

NAMES
Ashley Chantler

Steve's just read this year's contenders for the *Literary Review's* Bad Sex Award and doesn't know what to think. Should he feel relieved that he wasn't nominated, that there's no extract in the *Guardian* with a few pithy sentences by John Mullan or Lucy Mangan, no *Woman's Hour* groans and raised eyebrows, that the country's literati – the Twinings sippers – aren't sniffing – sniffing they do, tittering they do not – presumably because *To B or Not To B*, a six-hundred-page *Bildungsroman* about the LGBT 'community', was published by Beside the River Books, a small press near Betws-y-Coed, and was never on the radar of the *Review's* readers?

But Erica Jong and Morrissey don't need the ...

Steve gets a large one, strokes his pussy, and finds a purple passage.

'Oh yes, Steve, oh yes!'