

KitKat

I never forgot the day she came over, and handed me my very first chocolate. KitKat, milk chocolate, the one with four lines. Although, she definitely needs to explain where she's been gone all this time. She says hey. I say hi. I really don't care how I sounded. I don't care if I came off as rude. I don't consider her a part of my life anymore.

'Didn't you used to be shorter?'

Oh mother, didn't everyone?

~

Ok, so today's a normal day. Too normal that it doesn't even feel normal. Is that normal? I don't know. If you think about it though, usually the birds aren't chirping outside your window, the sun gleams over your doona, and your dad makes pancakes without burning his finger.

That's definitely NOT normal.

I wake up for a start. Today's the day. I head to my huge bathroom, brushing my teeth and having a quick cold shower. Apparently, cold showers are better for you in the morning, because it 'wakes you up.' I brush my wavy blonde hair into a tight low pony held with a cute red satin bow, trying to look my best for my first day of work. I grab my uniform and head downstairs, greeted by the beautiful aroma of pancakes waiting for me at the counter.

'Hey dad. Is that mine?' I ask, peering at the stack of 4 pancakes, and greedily taking a bite before he answers.

'Yep darlin'. Maple's in the fridge, strawberries freshly cut, and my fingers better than ever. How bout yeh? You doin' fine? It is yer first day, after all.' Dad explains, showing off his perfect finger, and ushers me to get the syrup.

My dad's cool. Cool dad's are the best. You know, the ones with sunglasses on when it's raining, although it rarely does in the coast, and they can still fit into their teenage clothes? The ones that treat you like a friend, and act like a mate, not a guardian. Yeah, that's a cool dad.

Mmm. The pancakes are bomb, as usual. I clean my teeth again, just in case some bits are still there. I wet my face with a damp towel, and sling my purse over my shoulder. I pin my name tag on my chest. I head out.

The weather's great today. It's winter, by the way. But it sure doesn't look like it. Currently, it's 8:52, according to my watch. I love to take strolls through the beach at this time, on weekends. Yet, here I am, working at Coles, on a Saturday. The supermarket is a couple of blocks away. The lovely wind really sets Torquay into motion, the waves ripple and the children laugh and build sandcastles. It's my home.

I decide to run, letting my hair follicles feel the calm, morning air, slight wind, and smell of the sea. I always deem lucky to live here, where I can experience this everyday, and live in a huge 4 story mansion, thanks to my father. He's very successful, that he has a pool with a slide both inside and outside!

I stand in front of the Coles store, my watch reading 9:00. Perfect. I whip out my phone, and go on camera. I look fine. I walk in, head held high, but not too high; I wouldn't want to be known as snooty.

I find my boss at the back of the store. She introduces herself.

‘Maxine Frazer. You can call me Max. Bisexual, Aquarius, she/her. Head of Coles cooperation of Torquay.’

I knew that. Well, I knew her name. I saw her name tag. Didn’t know the other stuff, though.

She tells me to re-stock the KitKats, and that she’ll be expecting someone to supervise me.

Easy.

Like I’ll need supervision.

I head over to the boxes, back of the storage unit, and pick up a huge box, labelled ‘KitKat Re-stock.’ I carry it, and it’s surprisingly heavy. It must weigh the same as my nineteen-year-old cousin, Ralph, from Perth! I haven’t seen him in years, but I’ve heard things about him growing out of Aunt Chloé and flew away to Florida with his boyfriend, Fluffsters. Fluffsters is a teddy, by the way.

I hum to myself, thinking about the time Aunt Chloé and Ralph came over and Ralph ran to this exact shop, to buy Fluffsters. I guess, love at first sight?

Ow.

I was scrambled on the floor, mixed with another human, girl, legs entwined. I stare at her chest. Ines, her name is. She looks about my age. Maybe a little younger, or is just a late bloomer. Or maybe both. She has extraordinary eyes. One hazel looking, and one blue. Woah. She looks very tanned, and is beautifully sun-kissed, her skin looking as fresh as mine, even with makeup. Moving my eyes from that feature, I spot her hair. Thick, black, curly hair, spilling onto her shoulders as her eyes meet mine.

I awkwardly clambered up, realising our situation and clumsily knocking the box over, its contents spilling onto the floor.

I swore as I looked upon the pile of KitKats, and knelt down immediately, Ines helping.

‘Language!’ she laughed. Her voice was pretty and squeaky. Her laugh is so in sync and perfect it seems almost fake. *Almost.*

‘Sorry, it’s fine anyway. I just need to get these – ’

‘Joking, um- Willow, is it?’ she asked politely, I nodded as she said, ‘I’m Ines, been working for 1 year now, pretty good place. Nice wages, free food if you’re sneaky enough, yada yada, you know?’

Oh. 1 year. She probably knows loads of stuff.

She then explains to me how things run here, and to our surprise, she lives right off the coast as well, just like me! Her house is a few blocks away. She’s 17; I guess she just looks young. I probably look older than her, yet I’m 16.

We pack up the KitKat’s and she seals the box. I don’t know why she has tape in her pocket, but, stroke of luck, I guess.

She slips a KitKat into her uniform pocket before she seals the box, gesturing me to sneak one too. I hesitate, yet take one piece of a four lined mint KitKat and take a bite, *Mmm, yum*. And before I stop myself, take a dark choc one. *Mmm*. By far my favourite is the dark choc.

'Hey! I meant one,' she laughed, 'Not the whole set! Luckily, we can just sneak 'em. I usually sneak some collectibles too, at the end of my shift, sometimes even a dozen macarons,' and after seeing my puzzled look, adds on, 'Self-serve, at the front? Am I making sense? Yeah, I just take a couple and pop 'em in my mouth. Nothing like a good mint macaron to get me started.'

I laugh, and she follows, *again, in sync*. Perfect laughter. Better than perfect, then again, is that possible?

'Ugh, shifts over for me. You doing extra or nah?' I shake my head and she says, 'Ah, annoying. Ay, wanna head over at mine and crash for the night? You know, I could teach you a couple of things,' she adds cheekily, most likely noticing me staring at someone at the desk pushing in a cart of bread. Brunette boy, I call him.

~

I finish unpackaging loads of sweets, and when finally placing the last *Twix* onto the shelf, I receive a pat on the back.

'Well done, mate. Max says the cashier is now yours.' Liam, brunette boy's name seems to be, and he looks like he sure as well sprinted to get to me, huffing and puffing, as if he'd ran a marathon. His hair is flying above his head, a lovely light brown tint, he has a birthmark on his right arm. Dimples, both cheeks, too. He still grins at me though, and his smile is contagious. I realise I've been staring at him too long. Hey, that smile *is* infectious.

'Yep, cashier's my calling!' I shout a little too loudly. *Ugh, Willow, get a grip*. 'Um, better go, Max probably won't be happy to see me slacking off on my first day,' I mumble.

I don't wanna look at his expression, so I hurry to the register, number 3, by the looks of it. The line is already full, but when I spot someone buying a KitKat, my heart shakes. Bad.

I never talk about my mother. Ever. So to say the least, I was surprised.

I never forgot the day she came over, and handed me my very first chocolate. KitKat, milk chocolate, the one with four lines. Although, she definitely needs to explain where she's been gone all this time. She says hey. I say hi. I really don't care how I sounded. I don't care if I came off as rude. I don't consider her a part of my life anymore.

'Didn't you used to be shorter?'

Oh, mother, didn't everyone?