

*I've done a lot of bad things*

*I've always been a woman; I've always worked in bars, or at a factory making clothes. I've never written a letter or even a vaguely emotional email. I think they're self-indulgent, and I hate my own handwriting. I can't write. I'm illiterate and I can't speak for myself so I'll let you write for me. I only write in totally impoverished, short messages that are completely bereft of any sentiment. You talk a lot and everything you say is very considered, pertinent so I'll let you write for me and maybe I'll be better.*

*I've done a lot of bad things but I've never written a letter.*

*Winter is always quiet at the workshop so I sell sex. I was on Cheapside that Sunday when I got picked up by a man called John from York. I led him round the back of the chapel on Soper Lane, charged him first then dutifully bent over the stall that was propped up against the southern wall. He was a grotty, short man who stuffed his cock into my anus with glob of spit and his clammy hand, bristling past the hair on the tops of my inner thighs, rolling around up to my torso. He fucked like an angry Jack Russell, and I gripped on to the legs of the rickety stall and clenched my teeth.*

*You're a bit soft round the middle but you'd certainly beat me in a fight. You could probably kill me. I have this neurosis that you've given me a venereal disease.*

*The rhythmic creaking of the wooden stall attracted the attention of the bored, wandering city officials around the front of the building, and before I had time to yank on my ill-fitting skirt, I was dragged away with a slow-moving, mastic gum drooling down my leg. We were marched up to the station where I was left to wait in a cell on the cement floor. I expected to be left waiting there for several hours, however, after only forty-five minutes another man called John came to question me.*

*They were unconcerned with the details of my interaction with John, and more worried about how I'd learnt to be a woman. I told them Anna had taught me how to fuck and Elizabeth taught me how to dress, and that sometimes I would work with Alice to stay safe. Sometimes when all the lights were off I'd take her place.*

*I don't feel guilt. Bad conscience is a survival mechanism.*

*They brought up a previous conviction for shoplifting. They wanted more and more detail about my career. I told them about five weeks I spent in Oxford, doing casual labour in a workshop. There in the marsh I had relationships with three men who worked at the university; another John, William, Richard. One of them was totally vicious, would grab huge handfuls of downy flesh. One of the others was utterly useless, and couldn't get hard after three pints.*

*I've done a lot of bad things but I've never confessed*

*I feel introspective*

*It's a slave revolt*

*I lived above a pub for a while with a man called John who didn't charge rent in exchange for work. There I fucked two Franciscan monks, a Carmelite Friar and six foreign men in exchange for a gold ring.*

*I sleep with a lot of married women*

*I fucked a nun*

*I fucked a vicar*

*The nun was my favourite. She was absolutely desperate. Religious types are the best, they're the most angsty and repressed, and best of all, they pay better.*