

Kids

by Sho Botham

“No, you can’t have new trainers. Do you think I’m made of money? There’s nothing wrong with the ones you’ve got.”

“But mum.”

“But mum, nothing. Now, I’ve got a million and one things to do before everyone gets home. So why don’t you give me a hand and we’ll get through it all quicker together?”

Pushing her airpods into her ears, Sadie put her iPhone on the table and continued talking to her friend Myza as she busied herself around the kitchen.

“I know, it gets worse and worse. Ade asked me, only this morning, for yet another pair of trainers. I told him, I’m not made of money but actually, I think I know what’s behind it this time. They think we were born yesterday. But we’ve been through it all ourselves. I heard him in his bedroom last night crying buckets. I think him and Jessie have had a bust up. He probably feels as if his heart is broken into a million pieces right now but he’ll get over it.”

“Is that how they think today? A bust up with your girlfriend needs new trainers that cost fifty three million quid?”

“Don’t jest, that’s just the start of it. He’ll be wanting a car next.”

“Don’t be silly, even Ade knows money doesn’t grow on trees. How could you and Pete afford to buy these hundreds of kids of yours a car each time they break up with a sweetheart that decides they no longer love them to the moon and back?”

“Hundreds of kids? Four - hardly hundreds. But I know what you mean. Two sets of twins, close together was always going to break the bank now and again.”

A loud slam of the front door followed by, what sounded like, a herd of elephants coming in, terminated the phone call. Ade’s footsteps thudding down the stairs joined the sounds of his brother and sisters.

“Mum, I’ve met the dishiest bloke imaginable, shouted Patsy as she flopped onto a stool in the kitchen.”

“Don’t believe her,” shouted Jan. “Her bloke’s got the worst haircut in the world.”

“No, he hasn’t. She’s talking tosh,” said Patsy,” screwing up her face as she looked daggers at her sister.

Doug came in and joined the good-natured ribbing in the kitchen.

Smiling, Sadie laughed and said, “you can choose your friends, but you sure can’t pick your family.”

“What’s that supposed to mean, mother? You love us to bits. You’d do anything for us kids. “You’d even buy us all a car,” and as if orchestrated, Sadie’s four kids all ducked in unison, expecting their mother to throw something across the kitchen at them in fun.

“Yes, well, you can all think again. Your dad and I can’t afford to buy four cars and you all know that. We’ve talked about it a million times.”

“Yes, but mum...”

Sadie raised her hand, cutting them off, mid-sentence.

“Yes, mum, nothing. We’re not buying four cars.”

“But we’re not asking you to buy four cars, mother dear,” chorused four voices. “We’re only asking you to buy one car that the four of us can share.”

Sadie looked at her brood and laughed. “I guess I walked into that one.”