

## Maidens Like Moths by Annie Forbes Cooper

It was my best friend Doreen who first noticed the advert in the local paper, squashed in between 'Kenny's Fish Bar, Scampi a Specialty', and 'Scottish Country Dance Lessons, only 3/6.'

'Wanted: Go-Go Girls. Opening Soon, The Tartan Flamingo....'

"Mo Maxwell and Liz Kennedy are applying," said Doreen.

Well, that confirmed it. Two years ahead of us at school, Mo and Liz were part of the Aberdeen in-crowd, to which we so desperately aspired. We phoned up immediately and arranged to see the manager Mr. Feldman next day after school.

The site of the Tartan Flamingo looked the same as it always looked: grey, grim and granite - one of the finest examples of an 18th century Presbyterian church this side of the River Dee. It was one of many such empty houses of worship, victims of vandals and neglect until the town council had the brainwave of making money by selling or renting them out.

'Believe in the will of the Lord, for he can work miracles,' proclaimed the yellowing poster in the notice board outside. I knew nothing about the will of the Lord, but I knew all about the will of Lord Byron, whose pigeon-covered statue stood across the road in the gardens of the boys' grammar school he'd once attended. Son of a Scottish heiress and a spendthrift gambler, he'd grown up in Aberdeen and got seduced by his nanny at age nine. At ten he'd moved to London after his uncle had died and Byron had inherited his title.

Byron was my favorite poet. I fancied him almost as much as I fancied Mick Jagger. I was in Byron House at school. We were doing the Romantic Poets for English 'O'-Level. I knew his