



extra fingers

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They're boring

AMELIE, at the Natural History Museum in London, complaining about all the rocks on display: “Why do they have so many rocks for?”

HOLLY: “What do you mean?”

AMELIE: “Well, they're boring.”

HOLLY: “Are they? How come?”

AMELIE: “They don't move and you can just see them outside.”

Amelie and the worm and the lizard

Amelie and I were riding to school one morning and I'd noticed she wasn't keeping up.

AMELIE: "I was riding up that [big hill] and then I kind of went onto the other side [of the road] because I saw a little worm."

DAD: "Oh!"

AMELIE: "It was so small but I couldn't find it after."

DAD: "Oh that's what made you slower. What was happening to the worm?"

AMELIE: "It was going across."

DAD: "Well I wonder if it made it."

AMELIE: "I don't think so."

Amelie, now almost at class, referring to another creature she'd recently seen on the path: "Do you ever see those snake-like ones? They look like snakes and they have tiny little legs and they're so cute."

DAD: "Oh, lizards?"

AMELIE: "No. They're not a lizard. They're different."

DAD: "No, I haven't seen—"

AMELIE: "They haven't got a tail."

DAD: "Oh!"

AMELIE: "They're just like a snake. They just go round and round."

DAD: "Oh, I haven't seen them."

AMELIE: "They're so cute! We found one in your bedroom once."

DAD: "Oh really?"

AMELIE: "No, that was a lizard! That was a lizard."

DAD: "Yeah."

AMELIE: "We found a lizard in your bedroom but the snake one, um, is really cute. I found one once and I put it on a spoon and then put it into a bowl."

DAD: "Oh. What for?"

AMELIE: "I don't know."

I knew she was the poo girl

AMELIE: "My teacher says I don't drink enough water."

DAD: "Does she?"

AMELIE: "Yeah. She doesn't think any of us do. But I do! I do drink enough water. Because I'm never thirsty."

DAD: "Well, that's usually a good indication as to whether you're drinking enough."

AMELIE: "I don't want to have to go to the toilet all the time. Because it's really gross in there! There's wee spots everywhere and especially all over the toilet seat. It's disgusting in there. And there's poos all around sometimes too. It's so gross. I followed one girl in one time and I knew she was the poo girl. There was this giant poo sitting in the toilet after she'd been and I thought to myself, 'Do you really think you're going to get away with doing that? What's so hard about flushing it away?'"

It's the truth!

AMELIE: "Dad, do you want to play trains with me?"

DAD: "No. We can't do that. It's ten to nine now. Look at the clock. See? It's a school night and you still haven't even cleaned your teeth or gotten ready for bed. Not a chance."

“I don’t like handshakes very much. I never know when to let go and I usually just end up standing there waiting for the other person to know when to stop shaking. Same goes for hugs.”

AMELIE: “But I don’t have to get up early tomorrow.”

DAD: “Yes you do. You’ve got orchestra practice.”

AMELIE: “No. That’s been cancelled.”

DAD: “Since when? I didn’t hear about it being cancelled.”

AMELIE: “Well it has. My teacher said it has.”

DAD: “Are you sure?”

AMELIE: “Hmm-hmm. She said she’s going to be sick tomorrow.”

DAD, after a short pause: “Amie, that would have to be the lamest attempt at a lie I’ve ever heard you try. What do you mean she’s going to be sick tomorrow? How can she know that?”

AMELIE: “Well, that’s just what she said.”

DAD, now on the front foot: “No she didn’t. That’s a lie, Amelie. And a really bad one.”

AMELIE: “No, Dad. It’s the truth!”

DAD: “Well, okay. I’m going to ask your teacher if she’s able to do that.”

AMELIE: “What?”

DAD: “Tell whether she’s going to be sick the next day. And if she’s not able to do that then you’re—”

AMELIE, instantly realising the game was up: “Okay. It’s a lie. But it’s still not on because the lead violin player’s going to be away.”

DAD: “Yeah. So what? That’s only one person. I’m sure your orchestra would be able to cope with just her being away.”

AMELIE: “Well . . . she’s very important though because she leads.”

DAD: “Yeah, but that wouldn’t matter. I don’t think that would be enough to stop your orchestra.”

AMELIE: “It is, Dad!”

DAD: “Amelie! . . . Alright, once again I’m going to check that with your teacher.”

AMELIE: “Just kidding!”

DAD: “I don’t know why you try those lies, Ams.”

AMELIE, chortling: “Neither do I.”

But what are you going to do?

ISABELLA: “Dad, can you turn the dining room light off please? It’s really bright.”

DAD: “No, it’s perfect. I can see Amelie’s homework really well now.”

ISABELLA: “Dad, you really should do something about your eyes. They’re just not

as good as they used to be. In dim light.”

DAD: “Yes, that’s true. But my eyesight is still pretty good.”

ISABELLA: “Oh, Dad. Well what are you going to do if you’re ever stuck inside a dark cave? And you have to read a map? A pirate’s map? What are you going to do then? I’m going to be fine because I’ve got young eyes. But what are you going to do?”

That’s the one

ISABELLA, concerning a news report she had to do for English: “I put in a . . . I put in a . . . oh, what’s it called again?”

DAD: “I don’t know. How would I know what it’s called? I don’t know what you’re even talking about.”

ISABELLA, a few seconds later: “Oh! I remember now. It’s one of those special types of questions. It’s a hypo-the-tical question I think. Yeah, that’s it. That’s what it’s called. No. The-atrical question?”

DAD: “What? You still don’t know? Do you mean rhetorical question?”

ISABELLA, throwing her head back in relief: “Oh yes! Finally! That’s the one.”

I never know when to let go

ISABELLA: “Dad, high five!”

DAD: “Oh alright. High five, Is. But I don’t really like doing them.”

ISABELLA: “Oh, what do you like? Boring old handshakes?”

DAD: “Yeah, they’ll do.”

ISABELLA: “I don’t like handshakes very much. I never know when to let go and I usually just end up standing there waiting for the other person to know when to stop

shaking. Same goes for hugs. When Mrs Freind hugged me that time I thought to myself, ‘I wonder how this is going to end?’ And I can’t really remember how it did. I think we just went like this in the end (*demonstrates by pulling her arms apart*). Yeah, I think that was it. Quite strange!”

Rip, rip, rip

AMELIE, showing Karin a very large rip in her school sports shorts: “It had this really little rip to start off with but then it just got bigger. It was a very small one to begin with but then, all of a sudden, it got a bigger and bigger rip until it’s now got this huge rip. See?”

DAD: “Yes, we can see that.”

AMELIE: “I was doing this dance (*torso quickly dropping in poor imitation of a cossack dancer*) and that’s how the rip got bigger. I could actually hear it ripping. (*Bounces up and down whilst squatting*) Rip, rip, rip.”

DAD: “Yeah, but hang on.”

AMELIE: “I don’t want these shorts anymore.”

DAD: “Yeah, but hang on sec. Hang on a sec. You said you could hear your shorts ripping. Right?”

AMELIE: “Hmm-hmm.”

DAD: “Well, why didn’t you stop when you first heard that?”

AMELIE, rolling her eyes: “Dad! I was doing my dance.”

Shameless

Amelie had just got into bed when she popped this question. It wasn’t the first time I had heard this ruse before from her.

AMELIE: “Can you go out and get me a drink because I’m really really thirsty?”

DAD: “Well, I think you can go out and get it yourself, can’t you?”

AMELIE: “No, Daddy, I’ve got a really really sore foot.”

DAD: “Oh! Where did that come from? You didn’t have a sore foot when you came into the bedroom.”

AMELIE: “I mean sore leg. Because I scraped it on the bricks.”

DAD: “You’re changing your story now.”

AMELIE: “Remember how I fell back off that thing?”

DAD: “That was a long time ago, darl.”

AMELIE: “No that was only yesterday!”

DAD: “Still a while ago for a graze.”

AMELIE, whining for sympathy: “It really really hurts!”

DAD: “It’s only a graze, isn’t it?”

AMELIE: “No it’s, like . . . it doesn’t look that bad but it really really hurts!”

DAD: “Yes but how does that prevent you from walking?”

AMELIE, continuing her whining: “Ouch!”

DAD: “It’s only a graze; it doesn’t prevent you from walking.”

AMELIE: “No but when I’m walking it really hurts.”

DAD: “Yes but when you were up at the school earlier on today I saw you running around.”

AMELIE, realising the game was up: “Dad! Oh, Dad, please just get me a drink!”

DAD: “Have I caught you out?”

AMELIE: “Yes!”

DAD: “There. Thank you very much.”

AMELIE: “But please please please can you get me a drink? Please!”

DAD: “Okay.”

AMELIE: “Good.”

I bet you’re not happy about that

DAD: “Hols. One thing. Can you just this one time ride Issy’s bike to school? In one direction only? To school?”

HOLLY: “Yes. And did you know you just said a Justin Bieber song and a One Direction song as well as mentioning One Direction by name? In one burst of words? I bet you’re not happy about that.”

THE LAST WORD

That’s really mean

AMELIE: “Ebony told me a joke today and I said, ‘I don’t get that.’ And so she told me it again and I said, ‘I don’t really find that funny.’ And then Mia and Alexia said, ‘That’s really mean.’ And I’m, like, ‘I don’t have to find it funny.’”