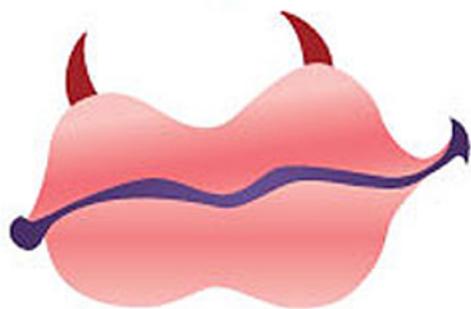


THE **BAD** BOY
WITH THE
ROSEBUD LIPS



HUMOROUS
RECOLLECTIONS OF
ADVENTURES WITH LADIES

SUDO NIM

*The Bad Boy
with the
Rosebud Lips:*

*Humorous Recollections
of
Adventures with Ladies*

*by
Sudo Nim*



STRATEGIC BOOK GROUP

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Foreword

I have never had any literary pretensions, have never considered myself an “author,” and certainly never thought I would write any book—let alone a “proper” one that might win the Samuel Johnson prize for non-fiction, although someone once said “there is a book in all of us.”

This was brought home to me one hot June, a Saturday at lunchtime, while I was waiting for some chums in my local watering hole. A bus pulled up outside the pub; all the passengers got off, and then so did the driver.

He came into the pub and was obviously very hot and sweaty, with his scruffy shirt hanging out. In quick time, he ordered and drank three pints of Youngs Ordinary. (For those not familiar with this brewery’s products, it is a popular session beer of 3.7 ABV.)

Now, I don’t mind how many pints a chap can drink, but I did begin to wonder if he was going to drive the bus again after his liquid lunch. Anyway, I struck up a conversation with him, and in his northern accent (Lancastrian, I think) he told me firstly, that his inspector had told him to cut short his route that

afternoon as the bus was running so late, and secondly, that he earned £600 per week driving “booose.”

For some reason, I asked him what he would do if he didn’t drive a bus. He said he would “write boook.” I thought that if he wanted to write a book, there was nothing to stop him, apart from a lack of talent, storyline, and a fair amount of luck in getting it published. Then there was the little matter of marketing it and getting people to buy it.

Even though I have never had, as I said earlier, any burning ambition or pretensions in the book-writing field, many friends through the years have told me I should write a book of my experiences with the ladies. They felt there were some wonderful stories which would amuse many (mostly male) readers, as I have been a part of some very amusing and bizarre events as a single, heterosexual, reasonably successful, London-born male with a cheeky smile and a fair line in patter, since I lost my cherry when I was fifteen years old.

Most recently, a friend who is the brother of a very much admired, respected, and successful British actor also suggested I write a book in view of the number of experiences I had told him about and which he thought were hilarious. So I thought that if he thought it was worth a shot, who was I to let the opportunity pass?

Anyhow, what follows are all events that have happened to me over a period of many years. I have not included any passages or stories about one or two ladies I have loved, or ladies who would not add anything in the way of additional entertainment for the reader. I have also not mentioned my lovely wife (whom I met after all of these events took place), whom I adore and who knows I am writing this book.

None of the events that follow have been embellished in any way, and I have only changed some locations and the names of the ladies concerned to protect their identities. I think that is only fair as I am protecting my own—don’t you agree?

No?

Well, you probably will after you have read this book!

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In the Beginning

I was born in South West London and was delivered by a local midwife at home in my parents' bedroom. I was a second child, my sister having been born nearly two years earlier, and as there was a shortage of maternity beds at the time, many second or subsequent births which were not considered to be difficult or problematic births happened in the home.

I must have been a lovely baby, because apparently the midwife couldn't put me down and told my mother I had the most beautiful rosebud lips. My mother subsequently told me this and seemed quite proud that the midwife, who of course had delivered hundreds of babies, should form a particular attachment to me.

My mother was an Italian beauty, typical of most Italian women, with jet black hair, brown eyes and was what I guess at the time would have been called a “voluptuous” figure. This dawned on me when I was looking through some photographs of my mother at weddings, parties, etc., when I was old enough to understand and realised that she left most of the other women in the shade.

All of her friends were Italian, and very often on a Sunday, my mother, father, my sister and I would be invited to “tea” at one of her friend’s houses. “Tea” consisted of lots of lovely Italian food, lots of wine which everyone seemed to enjoy copious amounts of, lots of music and dancing and lots of kisses and cuddles for me from pretty ladies, which I must say I began to look forward to immensely. I am sure that these gatherings were responsible for my growing appreciation for curvy, warm, and seemingly exotic creatures.

In stark contrast, on other Sunday afternoons, we went to one of my English aunts’ houses for “tea,” which consisted of weak tea, stale cheese sandwiches with curling crusts, stale homemade cake usually as hard as a brick, and lots of aged aunts and other “old” women who all seemed to have moustaches like those wire brushes we used to clean our Hush Puppy shoes and who insisted in kissing me again and again. Yuck.

I therefore began to appreciate beauty in the female form very early in life, but as I went to an all-boys private Catholic college from age eleven, my opportunities to meet young ladies seemed few and far between. But I avidly listened to the older boys’ descriptions of the mysteries of the female body, how they explored them outside and then inside of their clothing if they were allowed to go that far, and I was totally intrigued by their descriptions of actually having sexual intercourse.

I thought the girls who allowed them to go “all the way” were really good sports, and from these descriptions I thought the act of sexual intercourse sounded both incredibly pleasurable and exciting. Persuading a girl to do it seemed to be a major challenge which I wanted to experience as soon as possible, as I

wanted to move on from just having a “hand shandy” as it was popularly referred to in those days. (Unless you were a priest, in which case, you referred to it as “self abuse.”)

Opportunities were, as I said earlier, far and few between, until I joined a couple of local youth clubs and began to mix regularly with the opposite sex. Then there were a number of quick and slow gropes with girls behind the youth club buildings, behind the local ice rink, on the doorsteps of their homes—very quietly of course, park benches, and other places where I could explore the new landscape. I thought it was great.

Many years later, when I was having a drink in the saloon bar of our local pub with my rather strict father on the occasion of my eighteenth birthday, he stunned me by talking about sex. He stunned me even more when he said, “If the Good Lord invented anything better, he kept it to himself.” He then said that there would be dire consequences for me if I ever came home and told him I had made a girl pregnant.

I soon started to take girls out to the cinema and experienced what it was like in the back row of the movies on a Saturday night, as the song goes. It was therefore only a matter of time until my virginity was a thing of the past, cast aside like an old, scratched, unfashionable, and unwanted 78 rpm record.

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