

## THE CAR PARK ATTENDANT

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2:00am

"7 down, 5 to go." A man sits in a booth in a car park. In the middle of the night. An owl hoots. Proverbial. You can tell it's a proverbial owl by the speckling around it's eyes. [*Good so far.*]

The man is tired, his head is about an inch off the table at which he writes. Every few seconds he glances at a small mirror which sits on a crude...he squints at the mirror. He puts on his glasses and looks again. He gets up and goes to the big iron gate. He lets in the bouncers and waits for them to leave again in their car.

This is his job. Stay awake for 12 hours and stare at a mirror that points at the big iron gate around the corner.

He had some aspirations of becoming a writer when he started this job. That's why he'd taken it: to have some time by himself to write. But that very same time had taken away his thirst, his hunger, his hopes and his dreams. The past 7 hours had had an effect on him that he doubted he could ever reverse. He was so bored.

Looking in the tiny mirror he saw a set of headlights at the gate. He grabbed the keys and walked out. With a heave he opened one half of the gate. He went to the drivers side of the car and looked in.

"Is it okay if I park my car in here for half an hour?"

She looked up at him through her gloss brown hair that had fallen lazily over one eye. Her light blue eyes seemed to radiate and her lips seemed to beg to be kissed. She was wearing a black shoulder-less evening gown and her ample bosoms were lovely. The man fancied the pants off her. Literally.

"Yes, you can come in."

He swung open the other gate and she drove past. He thought she might have checked his ass out but he wasn't sure. Hopefully she did, his ass was glorious.

An hour later she reappeared outside the gate. She seemed to be a bit emotional. He let her in. As she walked towards her car the man saw her shoulders begin to shake. Her head fell and her hand rose to meet it. He jogged over to her and asked if she was okay.

"Are you okay?"

"I seem to be a bit emotional."

He consoled her and she began to sexual intercourse with him.

With a start he woke from his dream. He was still in the car park. Alone. And he'd shat himself.