

MY FIRST TIME

Last night I had a virginal experience. It was great, much better than I could ever have imagined. She was dressed in bright trendy pastel colours and used her subtle charm to lure me into her clutches. Yes; it was time to discover another dimension to the rich tapestry of life.

I'm not sure who she was in a past life but I know she definitely had one. She had re-invented herself more than once that much is true. As I proceeded through her dwelling I calmly thought that this place had seen much traffic and she was far more popular than I had hoped.

The whole affair at this point became very clinical. I had a very good reason for being there and she knew that her service was essential to many people. It was over in an instant. The air was dense with moisture, my presence of mind hampered by the bone shattering din. Amongst the chaos, nothing was said. Nothing could be heard anyway. We both knew what part we played in this cathartic orgy of purification. After a violent climax of seismic proportions, she lay motionless before me. An awkward silence hung in the air. I was confronted by an object that I no longer needed. And the feeling was mutual on account of the contemptuous look of disdain she aimed squarely my way. There was nothing left to do but pack my bags and leave. If I didn't, I risked being taken to the cleaners and hung out to dry by this money hungry unit. But then I realised that this was business. It was nothing personal, just business.

I had walked in with a full load and I must say with a measured dose of apprehension. I walked out with a full load and promised to keep in touch. Sure it cost money but so does everything. Her name is Laundrette and she lives in Albert Park.