

Conflict, Conversation and Conclusion.

“Come on, we’ll walk,” Siobhan was already finding half-term difficult, Rob had gone to Brighton on a rugby course for three days, but Amber had refused to do anything. She *had* been going to a language day today, at her college but insisted that she was due a ‘holiday’ following, as she put it, her GCSE summer. A short walk to the supermarket might get her daughter away from the inevitable screen.

“Mum, can’t we take the car, I need to get back to do my hair for tonight.” Amber had a date which was a bone of contention with her parents, they wanted to meet the boy, a boy she had met only at the beginning of term and they had insisted that he came to pick her up, that evening. Amber said her parents only wanted to look him over and that no one had to be picked up ‘these days’, a sign of their great age and lack of understanding of the culture she was completely comfortable with.

“It’s eleven o’clock, we’ll be back in an hour, loads of time for your hair.” Siobhan picked up her purse and shopping bag.

The walk was quite nice, Amber admitted to herself. She was so looking forward to tonight, she was meeting Dan Harvey, the anticipation had obviously made her smile.

“Nice to see you smiling, you must be enjoying being out in the fresh air for a change.”

She hadn’t realised, she was *actually*, smiling but she did feel sort of bubbly inside, Dan was so it, all the girls in the French History class thought the same and mum and dad deffo* wouldn’t.

She had not wanted to go to Sixth Form College, she like the school she was at but the fact that there were boys there and it was getting results as good as her costly school, swung the decision both for her and her parents. She really liked it and had made friends as she put it, for life. ‘Drama Queen’, Rob had decided, in his brotherly way.

The shopping was almost finished when they went to pick up the carrots, organic of course, mum would have no others. And there he was. Dan. Dan who wore a brown overall and had his hair under a net. A net. His glorious hair under a net!

“Hi, Amber,” Dan greeted her and would have hugged her if they hadn’t been in the supermarket aisle.

“Dan,” was all that Amber could say. He looked like a twerp in his outfit.” I didn’t know you worked here,” Dan went on to explain in a way that made him seem sort of boring, she thought.

“I never come into the store I’m a backroom worker, but they needed more organic carrots, out on the floor.”

“Just what we needed. You must be Amber’s friend. How nice to meet you,” Siobhan said, offering her hand, which he shook. Amber cringed, she didn’t know why. Friend?

They left the shop and walked quickly home. Amber felt odd. Was it seeing Dan in that Halloween costume of a uniform, or was it that he seemed just the sort of person her mother would like. The piercings hardly noticed without the rings and the tats* were well hidden under his brown sleeves.

“Well that solves our little family dilemma, I have met your date for tonight, and he is very nice, so if you want to meet him in town, as you wanted, I’m sure dad that will be alright with dad.”

*For those unfamiliar with Amber's use of these two words 'deffo' (of course) = definitely and 'tats' are what we would call tatoos.

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