

ENGLISH – LAMINEX AND MIRRORS CREATIVE PIECE

‘Laminex and Mirrors’ Creative - Dot and Len

It’s still dark outside when Len finally comes home from his night time shift, closing the door softly behind him in an effort not to wake his sleeping wife. Placing his worn out windbreaker carefully on the hook on the wall, he walks quietly down the empty corridor towards the kitchen, feeling his stomach rumble expectantly. Dot’s cosmetic catalogues were strewn all over the benchtops in misshapen piles, the images of shocking pink lipsticks and multi coloured friendship rings standing out against the aggressively yellow wallpaper, complete with a dainty floral print. Although the kitchen’s interior was certainly more to his wife’s taste, Len was not opposed to it. He was simply grateful that he wasn’t the one who had to make these sorts of decisions about colour schemes and china patterns, supermarket specials and the all important decision of which toilet roll was the most tightly packed so that you’d get more for value for money. The house wasn’t much, Len was prepared to admit, but the care with which Dot adorned it with her knick knacks and Elvis memorabilia made it feel like home. He was reminded of the afternoon when she had returned home from an antique sale with armfuls of lace doilies, and the excitement in her voice as she assured him that they were ‘so elegant’. All Len knew about doilies were that his mother used to leave them all through the house, serving some apparently vital function in every room. Happy to comply with Dot’s keen enthusiasm, Len had simply smiled and nodded.

Before Len even had the chance to open the fridge, he heard the rustling of bedsheets from the next room. Dot trudged into the kitchen wearing her pink fluffy dressing gown and matching slippers, her unkempt hair spread over her shoulders. As was their custom, Len moved away to the kettle to make tea, while Dot got out Weetbix and brown sugar for breakfast.

‘Sleep well?’ Len asked curiously, spooning Moccona into two large mugs. ‘I suppose so’, said Dot, unconsciously splashing milk over the rim of the bowl, rivulets of white dripping down its sides. ‘I’m probably going to have a big day of sales today you know. Yesterday the scholar bought *two* whole bottles of April Violets body lotion. It’s becoming my best seller you know.’

Len looked up skeptically. It wasn’t that he didn’t have faith in his wife’s home business, he just wasn’t sure what was so special about making a sale of two bottles of body lotion, or whatever she called the stuff. He certainly didn’t see the appeal of rubbing that horrible greasy paste all over your skin. He’d had Dot test out enough samples on him to realise that just because a tube had the words *ultra hydrating* printed in swirly writing on the front, didn’t make it pleasant to use.

‘Lovely’ he muttered. They were the only words he could think of. What was he supposed to know about cosmetics anyway?