

Cindy

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It's 10 am and I should be out of bed, except here I am lying around in my own filth and sweat. Last night was fun I admit, but i'm paying the price now. My mouth tastes like what I would imagine a gorrilla's armpit to taste like. My head hurts and my face is puffy. There are crease marks on my cheeks and my underpants have been on for three days straight. Last night was a good night for all concerned. Being twenty four, unemployed and living in such a village as Purton can be rather disheartening for a young ambitious male like myself. Any chance of fun is warmly welcomed. I'm Bobby Greenhorn – wannabee fighter pilot, but in reality i'm just any old bum.

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Last night was fantastic. One of those nights where you expect anything to happen. I'd gone to meet a couple of mates at The Angel, somewhere I usually whinge about going to, but on this occasion I just couldn't be bothered to pick a fight. It was Friday night, i'd had a tough day lying around playing computer games (i'd failed to get past level 7 of Gun of Justice) and just to go out and let loose was fine with me.

We met at 8pm, as we always did, me, Johnny Snow and Martin Teatington. We always liked to hurt Martin's feelings, by calling him 'Teaty', especially in front of good looking girls.

Anyway, so there we were, propping up the bar at The Angel. Burt the barman was there serving everyone drinks and trying to act cool whenever a good looking lass ordered a drink. Tonight, his greasy hair was slicked over in a side parting, showing off the most enormous boils on his forehead. Burt basically looked a bit like a diseased crow, but he was pleasant enough to our faces and people liked him regardless of his repulsiveness.

I was puffing out my chest as I normally do, to impress the ladies and drinking lager at the bar. I like lager. My father calls it onion water, but I like it's crisp, clean taste. Two girls that I had never seen before looked over at me and then quickly went back to chatting between themselves again. I thought i'd go over and introduce myself, seeing as though one of them in particular looked moderately attractive.

"So what do you do in life?" I casually remarked to the girl.

On closer look she was beautiful. Her hair was of an almost unnatural consistency. Extremely blonde and lustrous. Her body – an hourglass.

She went on to tell me all sorts. Maybe she was nervous, but she babbled on for ages about her main job as a careworker and how in the evenings she modelled now and again for a toy company. After an hour or so I asked her if she had a place we could go to continue the night. Turned out she rented a small flat about a fifteen minute walk away.

It was now around ten o'clock and the pub was still buzzing and my mates were having a good old chinwag and bantering session on my behalf, as I'd been chatting to this girl (she told me her name was Cindy) for ages. I think they were jealous. I would be too, she was a fine looking girl.

We left the pub at 10.30 after having another drink together. Her friends were now chatting to my mates, so we felt we could quite comfortably bugger off without feeling like we'd left anybody in the lurch or anything. We didn't bother say proper goodbye, they just looked over at us as we picked up our coats and we gave them a wink in return.

Cindy's flat was on the third floor of a three story building. If the flat was in London or New York, you may like to call it a penthouse apartment, but this was Purton so we just called it a flat.

"What do you think of my penthouse apartment" said Cindy with an ironic tone to her voice.

"Wonderful dear, absolutely fabulous darling – I'm particularly enjoying the views over the rest of the estate" I responded suitably.

We settled down into the night on her sofa. Cindy poured me a glass of red. I looked at her again and wallowed in her perfection. I felt small and ugly in comparison, but calmed my anxiety by reminding myself how charismatic and funny I am.

Cindy got up off the sofa to go and have a look at her cd collection. She only had about twenty cds and some of them seemed a bit suspect to me. For example she owned a couple of Phil Collins albums as well as the first album by Ocean Colour Scene. Never did like Ocean Colour Scene. But I forgave her for her sins and she came back with a Smiths album. I could just about cope with that, so I told her to put it on.

After a couple of drinks I put my arm around Cindy and went in for a kiss. Her lips yielded and our mouths met. Saliva flowed between us as we snogged. It felt nice. I thought i'd take things further and started to rub the inside of her legs. She parted them slightly to let me know she was happy for me to do this. I continued for a minute or so and whilst my left hand kept rubbing and touching her leg, my right decided to cup her breasts. I was happy again as she once again yielded and took her very tight top off. Her breasts looked magnificent in the black bra she was wearing, but they couldn't stay in it forever so I undid the clasp on the back and unleashed them. Wow, how incredible they were. She was really horny, I could tell, as she was breathing deeply and arching her back and pelvis upwards. I decided to go for the next step and undo her trousers. One button by one, they opened, revealing matching lacy black knickers. Oh Cindy, I think I love you I thought to myself. I peeled her tight black trousers over her thighs and ankles and she was down to just knickers. She pulled me towards her and brought her mouth to mine once again and pushed my hand downwards. My hand pulled either side of her knickers down and exposed an exceptionally well groomed crotch. Not a hair in sight. A modern woman. I was excited. I pulled her knickers down quickly over her ankles and off they went as I threw them over the other side of the room. Cindy looked at me, a wild, primal expression in her eyes. I looked down as I prepared for my next attack and suddenly gasped. Cindy didn't have a vagina. I couldn't believe it, but I looked again and it was true. It was just smoothed off.

"What!?" I said bemusedly, trying not to hurt her feelings.

"I know, I know, i'm sorry, I was just born that way. There's nothing wrong, it's normal the doctor says. He says it's just something called 'Barbie doll syndrome'. There are about five people in the world who also have it. He thinks it's part of nature's way of stopping humans reproducing. There are an awful lot of us don't you think?"

"Well yeah, I agree, but I can't lie, i'm shocked. I've never seen anything like it before. So what do we do now? I mean, we can't have sex can we?"

"It's ok, we can smudge a bit - all of my sexual feelings just kind of happen without intercourse. But I can understand it may seem weird for you..."

We spent the rest of the night drinking and laughing and petting. It was blissful. I could've stayed in that moment forever.

The next morning I got up and left whilst Cindy was still asleep. She looked so beautiful there – hair tousled and her sleepy swollen lips parted slightly. She looked like Brigitte Bardot. She was my very own Barbie doll.

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So here I am, in bed, hungover. Teaty texted me to say that Johnny had gone off with Cindy's mate and that he had gone to get a kebab. Like I said – a good night for all concerned.

To be honest, i'm waiting for Cindy to text. I really enjoyed last night. I can't lie, it was a shock to learn she doesn't have a vagina, but apart from that she's a winner.

The phone buzzes on my bedside table. Cindy flashes up on the phone screen.

"#greatnight.com"

Is this a joke? What's with the hash tag? Is she being a witty mcvitie? How do I respond. I decide to double bluff a bluff, whatever that is and text back"

"#reallyenjoyedthebantzlolzababz"

I sit there and wait. No reply. I wait for twenty minutes and start to panic. What have I done. I've ruined it. Do I send her a text back saying I was joking. No, too needy. I sit here and wait. That's what i'll do.

The phone buzzes again. It's Cindy.

"What you doing later, fancy going for a walk or something?"

All that panic for nought. But why did she take an hour to reply? Anyway, i'll let that go.

"Hmm, maybe, where do you want to go/do?"

She texts back almost immediately. That hour long wait for another text must've been a blip or something. Maybe it was something to do with her smoothed off-ness. Maybe instead of pooing and weeing she has to do something else that takes longer to do.

"Avebury? Oh, by the way, I wasn't ignoring you earlier I just had to evaporize. It's what I do instead of , well, you know. Takes a bit longer than what you have to do, but does the job"

I ponder for a moment, and try to consider what she has just said. I try to understand my thoughts. Part of me is repulsed, another part is intrigued and somewhat invigorated, as if i'd suddenly stumbled upon a rare animal in a jungle somewhere inside an extinct volcano. I decide to bury my head in the sand.

"Cool, Avebury sounds good, what time, two?"

"Yeah, sounds good, i'll pick you up at two then x"

"Deal, see you in a bit x"

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There's a car outside my house. It's Cindy. I look out of the window and see her blonde head attached to her body, and her body is sat inside a blue Ford Mondeo. It's two minutes to two.

I poke my head out of my bedroom window and yell at her.

"I'll be down in a minute, I just have to wash my hair"

Cindy rolls her eyes and smiles and waves like the queen.

I get up and walk slowly and methodically down the stairs, so as not to trip and break my neck.

"My hairs were washed earlier by the way, 'twas mere bravado back up there on the balcony" I exclaim upon arrival.

Cindy looks great in the car, with her blonde hair and perfect skin. Great juxtaposition. The modeo suits her down to the ground. I like Mondeo's. They're hideously uncool. Dad-chic, but now they use them as banger racers, and that's cool. They do banger racing at Standlake, a nearby track. Lots of tyre screeching and banging goes on there and the yokels look on in wonderment with their burgers and dogs.

We get to Avebury in under half an hour, which is quick by anyone's standards. A girl that drives fast is a girl that drives fast, in my opinion.

Cindy parks the car and I go off to get a ticket. We discuss the next options. After what seems like five minutes we decide that we should go to the Red Lion for a drink and then amble slowly around the stone circle, chatting and getting to know each other.

The Red Lion is rammed. There are hippies everywhere. Hippies and people pretending to be hippies. Everyone has flowers in their hair but they aren't going to San Francisco. They are probably just going to go home after their day out in Avebury and watch telly.

Cindy and I go to the bar and get a drink. I choose a lager and Cindy wants a Gin and Tonic. She tells me to get them in whilst she goes to the toilet to powder her nose. I tell her that her nose is perfectly gleaming and doesn't need any more make-up added to it.

Cindy gets back and we sit down in the corner. I go and pick up one of those free entertainment rags you get in places like this and put my feet up on the stool next to me.

"I hate these sort of mags you know, but they go down well with a pint don't they" I said.

"Yeah, they're rubbish" Cindy adds thoughtfully.

I tell her that one day i'll start my own magazine and people will sit down in pubs with their feet up, with a pint and go and pick up my rag, except they will pick it up with glee because i'll make them really rare by only printing a few copies.

"What's it going to be about, your mag?"

"Dunno haven't thought about that yet" I respond.

I notice that Cindy is quiet. Not that i've actually known her that long. She may just be a quiet kinda girl. But her eyes look kinda shifty too. What's she thinking? Her gaze keeps averting away from mine everytime I hold any sort of contact and she keeps looking at her phone.

Eventually she speaks.

"I've got something to tell you, Bobby."

"Oh yeah, what's that?" I coolly reply.

"I've got a boyfriend"

"What?!"

"His name is Mark and he lives in Chippenham. We've been going out for a couple of years now. My parents love him. But i'm not sure I do. He wants me to marry him. We're engaged. But I just don't know."

"I don't know what to say. I really enjoyed last night. Like, really enjoyed it. If i'm honest I really like you. How annoying."

"Mark has Ken doll syndrome" Cindy blurted.

"What, he's like you? I thought you said that only five people in the world have what you have?"

"There are. It's just a massive coincidence that he happens to live fifteen miles away. Everybody says we're perfect for each other. I'm not so sure. Oh Bobby, i'm so sorry. I should never have agreed to come on this date with you. Last night was a mistake. I feel so guilty."

"Oh thanks. A mistake. Nicely put"

"I'm sorry Bobby, can we go home please?"

We both down our drinks and get up and leave. The drive back is awkward and silent. My head's a fog. So disappointing. Apart from not having any genitalia she was my ideal woman.

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A few years passed. I got older and wiser and decided to join the RAF to try and train to be a fighter pilot. After a period of studying and dedication, perhaps a little unbelievably I became a fully qualified fast jet pilot.

It was around the time of me getting my full license that I bumped into Cindy again.

I was in ASDA doing some shopping, and there she was, stood with a trolley, on her own. She looked as stunning as the day I first saw her. But her eyes looked distant and sad. She turned and saw me and her face lit up.

"Oh my god, Bobby! It's you! How are you?!"

"I'm really good thanks Cindy, i'm in the RAF now. I'm a fighter pilot. Who'd have thought it!"

"Wow, that's amazing. Well done you. You look really well!"

"Thank you. So do you. You look as gorgeous as the day that you told me that you didn't want to date me. How is Mark anyway? Still with him?"

"We broke up ages ago. I walked in on him smudging with my sister. Perhaps the most disturbing thing i've ever witnessed."

"I'm really sorry to hear that. Hey what you up to now apart from shopping? Wanna go for a quick coffee?"

Cindy paused for a second and smiled.

"Yeah, sounds like a plan"



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