

Don't Call Mother a Fat Slag

The thing about my mother in this story, though not in real life, is her outstanding baldness. To us kids the baldness mattered the most, more than the stupid tent dresses, the swollen ankles or the close-up stink. We all agreed that she did it on purpose, there was always a razor in the medicine cabinet over the sink, but we never had a dad.

She had a big head, like an elephant's egg, if elephants had eggs, which I know they don't, and one of The Games when we were little was to put one of us on it and see how long we could stay on. Because it was very slippery up there the trick was to make yourself like a hat or a bowl and just fit on. She was fair, not like a bucking bronco, but she would run through the town quite fast and we all hated it. We all tried to get fattest so she would choose someone else. And dirtiest.

Although she was very rough with us all she would not tolerate other people being the same way. There was a bully at school who picked on all of us and he got me the most until I pretended to be sick all the time. After a week Mother said she wasn't having me under her feet all day long and she picked me up by the wrist and dragged me to school with me screaming almost the whole way.

When we got there it was playtime and the bully runs up, sticks his stupid head through the railings and starts yelling rude things at me and how he's going to get me. Mother stops and looks at him but he doesn't care. She smiles and says "What's your name little boy?" He says "Billy, mumble mumble." which I know is "Bald, fat slag," but Mother doesn't seem to hear. "Billy what?" she says, "Billy Buckle, mumble mumble," he says. "Well Billy Buckle, you are invited to Leo's Birthday Party this Saturday," which was strange because my birthday wasn't for ages. "Do you like fried chicken and lollies and cake and fairy bread and chips and chocolate and Fanta and ice cream and presents and" she kept going but she could have stopped there, Billy had already dribbled all over his trainers. He left me alone that week, he even helped me hand out the invitations Mother made. Mother told me that if anyone asked about my extra birthday, I was to say it was a religious thing.

Saturday was a hot day. The party was great and everyone, even Billy, was really nice to me. He felt a bit sick so he had a lie down on my bed, which I didn't like. When all the others had gone Mother rang Billy's dad and said Billy's had eaten too much and was poorly but he seemed fine now and was he okay to walk through the park by himself? Mr Buckle, of course, said "Of course."

We went into my room and got Billy up. Mum sat in her chair and said "Come and sit on my lap Billy Buckle." He looked at her fat, white legs and shook his head so we

grabbed him and took him over. Mother put him on her and held him tight until he stopped wriggling. "Good boy," she said "now sit neatly, it's time for your present." Billy sat up straight and folded his arms, we stood around watching, Mother didn't move. We all waited then Mother said "Billy Buckle, close your eyes, and then you'll have a nice surprise." Billy closed his eyes then Mother opened her legs wide, he fell, she grabbed his ears, clamped her legs on him and turned his head right round. There were a few crunches and he looked really surprised.

The next day they found Billy in the pond with no clothes on. Mother had fiddled with him a lot to throw them off the scent. It worked really well, they caught some retard, nobody ever found out who really did it.

