“Everyone would think I was class and then I’d like
“Have you met my wife, Kristen Stewart? We’re flying
on a private jet to Maui tonight to have lots of sex and
lip biting. Fuckity bye, assholes.”

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There’s loads of things that are salty but you don’t go round
liking them all.
“Like what?”
I scrambled to think of something.
“Um...ROAD SALT,” I finally said triumphantly. “SAND.”
“A sweaty armpit,” she said.
“A dick.”
“Oh my God, Aideen. Gross.”

Sure, I’d had to answer some embarrassing questions at
the chemist.
“Have you had unprotected sex in the last seventy-two
hours?”
“Yep. With a boy. And his bare penis. My bad.”
But that was fine.