

Chapter 9

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Just as Bill had been complaining, Peter was finding 4C restless. He explained that he wanted them to write a class play and maybe act it at the end of term. There was an initial burst of enthusiasm but when it sank in that they had to actually *write* it, there were cries of ‘I can’t write nothin’’, ‘Whadda we write about?’

‘Look class, it’ll be easy if we work together. All each of you need to do from now until the end of the period is to write down something important to you. In your own words, and pretend no one else is going to read it, if that helps. Maybe in the form of a diary entry, you know, something you want to remember, like it’s really important to you. Don’t worry about spelling or grammar. Just get the words down, okay? And don’t write your names on the paper. I’ll take them home and go through them and try to find a storyline. We’ll write the play together over the next few lessons.’

There was a bit more interest at that, particularly when they realised their work was going to be anonymous. Peter knew he was asking for obscenities and put-ons but he thought there might just be enough gold amongst the dross to put together a play that might mean something to them.

They were writing away in reasonable silence. Curious to see how they were going, Peter paced the class, to look over the shoulder of each pupil. But the crouching lower and the sidelong looks told him that this was not encouraging them to express themselves. He knew how much poetry he’d write, if some wanker stood over his shoulder. So he remained out in front, where all could see him.

Suddenly he heard a muffled buzzing. A couple of girls giggled. It had come from the desk of a quiet girl Peter had hardly noticed, sitting towards the back against the wall, her head

down. He walked towards her desk enquiringly. She lifted her face and stared at him with green, slanted eyes.

The shock rooted him to the spot. Twenty years of experience took the dazed automaton over that stood there. He turned to the class, several of whom had turned round, expecting an interesting diversion.

‘Right, back to your work, you others,’ he ordered over his shoulder. He turned back to Ginette. ‘What have you got there?’

‘An alarm clock. Sorry it went off – *sir* – it was an accident. True.’

She changed her position, lounging back, the attitude she had adopted when she’d first sat in Peter’s car.

‘Give it to me, please.’

‘Oh no sir, I couldn’t do that. You see, Mr Morrison, it belongs to a very special friend of mine. I’m lookin’ after it for ’im.’ Her smile widened as she spoke, and one green eye winked at him.

He was at a complete loss. It was the last period of the day, so he said without thinking, ‘I see. Well in that case stay behind after the others have gone. I can’t waste their time on this now. Get back to work.’ He had forgotten the most basic of a schoolie’s rules.

Peter sat at his desk, shaken to the marrow. This was going to determine his destiny all right! *Eighteen years old? Fifteen, more like!* Sexual relations with a student was bad enough, but her being under age made it statutory rape! The very name of the offence sickened him. This could ruin him. He desperately tried to appear normal. He glanced sternly at Ginette’s desk, she caught his eye and held it. Smiling slowly, she lowered her head back to work again.

The others had left. She was standing beside his desk. In her school uniform she looked like most other kids but perhaps her miniskirt was a little higher, her blouse a little fuller and tighter. Her hair was brushed back and shining, in good condition. She was no street slut. She

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looked down on him, smiling that maddening smile. Of course he'd thought that she had looked familiar when he picked her up. He'd taken her class a few times last term. It was just that you don't expect to see whores in school uniform or rather, schoolgirls in whore's uniform.

'Give you a surprise, did I, Peter?' *Peter*. She was going to play it tough.

'Ginette, I hope you're not...' He stood up, to gain height advantage.

'Not goin' to scab on you? Prob'ly not. I don't want to. True.' She sighed and looked up at him. 'Trouble is, Peter, I gotta lotta bills to pay. I got expensive tastes. You know?'

She slid her leg between Peter's and raised it, so that the top of her thigh gently touched the crotch of his trousers. Her face was only inches from his, that smile on her lips, her front teeth resting on her bottom lip. 'Twenty dollars and we call it quits. And while ya hand's there, y'can 'ave a feel if you like.'

He looked down and saw the afternoon sun from the windows picking up the fine golden hairs that stood out against the brown skin. He pushed her leg aside roughly. 'Stop that. Of course I won't.'

'Alright, Peter, just for that it's thirty dollars. Like now. '

All he could think was that he had to get rid of her. He paid her and she was out the door in a flash.

That night, as he went through the kids' papers, he came across one, neatly written, which read:

Dear Diary,

Peter Morrison fucks like a thrashing mechine. I'm still sore and that was days ago. It's worth it but cors I love him.

Yours,

Jacky