

The Short Break

By

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“Does my bum look big in this?”.

Susie and Ali had squeezed themselves into the shortest shorts they could find and cut off vest tops.

“Who cares!! We’re never going to meet these people again. Just slap some more makeup on!”

“Don’t forget your birthday sash, Susie!”

“Yeah. I’ve got it!”

By the time they reached the beach near the Spanish resort where they were staying, the party was in full swing. The place was packed with young people and the drinks were flowing freely.

The Rum Punch certainly packed a punch but they soon moved on to Sex on the Beach (not literally) alternating with vodka shots.

The hot, sultry evening air, the loud beat of the disco music and the free-flowing cocktails gave the beach party a carnival atmosphere.

“Isn’t this fab Ali?”

“Better than I imagined it would be Suze.”

Around midnight, the music stepped up a bit and Susie was dancing on a table. All those around her were egging her on. “Go, go, go, vamos, vamos,vamos!”

Nearby, Ali was kissing and cuddling a young Italian boy called Giovanni or Gio for short.

In the early hours of the morning, the party was abruptly ended by the arrival of the police. A lot of the partygoers were rounded up, Susie and Ali amongst them.

They were put in a police cell for the night together with a number of other partygoers.

"It's all your fault, Susie! You should never have used the B word. You were singing it at the top of your voice when you were dancing on that table."

"I did not say or sing bra, Ali! I absolutely did not!"

"Not bra, stupid. Brexit! Singing BR-EX-IT to YMCA did not go down too well with all those Europeans."

"Who are you to talk about Europeans with your tongue down the throat of that young Italian boy?"

"Ah, Gio was gorgeous! Such an Italian charmer! That snog was so nice. I wanted it to go on forever! I've given him my number! Anyway, you yourself said last night that we'll never see these people again!"

"That's what you think, Ali! I'm coming back again next year. That was one of the best nights of my life!"

"Unless we get banned from Spain altogether!"

Their flight home to England was due to leave at 2 PM and three hours before, they were taken to the hotel to pack their bags and then be transferred to the airport in a police van.

In their dishevelled state with makeup running down their faces, they did a walk of shame through the reception area trying to look nonchalant. After a quick freshen up, they were on their way to the airport.

Once on the plane, to the amusement of their nearby fellow passengers, they reminisced on the good time they'd had.

"Well I have to say, Susie, that was certainly a memorable three night break!"

“Oh, it certainly was! When you went down that waterslide and your boobs popped out, I nearly wet myself laughing! That’ll teach you to wear a bikini!”

“That wasn’t as funny as you doing that SUP Yoga on that paddleboard thingy! How many times did you fall in? What was SUP again? The instructor thought you were a right one!”

“Stand Up Paddleboard or Stay Upright Pissed more like. I’ll have you know, it was really hard to balance on that!”

“And what about that barman by the pool who you asked whether he wanted to join you for a Sex on the Beach! He almost believed you for a moment until he realised you just wanted him to share a cocktail with you!”

They both giggled.

“But the party was the ultimate!”

“Yeah, the ultimate.”

They sat there, contemplating their memories in silence.

Back at Gatwick airport, they grabbed a taxi back to their retirement home.

“By the way Susie, when Doris asks whether you had a lovely 75th birthday, just say yes.”

“Oh yes,” Susie replied. “What happened in Spain stays in Spain.”

The End