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Mother

by Sho Botham

Rushing from room to room she was like a whirlwind.

“It’s here somewhere,” she shouted over her left shoulder at no one in particular.

“Come on mum,” shouted three impatient children. “We’ll be late.”

Huffing and puffing she joined them in the airy hallway. “We have lots of time. No need to panic, just yet. We can’t go without the tickets and they are in the bag I can’t find - oh, I know, it’ll be in the bathroom. I was dying for a wee when I came in earlier. I probably left it next to the bath.”

Three frustrated faces watched her back disappearing speedily upstairs again.

“Found it,” came the jolly cry from above.

“Was it in the bathroom,” shouted the eldest of the three?

“No, the airing cupboard.”

“What was it doing in there?”

“I put a clean towel in the bathroom.

“And you put your bag in the airing cupboard?”

“I know, I know,” she said, returning to the hallway. “But we’re all set now. I’ll just find the tickets in my bag.”

She dived into her soft grey sack of a bag and began pulling out an array of items that would be better stored in a cupboard in the house.

“Your bag must weight a ton,” said the middle son.

“It could do with a clear out,” admitted his mother as she dragged a skipping rope from the grey depths. “Here they are, got them. I knew they were in my bag.”

She pulled the stiff tickets of printed, light grey card from the envelope retrieved from her bag and held them aloft in triumph.

“Mum,” said the youngest son, standing closest to his mother’s hand holding the tickets, “the tickets aren’t for today, it says Thursday the 13th, that’s tomorrow.”

She pulled her specs down onto her nose and investigated the tickets. “You’re right, they’re for tomorrow. Well that’s okay we can go tomorrow, can’t we?”

Mum, you’re hopeless, said the eldest boy with a hint of a smile. “You said you were certain it was today.

“Oh you know me boys,” she said, smiling into each face in turn. “I have no talent for certainty. At least the concert wasn’t yesterday.”