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Tardiness

by Candidia Lloyd

Tardiness

Gemma was always late, and people responded in different ways. Her friend, who once waited for an entire lunch hour for her rolled her eyes and bore a silent grudge. Her boyfriend was fastidiously punctual so when they had a plane to catch, he would adjust the clocks to give a two-hour buffer for her procrastinating. And a kind aunt would declare 'oh you're just in time' when the rest of the family were cranky, having waited an hour for her to show up to dinner. For some reason, perhaps because she seemed so vulnerable, no one ever lost their temper. Somehow, they understood that her tardiness was the manifestation of some sort of anxiety to which no one wished to draw attention. They knew that we all possess quirks in our behaviour which on the surface can be irritating but if we dig beneath there's always more to it.

If all else fails, read the instructions

The parts of the self-assembly cabinet were spread out over his daughter's bedroom floor. Dan would surprise her and complete it by the time she returned home from university for Christmas that evening. However, he soon found there was a flaw in the design and sawed a few inches off one of the planks of MDF. Then he found he had used the fixings in all the wrong places, and he'd have to undo the whole thing and

start again. Of course, when he did this the instructions suddenly made sense and when reassembled the piece of wood he'd cut down was now too short.

“Hey Dad!” his heart lifted at the sound of his daughter’s voice. She hugged him and said over his shoulder, “is that a hole in my cabinet?”

Why did he never learn? With an IKEA cabinet, it’s never simple, there’s always more to it.