The Family Business UK

Inspired by a Captioned Image

By Maryanne Peters

Let me tell you what the family business used to be. Shit. That was our business. Pumping shit. Granddad used to have a saying from up north: “Where there’s muck there’s brass” adding to it “and where there’ more, there’s more”. There is plenty of shit, so we did pretty well.

Granddad always said it was honest business, but our father never liked it as a business. He used to say: “Who wants to do stand in a pit of poo when you can dance with the stars?”

We never knew exactly what he meant, but we knew he was unhappy. I suppose that he waited until his two sons were old enough before he just walked away from it all. Away from the family business and away from his wife and family. All we knew was that he was probably up I London “dancing with the stars”.

Our mother was very bitter about the whole thing. She refused to have any contact with him, but she allowed us to keep in touch with our father by email. He always remembered our birthdays, but there were only a few of those. We were getting restless too.

Our Granddad said that his son had let him down, but we had a bright future in shit ahead of us. Somehow it did not sound so appealing. While our father did not give us all the details of what he was doing, he did say that he was doing very well and having a lot of fun. He was telling us about living in London. He said it was a place that made him feel alive. He used that word a lot.

Our town seemed the very opposite of that. The only thing dirtier and more unpleasant than our town was what flowed out of its sewers, and we knew all about that. What kind of future did that offer? Certainly “bright” is not a word we could easily use.

Dad said that he was running his own business, but it was very different from the old family business. He said: “You might say it is the complete opposite.”

That was sounding pretty good to us, but Dad said: “There is a place for young men in my business, but young men like I was.” What did that mean?

Anyway, we were helping Granddad after school breaking up a fatberg (if you don’t know what that is you can look it up). We worked into the night and hardly made a dent. Granddad said: “There’s weeks of work it this, so lots of pocket money”. When we got home, we were both gagging, and it took hours to scrub the smell off our bodies.

We decided that we would run away to London in the early hours of the morning. Surely, we were young men just like our father? He could find us a place in his business. Any business is better than shit.

We emailed Dad on the way. We didn’t hear from him until we were already in the city, onto our second pot of tea at Kings Cross Railway Station.

He sent us an address not too far from there. It was a bar called “Risqué”.

[Dad has had a sex change and own the shemale strip club]

There was nobody in the place without a smile on their face, us included. Everybody smiles when they are surrounded by beauty and music, and a little liquor helps too. Nobody smiles when they are shovelling shit.

[his sons decide that they would like to join the new family business]

Dad said: “The good news is that you boys have your Daddy’s good looks and slim bodies, the bad news is you smell like fourth generation turd turners. You are going to need to sit in a bath of carbolic for hours to get you clean. And then we are going to make you smell so sweet that even your very own shit will smell like body lotion”.

Breast implants, hair extensions and our junk tucked away tightly, this is our life now. We dance and strut and we have men begging to give us money for a little tongue or a little ass.

It’s like I said: Who wants to do stand in a pit of poo when you can dance with the stars?

And “Mama” says that one day this business is going to be ours.

The End

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