

## **Foolish 400: Carol Reid**

Lucy lay in bed, feeling the tingles playing all around her body. She'd woken a few minutes ago, stretched, wondered what day it was, decided on Thursday, meaning scouts at five o'clock for Davy, dance at four for Leah, ... Billy, Billy, why was her mind blank?

Then she remembered. Lucy shivered, then the tingling started. Last night she'd read the email; she was in, she'd made it! Daydreams took over, each new one jostling its way to the front, becoming more outrageous.

'Come on, lazybones, up and at 'em!'

Lucy dropped to earth with a jolt. She could hear Pete in the closet, hangers clinking, drawers being shoved, muttering, a bang, some swearing. He'd be out soon. She had to tell him; how would he react? She had no idea. She hoped he'd be excited for her, support her, but you never knew with Pete. He always talked the talk, until it was put to the test, then, well, best not think about that.

Pete came out. Lucy told him her news, her dream, her joy.

He stood looking at her, his face spilling out exasperation, he looked away, looked at her again, looked around, rolled his eyes, opened his mouth, closed it, turned around, tried again, 'What were you thinking?'

He paced back and forth, trying for control. 'You, you fool!' He finally stammered. 'The house, the kids, me, what about me?' Pete threw his arms in the air and walked out of the bedroom.

Lucy wondered at what point he would realise that he was wearing a smart silk tie, crisply ironed linen shirt, clean black socks, but no trousers. Being called a fool by a man in boxers appealed to her sense of the ridiculous, but his words still hung in the air, and they hurt. She screwed her eyes closed and gave a small sob. A wet nose moved her arm and hot breath enveloped her face. She opened her eyes and looked into Buster's big, brown, soulful ones. His tail whacked her stomach and he smiled at her, 'Wow' he seemed to be saying, 'What a fantastic, fun, fearsome idea. I wish I'd thought of it. Can I join you on this foolish adventure? Please? Please? Pretty please?'