

## **Foolish: Robin Creffield**

'Foolish?'. The scorn in her voice was not entirely aligned with the expression on her face. The sun was at her back and gave the appearance of a halo as it shone through her hastily tied back hair. She made a curious sort of angel with one eyebrow raised above her eyes, neatly defined with mascara.

I shrugged, not really having an argument to back up my initial assessment. She looked away for an instant, once again fixing her gaze on me although with her head tilted down a minute fraction, she was now looking up at me. If you can't picture it, the effect was somewhere between Princess Di and the cat from "Shrek". She raised her other eyebrow, the quizzical look inviting me to answer. I did not respond, knowing that to say any more would be to dig myself further into the quagmire where, metaphorically speaking, I was already knee deep. A 'real bootsucker' as my grandfather used to say. I lie, he never said that. In fact, he died when I was little, so I don't remember him ever speaking. I'm sure he did though, I think I would have been told had he been a mute.

She took a step towards me. My reflex was to flinch, to wait for the punch. It didn't come, it never would, of course. This wasn't school but those memories never leave you. If I remembered later (I wouldn't) I'd check the app on my smart watch to see how much my pulse had gone up. She put her arms around me and pulled me tightly towards her. I'm quite tall, probably should have mentioned that, so she really had to look up now. Her eyes were a pale blue. I mean, they still are but they were then too. My eyes, incidentally, were described by my mother as 'dirty dishwater'. No wonder I've always lacked self-confidence. Besides, they're green so thank God she had a dishwasher. I looked into them. I'm tempted to say something about limpid pools but without looking it up, I'm not entirely sure what limpid means. They were pretty, there's no doubt there. Beauty, they say, is in the eye of the beholder. I don't know who they are and it's probably irony that her actual eyes were beautiful. They closed as we kissed. At least, mine did. She loves me. The fool.