



Parkbench Perspectives

By Wayne Visser

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It's so unfair! Why do I have to sit here on this stupid bench, watching while all the other children get to have fun in the park. It's all Billy's fault! He pushed me. That's why I fell and broke my arm and cried and had to go to hospital and have this ugly plaster cast put on. It's because of him that I can't bath properly and it hurts when I go to bed and I have to sit out when everyone in my class gets to play games.

Mommy says I must be grateful, because there are other children, like in Africa, who don't have arms because they got blown up and don't even have food or anything. I suppose she is right, although it seems a bit dumb to be grateful for a broken arm. Anyway, at least mommy's given me lots of cuddles and kisses, that's something good for sure. And everyone at school feels sorry for me and the teacher gives me less homework.

The boys are nasty though. They call me cry-baby and say silly things like, "did you fall down the toilet." It makes me so mad, I just want to hit them, or tell daddy how horrible they are being, so that he can give them a good sorting out. But I don't, 'cos then I would be a tell-tale, and I'm not a tell-tale. I did tell that once, when I saw Jackie with cigarettes in the girls change room, cos mommy says smoking can kill you and I don't to die. I thought I was going to die when I fell and hurt my arm, it was so sore ...

Look at Jane, sitting at the top of the slide. I bet she's scared to go down. I'm an expert on the slide. I can go down forwards and backward and upside-down and the right way up and with my eyes closed and with my eyes open and anyway you like. Mommy says I should join the circus, but I want to be a dancer. I dance every week when my arm's not broken. And my teacher says if I practice and practice and practice and practice and practice, I might be on TV one day, like famous people. Then I could buy lots of dolls and dresses and have a mobile phone and a car and everything.

Maybe I will get my favourite doll for my birthday. I told mommy when I saw it in the shop. And my birthday is coming up soon. Mommy says I only have to watch the Munchkins on TV another twelve times and then it will be my birthday and will be seven. I love it when the Miss Chiff (that's the naughty girl Munchkin), hides her brother's shoes in dog kennel. That's so funny! And he looks everywhere but he cannot find them. And he sees Rugsy, the Munchkin dog, having his shoes for breakfast...

Hey, look, there's a dog like Rugsy chasing a ball in the park. I wonder if he had shoes for breakfast. Hee hee. There's a dog in my picture book that daddy's reading to me before I go to bed at night. But he's not like Rugsy. He's a human dog, not a Munchkin dog, and he eats dog food, not shoes. But he also has spots. Daddy says reading will help to make my arm get better sooner. And while the other children are playing outside, I will be getting cleverer. I hope so, because I think you have to be clever to get on TV.

My friend, Jane, also wants to be on TV, but she wants to be a singer. She also has to practice and practice. Sometimes, we practice together. She sings a song and I dance. We even do a concert for Jane's granny and grandpa sometimes. And they clap when we are finished. They say we are stars.





That's why I think Jane and me will have our own TV show one day, like Tim and Tom who are on Kids TV; only, we are girls and they are boys, and we will be singing and dancing and they just play silly games and dress up funny and talk to other kids. I am prettier than Jane, but she has a nice voice, so everyone is happy.

Although Angie says Sean thinks Jane is pretty. I told Jane and she just screwed up her face and stuck out her tongue and shook her head, which means she does not like Sean. He's always playing football and shouting and getting into fights with the other boys. When I told mommy about him biting Billy when they were pretending to do Wrestle-Mania, she called him a rascal. So now that's what I call him – Billy Rascal. He hates it when I call him that, but he pushed me, so I am allowed to call him names...

I wonder if it is nearly time to go home yet? Muchkins is at six o'clock and mommy says because I am cannot play properly like the other children in the park, I can have ice cream after supper. I hope she bought my favourite flavour – bubblegum, or chocolate. In the book daddy's reading me, the little girl drops her ice cream cone on the floor and the spotty-dog licks it all up. But I am not going to drop my ice cream because we don't have a real dog, and our cat, Tinker, doesn't eat ice cream. If he did, his teeth would all fall out...

Yay - here comes Jane and her mommy now, so I don't have to sit here on the bench any longer. I can see Jane is pretending to do balance walking with a book on her head and her arms stretched out on either side. My dancing teacher says balancing is very important, because falling over is not very elegant. So I have to practice. When I get better, I will ask mommy to bring me back to the park. Then I will practice balance walking on this bench and become famous and not fall over on TV.



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