



# Volume one

# Takeaway

## Chapter 1

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**In accordance with gravity the coins fell. The two-dollar coin landed first, jetting with business-like efficiency straight onto the porch and into a concrete join. The fifty-cent piece, on the other hand, proved to be quite the entertainer, bouncing and singing upon its many corners before taking a bow and resting in silence. Such a performance almost distracted the onlookers from the flight of fancy upon which the ten-dollar note had embarked, fluttering and spinning like a dervish. Gilmore and Paterson found respite upon the doormat, with Banjo stealing all the applause from his impromptu audience.**

**I like rules, as a general rule. Rules establish boundaries, which in turn guard against mistakes and their accompanying awkward moments. I don't do awkward moments or mistakes. All fingers and thumbs I am not. I move in smooth, straight, well-rehearsed lines in order to avoid anything unexpected. I'm not inclined to trip over anything more than my own tongue, so it was a shock to me when I was unable to cleanly grasp twelve dollars fifty.**

**The rule is simple – money is placed into the palm of the hand, five fingers close about said currency and a secure economic environment is established. And it's not like I was forced to grapple with twelve dollars fifty in five-cent pieces;**

**Matty. Not Matt. Not Matthew. This was a friendly, familiar ‘Matty’. Good old Matty. One vowel and four consonants combined to create an identity to which I wasn’t familiar. Matty was an international man of mystery until I chose to shelve the suspense and cut to the chase – the only problem being it wasn’t my chase to cut to. It wasn’t my mobile phone. It wasn’t my text message. But I just couldn’t resist.**

**I really did try, but it proved impossible. The phone vibrated about the counter top, I swear it jittered towards me, begged me – pick me up. Pick me up. Look at me! Look at me! I couldn’t help it. I had to look. The text read hot, fresh. Mere seconds ago Matty, Matty was thinking about Edie enough to write:**

***Hey girl Sorry bout last Tues nite meet u at the usual  
2nite look fwd to seeing u x***

**Who would have thought that one name could cause so much trouble.**

**‘My fault? How exactly is my going to the bathroom and you reading my text messages my fault?’**

**‘Because you didn’t lock the keypad.’**

**‘Wow. I really didn’t think I needed to combine the name of my first pet with the name of my favourite cereal to create a password to stop someone I actually thought I trusted from checking my messages and making stupid allegations.’**

**I was trying to seem calm even though I could feel my face burning up and my voice beginning to wobble, damn it.**

**‘My assumptions weren’t stupid. All the evidence points to the fact that you and some guy called Matty are, somehow, well, involved.’**

**‘What’s your point?’**

**‘Try the glasses on and my point will be felt.’**

**‘Okay, but what am I going to see through these things? What am I looking for?’**

**‘Stories. Look to people for their stories. Listen with all your senses.’**

**I took the glasses from Drake. I noticed his hands were soft, unblemished; his nails clean and neatly manicured. I put the glasses on.**

**‘How does it feel?’ he asked.**

**‘Fine,’ I shrugged.**

**I peered through the tiny holes, and focused on the interior of the carriage. I looked around – then yanked the glasses from my face and threw them on the floor, my breath shocked and jagged.**

**‘What the hell was that? What kind of scam are you trying to pull?’**

**‘This is not a scam. Check your wallet and phone. Go on, check them.’**

**They were still in my pocket.**

**‘Everything is as it was – you just caught a glimpse.’**

**‘What kind of game is this?’**

**‘Life,’ he said, as he casually reached down to pick up the glasses. He checked them over, dusted them off and adjusted the arms before offering them a second time. *What the hell*, I thought. I accepted them. Drake laughed.**

## **ARIAL BLACK READING NOTES**

**And I like that. I am very comfortable about owning an alternative perspective. If we all saw the world from the same angle, the see wouldn't saw. When I took in the happenings between Pizza Boy and Miss Clip Clop, I know I missed part of the big picture. I mean there were a lot of people around.**

**Maybe you could write a word or two about the group that eagerly disbanded to discuss happenings over scones and coffee.**

**Better still, you could find real people doing real things, sit down and write what you observe. The whole class could do it. What did you see? What was said? How do your visual perspective and personal perspectives affect what you write? Just remember to check those blind spots. Hate to scratch that beautiful paint job. Duck egg blue – superb.**

