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# Angelos

by Bob Henderson

TO BE TRAPPED inside an overcrowded bus in Athens at high noon in mid July doesn't sound like heaven. Perspiration, giddiness, body odours, you'd suggest.

And yet I spent many hours earlier this summer in just such a situation.

Not by necessity either. I have a motor cycle and can reach the sea quickly and comfortably.

Nevertheless I usually took the bus. Forty minutes each way.

What was my neurosis?

Can't satisfy you on that score. Can only confess without shame that I'd become a *hidie*—part time casual.

I don't know if you're familiar with the term. It's a local coinage.

I first heard it some years ago from my friend and mentor Christopher.

We had just managed to winkle ourselves free from a very full subway carriage. Stood recovering on the platform.

While I related an odd experience I had had on the train.

Sharp eyed Christopher noted my lack of protest or disapproval. Indeed I believe there was a quiet glow of pleasure about me—a minor version of post coital bliss.

"Oh my *dear!*" he concluded with glee. Always ready to assign one to a category. "You're a *hidie!* And you never told me! Naughty boy."

Unlike a large part of my sexual conduct—as he saw it—Christopher was disposed to receive this 'discovery' with amused tolerance.

In fact he loved it. Teased me for the rest of the day.

And managed to refer to the incident regularly in the future. I must say he never embarrassed me by calling me a

*hidie* in front of another person.

According to Christopher's explanation a *hidie* is a chap who obtains sexual satisfaction from anonymous contacts in crowded places—like buses and trains. With no verbal communication. By means of various clandestine caresses which may be brief or lasting. May or may not lead to orgasm. On one or both sides. But never results in conversation—let alone a relationship.

The word *hidie* suggests children's games. But actually derives from Greek not English. It's a shortening of the verb 'to stroke; to caress; to pet'.

Though personally I was enjoying the accidental overtones.

Christopher was moved to dub me a *hidie* by my account of what happened between four metro stations.

We were sealed in this asphyxiating carriage. More bodies absorbed at each stop. No one seemed to get off.

I had been separated from Christopher after our forced entry. He stood some metres away behind a glass partition.

Otherwise we were all together. Erect; arms pressed to our sides; protected by the press from falling. Sardines without the oil.

Greeks don't normally talk on public transport and this human club sandwich was accordingly silent. Only the low electric whine of the train; the buzz and slap of automatic doors.

Less than a metre away from me stood an attractive and sympathetic youth. Maybe fifteen.

Probably wouldn't have noticed him normally. So many cute kids about.

But we had been caught by the crush or mischievous gods squarely face to face. Unable to turn our heads aside. Much less move away.

For twenty minutes or so we stared helplessly into each other's faces.

Gave up averting our eyes. It was much nicer to stare.

Too close to ignore and far enough apart to prevent conversation.

Not that I should have ventured.

The experience became briefly and potentially exciting when my young fellow-prisoner pushed his way out of the train a stop before mine. Contriving somehow to pass closer to me.

And give my secretly swelling cock a long loving squeeze. Before he disappeared. Forever.

As is the way with *hidies*. Part of their power and charm. Christopher explained further over coffee and cake.

*Hidies* can be active or passive.

Either taking a bold if concealed initiative. In touching or fondling a shoulder, elbow, forearm, finger or thigh. Having slyly spotted and discreetly approached the desired object.

Or else allowing an ear, neck, bicep or buttock to be clearly available. Ignoring the most obvious advances. Even shifting the limbs as if casually in order to facilitate mutually pleasurable contact.

Of course no *hidie* is entirely active or passive.

Though I have got the impression that a large proportion of young men and youths and boys are more inclined to make the silent *offer*. While waiting for some unseen stranger to attack.

In the weeks following the metro *hidie* I confirmed most of Christopher's remarks. And learnt a great deal.

Especially on school buses.

Wondered that I had been unaware of this scene before.

Thought back and concluded that I had been half-aware but had ignored.

Because it's not meant to be a scene at all. There is no theory, only practice. Action without dialogue.

At first it seemed just a variation of the old closet quean syndrome.

But then. It wasn't in a closet. It was in public. Risk was involved. Possible exposure.

Essentially it was a *social* activity. And rather

adventurous.

After all a little *hidies* (the word can also be used to describe the activities of the initiated) need not interfere with normal sexual activity. Of one kind or another.

The advantages of the summer season to the *hidie* are threefold.

First and most obvious is the pleasant fact that everyone wears a lot less. Thus exposing whole areas of attraction only guessed at in winter. While making contact with those parts still covered even more gratifying. Cotton, dacron, denim the friends of every *hidie*. The general peeling off caused by constantly high temperatures also speeds up the process of offer and attack. Thus maximising *hidie* satisfaction.

A second advantage is the three months of school vacation. On week days and especially at certain hours public transport is loaded with a precious cargo of Athenian youth. Buses bursting with young buns. Barely covered. Hot swelling crotches....

But, lest this sound excessively sexual, let me add: Healthy young hair. Bright eyes freed from books. Young lips curving with half-known hungers. Smooth brown arms. Shoulders shining with sweat. Thighs and calves flexing and relaxing in response to the vehicle's motion.

Third is the high tide of male sexuality which begins early in spring and is raging by midsummer. Still throbbing in October.

Young men are horny and boys are careless. There's an excess of juice and a general susceptibility. Communal licentiousness lies just below the surface.

When I recall the buttocks gently brushed; lightly palmed; briefly squeezed as doors opened and shut, bodies dispersed. The curls kissed. Chin nuzzling into my neck. Forearms brushing slowly together for endless electric minutes. Fingers touching, almost tangling.

Erections pressed against my hand, arm, thigh.

The stimulus! My god.

And not a word spoken. Thought admitted.

No misunderstandings. No complications.

Understanding is no part of it.

A natural relief to one emerging still smarting from a two and a half year affair. With a boy who after giving and taking much had simply slipped away.

No more, I'd been saying. Never again It's a trap. A delusion.

Let's swim a lot. And get into *hidies*.

QUITE LIKELY BY this stage you are completely turned off and on the point of flipping over to the next story.

Listen. Let me just put in quickly that if it were not for *hidies* I shouldn't have met Angelos. And having met him I am definitely moving in the direction of a *meaningful relationship* (M.R.). Complete with verbal communication. Sense of responsibility and so forth.

So let me tell you.

I am standing in the rear of this very crowded bus. July, twelve o'clock—you remember the scene.

These new Soviet buses we enjoy nowadays have plenty of large windows open and effective blinds drawn: once you get moving the *hidie* can operate in reasonable comfort. And the things really can move—but not until they extricate themselves from central Athens via half a dozen pick-up points. Before the breezy express ride to the coast. One more stop before our flight to freedom.

The doors slap open and in surges the last load.

Between the terminus and here I have already become aware of one or two hands and knees straying my way. Which I have not discouraged. While also noting a goodly number of shoulders, necks, thighs and buttocks evidently offered for my delectation.

I am already stimulated and stimulating in several different directions.

When this kid presses against me.

I can't see him well. He has his back to me. Extremities invisible.

Just this blur of blond curls sun-bleached and unruly. Hiding most of two small ears.

Smooth brown neck. Paper-thin T-shirt, white. Glimpses of glistening arms and wrists.

We are jammed between two metal bars and an open window. One of my elbows resting on the frame.

Jolted, bumped and wrenched. In the usual manner.

He has come straight to me. Burrowing into this mess of worms as soon as the door opens. Finding the position he wants and holding it.

A classic summer *hidie*. Young: from his head resting against my ribcage, around twelve.

With good healthy instincts.

He grips the slippery bars with both hands. Flexing his calves for balance. While his slim torso sways. A fraction further to the right each time. Until his denim crotch is brushing against my hand.

Erection pressed proudly into my knuckles.

I ride on towards the sea pinned to the bar by his solid stem.

Allowing my hand to remain where he wants it means losing a lot of my balance. Repeatedly I crash against his back. Bounce off his bum. Lose my nose in his curls.

A fragrant lad. Springy and neat.

I become familiar with the shape and size of his cock. Though still in the dark about his face.

I wait to see where he gets off.

When he alights into the chastening blaze I am behind him. But not close. Certainly not speaking (*Hidies Honour*.)

He has chosen a place not far from where I usually swim myself: one of the small rocky coves on the road to Varkiza.

Barren inlets with no amenities. But sheltered; offering deep water and comparative peace.

Goldilocks trots down the steep path sure-footed as a mountain goat. Trailing an apple-green towel behind him.

Stumbling after at a respectable distance, sliding on loose gravel, stubbing my toes on roots and rocks, I can only admire his agility and grace. Hopping lightly from rock to rock. His curls bouncing, gleaming in the sun. His slim brown arms spread like fledgeling wings as he descends toward the blue water.

This place is popular with kids. They don't have to pay. They aren't under anybody's supervision. It's theirs for the summer.

There's a tradition of nudism in the area. Though the practice is not general. A nude boy is just not noticed.

Some of the bays have a reputation as gay beats. But they aren't really. Not so's you'd notice. The more blatant celebrants trek out to the sea front where broad rock platforms lie concealed from both road and bayside.

Sometimes you see tourists cruising.

This particular bay has a makeshift kiosk serving Cokes and chips. A small marina with a few windsurfers for hire.

Most of the kids are congregated about these attractions at the bottom of the path. Preferring as Greeks so often do to stick with the crowd.

My boy trots past the rows of motor cycles. Climbs up and down a few sandy ridges. Until he reaches the spot he wants: one of the countless cozy nooks fashioned by the sea. There is shade from the cliff behind. And easy access to the water.

I wait at the top of the sandy slide until he settles.

Spreading his towel on a rock close to the water. Slipping out of his jeans and T-shirt. Spreading himself in the sun in one voluptuous movement.

His beauty naked but for a brief orange triangle.

When I am sure he is settled I slip silently down and spread my towel some metres above him.

He gives no sign of noticing my arrival. We are far enough apart for that.

I strip, oil myself, don the darkies for further perusal.

On the opposite shore of the bay I spot several naked youths either sunbathing in similar hideaways or prowling along the ridge.

I doze in the sun attracting wasps from the furze above.

Next time I look towards the water the kid has shed his bikini. His lovely young body is tanned from head to foot.

I gaze at him awhile in his perfection and stillness.

Then I am bored with myself and the sun if not with him. Heave myself up and step to the water's edge. Find a suitable rock and plunge in.

Cold becomes cool salty froth. I roll and dive. Float and swim. Revel in the playground of the sea.

It is such an invigorating dip on this hot sticky day that I emerge from the water shaking salt from my eyes and climb back up to my towel. Before I notice.

The kid has gone.

Not surprising. Many have left by now. Headed home for the late midday meal.

I dry off. Smoke a cigarette. Move into the shade before dressing. Although I am not hungry, like the kids I am restless. And may as well return.

Trudging up to the bus stop is no fun. Salt encrusted and sweating in my shorts. My sandals making new blisters.

I am glad to reach the road. Having paused to down a Coke on the way.

Gallop across the molten bitumen to the ragged pine which offers the only suggestion of shade. Far removed from the shore breeze.

Sitting with his back against the tree is goldilocks.

He gives me a brief glance. In the roadside glare it is doubtful.

The gathered group is squinting as one towards Varkiza. Cliffside curves of the road lost in haze. Waiting.

I too am impatient and manage to ignore Eros under his tree.

I have seen however his beautiful face. Short straight nose. Arched brows. Cornflower-blue eyes. Red lips almost a cupid's bow.

Finally the bus appears screeching to a dusty halt. Three-quarters full. I clamber on in the thick of the youthful scrum. Glad of shade and speed. Air is circulating. Relief.

Planting myself in a rear corner by an open window.  
Half knowing what is to come.

The kid who I have left dreaming on the ground grabs a bar and stands swaying in front of me. Back turned of course.

A few kilometres later he is not just in front but against me. Thrust further and further back. Each time the doors slap open to admit a fresh surge.

By the time we are approaching his stop he is moulded against me, head, back, buttocks and thighs.

Enjoying my erection as I have enjoyed his earlier. And would now. Except that my arms are pressed to my sides.

The door opens and he peels himself off like plaster from a wound.

I am stirred by the sight of his buttocks bouncing as he jumps down the steps and off.

The next day lingering over my third coffee I remember the boy with surprising clarity. Not just another summer *hidie* after all?

Those fair curls become golden. The blue eyes beguiling and lips sensuous. The body supple and ripe and ready.

I decide to take the bike out this time. Now that I know where he swims. Few boys can resist a ride on the Kawa. I'll bring him home. Dispense Coke and comics. And we'll see.

The ride to the sea is exhilarating. A complete contrast to yesterday.

I feel vigorous and virile as I bound over the rocks in my new sneakers.

Returning to the hideaway.

He is not sunbathing on the rocks. But is perhaps swim-

ming. Or buying a Coke. I drop my gear and settle down to wait. Watching the placid waters, the paths.

Nothing. He does not show.

Frustrated I don't even try the water. Dress and stomp back to the bike still sweating. Ride off home overfast and reckless.

Aware of deprivation: cheated twice of *hidies*.

Later in the day I wonder if I got the location wrong. Decide not.

He must have gone to the sea today!

Finally I wonder if he would have been interested in my bike anyway.

Somehow catching the drift: this kid is not your average Greek teenager, mad on bikes and macho displays.

O.K. I DON'T HAVE to tell you.

Next day twelve noon I'm back on the bus. Despite the fact that the radio has forecast the hottest day of the year so far—well over 40.

I'm ensconced in my corner. Half hanging out the window. With an unreduced pack of intrepid swimmers for company.

I am dizzy with the heat and a slight hangover from last night's meditative ouzo. But happily resigned to *Hidies Generale*. To be followed by purifying immersion. And gentle recovery in some shady nook by the waters.

Before I can close my eyes and spread my tentacles.

The kid is there again. Giving me a quick look of recognition. Possibly a slight smile. Before turning his back and staking a claim. On a piece of floor if not on me.

But he's broken the *rules*!

No more *hidies*. I do not venture even the most timid touch.

Nonetheless. That arrestingly taut little bum is well and truly glued to my groin long before we reach our destination. The cutaway nylon shorts we are both wearing barely pre-

vent insertion.

Since this isn't *hidies* anymore, what is it?

On arrival at the bay we alight together and he turns and gives me another longer look. I cannot interpret but know it is my turn. To break a rule.

I speak. "Hot eh? I am David." As we jump and slide down the eroded path.

"Hot! Yes, I am Angelos." With a flicker of golden lashes and sideways flash of cornflower blue.

It is very hot on the rocks. The faintest breeze off the water helps. We spread our towels right at the edge. And allow our feet to dangle.

Conversation has been desultory. Normally the exchange of names is followed by a routine barrage of questions: your job?—age, marital status, nationality, residence and the rest.

Angelos doesn't ask.

Whether from sensitivity or indifference I cannot tell.

I am impressed by his beauty but his expression is puzzling.

He does not grin. (It would not suit that angelic face. How well he is named! I hesitate to use his name as he hasn't yet used mine.)

He does not hint. Warn. Retreat. Nor invite.

He is not surprised that I want to be with him. That much is clear.

We are together. If only for today. But there seem to be none of the usual implications floating about.

Perhaps he is a genuine *hidie*. Exclusively.

At his age?

"Fourteen," he registers my surprise as of long experience. "Small aren't I?" Philosophical rather than bitter.

He is indeed short for his years. But well developed and nicely proportioned. A skin without blemish.

I roll away from him and drop into the water. The sea saves me from stupour and I stay in for a long time.

When I finally drag myself back on to the rocks I expect

Angelos to be gone. But he is still there. Lying naked on his green towel.

"You O.K.?" I gasp, my eyes clogged with salt.

He squints at me across his arm almost as if I am a new arrival.

"You are a good swimmer."

"Not really. I grew up by the sea." This makes no impression. "Actually we're all half fish in Australia." I grin in self-mockery. But Angelos is serious.

"Australia. This is *very* far away... Is it winter now?"

"That's right."

"Think..." he murmurs dreamily. Defying us both to imagine winter.

"Aren't you going to swim?" I wonder.

"Yeah. But not yet. I'm too lazy."

"Do you want to take out a windsurfer?" There is no response. "I'll pay."

"Nah... I mean thanks. I don't think so."

"Don't enjoy it, eh?" Not that I care.

"Never tried."

"I could teach you," I offer. Suspecting a lack of confidence.

He thinks about it. As long as politeness requires.

"You go. I'll watch."

"You don't like sports then," I tease. Counting again on my experience of Greek teenagers.

"Sure I do," he allows mildly. "But I haven't any talent. I don't mind playing games. But... I dunno. I guess I don't care enough. I quite like to sit and watch, too. Like I told you, I'm lazy."

"Fair enough," I toss it away. Beginning to sense his individuality.

The dreaminess edging on thoughtfulness. Laziness possibly a mask for rebellion. Against boredom.

He knows he is beautiful. Would have been told. He may be conceited.

Or perhaps simply freed by his advantage to pause and consider.

Fourteen is a great age for pondering. Decisions can wait.

I pick my way along the shoreline towards the marina. Hire a windsurfer and spend an hour or so manoeuvring up and down the bay.

When I return to our refuge I discover Angelos' talent. Angelos is an artist.

As he said, he likes to sit and watch.

I find this drawing. Etched in the rock with a red stone. Of a guy windsurfing.

Although I have waved to him during my exertions, and he has waved back, I have not really thought of him as watching.

This etching with its elegant lines and subtle details bespeaks keen observation. In a kid not such a dreamer.

He hasn't just sketched a windsurfer. He has caught my foreignness.

And very subtly but I am sure: his attraction to me.

It is a lovely piece of work. I cannot stop looking at it. And begin to praise.

Though he has not mentioned it at all. Has turned aside and left it.

Perhaps I go too far. Angelos groans.

"It is just a drawing on a rock. A nothing. I felt like it."

"And you can *do* it, can't you!"

"I can do much better than this," he replies frankly.

"Do you draw a lot then? And paint?"

"Draw mainly."

"I'd like to see some of your stuff."

He looks at me doubtfully. Rubs at the etching with the sole of his foot.

We stretch out on our towels again. The afternoon is advancing and the bay is very quiet. We can't see or hear another soul.

I slip off my costume to be naked with Angelos. Feeling

oddly shy about it.

Lying close beside him I see that his buttocks are tanned more lightly than the rest of him. Absently I stretch out a hand to stroke them. Hot from the sun. Smooth and firm as new loaves.

He doesn't react. Could be asleep.

Until giving a short giggle. From behind his crossed arms.

I open the bottle of suntan oil and pour a few drops on his buns. Slowly spread it with my fingertips.

It feels so pleasant to lie naked in the sun oiling his lovely arse that I cannot bring myself to stop.

Since it is so oily I may as well dip into that tempting cleft and feel his ring. My fingertip creeps inside.

Angelos coughs and raises his chin on to his wrist. Turning his dreamy blue eyes towards me.

"Listen," he says softly. Sounding like he has just woken up. "I don't mind. But you'd better stop. Somebody will see you."

"I think we're the only ones here now."

"No. There are always others. Walking about."

He points out the many spots from which we are visible.

I withdraw my finger. Give his bum a pat.

"You're right."

Lying on my side so he can see my erection.

Angelos gazes at it for some time as if considering how to draw it.

Then he looks at me and smiles. Rolls over and sits up reaching for his bikini. Lazily pulling it on. He gives me plenty of time to see his own hard stem.

I smile back at him and put on my costume.

At least we know we like each other.

ON THE BUS BACK we have lost our horniness but remain sweetly intimate.

Angelos stands between my arms and we hold on to the bar together.

Remaining in this friendly embrace for the return trip, we begin to be fond of each other.

Next day I am not surprised when Angelos gets on the bus at his usual stop. Pushes through to me with a shy smile. I am expectig him. I have had no doubts. Angelos and I are beginning something special.

He mutters a greeting: another first. *Hidies* is out of the question now. We lean against each other. Sharing balance and comfort for the rollicking ride to the sea.

Not so hot today. There is a good breeze and low humidity. We are both more lively and talkative.

I notice he is wearing a small canvas shoulder bag.

After we shed our clothes, not bothering with costumes although it is cooler, he tosses the bag to me casually. Though with some care for its contents.

"You said... Well anyway. I suppose you still want to see some of my drawings."

Before I can thank him he has stepped down to the water. Crouching bumbold on a weedy rock. Supposedly looking for jellyfish.

I open the bag and untie the laces on the leatherette folder inside.

Begin to turn the stiff pages with growing wonder.

If he has aimed to confirm his talent he succeeds admirably. The drawings are very good. Even the inexperienced eye recognizes the artist.

The unexpected feature of the small portfolio is the emphasis on male beauty. Studies of young men and boys which are all effective and often erotic.

An artist who loves his subject.

One subject recurs several times: a young man with evident appeal, handsome and nicely muscled. And well endowed, the pencil has not failed to add.

"Who is this then?" I ask. Having given due praise.

"Him? Oh, he's just my stupid cousin."

"You catch him very well."

"Ah, look. Stathis likes to *pose!*" His irony is almost sarcasm.

I indicate a particularly daring sketch. Cuz reclining on a messy bed naked and half erect.

"Was this before or after sex?" I guess slyly.

Angelos doesn't balk.

"After, I think. Or maybe I started it before." Answering in this slow dreamy way of his.

"So you've had sex with your handsome cousin," I murmur.

"Played about a few times. Wasn't my idea... Anyway he's not so handsome, you know?"

"He has a good body."

"He *works* on it," Angelos groans.

"Don't you like him, Angelos?"

"Not much. He's rough. And he doesn't *understand*. A lot of things."

I get signals here which I shall decipher later.

"In any case..."—I tidy it up.—"these drawings are excellent. You must go on with it, Angelos."

"Sure. I won't stop drawing. I *can't*," he laughs at himself.

"But this is your career surely?"

"Art?" He winces on the word. "Nah. Engineering. Like my father. He never got his degree because of the war."

"Ah." I see. "And you will get it for him."

"It's all planned."

"Any regrets?"

"You mean drawing? You don't know how many I have at home."

How has he selected this sample for me?

They could be what he judges his best.

Could be the sort of thing he thinks I will like. After yesterday's fondling.

Or the sort of thing *he* likes. And wants. If not with his cousin.

"The art teacher told me a long time ago I could get into

the school of fine arts. But you must prepare for years ahead."

"And you aren't?"

"Not for this. I can't disappoint my parents."

I absorb this respectfully.

"Perhaps I shall take it up with them. One day. If I have the chance."

He pauses to savour the suggestion.

"Sure!" he beams finally. "I shall take you to my home. My mother will cook you a big dinner. My father will talk to you about politics.... But don't think that you will change his mind about *me*. He has decided."

I consider the situation he has described.

"You don't know me as well as your dad. I can be very determined, too. When I think something is important."

His blue eyes gleam.

"Oh, yes?"

I shuffle the drawings back into a neat pile and tie them back in the folder.

We gaze at each other.

"Angelos... I feel sexy. Do you?"

"Yeah. I've been horny since this morning. I woke up with a big stiff."

While out swimming I have noticed a deep ledge cut into the rock above the point which divides our nook from the next. I persuade Angelos it is a good place to hide ourselves. We climb over the rocks and take possession.

Settling naked in the shade. Heads and shoulders resting against the warm rock. Backs half buried in the sand. Blouching forward thus at Angelos' suggestion. Our knees drawn up before us to cheat the spies.

We masturbate each other twice, spilling our juice with gasping pleasure.

In the dying afternoon.

Sperm runs down our bellies as we recover.

I ruffle his golden curls.

The sun begins to paint our grateful bodies soft crimson.  
Darkness hovers as we rise, stretch and search for our clothes.

TODAY THE WORLD has changed.

Looks, feels and smells different.

I am caught completely unawares.

By a sudden drop in the temperature. Wind and steady rain. Outside, the streets look dark and unfriendly.

But it *never* rains in July. Everyone knows that. Now they're saying four days of this.

Summer will return sure as morning. Hot as ever. But for the present the rain goes on falling. Indoors weather. I have slept in and missed the bus.

Angelos will not know why I haven't shown up. Doesn't know where to reach me.

My momentary panic passes. Angelos isn't on the bus today. Nobody goes to the sea in weather like this.

Frustration blends with melancholy. I sit by a streaky window, dreaming.

We are ready. We both know it. That lovely, lazy body warming mine. Soft kisses in the dusk....

He will be drawing now, of course. I see him stretched out on the floor with pencils and sheets of paper.

Who is he drawing today?

Draw on, Angelos. Don't ever stop.

Does he know that I can wait? Can he? I think he does.

Certainly I shall be back on the bus.

But can I expect to meet Angelos again—same stop same time? Same beautiful kid. I cannot be sure. I have never seen him before this week.

I redirect my thoughts.

This one kid may be lost. But *hidies! Hidies* goes on forever.

Crowded buses. Beautiful boys. Bodies asking to touch and be touched.

There's a lot of summer left.

My reverie is interrupted by the telephone. It is a wrong number.

As I replace the receiver I suddenly realise.

No more *hidies* for me—not *this* summer.

Tomorrow. Next day. Whenever. Doesn't matter.

I have a *serious date*.

With Angelos the artist.