

## MAMMALS

### Amelia Bulmore

KEV:

Well. Fay lived with this Geordie guy for years and she was always rushing home to him. Or you'd hear her phoning him in a panic to say she'd be late back or whatever - you could tell she was sort of smoothing his feathers all the time - so she was only ever sort of half-present at work. Nice. Bright. Quite cute but - elsewhere. They split up around Christmas and he started stalking her like a jealous maniac and we all thought she'd go trotting back but she didn't. And then the Plymouth contract came up and she thought, 'Great. Fate,' and she just threw herself into it. She's really brave. She's sort of shed a skin. She's got a spark to her. The Big Cheese at Plymouth's an idiot, but she's got this way with him. She manages to be disrespectful and butter him up at the same time. And win the argument. And she only comes up to here on him. God, it's good to say this! I haven't been able to tell anybody any of this. Anyway, sometimes me and Fay ended up on the same train to Plymouth, but we both had work so we hardly talked. And then we ditched the train 'cause we needed cars the other end to drive to and from the site. And then hers needed a service one week so I gave her a lift. Four-and-a-half-hour car journey and we talked non-stop. It poured out of us. I can't remember half of what we said, but we laughed a lot. She's got a gorgeous laugh. Gorgeous smile. Little blunt teeth like a kid. And then just outside Plymouth, on the A386, she fell asleep. And I felt incredibly happy, painfully happy, that she was in my charge or something, or that she trusted me or something. I don't know. And that was the end of sanity.