

Cottage Life

Bradley Stoke



Saturday, August 26

What fun! How groovy! It's been three days now and I've not worn a stitch of clothing. I'm like a real nudist, though of course I'm not one. I'm just liberated. I look at my reflection in that battered old mirror in the corner of the kitchen. I look real groovy. Natural. My hair's got real long and I really dig the look of my pubes. So much hair! If the girls back at Roedean could see me now! No more Dizzy Dot! It's Free Liberated Dot!

Still, it gets a bit boring in the cottage all by myself. I hope Bill and Sam get back soon from London. It might be swinging in the smoke and they're probably having a really wild time, but I'm getting a little bit fed up staying here with no one to talk to. At least, I've got all the LPs. And I really dig that Love LP Bill got me. Bill's a great brother. Got an ear for the hippest grooves. "Yeah! Love is the Strangest Thing!"

Sunday, August 27

It wasn't so warm today. Bloody Lake District! Never stays warm for long. But I'll be fucked if I'll get dressed again. And I was *ever* so daring today. George popped round and I didn't put any clothes on. Well, he's hip. He could see it was my choice, so he didn't say anything. And anyway he's a poof. Well, 'poof's the wrong word. It's 'gay' now. So, he probably doesn't even fancy me anyway. And then when we'd got onto our third joint, along came PB and his old woman, Mary. And they took their clothes off, too! Even though it wasn't that hot really!

But we got ever so stoned.

When PB and Mary and George left, I felt a bit unwell really. I like shit, but I'm not really as hip to it as Bill and Sam. They're due back on Tuesday. I can't wait! Let's hope Bill's brings back some good LPs from Carnaby Street. I really like the Turtles. Real psychedelia. Perhaps he'll bring back some acid too. Then like that Byrds song, we'll be 'five miles high!'

Monday, August 28

No visitors today. Just me. And I was shivering a bit. But I promised myself not to put on a stitch of clothing till Sam and Bill came back. Not that there's anyone to check on me, if I did. This cottage is miles from anywhere. It's a wonder it's even got electricity. There are a few sheep, I suppose. But sheep aren't my scene. And even Bill, who's tried everything, now, I think, would draw the line at sheep. Anyway he'll be back tomorrow.

I tried writing a bit of poetry. Of course, I'm not a proper poet like Bill or Sam. They're going to be fucking famous when they're discovered.

Anyway, here it is:

*'Twas on a groovy vase's side,
Where psychedelic art had dyed
The fucking flowers that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The huffish Dylan reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.*

Of course, it's not finished yet. But it's about our cat, Dylan, who died last year back in Reigate. And Bill said you've always got to get the word 'fuck' into a poem somehow. That way people know you're serious about your art.

Tuesday, August 29

Bill phoned. He won't be here till tomorrow. He and Sam were invited to a party at Tom's. I hope they don't have too much of that heroin stuff he takes. I've heard that it really fucks you up. I mean, it's not a hallucinogenic, like shit or acid. It's real heavy stuff. The Velvet Underground take that kind of stuff. I don't like their music, though Bill says I ought to try and get into it. No! I've been listening to Crosby, Stills and Nash, and Joni Mitchell, and the Mamas and the Papas. California Dreaming! That's me!

I got through about a whole sixteenth of hash today. I best be careful. Even though I know Bill will bring plenty back. He said he might get a few tabs as well. That'd be really groovy!

I wrote some more poetry. I got bored writing about cats. I thought I'd write about what you feel when you've had a real good trip. Here it is:

*For oft, when on my bed I lie
In vacant or in fucked up mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of being stoned;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And boogies with the daffodils.*

I managed to get 'fuck' in again, but I'm not sure how to get the poem started. But I like the idea of daffodils. I really like this 'flower power' stuff, although the

newspapers are just trivialising things. It's not all about flowers at all. It's also about getting high, getting laid and, erm, getting things done. I think.

Wednesday, August 30

Bill and Sam got here at last! But they didn't get here till nearly midnight. And I'd got through nearly all the dope waiting for them. Now, I can start wearing clothes again. But I'll wait till Sam and Bill do so first. It'd look bad if the chick gave in first. This stuff about Women's Lib. It's important. Chicks have got to show the way. And that means with free love too. And it's Sam who's been giving me that. And Bill's real hip about it. Even though him and Sam are the real lovers, and they share the same bed, like a real 'gay' couple. Bill knows I need a fuck. And Sam's a real good fucker. I'm pretty much fucked now. And I like how he fucks my arse too. That's really groovy. Though I hope he lets it recover before he fucks me there again.

While waiting for Bill and Sam, I wrote a bit more poetry. I scrapped that grotty one about daffodils. Well, you can't smoke them or anything can you?

*Little Lamb who made you
Do you know who made you?
Gave you life and got you shorn
By the stream and over the lawn;
Gave you numbers on your coat,
Twenty Six is what they wrote;
Gave you such a groovy voice
Making all the grass rejoice!
Little Lamb who made you
Do you know who made you?*

However, this poem sounds really feeble now the sheep have moved off to a different field. And I couldn't find a way to use the word 'fuck'. Or even less rude words like 'cunt' or 'shit'. And whoever heard of grass rejoicing? Rejoicing after smoking grass: yeah! It doesn't make sense the other way.

Thursday, August 31

I've still not got any clothes on. Neither Bill nor Sam have put on any yet either. And Sam's pretty well shagged out. He was fucking me for a couple of hours, and I really needed it, and then he had to go off and fuck Bill. It sounded funny, the two of them shagging each other in the other bedroom. I thought it'd be a kind of liberated thing to go into their bedroom and watch them to show I was like really hip about it. You know, your brother fucking someone who's just fucked you. But I sort of stood there, feeling really stupid, while Bill and Sam were just sort of grunting and groaning and pumping each other's cocks. I'm sure it's more fun to be doing it than watching it, but I actually got bored and went back to bed.

At least we've got more dope and stuff. We're doing a proper acid trip tomorrow, so I guess I'll stay nude till after that. That would be a kind of good time to put my clothes back on. When everyone's sort of come down. We smoked ever so much dope today. My head's sort of really sore. And I kind of regret letting Sam bugger me. My turds had all that funny spunk stuff on them. But it didn't stop him having another go at my arse today!

Sometimes, it's real weird seeing your brother and your brother's boyfriend (and your own lover) walking around starkers all the time. Suppose it's the same for them seeing me. God knows what Bill thinks of his sister now. My tits are a good size and I'm quite skinny. But not shaving under the arms still feels weird.

Actually, with the long hair and beards that Bill and Sam have got, like every guy who's hip, you can sometimes hardly recognise people. All you can see of Bill is two eyes and a nose and a lot of brown hair and beard. Sam always wears his glasses,

which look odd on someone starkers. But he's got a good prick. It has to be with both a brother and a sister to service.

Sometimes I wish I had another boyfriend. Sam's great, but it's weird sharing him with your brother. And Sam and Bill did ever such a lot of fucking in London. It seems like they fucked everyone. Chicks. Guys. They went to a couple of orgies, and not just that one at Tom's. In fact, Sam says Bill even fucked a dog. I can't believe that. But Sam says it's important to Bill that he try everything out. It helps him write poetry. They fucked transvestites. They fucked two black chicks. They fucked this big Korean guy. They fucked underage kids. That one I don't like the sound of. But I guess everything goes these days!

I didn't write any poetry today. Too shagged and blitzed out. But I got to hear some of the LPs Bill brought back. Some pretty weird psychedelic shit. Electric Prunes. Jefferson Airplane. Mothers of Invention. Grateful Dead. Captain Beefheart's Magic Band. Where do they find these tripped out names?

Friday, September 1

Well, we had a good trip today. Strong stuff. Purple Hearts or something. We got really blitzed. Most of the time actually, we spent huddled up together, listening to the Rolling Stones over and over again. Though I managed to get them to put on 'White Rabbit' by Jefferson Airplane. "One pill makes you larger. The other makes you small." Groovy!

Both Bill and I tried to make Sam's cock get stiff, but it just refused to do anything. I tried tucking it inside me to see if it would come to life. But it didn't. A dead loss as far as sex is concerned. And even now, hours later, it's not happened. I left Bill and Sam in their bed. I've still not got any clothes on. Somehow, I don't feel the cold so much when I'm tripping. Although I didn't get much in the way of hallucinations. A bit of that funny perspective twisting stuff. And things tasting, smelling and looking weird. But nothing like that time I thought I'd turned into some kind of furry monster.

Bill was pretty funny really when he was tripping. He kept on repeating the same phrases over and over again. Sam says it's because Bill's been getting a bit freaked out with all the different types of sex and drugs and everything. But Sam's been doing the same shit and he's fine.

Sam showed me some of the new poems Bill's written. I don't really like them at all really. They're sort of just weird. I know there's a lot of 'fuck's and 'cunt's and the like, almost more than any other words, but it's all disjointed and everything. Sam's a bit lazy, but the poems he writes I like a lot more. Although he does like writing about fucking. I often wonder if he writes about fucking me. Or if it's Bill. Or

if it's all those other people they were fucking in London.

One of Sam's poems goes:

*Take, O take that cunt away
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And that arse, that open door,
Tunnel that do desire for more.*

Another goes:

*O lover mine, who are you fucking?
O, stay and feel; your boyfriend coming,
That can sing both high and low.*

I don't know what they mean, but they sound good. And they've got four letter words in them, so they must be art. Bill's however go like this:

*On the Twinkly Crunkly Clinky
I fucked a sumply dinky
And farted like a cunt-faced whore.*

It doesn't quite have the poise, restraint or beauty of Bill's best poems.

Saturday, September 2

I put some clothes on today. But because I'm a liberated chick that doesn't give a fuck, I just put on a shirt, one of Bill's, which is far too big really, and nothing else. That way, I've got my pussy showing. No one could call me conventional. And Sam did the same thing, only with just a tee-shirt he'd got in London which has the words 'I Won't Go to Vietnam!' written on it. He got it in Carnaby Street. Apparently that President Johnson's been doing a lot of horrible things out there in Indochina. Sam says he hopes we don't get involved. It's the Americans' shit, and they should just wallow in it themselves.

Bill still hasn't put any clothes on. In fact, he's been pretty withdrawn and silent all day. He just sat on the sofa, the battered one with the spring through the leather, and strummed on this guitar he got in Shaftsbury Avenue. Unfortunately he only knows one or two tunes, and he doesn't play them very well. Sam and I spent the time smoking dope and fucking. He says he didn't fuck Bill last night. Bill just didn't feel like it.

Sam showed me another of Bill's poems. It's almost all crossings out and scribbles. There's a lot of 'fuck's, 'shit's and 'We're not gonna take any more of this shit, man!' But it didn't seem to be about anything.

Sam says Bill's depressed. I know Bill. He has weird moods. Up and down. Sam says what usually cheers Bill up is to do something he's not done before.

Sunday, September 3

Last night, after I'd written my diary, Sam joined me in bed. He said it just wasn't any fun with Bill. He was sort of muttering all the time. "Clinky. Clunky. Dinky. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck." Just like these weird spaced-out poems of his. Even Sam thinks they're not very good. Although Sam's not as hip to the avant-garde as Bill. He's not as keen on Soft Machine or Pink Floyd. I think he prefers all that folky stuff, like Joan Baez, Bob Dylan (before he went electric) and even the Seekers. I suppose Bill's abstract poetry might be like abstract paintings. I don't like those much either.

Sam tried talking to Bill today, but he was kind of huddled up in a ball. Sam says that Bill just needs a new experience to focus on. Something different. That always gets him focused. So, Sam and I dressed a bit more decent (first time I've covered my cunt in ages!) took the Morris minor out to Windermere, had a few pints in a pub, bought some stuff in the shops and laughed at all the squares. And they were all laughing at us. One said to Sam that if he didn't have a beard, he'd think he was a girl. How square can you get!

Actually, Sam said something very weird. Apparently Bill's saying he really prefers chicks after all. That he's not really a poof ... oops! Gay. Sam's not bothered so much. Any port in a storm, he says. Which isn't at all flattering. And then he said that Bill had said he's always wanted to fuck me.

Well! I sort of spilt half the pint of beer I was drinking onto the sawdust-covered floor of the pub we were in. And I yelped, which made everyone turn their heads round and look at me.

"You've got to be fucking kidding, Sam!" I cried. I immediately blushed. You

can't use words like 'fuck' in public. Especially on a Sunday. What would people think?

"No, it's true. He's said that since he's seen you nude all the time it's sort of made him think about having sex with his younger sister. After all, he's done a lot of different stuff. Lots of stuff I wouldn't do. Like that dog, for instance. And he did this thing with one girl where they were pissing all over each other and everything. I wouldn't want to do shit like that. It's like Bill just needs to try everything out."

"But I've never thought of Bill in that way at all. He's like my older brother. When I look at his cock, it's not like looking at yours. It's got a big sign over it that says 'Out of Bounds!' It's just not done. There's a word for it, isn't there? Incense?"

"Incest, I think. What they do in Cornwall. Anyway, Dot, it's not for me to judge, you know. Like I'm real hip to people doing what they like. Free love and everything. Make love not war!"

I giggled. "I've not heard that before. That sounds pretty clever, Make love. Don't make war. I s'pose it's what all this peace and love stuff is about, isn't it? But making love to Bill? I mean, having him put his cock in my pussy. I mean, I know you got me loads of those new pills back from London so I don't have to worry about getting pregnant or anything. But what if they didn't work? I wouldn't want some mutant child or something."

Sam smiled. "Soon as we get back we'll test those pills out again."

"Yeah! Right on!"

Monday, September 4

It was Bill who mentioned it today. Perhaps him and Sam had been gassing. But it sounded really awkward coming from him, even though he looked a lot more cheerful somehow. And he'd put on a Beatles record. Always a good sign. "I'd love to turn you on!" Groovy!

"You're a real groovy looking chick, Dot!" he said.

"And you're a groovy looking guy!" I told him.

"You know I think you're really really ... well like wow! ... you know ... pretty good looking ... a real foxy lady!"

"'Foxy'?"

"It means 'sexy', I think. Or perhaps it means you've got a bushy tail," I love it when Bill jokes. Then you know he's okay. Perhaps it was just some bad acid that made him go withdrawn. Or maybe he'd got a bit paranoid on all the Moroccan hash. But he looked like he'd got better.

"Well, I've got a bushy pussy!" I told him. Well, he could see that, as I was just wearing a tee shirt. It was an old one from the Aldermaston marches with the CND logo on it. My favourite still.

And then he touched me.

"It's very bushy!" he said.

He stroked my pussy for less than a minute, but in that time, he slid a finger inside the entrance, which was still a bit sore from all the fucking I'd had with Sam. And what was even weirder, is that it got really really wet. It frightened me. And it frightened Bill as well, because he took his hand away.

He coughed.

“You’re a real foxy lady!” he said, and then embarrassedly he made his way over to the record player to put on another record. Well, the Beatles record had got to that weird noise in the inside groove.

When we were alone together later, I talked to Sam about Bill touching my private parts. He told me that Bill had been getting quite enthusiastic about the idea. He said that with me being naked all the time, and not being a bad looking chick, and with Bill wanting to get back to being more ‘straight’ again, that it was an idea that was sort of growing in his head. I told Sam how wet it got me, so Sam had a feel inside.

“Fuck! You’re really very wet indeed!”

I kissed Sam on the lips.

“So, what are you going to do about it?”

Our fuck session was really wild. I must have made a lot of noise, because Bill came into my room to see what was going on. There I was, with Sam pumping back and forth into my pussy, and our hair all over the place, and my eyes were like streaming and I felt almost like I was on some stronger drug than the one joint we’d shared in the kitchen, all three of us, at breakfast. And there stood Bill, watching us, rather like I watched him and Sam, although when I’d been watching it was Sam I’d been sort of relating to, not Bill. He was naked still. In fact, I don’t think he’s put on a stitch since he got back from London, and it’s not so warm now, and his prick was really sticking up and erect. I thought of asking Bill if he wanted to join in, but I thought better of it. I mean, it’s not right, is it?

We didn’t say anything at all about it in the evening. We just slumped on the

cushions and sofas, passing joints around, and listened to all the records Bill had brought back from London. He's bought a lot. This psychedelic acid rock thing's got really big. And Bill explained a lot of the lyrics. How 'Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds' is about LSD. And what Jimi Hendrix means by 'Purple Haze'. It's all very clever.

Tuesday, September 5

It had to happen, I think. And it happened today. And now the rest of my life really *is* going to be different. There's a saying Sam saw on a poster in Carnaby Street which is that today is the first day of the rest of your life. I think it's supposed to mean that you can do whatever you like, and not have any hang-ups about the past. But on the other hand, today *is* the first day of the rest of my life. I'll never be able to see Bill in the same way again. And Heavens knows what Mummy and Daddy would think if they found out.

I mean, they didn't like it when Bill and Sam both dropped out from studying Greats at Oxford and used some of Granny's inheritance to buy this old cottage in the Lake District. And they didn't like it when Bill grew his hair long and started taking drugs. And Daddy got really pissed off when Bill told him that he was a homosexual and was having sex with Sam. But ever since Mummy and Daddy separated, neither one has really been able to tell Bill what to do. And when I left home after 'O' levels to join Bill and Sam in their squat in Covent Garden, and then up to the cottage in the Lake District, well, Mummy and Daddy just didn't have any energy left to argue.

And so it's all different now.

I've been fucked by my brother.

I've got to write that again.

My brother and I have been making love.

Either way it sounds weird, though I guess the second way is more true than the first way, because I sort of really wanted to make love in a strange kind of way. But it was fucking, nonetheless. He put his cock in my cunt. And loads of his spunk

went inside me and all down my legs.

And not just my cunt. He did my arse, too. And I also sucked his cock. That was actually weirder than the fucking. That was because I was actually right up against a bit of my brother's anatomy I don't usually see real close. And it wasn't like when I suck Sam's cock. And not just because it sort of smelt and tasted differently. And a different shape. Slightly longer. Slightly thinner. It was just having it so close to your nose and eyes and everything. With those hairy bollocks just underneath, which were so tender and hard at the same time. I dunno. It was just weird. And even while I was sucking him. And when he fucked me. I was thinking that this is not right. But it was because it wasn't what you should do that got my pussy so dripping wet. I don't think I've come as much as I did today since ... since ... well, I can't remember.

Certainly not that first time after school when I was fourteen. It was sort of all over before it had really got started. Perhaps the most like it was at that orgy I went to with Sam and PB in Bromley that time. The only time I ever kissed a girl. Though I'm not a lesbian. I didn't fancy her at all. And there were loads of weird drugs at that orgy. Cocaine and speed and stuff. Not just acid and dope. But today there was just a bit of dope, and no more than the usual amount.

It was bound to happen though. I could tell at breakfast when Sam and Bill looked at me funny when I came in, still dripping wet after having a shower, my long hair tied up in a towel and my pubic hairs sort of fluffed up.

“You look gorgeous, Dot!” said Bill appreciatively.

Well, Bill's never said anything like that to me before at breakfast, and he's seen me nude ever so often.

And it wasn't long after a couple of joints while listening to my favourite LP, 'Forever Changes' by Love, that Bill finally broached the subject. And he was uncharacteristically subtle.

"You're a real pretty chick, Dot. I think I fancy you, in fact. I know it sounds weird, but you know you got really pretty tits. And your face. Well, it's like a symphony. Or something. I think..."

"Oh! Shut up, Bill!" I said.

I knew he was going to say something like this. When I was sleeping with Sam the night before, I'd been thinking about my brother all by himself in the other bedroom, I was thinking about it. And I thought 'why not?' It's not going to kill someone or anything. And the modern age is about shedding all those inhibitions that fuck you up. Bill's a guy. And he's got a cock. And I'm a chick. And I've got a cunt. Isn't that what it's all about?

Then I did what I suppose I'd half meant to do yesterday. I grabbed his balls, which were on display as always, and his prick was a little bit stiff anyway, well, rubbery stiff, not rod-like stiff, and knelt down in front of him and started sucking him off. It's called a 'blow job' in America, I think. But like all American sayings, it doesn't make much sense, because you don't blow on the cock at all. You sort of gobble at it. Though I suppose it sorts of blows out its spunk on your face if you're not careful. And then things all went the way they always do when you start getting horny. You don't give a fuck about anything other than giving yourself pleasure and, in a funny way, pleasure to the other person.

Sam stayed out of the way. In fact, he told us later that after he'd finished the joint he'd previously been sharing with all of us, and then smoked a couple of his own

fags, he actually went out for a walk in the fields. To look at the lakes and write poems and stuff. But I don't think either Bill or I really noticed whether he was there or not. We got really into each other.

It was like opening a box of chocolates that you thought was really meant for someone else. And then getting as much out of it as possible. I wanted to show my older brother what I'd learnt. And not just with Sam, which he'd already know about, but with the other guys I've slept with. Like that guy who taught me where to put my finger just under the balls to stop a guy spunking too soon. And, of course, how I'd learnt to use my vaginal muscles to sort of grip on cocks inside me, to give them a bit of extra jizz. It's a different set of muscles for the arse as for the cunt, but I sometimes get them mixed up even though it's obvious which hole is being penetrated.

Bill didn't really show me anything I hadn't seen before. I guess Sam would have learnt about anything new from Bill anyway and he'd have already taught me it. Especially the trick of getting the anus ready so that when he entered it was already lubricated. Some people use butter, but spit and pussy-juice is usually good enough. But when I looked at Bill in the face, or even in the cock, it was obvious that what was important about all this wasn't so much what we were doing, but the fact we were doing it together.

And eventually, it was over. I was well and truly shagged. I haven't kept it going for so many hours for ages. Well, not with only one guy, anyway. And we were just sort of lying on the sheepskin rug on the lounge floor in front of the gas fire, when Sam passed us a huge seven-skinner he'd put together.

"Looks like you'll need this!" he said.

And he was right.

