

## A Tall Tale

by Sho Botham

The door opened and both women froze hoping it wasn't one of their friends coming to look for them. It wasn't. They washed their hands and headed back into the restaurant continuing their conversation en route.

"She's not your full quid. I'm telling you."

"Yeah, you don't believe all that rubbish she's spouting though, do you?"

"Well, no, I don't, but she's pretty convincing. She believes it, that's for sure."

Dominic stood up to let Kerry get back to her seat.

"As she squeezed past him," he said jokingly, "we thought you two had found yourselves a couple of men you've been away so long."

"Chance would be a fine thing," said Ashley looking at him with a mischievous glint in her eye as she settled back into her chair in the middle of the long, refectory table.

The waiter hovered waiting for a sign that they were ready to order desert.

Dominic looked down the table to the blonde with her hair piled high and nails that could double as weapons and said, none of this is true, is it?

Goldilocks returned his look and said, "I remember very clearly what happened when I went to the cottage in the woods that day. You don't have to believe me. But I did go in and eat the littlest bowl of porridge and I did fall asleep in the littlest bed upstairs."

Humouring her, Dominic asked, "did no one catch you?"

Her friends were pretending to lap up her tall tale.

"No they didn't catch me. I mean, the porridge owners came back and found me asleep in the little bed."

"OMG, what did you do," said Kerry keeping up the pretence of getting right into the story.

"The only thing I could do – I legged it. I shot down the stairs and out of the door as fast as my legs would carry me."

"Didn't they come after you?"

"I don't know," said Goldilocks. "I ran out of the woods back home to my grandmother and never dared tell her about the porridge, chairs, beds and bears."

"Bears," said Dominic. "What do you mean, bears?"

"Well, that's who lived in the cottage. Mummy bear, daddy bear and baby bear. It was baby bear's porridge that I ate and his bed that I fell asleep in."

"Nah, you're talking rubbish, woman. Bears living in a cottage and making porridge, I don't think so."

Goldilocks was adamant that it did happen.

Her friends were having none of it and put it down to Goldilocks having a glass of wine too many before dinner.

"Why haven't you told us this before asked Kerry?"

"I knew you wouldn't believe me," said Goldilocks.

"Well, your right about that. We don't."