

Young Andy
by
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Young Andy knew he wasn't the sharpest knife in the drawer, and he didn't like school, mainly because of the other kids' teasing and bullying, but also because he couldn't grasp most of the lessons anyway. He spent a lot of time when he should have been at school sitting in the church next door. Not that he was a great believer in God, mind you, but the priest's voice that droned on during the services was soothing, even though the sermons went straight over his head. It was peaceful there too, when no-one else was around and there was nobody who might taunt him or go crook at him. The priest was used to Andy by now, and allowed him to come and go as he pleased.

Today there was a wedding in progress so he slipped into a pew toward the back and waited for everyone to leave. He was in no hurry; he had a hand-held game he'd been given for his birthday and was trying to concentrate on it. What made that difficult, however, was the lady who'd come and sat in the pew right in front of him, and every time the priest asked the congregation to rise to sing a hymn, the skirt of her dress got caught in the crease of her bum. It was terribly distracting, and Andy was sure she'd be horrified if she realised she was revealing the backs of her bare thighs as well as a glimpse of her underwear to all and sundry behind her.

His mum had always told him he must always be nice to people and to quietly help them whenever he could, and sitting as he was directly behind her, he thought it was surely his duty to do something about it. So, rather than calling attention to her predicament and risk humiliating her, the next time she rose, he reached his hand under the backrest of the pew and gently tugged the skirt down from between her buttocks. To his utter amazement, though, she turned on him, and fixing him with an angry glare, reached over with her handbag and clouted him with it fair across the chops.

Andy cringed, stunned. He was in trouble again, although he honestly thought the lady would have been grateful – not that he wanted thanks or anything, but surely she understood he'd only been attempting to save her from embarrassment. Cradling his smarting jaw in his hands he pondered, until he arrived at what could be his only solution. Perhaps the lady was aware of what was happening with her skirt and that was the way she liked it. If this was the case, then when she stood up again, he knew he would have to leave it there.

Wouldn't you know it, though, the next time she rose from her seat to join in with the singing, her skirt remained hanging free and loose.

Now, he realised, was the chance he needed to right his wrongdoing. Quickly, young Andy stuck his hand under the backrest and wedged her skirt firmly back into place.