

# **Spice**

**Charlotte Cooper**

Do you like those spicy girls?  
What are they called?  
Ginger Baby Posh Sporty Scary  
Micky Keithy Brian Billy Charlie  
Sleepy Grumpy Happy Sneezy Dopey  
Shorty Smelly Speccy Spotty Fatty  
Creepy Sicky Fucky Sweaty Junky  
Chinky Whitey Darky Paki Spiccy  
Dykey Tranny Bitchy Faggy Slutty  
Licky Sucky Sexy Pussy Titty  
They make good music.  
They are pretty girls yes-no?

**Baby** Spice is that one you all wanna fuck. She's got a look like a blow-up doll, like that dippy bird Sally Thomsett in Man About The House. She's all blonde and pudgy, I bet she feels real soft, I bet she'll do what you want her to do, o god she looks cheap, n I bet she's so dumb she'd never say a word.

It's a long hot summer and that spice thing is very popular with all the babies round here. You only have to take a look over your garden fence to see a three year old with melted ice cream down her face gyrating and singing along to the radio in a matching neon spice girl crop top and hot pants. Jesus you can see her slit. My girlfriend next to me says o mama that scares me.

C: Hey **Scary**, how you doing?

S: I'm good, how you doing?

C: I'm good too. Listen, can I ask you a few questions?

S: Sure.

C: Okay, so what's your favourite colour?

S: I like sunflower yellow and chocolate brown, although I change my mind all the time.

C: Do you have a boyfriend?

S: Not at the moment, my schedule is so busy.

C: What underwear do you prefer?

S: For me it has to be Calvin Kleins.

C: I hope you back me up on this, because I think it's true: Are you called Scary because you're the only black Spice?

S: Yes I am.

C: I also heard you called Dark and Exotic in another mag. So what you got to say about that?

S: Motherfuckers.

C: Say that again?

S: I'm gonna fuck shit up by any fucking means necessary. I'm gonna off the pigs. In my mind's eye my thoughts light fires in your cities. I have ate out of your rubbish bins I've lived in your tomb that you built. I am only what you made me, I am only a reflection of you. Each night as you sleep I destroy the world. You can't hurt me, you can't kill Kill, can't you see I'm free? I am love.

C: Holey moley. What scares you?

S: Nuthin scares me. I'm Scary Spice.

**Sporty** don't look so nervous. C'mere, let me get a big look at you. Don't move away, come closer, yeah right here. You like big titties? Yeh, I know you do, don't be shy. You want me to rub up to you? Let me. That's nice. You like my big booty? You wanna feel? That's right cutie-pie, get a good handful. Yeah, you can put your arms around me, I like that. You wanna kiss my mouth? Yeah, that's good, you kiss sweet you kiss nice. I guess you like fat pussies, so go ahead, take a feel. Do you notice how hot I am? How wet it is? Let me feel you. Oh god your body is so tight and firm, your muscles feel so great, you're strong, so athletic. Mmm, a big hard arse, and I can see your nipples showing through your top, let me squeeze them, I promise I won't pinch too hard. That's good isn't it? Let me hold your face, let me undo your ponytail and run my hands through your hair. O your clothes smell so clean and fresh, n I feel so grubby next to you. Let me slide off your vest, untie that jacket from your waist, is that okay? Just lean on me and step out of your things, I'll be careful not to nudge your navel piercing, yeah those things can stay tender for months. Turn around Sporty Spice, let me look at you, that's right, don't move. I'm just going to get down here and lick between your arse cheeks, just hold it. o god. Your skin is beautiful, let me redden it. Don't wince. Hold it still, I'm just going to smack you. And again. And again. Yeah, let me feel the heat radiating. You like that too. Try your thighs. o yeah. Your arse again. I know what you really really want. I'm just gonna reach between here and dip my finger inside, you like that? Don't be afraid about making a noise. Just bend over a little. O Sporty, you're so wet, n god, your pubic hair is... uh just beautiful. Okay, I'm just sliding my hand inside. Yeh sweet thing, I know it feels tight, but you'll stretch don't worry. Just hold it. Just let me get my fist in a little further. You want it faster? Don't be afraid about making a noise. Shake it n lay it on the line for me. Oh Sporty, you ever done a girl before? Hmmm, I thought so.

That stupid **Posh** bitch.

How many times do we have to do that fucking routine just so she can fuck it up again? *Here's* your left foot, and *here's* your right foot. You go left, right, left, *left*, turn. You need another break? Give *me* a fucking break. We all want to go home, get it right and we can all split.

That stupid Posh bitch can't sing. You reckon those tapes of Linda McCartney are rough? You should stick around to hear Posh's overdubs. PAs are a fucking nightmare, you try explaining to all those nosey gits why she doesn't need a mic that works. And I know *covering for her* isn't fair on the rest of us. Bitch can't dance either, she moves like a fucking zombie. If she had some kind of personality it might be okay, but Posh Spice! What the fuck is that? You need two syllables in your nickname! Posh! I know I'm laughing but it's totally fucking wrong. Bitch only got the job because her chinless fucking wonder fiancé went to school with that piece of poison piss at The Sun, which is ironic since she's such a fucking two-faced snob about talking to the tabloids. Bitch refuses to drink Pepsi, says she only likes Coke. Listen you cunt, you have to drink it, they're paying us to drink it, so drink it. She's as thick as shit too, you're always hearing her snorty laugh ten minutes after everyone else has got the joke. Jesus. She just doesn't get it, remember that pic where you can see her tammy string hanging out her knickers? O man, don't start me off! And what the fuck is she wearing today? Another one of her John Lewis outfits. Man she is lame and fucking nine times a day she's in the bog tossing her tootsie rolls. Go and get close to her, you'll find out, her breath stinks of puke, thank god that doesn't come out in the pics, on the vid, on the cd. I keep saying Dump Her Dump Her but the guys say no. Fuck this shit! FUCK IT!

Still, and I swear this is true, she gave Prince Charles a boner.

**Ginger** always feels they should try and enjoy the limo, but this one looks like a prom night dud: the privacy screen is scratched, there's milky stains on the seating, and someone licked a finger to write "Scott [heart] Missy" in the dust on the mirror behind the minibar. Ginger's resting her eyes for a while and Gianni, holding her hand, looks through the black glass to check out the boy-trade outside. They drive along the strip back to the finest hotel in Jacksonville FL, where, right now, industry people are busily availing themselves of room service and journalists are probably going through her things. Ginger hopes they don't find her passport, everyone knows she lied about her age but they don't know by how much.

The limo rolls past pavement traders selling Spice flags, Spice t-shirts, Spice friendship bracelets, Spice posters, Spice cream and Spice hot dogs. Ginger sips from a warm can of Diet Pepsi. They're a quarter of the way through a thirty-five date tour performing to a never-ending sea of little girls. Gianni shouldn't have shoved that kid out of the way, she thinks, its Dad was nearby with a flashy camera round his neck, a collect call to The Enquirer would be all it took to sink everything. The other Spices wanted to stay backstage awhile with that guy who brought that totally average Charlie and a performing chimp in a Girl Power t-shirt. She wanted to split quick so she could be first with the mugs back at Jacksonville's finest. As the unofficial Spice leader everyone wants her to talk about politics since the Thatcher episode, so she's thinking up some stuff and retouching her makeup. Collagen weeps from a small sore on her lip.

Turning his head towards hers, Ginger leans over and kisses Gianni's beautiful mouth. She thinks of her proud parents and jealous sisters at home, such a nothing place. Ginger girl, what have you worked so hard for?



© Charlotte Cooper 6.97

33 Romford Road, Stratford, London E15 4LY, UK [Charlotte@ylwde.demon.co.uk](mailto:Charlotte@ylwde.demon.co.uk)

*I was looking at a cover of a New York Dolls lp the other day and I caught myself just wishing you know, just wishing those Spice chicks could be more like them. There's five in the band, questionable talent, all with distinct personalities, what more do you need?*