy friends, the boys who looked a bit wild, with single earrings, rebel hairdos, wicked looking slogans on their T shirts, fake tattoos, you know the sort of boy? Except Sam and I had just been dumped by our slightly unsuitable boyfriends and Gemma was thinking of dumping hers who was turning out dull. Anyway, appearances can be deceptive, like good anarchists we got low grades but the boys didn't! Saturday night came and we had not had a bloke come to the flat all week. Disaster? Well we were a bit put out.

So we went down into the low dives, right down in the pits of the city. If you're from Plymouth you know where I mean. It was exciting! We dressed the part, we cut our clothes with razor blades. Teacher training students? Not us! The club was called House Red and the music was unbearable. When is this song going to finish? but the others seemed to like it, even I seemed to like it. A boy who looked young enough to be one of the kids in my teaching practice offered us the club cocktail, looking at the ground, mumbling,

'Wanna biscuit? One for each of you ladies? They're twelve pounds.'

What? Biscuits? Twelve pounds?

Huge big brown tablets in his hand, they looked just like vitamin yeast tablets.

Ten pounds? Well thanks, thanks.

I don't like the look of those but that's what we're here for so I bought one and then I had to swallow it. We all did. Ooh craggy lump in the throat! Gemma thought perhaps we should have bargained harder, maybe they were really vitamin yeast tablets, how could we tell? We had a drink while we were waiting. After twenty minutes, I said to myself, This is not a vitamin yeast tablet. I clutched Sam by the arm.

'Don't leave me alone Sammy!' Then Gemma was on her feet.

'Hey, groovy music girls!'

'Yeah, groovy music!'

This music grabs you by the feet and makes you dance. I got to my feet and danced with Gemma but this music is dead. Not a heart beating, not gentle love making on the changing room floor, the music beat me like a hammer! Dancing with Gemma I was dead and strong and ruthless like a zombie. Hey I don't want Gemma! I want that boy there! Spiky hair, ribs, nipples, so white! I danced the lad into dark corners, he was shy, that's all. Why should I wait for him to

make the first move? I licked his lips with that sweet black lipstick and his creamy soft teeth, I stroked my tits for him and people were looking at me. God forgive me I crouched down and kissed his pierced boy tit, sucked the salty jewellery hard into my mouth but I was starting to feel not quite right. I saw two boys, not one, they looked just the same as each other, two beautiful boys, but I couldn't shove myself in between them even butting them hard. Why aren't they taking any notice? I shouted at the top of my voice, listen to me, won't you? THIS MUSIC IS SO FRIGGING LOUD!

I was a skydiver plummeting down below my feet and I left my stomach behind. Then my stomach caught up with me, a greasy slimy haggis rolling up through my chest and bursting out of my mouth. I was crawling down, down in the gutter choking in sick for half an hour with Sam and Gemma twittering around me anxiously on both sides and my boy, my two boys, they were twin stars in the sky above me. For a while I wished I was dead, down among the low life in the sewers of the town. There had been a few taxis outside the club but not here, the dispossessed and desperate, the long walk home.

'Eh, I think we should have got a taxi while we could girls.'

Dark corners, men lurking in them kept away only because of our innocence and then, how nice to be back in our nice clean anarchist den and a nice locked door! I

needed to cure my poor sore tummy and I found the cure, chocolate digestive biscuits, bliss. I drunk Gold Blend instant coffee with nice white sugar, God Bless Gold Blend, and I thought things over. Will I really be a teacher? Am I really an anarchist? Will I spend my life searching the streets of the city for my two lovely lost boys? Gemma put on Hormonally Yours and I got up to dance but no I don't feel like dancing, not now. Then Sammy admitted (shame!) that she had the new Spice Girls CD. Desperate or what? Except tell you a secret, we all loved the Spice Girls, really, clever student anarchists that we were, we never grew up. Put it on Sammy and then I felt good, I wanted to dance again. At first we just linked arms, sang along,

Boy you were a FOO—OOL to treat me that way
Not going to let you I'm going to forget you

I was looking from Gemma to Sammy and it felt as if I had never looked at either of them before. They were looking at me the same way. We danced and shouted a challenge to each other,

Well it's a Saturday night you know the feeling is right
Don't you know we'll get so high?
Get down get deeper and down
Get down get deeper and down

Saturday night

Sammy was the first one to take the plunge. She tugged her jumper over her head and down on the floor, she pushed her jeans and her pants down together and rolled back, kicking them off her feet. Fierce little Gemma wrestled me like a demon, we tumbled and rolled, kicked clothes all over the floor.

Get down deeper and down
Get down get deeper and down
Saturday night

I spread out so my right leg crossed over Gemma's left leg, her right leg crossed over Sammy's left leg. For a moment we hugged and hugged each other with both arms. I stared at me, I stared at Sammy and Gemma, they stared at me, we couldn't help it, those creamy, pinky, crinkly, silky parts, yes we all had them, we didn't hide them. I never looked so good and hard at myself before, looked deliberately with my legs wide open. It was where I weed, where I bled, where I let my boyfriend have his way with me and to tell the truth I never wanted to look too close but now I thought how lovely we were, all of us. Actually I only ever touched myself with pads when I was on or wet flannels to wash or soft toilet paper to blot up wee, hardly ever with my

fingers. I was secretly still a bit prissy and clean for all that I joined the sisters in their filthy anarchist girl talk but now I looked at Sammy's hands and copied her. Sammy copied Gemma and Gemma copied me. It was like something I dreamed of a hundred times but woke up and knew I wouldn't dare. Me an anarchist? Who am I trying to kid? I dared it now, jumped off, I was falling. We linked arms and stared into each other's eyes, falling.

Wanna get down wanna get down
Wanna get down Saturday night
Wanna get down wanna get down
Wanna get down Saturday night