

The Saga Of Sue

By

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It was an epic game of snooker. The highest break was seven – a foul on the black. After a four hour bout at the snooker hall I was victorious. So, to celebrate, we decided to hit the tiles of our hometown, Leigh-on-sea.

Coincidentally, that same icy, January night, my 17 year old brother had managed to fake his way into our local pub – the Carlton. He did it with my I.D. My pre-pubescent brother doesn't look 12, let alone 22. But somehow he did it. So, to celebrate this milestone achievement we looked around to see if he had any of his pocket money left to buy us a pint. After avoiding the traditional Carlton pub bust-up, there wasn't any sign of him. After the long search, which was worryingly sobering us up, we gave in and turned to leave. But out of the corner of my eye, who was I to see?

She was a mum at the school where I worked. I didn't know her name but knew her face from the playground when she picked up her daughter. She was alone and weeping. I approached, knowing a friendly face might cheer her up. I also saw it as a golden opportunity to get laid. She was my favourite mum and maybe tonight was the

night I could express sexual fantasies I had for her, and as streaks of mascara painted her face, I felt she could do with some good news. Had she had been one of the not so good looking mums, I would have rather thrown myself into the fight at the other end of the pub.

“Hiya. Are you ok?”

“Hi.” She sniffed. “I’m fine. Honestly,” She lied.

“Are you sure? You look a tad upset.” I smiled.

“Yeah, don’t worry about me. You shoot off.”

My thirsty father stood behind me, rushing me to make a decision. We left, but I wasn’t happy. As we ploughed our way through the cold wind, I questioned myself about what I should have done. Walking past the Co-op, I stared at myself in the window. Should I have stayed, or should I have left? Was I a man or a mouse? What was her cup size? I stopped to confide in my father.

“Dad, I think I should go back and do something.” Then he came out with one of the most inspirational quotes I have ever heard.

“You’re a wolf, go and unleash the fury.”

We high-fived outside the co-op and I made one of the greatest decisions of my life. Even better than the time my Tesco value football fell on a train track and I decided not to get it. I headed back to the pub to try and get in her knickers.

I walked in like I owned the place. I was Mr Kray, I was Mr Biggs, I was Mr Ali, I was Mr Bean. I didn't even speak to her. I just sat next to her, "One JD and coke babes," I said to the barmaid, "On the rocks," I added smugly.

"Anything else?" She glanced at the crying lady next to me, the lady I came back for.

"No, just the JD...credit crunch."

I took a sip of my watered down drink then, turning to my target, I paid her a compliment to cheer her up, "You look like shit." She laughed but it wasn't supposed to be a joke. She began to talk about her predicament but unfortunately it was really boring and I wasn't really listening.

Interest was waning very quickly until I noticed my brother and his three friends in a booth in the corner of the pub. I considered going over to say hello until I noticed two of them were crying and another was throwing up, everywhere. Luckily my '22 year old' brother was maintaining some decorum, quietly sitting, sipping his triple Rum and Coke. (I was to later find out that one of the weeping two, Jack, was crying because he'd been notified that his mother had left his dad to go clubbing – in a bunny outfit; enough to make any son weep). I decided to stay. I could handle one set of tears, but not two accompanied with sick – I had my own battles to win.

During this time, my potential sex partner was still talking about herself and my drink was emptying. She kept saying things like, 'love of my life', 'eight years', 'last forever' and 'kill myself'. I just wanted to get naked. Though, finally, after some legendary listening skills she said the magic words, "Do you want to come back to my place?"
"Yes." No questions asked.

As we were walking back to her house I thought it would be a good idea to ask her name. She told me, and I forgot it. She told me again,

and I forgot it again. So I decided to call her sue. She didn't notice; she was blind pissed. I suggested we link arms to keep warm and for me to feel her up a bit. She said that it wasn't a very good idea as her boyfriend may be waiting for her on the way back to her place. After hearing that, we picked up the pace.

The small porch area could barely fit one person, let alone two. I stood up against the coats as she locked the porch door. She guided me through to the hallway. She told me to get comfortable so I undid my belt, "Not that comfortable!" she quipped. She gave me a tour of the house. She showed me her daughter's bedroom and it was at this point I felt a genuine sense of pride that, as a teacher from the same school her daughter attended, I was going well and above the call of duty by trying to keep the children's parents happy, even if it did mean sleeping with them.

We went into the kitchen. Some of the tiles that made up her floor had cracked. The table was ancient, carved wood but cosy nonetheless. The wall was scattered with pictures of her daughter, some photos with frames, some simply blu-tacked to the wall stone walls. There

were a couple of her boyfriend which brought me back to the reality of the situation; location of the back door was noted. Sue opened a bottle of Hock. I poured because she couldn't. She fumbled her way through her CD collection, "Oh, I love this album! It's such a classic! It'll set the mood just right." I was thinking Seal, Bill Withers, Righteous Brothers, Rod Stewart. It was The Ting Tings with *That's Not My Name*. "Don't you think these are one of the greatest artists to ever come out of the music industry?" I sipped my wine and didn't take my eyes off her thirty-nine year old breasts. The song was shit, though it was quite apt considering I couldn't actually remember her name.

After endless ways of trying to get her naked, I needed a pit stop. I went for a wee.

On my return, she sat staring at me, Ting Tings off, just waiting – with her guitar. "Can I play you a song?"

"Sure." Anything is better than the fucking Ting Tings...or so I thought.

She began to play a song she wrote herself. As she picked away at the strings and the words passed from her beautifully delicate lips I

couldn't help but think about how great The Ting Tings suddenly sounded.

Twelve minutes later, the song ended. A deathly silence filled the warm air. "I wrote it when I was younger."

"It was about a man who I used to love, but he never knew that I loved him...and he never will." She lowered her drunken head and talked to her petite feet, "What did you think?"

Now was my time to pounce. I reminisced the moment my father and I high-fived outside the Co-op and did what any man wanting intercourse would have done. I slowly put my hand to her chin and gently lifted her middle-aged head, and then I whispered, "Sue...it was beautiful." On that note she dropped the guitar and jumped on my lap and like a zombie from a dodgy B-movie proceeded to eat my face. It was amazing, she kept calling out, "I'm kissing Mr Pudney!" She kept stopping though because she was close to being sick. I didn't mind, the weight of her was knocking the wind out of me so I needed a break every now and then.

I was close to the jackpot. I decided to carry her upstairs but after two steps I had to put her down. I said it was me (because I'm such a nice guy), but in reality she was far too heavy. I was knackered. So we romantically yet individually walked up the stairs and fell onto her bed together. I fell passionately; she fell because she fell asleep. I had to keep waking her up for a kiss – the spark was slowly fading. So after sitting, just watching her in all of her unconscious beauty for about one hour, I decided to leave. Tonight was not to be the night. As I was leaving, she woke and mumbled, asking if I could turn the lights off and clear the wine away. I obliged, in the morning she wouldn't have remembered asking anyway.

Downstairs, I decided it was time to head off. I closed the front door behind me and tried to open the porch door. Locked. I turned to open the front door to get the key in the house. Locked. Trapped. I pondered on what to do. I tried to think of a James Bond-esque way of getting out of my 2x2 porch prison. Then I wondered about what would happen if her boyfriend decided to turn up at that very moment, so I frantically rang the front door bell.

Twenty minutes later she came fumbling downstairs, bumping into the walls as she came to save me. She opened the door and unlocked the porch door. We kissed again until she interrupted me by whispering in my ear, "My boyfriend just texted me, he says he's coming over," So, without saying goodbye I ran, and ran and ran and ran until I got home.

Lying in bed after my eventful night, I weighed up my positives and negatives, but overall I still believed we shared something special, which no one could ever take away from us. I 'm not sure what it was, but I'll ask her on the school playground on Monday.