

Creative writing: all around the corner



Mornings would normally be a 7 o'clock rise, day beginning at 8: 30, released at 3: 20. Today, being the holidays, I can drag myself away from all this for a blissful lie in. A bliss broken by the 'bring'ing of the phone. " Yeah right" I thought to myself. " Answer, don't answer? Give up my wings, stay in heaven?" The choice being obvious, I returned to my daydreaming. However, the rarity of a phone call for me rather than anyone else in the house made me answer the second time round. What a mistake. It was Katie, the definition of moron, ringing for a 'chat'. I gave up my warm bed to hear her wining voice wine in my ear.

" Yeah" I said. I could have been agreeing to a heart transplant for all I knew but I thought I'd better show I was still on the other end of the line

Unfortunately yes was the wrong answer. It then took me a while of bluffing to find out I'd agreed to go for a drink. Catch up. I no longer felt worthy of my blankets.

Sasha was my remedy. ThefriendshipSasha and I shared could not be described as 'life long', simply because I only met her 6 months ago when she moved here. However, I don't see how time can predict how good a friends you are. We click, and we have fun, We're there for each other, and we give each other space when needed. Sounds like a great friendship to me.

A best friend always knows what you need. In my case, my best knows my great need of the retail variety. All life's troubles can be thrown aside in a good few hours at the shops.

" Wait! How superb." The frock Sasha was admiring could only be described as a Sasha dress. Only she could pull off such extravagant styles and colours and yet still appear so modest and respectable. It makes you wonder who else buys these things. Maybe there's a bigger population of Sashas out there than first thought.

And so we hit the shops. The trick is, not to let them know you have absolutely no money whatsoever. Give the illusion that you have it, you just see no need to spend it. However, the small amount of cash we do possess usually goes on the much-needed hourly revival break.

We took the seats unoccupied, partially shared with two mid-thirties women. The gossip they didn't mind sharing with the world was amazing. Law suits, affairs, bribery, all coming from one woman's life. Of course this left the other woman to demonstrate listening techniques far too challenging for an average human being. By the look on her face, she seemed to be thinking of something soothing. Chocolate perhaps.

It was hard to have our own conversation while still listening to this woman's life story, and so drank silently, occasionally attempting short conversations to cover the fact that, let's face it, the world is a nosy place.

A nudge on my leg from Sasha made my leg really sore, but also made me realise who it was standing behind me. I arrived with Sasha for support. I knew that if Katie showed her real mutant self then I'd need back up. Sasha had said she didn't mind, so if she was lying she should learn to tell the truth. I turned round to Katie. She sat down, taking the place of the really good listener who had now left with her friend. Katie's mouth opened, and

my ears shut, if they could do such a thing. Its not even as if my concentration p is normally this small. I began to think, " which do I really prefer. Galaxy or Cadburys?"

" So how are you all?" Katie's manner can be described as nothing but 'chirpy'. This was a pointless question from the start. We're obviously still living or else we'd have given drinks a miss.

" Not really been up to much have we Sasha." Usually the case. Boredom seeps round every corner. What is there to do when you're this age? Your either too old to do what you used to, or too young to move on. Never any money, allowance doesn't go anywhere near far enough.

" Family's been doing my head in at the moment. Acting like I still need the potty training." Sasha always uses these chats to get her family problems off her chest. " They just give me norespect. The other day I began to tell them of the trip we may plan. Do you have any idea how tormenting they can be. Yeah, perhaps they do 'have my best interests at heart' but come on, I can look after myself." With this I have to agree. I've met Sasha's family, and the independence they give her, though very loving, is invisible, simply because it doesn't exist.

It was hard not to notice how Katie, even with her chirpy attitude, had managed to dampen our spirits so much.

" Got the energy for another shop Sash?" I personally didn't have the energy to lift my feet, but I wanted to move on from this subject. I didn't feel the

same way about my family. Only last month I became a great grandma. It isn't all bad.