Lucy Cuthew



Fox & Ink Books

For my sisters, Hannah, Natalie and Madeleine
ya filthy animals

Filthy is a Fox & Ink Books book

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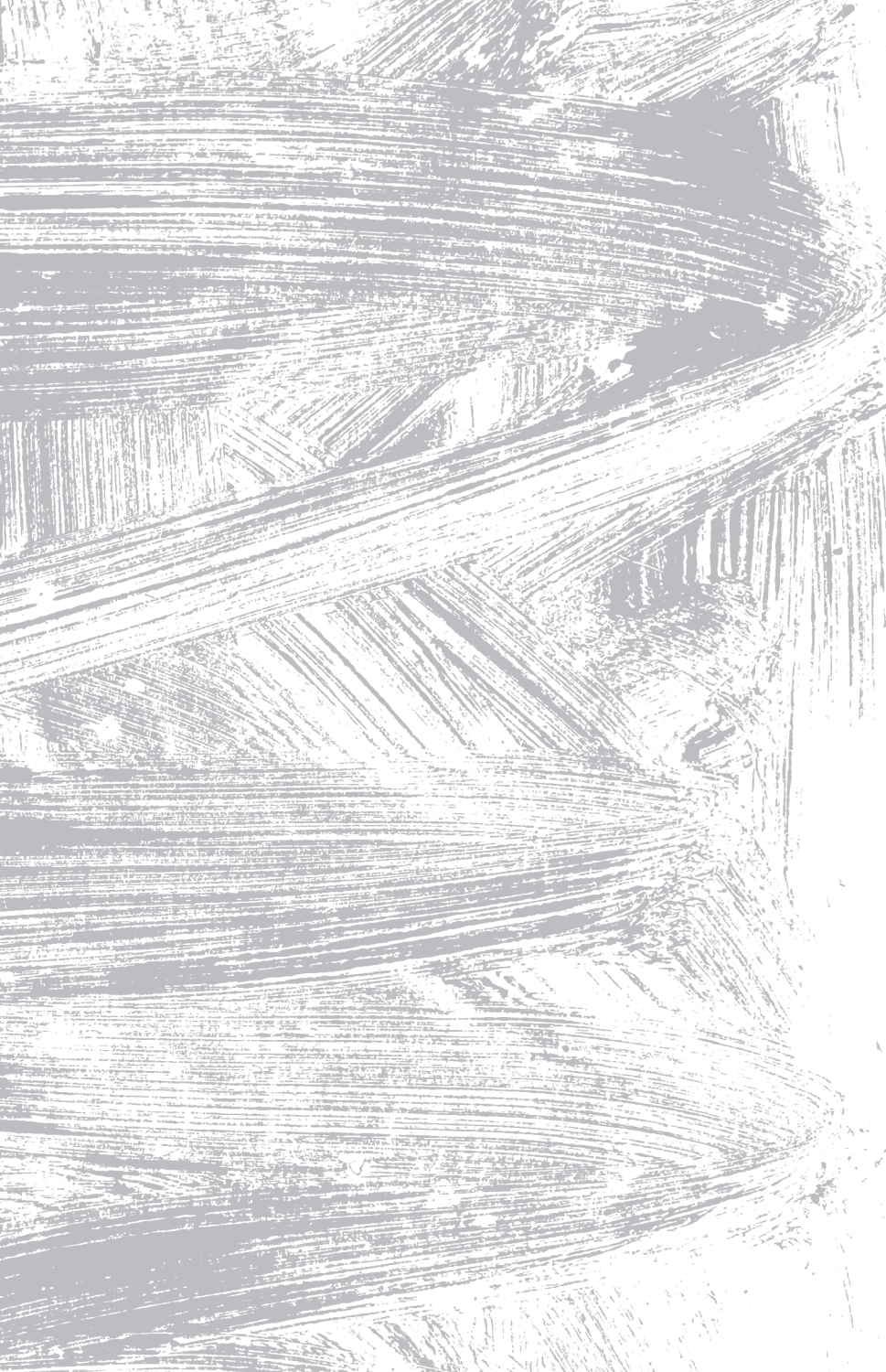
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Pronunciation Guide

Some characters in this story have Welsh or less common names. Here's a quick guide to how they're pronounced:

Joss	rhymes with *moss* (short for Jocelyn)
Griff	rhymes with *cliff* (short for Gryffydd)
Ami	AH-mee, rhymes with *Tammy* (short for Amira)
Cadi	KAH-dee, rhymes with *Maddy* (sometimes spelled 'Caddy')
Iolo	YOH-lo, rhymes with *hollow*
Marlee	MAR-lee, rhymes with *barley*
Maya	MY-ah, rhymes with *fire*

PART ONE



Sex Dream

It's boiling hot
in Edith's room
when I wake up
to the sound of her snoring,
interrupting my sex dream.

Niall from GCSE Biology
was pressed up against me
behind the tech block.
It was ludicrously hot.

I throw the covers off
and get up from the
mattress on the floor
where I'm sleeping
while Gran's staying.

I don't even fancy Niall.
He smells of smoky bacon crisps
and his trousers are too short,
but my sleeping brain
somehow made him
so sexy.

I get up and open the window
to let some fresh air in.
I miss my room.
It's always stuffy in here.

Outside smells amazing,
all fresh and dewy
and summer holiday-y.
The birds are tweeting,
the bees are buzzing,
and six weeks of freedom
  stretches in front of me.
The only slight drawback being
that since Gran arrived yesterday,
to stay for at least four weeks
after her hip replacement,
I have to share a room with my sister,
who low-key hates me.

I lean out the window
to look at the water
under the trees
beyond the hedge
I helped Dad plant this spring.

The morning sun
glimmers on
the shaded surface
of the little pond.
When Dad and I were digging down there
the water was full of fat female frogs
with tiny males
sitting on their backs
waiting to fertilize the eggs.
There was so much frogspawn,
you couldn't see the water.

Then tadpoles,
then froglets.
Now most are gone.
I love that about nature.
Everything changes.

I take a deep breath
and sigh loudly.

"Joss!" Edith grunts, launching
a massive magazine at my legs.
"You're so annoying!"

"Ow!" I squeal, picking it up
and looking at the stupid cover
which features models
dressed like zoo animals.
Edith has loads of these glossy
fashion photography
magazines for college.

If I could take photos like her,
I'd take them of something interesting
like animals or nature.
I drop the magazine.
"Joss!" she whines.
"Be quiet or get out!"

Edith is not a morning person.
Or an evening person.
Not around me, at least.

She's older than me
and everything I do annoys her.
Dad says it's because
puberty hit her like a bus
when all I got was a polite reminder.
Maybe that's true.
Maybe she's just rude.

As I try to leave,
tiptoeing through
piles of her clothes,
a cable snags me
and her laptop slides off the desk
and falls on my feet.
Before I can stop it,
I let out a yelp.

"Joss!" she shouts. "Shut up!
And I told you
not to touch my stuff!"

"I have to stand somewhere!" I snap,
trying to slam the door behind me,
but the spaghetti strap
of her slinky black dress jams it.

I remember then that I was wearing
that exact dress
in my sex dream.

Ha. That would **really** annoy Edith.

Hidden Meanings

I go to the bathroom,
wash my face,
get dressed in a T-shirt and jeans,
and wonder whether sex dreams
have hidden meanings.

I think about texting Cadi,
my best friend since like year one,
because I know it would make her laugh,
but she stayed at Marlee's last night
and they'd both read it.
I really like Marlee but she's not my bestie.
Cadi is.
Or she was, at least.
Now they're always doing
something couple-y.
They do often invite me
but everyone knows three's a crowd.
I want my own *somebody*.

If sex dreams do have hidden meanings,
mine means I'm in need of a decent crush,
because Niall is so not crush material.

I head down for breakfast,
trying to put Edith
        and her moodiness
and Cadi
        and her loved-up-ness

out of my mind,
and instead I think
about Niall from Biology
(dream version, obviously).

