

Rhys ~

A question of girls



Beatrice Holloway

Be different: buy direct
from the author or
tslbooks.uk

Hoping no one heard his gasp, Rhys quickly covered his mouth. If his best friend, Giddy, who, now they were nearly seventeen, preferred to be called, Idris, 'Because girls might get the wrong idea,' had heard, he knew he would be teased mercilessly. Giddy had got the nickname when in the Infant School. Every day, in the playground, he would spin himself round and round, faster and faster until he fell down, giddy and laughing. As it was, at the time of gasping Rhys also went very red in the face and there was an uncomfortable prickling under his arms.

'Come on,' yelled Idris across the shop floor, 'Stop day-dreaming. Let's get a move on.' Rhys knew what he meant especially as it was late in the afternoon. Idris was keen to get back to the mountain behind their Welsh village to rough ride their joint ownership of an ancient motorbike.

They had stopped at the local store to shop, Idris for cigarettes and Rhys for boiled sweets. He had decided not to take up smoking but was sometimes tempted and had a few sweets handy to ward off any desire to take up the habit. He had tried, just once, but choked and was laughed at, and vowed not to bother ever again.

All through their childhood they had been short of funds and even though both were now earning, cash was limited and the motorbike, was their joy and passion at the moment.

Rhys was an apprentice carpenter/joiner in town, whilst Idris, as he put it, 'A blessed apprentice of sorts to this bloke. Supposed to be teaching me plastering with very little pay for a lot of running about for him. A goffa that's me.' He grinned as he added, 'but the old dears we work for often slip me a bob or two and keep me in barra brith and Welsh cakes.'

Rhys had chosen his career, knowing that when he finished at the one-day a week college attendance, and being