

Axel Hates My Red Gloves

By Cyd

"Why the heck do you wear gloves so much? It isn't even that cold."

I look at Axel and laugh at him. He folds his arms defensively.

"Because I like how they feel." I say.

I reach out my arms, spreading my fingers apart. My gloves are a nice red colour, very warm and very comfy.

"That's stupid."

"It's pretty cold today, y'know."

"No way. I've experienced worse."

It's literally *snowing*. It never snows in South Westland, never ever. And it's really pretty, like tiny stars falling from the sky. I've never seen anything like it.

"Are you sure?" I ask him.

He mutters something, but a player on the field scores a try, or whatever, and everyone around us cheers.

"What'd you say?" I ask.

"...Nevermind."

I look around at the locals that are watching the game. There are people laughing and catching up with old mates, people drinking from water bottles or coffee cups, people dressed in garish homemade outfits with the same colours as their favourite teams' uniforms, complete with crusty face paint. In comparison, Axel and I don't look too out-of-place... Well, his spiky platform boots and eyeliner got him plenty of weird looks when we arrived.

I like Axel, though, because he never really seems to care about that stuff.

"Why are we even here?" he asks.

"It's something to do." I shrug.

"So you weren't dragged here by family or anything?"

"Nope!"

"Can we go get fish and chips, then?"

"Why not?"



We sit at the table in the centre of the shop, eagerly awaiting our chips and hotdogs. It's cramped, but warm, and far nicer than standing outside and watching rugby for an hour. Because it's the morning, the place is completely empty aside from the girl at the counter. She wears an orange apron over a pink sweater, and keeps looking over at Axel and I and smiling when she thinks we're not looking. "Y'know, getting fish and chips at eight in the morning is a bit weird, especially in winter." she calls out while she's grabbing our scoop of chips.

"We're aware." Axel says.

"B-But it's cool!" the girl adds, "I've always thought that fish and chips was good for cold weather. The newspaper keeps it warm for ages!"



"Never really thought about that." I say.

"People seem to think that it's great for bringing to the beach in summer," she says, "So we get far less customers in winter."

The girl places our box on the counter.

"Are you dining in, or taking out?" she asks, adjusting her glasses.

"Eh..." I look outside. While it's stopped snowing, I doubt it's much warmer now. "Dining in?"

Axel nods. The girl places the box on the table.

"I, uh," she says, "I like your outfits a lot."

"Thank you." I say. Axel nods again.

"And I like your gloves. They're cute."

Once the girl walks away, I look over at Axel with a smug smile.

"The ladies love them, at least."

