

STING IN THE TALE

There are environmental activists, and there are environmental activists. And then there was Sid Smith. Sid was more of your actual tree hugger. In fact there was one tree deep in the forest that used to be Sid's favourite. That it had a conveniently placed knot hole was quite by the by and no-one's business but Sid's until a nest of wasps took up residence, unbeknown to him. Naturally, they took great exception at this brazen intrusion on their chaste privacy. When, after a few days, the swelling (and the barely controlled hilarity of the A & E Team) had subsided, Sid was a changed man in more ways than one. For instance, the mere sound of buzzing was liable to bring on an incipient attack of the hives and an instinctive shrinkage of the extremities in the nether regions that temporarily lent him the physical attributes of true gender fluidity. Which, for Sid, was an interesting condition given his predilection for the more extreme forms of sexual gratification. Not only that, the whole experience set him on the path to improve the lot of fellow introverted experimenters like himself.

Sid was a single man. That, perhaps, goes without saying. Not that he was without companionship, although the companions he favoured tended themselves to occupy what might be regarded as the slightly curdled fringes of vanilla society. Brenda was a case in point. He was a frequent visitor to Sid's tawdry bedsit, tottering precariously up the steep staircase on his Laboutin heels, and so accompanied him on occasion : register as a new reader or login now if already registered special obligations towards a more S ed to be called David at weekends). Brenda didn't mind, since both Trevor and Daphne (sorry, David) often needed the sort of ministrations in their burgeoning relationship that neither was really equipped to provide but Brenda indubitably was, much to his chagrin - or delight if truth be told. It made for an interesting threesome. Sid, however, preferred trees. Or used to.

Brenda flopped down on the sagging armchair and eased the Laboutins off, revealing rather more of his skimpy, bulging, underwear than was absolutely necessary as the slinky red skirt rode up his thighs.. "You would think that nowadays they would make these in a size 12", he complained to a brooding Sid, regarding the Laboutins with displeasure.

Sid looked at him sourly over the top of the computer screen. "What do you expect, Fred? ' he said. "Haute Couture isn't exactly up to spec in the trans scene."

Brenda bridled. "If I've told you once, I've told you a hundred times, I identify as Brenda!"

Sid tossed his head derisively. "And I identify as Gunga Din," he snorted.

Brenda glared. "It's all right for you, but these shoes don't half chafe," he complained, massaging his aching feet.