# Willy Willcox and the Golliwog

I

The wizard was right. I didn't believe him. I did it to prove him wrong. At the full moon, at quarter past three in the morning, on a day when I had not seen a limping monk, I took my trousers off and buried them, put a radish into my anus, crawled three times clockwise around the blasted thorn, uttering the magic words, and shagged my little sister's golliwog.

And he was right. I didn't do it because I believed him, I didn't even do it because it sounded worth trying. I did it because it sounded ridiculous and ... and to prove him wrong. But he wasn't, he was right. The doll came to life.

It didn't seem to at first. For a while I rubbed away but got little response, even from mister willcox, virtually none from the doll. I reasoned that being out on the heath, with a cool breeze up my bum (as well as a radish) and an irrepressible sense in spite of the hour that somebody was bound to happen by and see me, inhibited the magic somewhat. But it was also slightly cloudy, and I've wondered since whether the moon needs to be fully visible for the ritual to take effect. It did seem to come from behind a cloud, and the heath suddenly illuminate, just at the moment when I noticed her little legs moving.

As soon as they moved on their own, the soft silky little hollow between them widened and moistened and deepened until it became my love tunnel. I gently but firmly pushed in and out, and she began to relax and tighten with me. Her little hands pressed up at my belly and she made a little squeak, as I eased and squeezed myself deeply and fully into her tight tiny teeny-weeny tickly little love passage.

Tiny as she was she was accessible and willing and deep, she was neither difficult nor diffident, she had come alive in the act that gives life and showed nothing but natural, innocent pleasure in it. Tiny as she was I felt longer and seemed to go deeper than I ever had before, even with the sheep: I rose to a tremulous ecstasy of thrusting, and climaxed in her with great vigour and spurt.

I stroked her fuzzy hair. She was far too small, being a rag doll come to life, for me to kiss while inside her. But as soon as I'd finished I lifted my body and arched down to meet her pretty little face. Black in the moonlight, with big white sparkling eyes, she looked up at me with childlike trust and affection, and parted her moist lips in a wide smile, full of little white teeth. And as I kissed her she did a sweet squeaky little giggle. Once my exhaustion had subsided I stamped her with kisses about her face and her little chest, but her clingy little hands kept

bringing me back to her mouth, her loving thrilling softly giggling mouth-wateringly kissable little mouth ...

It could hardly be helped, kissing and canoodling with her thus on the moonlit heath, that after three quarters of an hour or so I was aroused again. Sensing which, or seeing mister willcox stand ready, she took her mouth away from mine and went down my body and to my amazement teased me with her tiny tickly tongue, enclosed me with her tichy little lips, inviting nay imploring me to lie upon her thus and make her mouth my love cave. My wariness of harming her as well as my surprise at her uninhibitedness vied with my reviving passion, but were conquered by her own eagerness, and the ease with which she took me, long and hard as I once again was, deeply and fully into her squeezy squashy squelchy-welchy squidgy little love funnel.

Tiny as she was she was accessible and welcoming and deep, she was unrestrained in the enthusiasm with which she drew me into her, unperturbed by the depth of my penetration and the mounting vigour of my thrusts; and she swallowed with relish the milky drink that I finally squirted into her throat. Tiny as she was her hospitable body was the whole moonlit heath, the world, the night and all the black vasty sky sparkling with stars, like lovers and sheep seem to be when you are in their embrace, in an ecstasy with them.

After I'd finished we lay together, and kissed again, and she squeaked and giggled again. As my exhaustion subsided I began to explore her pretty body, tracing her lovely warm skin all over her with my fingers and lips. The cute little nipples on her perfectly flat chest, the cute little bellybutton in her nice round belly, her cute little cuntyhole, bald and silky and a bit sticky, so teeny-tiny yet so snug and so sensitive. Her spindly little legs and arms, her tiny ticklish toes, her smooth straight back and soft plump bum ... For she turned over, sharing herself with me entire, keen for me to know and caress every little bit of her.

It could hardly be helped, feeling and fondling her thus on the moonlit heath, that after three quarters of an hour or so I was aroused again. Sensing which, or feeling mister willcox against her thigh, she brought both her little hands to her little bum and, parting the little cheeks, to my astonishment displayed her tiny little bumhole to me, tempting me to explore and enter it, enticing nay encouraging me to lie upon her thus and make her anus my love shaft. My wariness of hurting her as well as my surprise at her naughtiness vied with my returning excitement, but were conquered by her own submissiveness, and the ease with which, prised wilfully open by her own little fingers, I squeezed and teased myself deeply and fully into her teeny tiny tichy-wichy itchy little love pit.

Tiny as she was she was accessible and yielding and deep, she wasn't the least bit resistant or reticent, she squeaked and wriggled with sheer delight, even while I worked my whole length, long and hard once

again, all the way up the tight tube of her sewage-pipe. Tiny as she was my renewed passion mounted far beyond the first careful nuzzlings till it was a frenzy of vigorous thrusting, all sense of her smallness, her innocence, her fragility, her being more precious than a doll or a sheep, abandoned in my ardour; all sense of how deeply in her I was, how much deeper I could go, where she and I ended, where she ended and the heath began, and the night and the universe and eternity ...

She stayed lying on her front after I'd finished. I eased my weight off her and lay exhausted by her side, watching her watching the dawn, her first dawn, there on the heath: my lovely little living golliwog, my beautiful little black girl, her velvety brown bumcheeks comforting my weary eyes, her bumcrack full of my shiny spunk.

I know ... I know you're expecting me to say that when I woke, hours later in daylight, being prodded by a man with a surveyor's pole and a stadiometer, embarrassed to find myself lying on the heath with no trousers and a radish up my bum, you're expecting me to say there was no lovely little black girl lying by me but just a little girl's golliwog, with several damp patches ...

I was hesitant to go back to the wizard. But as well as what I might tell him, which was not what I'd anticipated telling him, for like I said I expected to prove him wrong, but as well as that there was something I wanted to ask him. Something important I needed to ask him, had to ask him. I went when it reached that stage, when I simply *had* to, when I couldn't abide any longer without knowing, or anyway asking. For I didn't know if there was an answer, and dreaded it if there was.

I do be having a procedure that will but make thee invisible to surveyors, he said, after I told him my tale. Take thee a pinch of dogwort and a gherkin, go but by a circuitous path unto the heath of a moonless night on a day when thou hast not encountered a squinting dwarf, remove thy left—

There is something I must ask you, I cannot abide not knowing, I said, interrupting him. I know you don't like being asked things like this. I know I carry out your spells at my own risk, of my own free will. I know like Midas there are consequences to all magic and they are not your fault. My fault? said the wizard, as though he'd been told it *was* and not that it wasn't. Wizards are very sensitive about people coming back with consequences.

I simply want to know how long, I said. I can't abide not knowing, I'm driven to despair by the uncertainty. How long? how long? How long? said the wizard. I know I shouldn't ask; I know you won't want to tell me; I know you might not know. Might not know? said the wizard, as though that was a foul aspersion too. But if you know for pity's sake, I'll pay the price of the surveyor's spell and you don't have to give it to

me. Or if there's a way of finding out. Or if there's something I can do to insure it, to prolong it, to perpetuate it ...

I do but be nobbut an old wizard, nor not no clairvoyant, said the wizard, I do be buggered for to know what thou art rambling on about.

Oh I know how silly it seems, to a wise man like you, I realise it's not rational. I know now love *isn't*, it's ludicrous, it's nonsensical, it's magic. I never felt this for the sheep, not even that little lamb that time. Nor our pig neither. I honestly didn't want to come and bother you about it, but I can't abide not knowing. How long do I have her for? How long will she last? How long ... how long have we got ... my lovely little golliwog wife and me?

The wizard looked at me astonished. I'm not being greedy, honest I'm not, I'm not being selfish. Well perhaps a bit. But I want to do what's best for *her*, for us both. I want to take her for a picnic, one day, if the weather perks up a bit. Or to the seaside. I want to know if there's any point in having little clothes made for her or getting her a toy piano. I want to make plans for the future, for little baby gollies ...

The wizard continued looking astonished. I know, I know you're going to say we should be content to have the gift, the wondrous gift, the precious gift of living breathing life and unalloyed ecstasy in the act of bodily love, and not spoil it by wanting more or dreading less ... I know you're going to say you get what you ask for, if you wanted it for ever you should have said so, and paid more ... I know you're going to say magic is the same as real life, you never know when it's going to begin or when it's going to end, it's the human predicament, its no different for any man and wife.

The wizard had not ceased looking as if astonished. It crossed my mind that he might be, he might actually *be* astonished; perhaps he wasn't procrastinating after all. Perhaps he probably *was* astonished, mystified or incredulous, about something in my question, simple as it was.

Then he shook his head and said: I do be not going for to say none of them sayings. What are you going for to say then? I said. I do be but going for to say ... *go home* to thy lovely little golliwog wife and count thyself twice-or-thrice blessed, Hugh Clutterbuck, for the ritual and spell I did give thee ought but have loosed its hold at dawn and the mundane world reclaimed the upper hand, as it normally do do; the spell ought not have lasted at all, at all, ne'er mind but these here ... how many moons be it?

I didn't answer, I just looked at him flabbergasted. And he still looked a bit baffled himself, and shook his head again. I do but reckon there be some ingredient in thy jism, lest it be *that there* transcendent spark as sometimes happen twixt creatures when they do fuck, that do be yet more magical than magic be. For I do confess but I ne'er knew such

happenstance afore. I do be not knowing and there be but no way for to know, how long for thou hast thy little golliwog wife, by reason the truth be thus, and verily, but thou oughtest not have her at all, nor yet at all. She ought have turned back to but cloth-and-stuffing at dawn ... thou shouldest forsooth have woke trouserless next a damp golly.

II

I berember nuffing. I felt nuffing, I knew nuffing, I *was* nuffing, till he gave me life by fucking me on the heaff. I woke to him fucking me, I came alive with him fucking me, I besixt because of him fucking me. He says it was magick but I ffink it was fucking.

Fucking is magick though, it's the smashingest ffing ever. It's what we do all night, fuck and fuck and fuck, then all day we look fallward to doing it all night again. I love fucking.

The only ffing better than fucking is picknicks, and when the weather perks up a bit we're going on one. It'll be the bestest fucking time ever, up on the moonlipt heaff where I first got fucked, where I watched my first dawn. It'll be fucking fantasmick! It's the brillifantest place in the world for fucking.

I don't ffink I besixted before, before being fucked. He says I was a doll, a golliwobble, made out of cloff. And when that nasty girl his lippy sistrel says stuff-and-poppywoffle he admiffs I came from Affricka. All the way from Affricka on a Effing-fuckylump! Bursting for a fuck. What a long way to come for fucking.

It's a place in a story, where tichy black people and hairy Monkeys live. And Nosseloptropotamussies. And Fuckylumps! It doesn't make no diffulence to fucking on the heaff. As far as I'm not concerned I was fucked out of nowhere that night in the lovely moonlip. I was fucked into besixtance. I was born fucking.

Behaps the doll made out of cloff was a sort of pipture of what I'd be like when he fucked me up on the heaff, and fucked me into life. When he fucked the stuffing out of me and fucked life into me. That's why I'm chocolately brownd all over, and velvetly soft, with fuzzy hair and big round eyes. Persex for fucking.

Properly people, like his nasty sistrel, are creamy coloured with gingerly hair that hangs round their head and over their showdles and down to their bum, and they have little green eyes. And pimples. And they don't fuck. They hardly never fuck. They don't much like fucking much nor not getting fucked neither. They don't, they hate fucking.

They don't even like carrepsing, pimply people, never you mind doing fuck. But I'm so soft and floppy and fuckable, even his fluffy sistrel likes fingling of me. And sticking cangles up my bum. Not nobottle

won't never carreps *her*, her skin's all hard and goosepimpy and she's stiff and fridgetty. And she won't fuck. She doesn't never fuck. She's useless for fucking.

I'm not, I'm fucking magick! I'm Fucky the fuck-fairy! I'm full of fuck, I go fuck-fuckety-fuck and then fuck, I don't never get fed up of fucking. Fuck me! I'm fucksome and fuckful, I love a good fucking. He says I'm futterly fuckulous, I'm fucktasmick, I'm his flavourite fuckubus. I'm the fuckiest fucker in the whole fucking world. I'm a sexspurt at fucking.

Properly people, like his nasty sistrel, have really tight cunties and pinhole bumholes. Somebottle with a great big willy-willcox like Hugh Clutterbuckets wouldn't stand a stink of making fuck in her, even if she let him. Epsex in her gob, if she'd shut up. But she won't, she won't not let nobottle fuck her. She doesn't never get fucked nor fuck neither. She's a waste of time for fucking.

They don't not like fucking, creamy people, they do it begrudgily. They befer sleeping so that they're not so tired when they're awake. They get out of their drawers and do lessons or ploopyplops. Instead of fucking! They learn counting and fiano, they go on picknicks or seesaws. But they don't fuck. They don't never hardly not fuck. They don't, they can't be bothered with fucking.

It'll be the mostest fuckliciously fantabulestest ffing in the whole wide world, when the weather perks up a bit, going on a picknick and getting fucked. I'm looking fallward to it. Fucking on the heaff again, in the lovely moonlip, and having jam. It'll be the fuckingest time ever! He's promised he'll take me, if he's not too tired from fucking.

Fucking's a easy sneezy life, it is. I don't got nuffing for to never not do epsex fuck. I lie in the drawer all day, dreaming of getting fingled and fucked. Then all night I get fucked and fingled. His niffy sistrel says I'm useless. Epsex for fucking.

I don't know how long I don't have though. Somebottle with a great big willy-willcox like Hugh Clutterbuckles isn't going to spend his spurt having fuck with a living golliwobble. A effing-fuckywobble! No matter how fuckable, no matter how good at fucking.

Sooner or lately he'll find himself a properly fuck-wife, fuckworthy and fuck-fingly, with gingerly hair and pimples. Who can count and do ploopyplops and isn't tichy. Nor not not no floppy fuckbag neither! And doesn't like fucking.

Who'll fuck him begrudgily and then fall asleep. And he'll buy her a frock and take her on picknicks and fuck her in the moonlip. He'll fuck the socks off her. Then she'll have a baby. Fucked into life by fucking.

And I'll get left in the drawer, and not fucked no more. Or chucked out with the rubbidge by that nasty lippy sistrel. Or behaps she'll cast a magick smell that turns me into a real golliwobble, made out of cloff, with no skin and no feelings. And no fuck-holes. Fucking useless! And fuckless for everywhere, through all of eterminy. Not never doing no more fucking.

III

When my golliwog went missing I naturally suspected my brother because he was forever fiddling with it, even though he's twenty-one years older than me and far too big to play with dolls. I know he used to secretly take it to bed with him sometimes, and rub his willy on it. But the queer thing was, how the very day after my golly disappeared he got himself this girlfriend who was a real live golliwog. Dark brown skin all over her, and fuzzy black hair, and big wide round brown eyes. She wasn't much bigger than my golly either, she was everso tichy.

I didn't even know they existed for real at all, golliwogs, I thought they were just dolls, like Punch-and-Judy or Bears and Effielumps or ... or out of a story. But he says they live in Africa, they're all brown and little, they're related to Monkeys but they're called Pygmies.

So is that where Golly comes from? I said – that's what he called her, same as my doll. So how did she get here? So how come she speaks Cheshire? – she didn't actually speak much at all, except for squeaks and giggles while they were smooching. So how come she's not hairy all over? And how come she knows you? You never go anywhere except to market; you never knew any girls before except me; you only do nooky with sheep and you don't even do that the right way round.

You know how sisters can be, I was determined to win the prize, or anyway give him a hard time. I do I shag girls, he said – I knew that one would rile him. And I shagged the Man in the Moon, I said. I *do*, he said. Name two, I said. Why two? Well you said girls, so if you can only name one we'll know you fibbed won't we. I don't know her name, she didn't have one, he said. I caught you out, there *was* only one, who was she? She wasn't anybody, he said. I knew it all along, I said, you never done nobody except sheep and my golliwog. I have I have I ... I shagged you if truth be known, he said, but you were asleep. When? I said. Lots of times. Me and that boulster! I *did*, he said.

So do you love me then Hugh Clutterbuck? I said teasing, and giving him a big slobbery kiss. He said Yuck and wiped his cheek.

I didn't get anything out of him about how he'd met Golly except some cock-and-bull story about a magic ritual out on the heath and being woken up by a surveyor. He claimed this magic made my golliwog come alive and turn into his Golly, a real live little black Pygmy girl. I

didn't believe a word of it. But it *was* weird, how my golly disappeared and the very next day he came home with a Pygmy.

She spent most of her time lying in a drawer of the tallboy, she was everso idle, she wouldn't do housework or lessons or anything. So what use is she? She's useless. What sort of a wife's that? I said – he had this thing about how she was his *wife*, she wasn't simply his girlfriend or golliwog, she wasn't just some Pygmy slut: she was his soul-mate his heart's-desire his one-true-love his dream-come-true his reason-for-living and all that floppyplops. He was utterly besotted. And the answer to what use she was was obvious.

They kept me awake with their smooching and rumpypumpy all night. It was about all she was good for, the only thing I ever saw her exert herself at was nooky, though most of that's lying with your legs wide open going Oooh ooh, apparently. Three times a night. Three times a night he did her, with snogging and slobbering and muttering and mumbling and rubbing his hands and face and willy all over her in between. I wish I didn't have to share a room with him but I'm too young to leave home and since listening to Golly getting porked thrice nightly my old plan of running off with the butcher's boy is suspended. I suppose it's best to know what you're letting yourself in for.

He never used to give the sheep such a going-over. Five minutes and he's done and we saunter back whittling (I often go with him to shag sheep, because he needs somebody to help him catch one). None of this half-an-hour of aheur aahheurr aaahhheurrr; none of this shaking the bed till one of its legs fell off (it *was* funny though); none of this kiss-kiss fiddle-fiddle oh Golly your nipples are so beautiful, kiss-kiss fiddle-fiddle oh Golly your bellybutton's so beautiful, kiss-kiss fiddle-fiddle oh Golly your pinky-hole's ... I can't understand it when he gets round to her bum though, I mean when did bumholes start being so beautiful?

I quite liked her actually, the shagbag, I'm just being me; and anyway if she was my golly turned into his Golly by magic doesn't that mean she belonged to me all along anyway, actually? She was everso pretty, never made a mess, liked being felt and felt lovely, which I suppose might come from the golliwog she used to be if you believe all this magic ploppyflops – my golly was soft and velvety all over. On days when he went to market I used to take her out of the drawer for a feel, my brother's living Golly I mean, a feel and a fiddle. It was nice.

I also did a little experiment with her. I managed to get the candle a fair way up her bumhole – well I'd wondered if I could believe my eyes, watching the things he did to her, I never knew it was possible. But it is. She didn't seem to mind.

And his willy willcox is bigger than a candle, when it's on duty. I'd seen it when he's doing his sheep – he has to get it ready by rubbing it

in his hand. But I've seen it loads since he had Golly, up and down and in and out all night, I'm amazed it hasn't got worn out and frayed, or dropped off. And it never needed stiffening up for her, believe me, the very thought of her ... Which I suppose means he did really love her, or part of him did, so I shouldn't be so hard on him, the lummock. But you know how it is with big brothers, especially ones who're always making a sticky mess on your golliwog.

All these times you've done nooky with me when I'm asleep, I said one day (though I didn't believe him), I notice Golly sleeps most of the day and stays awake while you're shagging her. Anyway, I'm just going to lie over there and take my knickers off, then you can show me. He screwed his face up as if I was smelly or a boy or an old witch. I did it anyway, I took no notice, I took my knickers off and lay there.

Come on then Hugh Clutterbuck, get mister willcox out and show us what you're made of. I'm all jiggered up with shagging Golly three times a night and getting so little sleep, he said. Thanks, I said, I don't need you I've got a candle. You're too young, he said. Oh so I'm too young but *you* used to pork me in my sleep before Golly magically appeared, is that it? Well please yourself, he said, and went off somewhere. I didn't do it, poke myself with the candle I mean, I was just being me and getting him humpy.

He goes and sits with our pig when he gets in a flump. We just have the one, for christmas. I don't know if he shags her – I couldn't blame him, she's sexier than the sheep. That's where he was *that day*: the day when he wasn't anywhere all day and Golly wasn't in the drawer. He was sitting on the ledge of the outside bit of the pigsty, talking to the pig. He said he wasn't but he was.

I suppose being his sister I could sense something was up, and even though I'm me I don't have to be, I feel sorry for him sometimes the big lummock. I sat next to him and didn't say anything for a bit. He didn't either, he didn't even say Scram. His eyes were all red and his nose was running.

After a while I said: So where's she gone, back to Africa? That's all I said, but he burst out crying like a baby; and before I knew it his head was on my shoulder and I was stroking his hair saying Little sister's here for you, I shan't desert you. That was the wrong thing to say as well. It's not Golly, it's not her fault, she didn't want to go, she didn't desert me, she wouldn't ever have ... It's the magic wore off.

Magic! I scoffed. You don't think anybody's ever going to believe that poppywiddle do you? Magic. You'll be saying she's been taken into Cauldon Lowe by the Fairies next. Or fetched back to Africa by a procession of Effielumps. Or turned back into my missing golliwog ...

He sniffed a few times and then said: There *is* magic Cunty – he's always called me that since I was born. It's because being older, the first thing he noticed when I arrived all nude, like you are when the heron finds you in the Sands of Dee and delivers you to some couple who want a baby, was that I hadn't got a willy. It's what boys always notice first. And my Mum said No she's got a lovely little cunty instead, because she's a little girl. That's what he says she said anyway, I don't remember. So that's what he's called me ever since. My Mum's not the same as his Mum by the way, because after a while Mums die and your Dad has to get another one. Anyway ...

There *is* magic Cunty – though I should say he only calls me that when he's either sad or sleepy or wants something, or if I've fell down and grazed my knee. It's usually You Twit or You Nit or just You, or Cow Face or Bum Face or Fart Face or Fatsoe (I'm not), or Blarter (I do cry a bit since Mum died, but I try everso not to); anyway I like it, I think it's a nice name, and he calls it me when he's being nice so perhaps that's why. Anyway ...

There *is* magic, he said, I know a wizard. Yes and I know a Duchess, I said. I *do*, he said, but it's a secret. So where's he live then, Alderley Edge? It's a secret, he said. I knew it would be. But I do, he's real and ... He sniffed and cried again, and then said What's the use, it doesn't matter, it wasn't supposed to happen anyway. What wasn't? Nothing. That's what I thought, I said.

I hugged him even so, and let him sob on me for as long as he needed. I know it's important now, since I haven't had a Mum, having somebody to cry on I mean. I never thought about it before, but of course he never had one, except my Mum instead, and she never liked him much. So now it's me who doesn't have one – but he *does*, I'm damned if a brother of mine is going to have to sob on a pig.

After it started going dusk and he'd cried himself all out and we were both a bit hungry, he got something out of the bundle that was next to him, like a bundle of dirty clothes. Anyway the good news is, he said, I found your golly – and handed me my golliwog that had been missing for exactly a year. In fact I felt sure it was exactly exactly, I mean a year to the very day since my golly disappeared and his Golly arrived, from Africa or by magic.

A year and a day, he said. Wizard says that's the magic time, if something's gone out of kilter and magic and mundane world are at odds. A year and a day will see it right, like as not, wizard says. Why didn't you tell me before, when I asked you? he said he said to the wizard. Would you have been happier or sadder, counting the days? the wizard said in reply. Nor we never went on that picnic neither ...

What're you rambling on about? I said. I'm just a lummock, like you often tell me Cunty Clutterbucket, so I suppose I'm stupid and useless

and on about nothing. I stopped being me for a minute and said: You're your little sister's best-beloved lummock Hugh Clutterbuck and don't you *never ever* agree with me insulting you again or I'll thump you, you big lummock. And thanks for finding my golly. And ... you can share her from now on, if you like, and ... if mister willcox misses his fuckynooky I'm ... well, you know, you know where I am, I'm ... I'm just three feet away from you every night, asleep or awake ...

I kissed him hard and moist on the cheek. And he didn't wipe it off.

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