

Just a little snack

She gazes at the fruit bowl. A delicate Pink Lady can just be seen below a couple of ruddy Royal Galas and a shiny green Granny Smith while two blushing Braeburns sit on the top.

Apples are her favourite fruit, in fact about the only one she eats but her nutritionist says they should only be consumed in strict moderation. They contain too much sugar and could unbalance her diet and affect her performance on the track. She hesitates for a moment then grabs the Granny Smith from the bowl and takes a large crunchy bite.

The kitchen door opens and a young man appears, panting and sweating heavily, clutching a water bottle. He collapses on to a chair and takes a deep draught of water from the bottle.

“Hey, how did the run go sweetheart?”

He gathers his breath before answering “Good, it was tough though.”

“Would you like an apple?” she says holding out a Braeburn.

“No thanks, Gordon says I’m not allowed to eat them, too much acid.”

“Are you sure. What about ‘An apple a day keeps the doctor away’?”

“That’s been de-bunked now. They’ve got loads of sugar in them too, thought you’d know that.”

“Yeah but it’s the good sugar isn’t it, not the refined, granulated stuff people put in their tea.”

“Go on them, I’m starving.”

She hands him the apple.

He takes a large bite while she finishes hers and tosses the core in the compost caddy.

“Do you know what, I feel bad now, like I’ve eaten a Mars Bar or something. I should be sticking to the diet so close to the Games and that was my second apple today,” she says.

“What? You’ve just persuaded me to have one. What about ‘an apple a day keeps the doctor away’?”

“Guess I was trying to justify it.”

“And make me break my training diet too, thanks. Now it’s me who’s feeling bad.” He throws the nearly eaten apple on to the table.

“Sorry.”

The doorbell rings.

“I’ll get it.” Evelyn jumps up to answer the door and lets the visitor in.

“Alan, it’s Gordon for you.”

Before he can move a tall, bearded man in a tracksuit appears in the kitchen.

“Hi. Thought I’d pop in as I was passing and see how the training was going.”

He looks at Alan then scans the table before returning his gaze to Alan.

“Uh, yes good thanks, on target.”

“Sticking to the diet then?”

“Those are Evie’s apples.”

“What about that core in front of you?”

“Um, well she persuaded me to eat it, I didn’t really want to.”

Evelyn gasps.

“So, no mind of your own then?” he says.

“It’s only an apple and I didn’t quite finish it.” Alan hangs his head.

“Well, that could be it for us, you’re not taking things seriously. I’ll have to drop you, you’ll need to find another trainer.”

Alan looks up. Is that the tiniest of twinkles in Gordon’s eye?