

## THINK BORING THOUGHTS

**Bjorn Ephgrave**

The only way I could hide my boner was to lean forward and fold my arms. If I was spotted, I knew I'd be the butt of jokes for the rest of my career.

Twenty minutes earlier, all the trades gathered as usual for lunch. We were on the middle floor of an old six-storey mill that was being renovated into apartments, offices and a gastro-pub. A kind of all-in-one village for the middle class.

The dining area was a vast square of dusty floorboards, upon which we had a dozen or so benches that had been erected on site by the joiners using off-cuts. Not exactly the height of comfort – nowadays they'd sell for a couple of grand in a shabby chic, reclaimed furniture store in Knightsbridge.

As the news headlines came through the Sanyo radio-cassette player, I tucked into the salmon-paste sandwiches that Mum had made for me. At sixteen, I maybe should have been making my own snappin', but Mum always insisted. The perks of being an only child I suppose.

No sooner had I begun to unwrap my Wagon Wheel than the radio went silent. There was a commotion amongst the labourers – one of them set about loading a tape into the stereo whilst another manhandled Joe, their supervisor, to the centre of the room and plonked him onto a stool.

*Whoa Black Betty. Bam-A-Lam.*

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The opening bars of Ram Jam's seventies classic wailed through the speakers and she made her entrance. High heels, shiny black skin, and huge boobs that were bulging out of a red bikini – at least one size too small for her. Banana in one hand. Can of squirry cream in the other.

'It's his last day today, he's getting married next week,' explained one of the other brickies at the table.

She gyrated around Joe, taking off his clothes – as sexily as you can take off a pair of dirty overalls and baggy Levi's. Her bikini was removed using his mouth.

Joe, naked. Black lady, naked. Striptease over?

No.

Question: How long does a sex show last?

Answer: One can of cream.

Fifteen minutes of dairy product abuse later and she was finished with him. The lads stood up to give Joe and his new friend a standing ovation. I stayed seated.

*Think boring thoughts. Bam-A-Lam.*

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