

The Last Word

I have been waiting for the best part of thirty-six minutes.

Yes, I'm sorry ... but ... Muuum! Stop dancing!

I mean, does it really have to take that long to try on three pairs of trousers and five tops? Just what do you do in there?

Mum, please don't dance in the shop!

You expect me to just stand here, smiling, like 'Patience on a monument.' If they play my favourite songs, I dance.

Not in the shop Mum ... Please?

No chairs, you see. Why don't they put chairs in here? That poor woman, by pants and socks, has been waiting even longer than me.

But she's not dancing Mum.

Are you nearly done? Can I just pay the money and go now?

Yes, but ... I just need to find something sparkly to go with these trousers.

Sparkly tops are on the right. Sparkly bags and sparkly jewels are by the checkout. For sparkly frocks try the left hand wall, just behind the sparkly shoes. And you'll find all the sparkly make-up near the door.

Mum, you are losing the plot!

Very likely! I might just apply for a job in here; directing folks to sparkly things.

I'll be five minutes ... Okay? Could you please stop dancing? There are people who know me in here.

It's not me doing the dancing Honey. It's the money.

Then will you ask it not to do it in the shop?

The money is bored with your preening and prancing in front of the triple mirror.

Hair up? Hair down? Over one shoulder, over the other. This with this? Or this with that? That with this? Or that with that? If you don't decide quite soon, the money will dance right out of here and down the mall to the coffee shop.

Mum! Please! Just five more minutes ...Two? Pleeese? I'll be quick.

Just go! Do it!

Thanks Mum. You're a star! I'll be really quick. Only ...

Only what? The money is counting seconds.

Mum, please don't dance.