

”What are those weird spots on ya face?”

Turning her attention away from the passing landscape behind the window, she gazed surprised into the young boys amazed eyes.

“Um ... err ... what’d you say?”

“Why d’ya have weird spots on ya face, I said.”

“That’s ...” she mumbled, put a few fingers on her forehead, causing the constant ache to flare up at her touch, “That happens when you grow older.”

“Really?” he exclaimed and let the rose tinted mouth drop open in awe, until the bus hit a pothole and jumped across the asphalt.

“Does that mean I’ll get those ... what’re they called?”

“Uh. That differs. Some people call them acne ... or just bad skin. But most say zits.” She glanced towards the glowing red letters in the front of the bus – wasn’t her stop coming up? Just as she was about to get up, they boy climbed carelessly onto the seat beside her.

“Oh, OK. But will I get them too?”

“Yeah. Unless you’re really lucky.”

Sticking a couple of fingers into his mouth, he glanced briefly at nothing as was he considering something of utter importance.

“Isn’t your mum or dad or something around?” she asked. Her stop quickly approached, but the boy simply looked at her, like he didn’t understand the question.

“Where’re you going?”

“I’m goin’ to the moon!”

“What.”

“The moon!” he repeated, “Are ya deaf or something?”

“But ...” she mumbled. Flying past the window, her stop disappeared out of sight, “The moon?”

“Yeah! ‘Cause that’s where grandma lives. At first she slept a lot, and then mum said she went to live on the moon.”

“Uh.” she frowned and looked quickly out the window, “You can’t get to the moon by bus.”

“Sure,” boy answered, and that was the end of that discussion. “Ya kinda look like gramma. She has spots onna face too, only they’re brown, not red. Ya should come along an’ meet her.”

She hesitated and felt her cheeks flush and turn warm. The boy smiled with both his mouth and blue eyes.

“Okay. I can do that.”