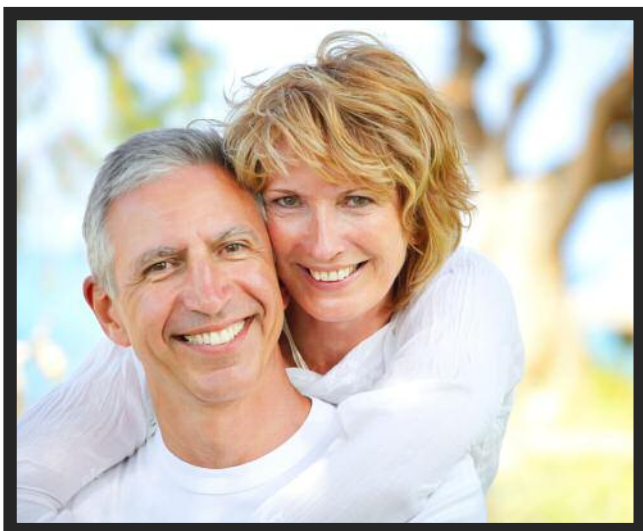


extra fingers

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They're so lucky

AMELIE, talking about her friend Kelly: "Mum, Kelly and her sister are so lucky. They get all these things. They get horse riding lessons, Kelly's sister's got the latest iPad Mini, Kelly's got an iPod and she's having pony lessons . . . they just get all this stuff and they haven't even got broken-up parents or anything terrible like that."

Suicide

Part of a longer conversation on dying, animals and older people . . .

AMELIE: "Dad, I thought 'commit suicide' was, like, quit your job, and smash up your house and, like, throw your mobile phone on the ground and just ruin everything. All your emails and you just chuck out all your clothes and food and then you die. That's what I thought it was."


DAD: "No, just the last bit."

AMELIE: "Like where you give up everything that's so important."

DAD: "Yeah, just the last bit actually."

AMELIE: "Oh."

Amelie: "I remember in Year Three that I picked up a worm. There. Now how about you? What can you remember from when you were younger and it *has* to be important?"



You can hardly remember anything

AMELIE: "Dad, you can hardly remember anything from when you were younger."

DAD: "Oh, I wouldn't say—"

AMELIE: "No. You can't. What do you remember? What do you actually remember? What sorts of things? Like the names of your old friends or something like that?"

DAD: "Well, I can remember some names of people from when I was younger but I must admit it's not always that easy trying to remember a lot of people's names. Not from way back I can't."

AMELIE: "That's what I'm talking about. You can hardly remember anything from when you were younger."

DAD: "Well what about you? What can you remember from when you were younger? Anything important?"

AMELIE: "Yeah. I can remember all kinds of things that were important."

DAD: "Okay. Name just one thing."

AMELIE: "Alright."

DAD: "Something important that is."

AMELIE: "I remember in Year Three that I picked up a worm. There. Now how about you? What can you remember from when you were younger and it *has* to be important?"

It should be eight dollars

AMELIE, referring to an upcoming concert in which she was performing: "Dad, guess how much the tickets are going to be? Go on, guess!"

DAD: "Oh, I don't know. Twenty-five dollars?"

AMELIE: "No. Twelve. Twelve dollars! Can you believe that?"

DAD: "Well, yes. Seems fair enough to me."

AMELIE: "What! No! That's so much."

DAD: "Is it?"

AMELIE: "Yes! It should be eight dollars, Dad."

He is to older people

AMELIE: "Dad, why didn't you want to go to work today? It's Easter Monday. You'd get a lot of money."

DAD: "Well, I'm going to work on Anzac Day. I'll get just as much money that day as I would have gotten today. They're both public holidays."

ISABELLA: "No you won't. Everyone's obsessed with God so today would have beaten Anzac Day."

DAD: "No, it's the same amount of money, Is."

AMELIE: "Issy, God's not like One Direction."

ISABELLA: "Yeah he is. He is to older people."

That's less and much better for the people going. It could be even less than that. It could be five dollars. Or even four. Yeah, four."

They haven't told me

Part of a conversation on differences between people

DAD: "Have you ever thought about what it would be like to be in an army?"

AMELIE: "No."

DAD: "Well, do you think that people who go off to war really want to go off to war? As part of an army? Or do you think they're thinking inside, 'Oh, I really wish I wasn't going?'"

AMELIE: "Don't know."

DAD: "Hmm."

AMELIE, after a long silence: "Dad, how would I know that?"

DAD: "Well, I just wondered if you've ever thought about how people would feel in war and whether, I don't know, they'd be excited by war, or—"

AMELIE: "It's their . . . it's what they think. How do I know what they're thinking?"

DAD: "No, but I just thought—"

AMELIE: "They haven't told me."

DAD: "Hmm."

AMELIE: "Because I wasn't alive around then."

DAD: "But even now when there are wars on, and there still are wars at times in the world—"

AMELIE: "But I'm not in those countries where there's wars."

DAD: "No, you're not. I know."

AMELIE: "Can't just go up to them, while they're in war, and say, 'Are you happy about the world war or not?'"

DAD: "No, I know you can't."

AMELIE: " 'I'm trying to concentrate. I don't want to get killed.' "

Just forever

AMELIE to her friend **JESS**, referring to friends of Jess's family who are no longer together: "Have they broken up or something?"

JESS: "No. They've just separated from each other forever."

Only at school

Amelie and I had been discussing fun days. She thought Christmas and her birthday were. Then it came to Anzac Day.

DAD: "What about Anzac Day? Is that a fun day?"

AMELIE: "No. Everyone's sad!"

DAD: "Oh."

AMELIE: "Well, I don't really think about the soldiers really."

DAD: "Really? How come?"

AMELIE: "I just go on with my day. I just think of it as a normal day."

DAD: "Why don't you think of the soldiers?"

AMELIE: "Because they're already gone. They're in the past now. And we don't need to worry about them."

DAD: "Yeah, but, the whole idea of Anzac Day is that you remember the many men — it was mostly men — who gave up their lives. Because they thought that—"

AMELIE: "Why would you want to be in war?"

DAD: "Well I'm not saying they wanted to be. But many of them gave up their lives — this is particularly the case in World War Two — to stop a man like Hitler. Otherwise they thought that Hitler might come all the way to this country and make your life quite miserable."

AMELIE: "Er! Hitler! I could kill him! If I was alive

around that time, I would be putting bombs on him and his house (*laughs sinisterly*)."

DAD: "Yeah, but it's not quite as simple as walking up with a big bomb and thinking that you could blow him up. Because if—"

AMELIE: "I'd blow him up!"

DAD: "Yeah I know. But it's not as simple as that. You don't just get a bomb. Where would you get a bomb from?"

AMELIE: "A shop. You can buy bombs. It's actually true. You can buy them at your own country. Or a gun. Then you could shoot him."

DAD: "Yes, but they'd see you coming with the bomb and the gun. The people that are protecting him. And they'd shoot you."

AMELIE: "Oh. Okay. That's bad."

DAD: "See? You hadn't thought your plan through. Anyway, getting back to the soldiers. The reason why they have Anzac Day is so that you can think about the sacrifice they made."

AMELIE: "I'm not going to be thinking about that. I'm not. I won't think about that."

DAD: "Hmm. Well, couldn't you just spare a minute?"

AMELIE: "No."

DAD: "It's only sixty seconds."

AMELIE: "No."

DAD: "Why not just a minute? It's not very long."

AMELIE: "No. We do that in class but . . ."

DAD: "Well what do you think about when that minute's on?"

AMELIE: "The war."

DAD: "Do you? Oh. Okay, what—"

Of a girl who had said hello to Amelie:
“She picks her nose and wipes it on her lunch box and eats it later. And she also did a four-day tantrum once to get a doll that’s worth two hundred dollars. That’s all I know.”

AMELIE: “I do actually think about it but I don’t have the patience to do it at home.”

That’s all I know

DAD, after a girl had said hello to Amelie: “Do you know that girl?”

AMELIE: “No.”

DAD: “Well she said hello to you. She said, ‘Hi, Amelie’.”

AMELIE: “Yeah I know. She’s just in Year Five and I know her a little bit.”

DAD: “Oh. Okay. Do you sometimes play with her at school?”

AMELIE: “No. Not really.”

DAD: “Oh. Okay.”

AMELIE, after a few seconds: “She picks her nose and wipes it on her lunch box and eats it later.”

DAD: “Oh.”

AMELIE: “And she also did a four-day tantrum once to get a doll that’s worth two hundred dollars. That’s all I know.”

THE LAST WORD

The hopeless brain

AMELIE: “What’s the point of a brain if it doesn’t even work? I was going to say something just then to Issy but it didn’t work. It didn’t remember what it was. It’s so hopeless sometimes.”