



The Twin's party

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Vicki sits with her youngest son on the well-loved sofa reading a story of Marco Polo set to puzzles. Lyndon is showing her how to cross the Mediterranean on the backs of serpents using a very busy index finger. She'd been dealing with office politics and missed out on Lyndon too much. She snuggles up to him, smells his hair. Headier than a fine wine.

They finish the puzzle.

'The twin's mum told me it's their birthday on Sunday,' Vicki says.

The mood is shattered as Lyndon's face erupts in tears – the fluid contents of his nose and mouth pour out onto Vicki. Lyndon is too upset to make a lot of sense, but she finally gets him to explain that the twins are having a party and he isn't invited.

'I'm sure if they are having a party, they'd invite you darling, you're their best friend.'

This didn't improve things. 'Marie said I couldn't come.'

Vicki couldn't believe that the twins' mum would say that. 'Is that what the twins said?'

He nods.

'I'm sure they're just inviting family then. If it's a kid's party you'd be going, I'm sure.'

This is too complex for Lyndon, but Vicki can see him ponder this.

'I'll ring Marie and see what's happening.'

When Marie answers she says. 'I bet I know what this is about.'

'Oh Marie. I'm sorry, I don't want to push you into anything, but it's just that Lyndon is a bit upset about being told he isn't invited to the twins' party.'

'You're the third mum to ring. It's just a family get-together, but now that the twins have not invited all their friends, I'll have to do something. I knew something was up when they said that Lyndon would accept a late invite.'