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Shopping with Carly



It was Saturday morning and Carly woke up very early. She had set her alarm because she wanted to go shopping. She planned to look for an *outfit* for a job interview she had on Tuesday. Her high school friend, Elle, had promised to help her find the perfect clothes.

While she was having her first cup of coffee, she got a text message from Elle.

Carly. I'm *crook*. Got a really bad headache. Can't go shopping. Sorry. Good luck! XXOO

Carly was very disappointed. She hated going shopping alone because she really needed a second opinion when shopping for clothes. Then she decided to ring her boyfriend to persuade him to go with her.

"*Wakey wakey*, Kumar. Get yourself some breakfast. Get dressed. We're going shopping this morning," said Carly.

"What? Shopping? But you said you were going with Elle. It's only eight o'clock and you woke me up. I really want to go back to bed. I had to work really late last night."

"Sorry, *babe*, but Elle's sick and can't go. And I can't go alone."

"Carly, I hate shopping. Don't forget the last time we went shopping together we got into a big fight. I told you I was never going shopping with you again."

outfit: a set of clothes that are worn together

crook: sick

'*Wakey wakey*': a gentle way to say wake-up to a loved one or child

babe: said to a good friend, boyfriend or girlfriend, from the word 'baby'

“Kumar. I don’t remember fighting with you about anything. Why would you say such a thing?”

“Carly, I know you haven’t forgotten what happened. You asked me what I thought about a dress you tried on. I said it made you look quite ‘fit’. But you thought I said ‘fat’. You went crazy, walked out of the shop and drove home without me and I had to walk home. Then you wouldn’t speak to me for three days! You must remember. That’s why I moved out of our share house and found my own place to live!”

“Oh Kumar. That’s *ancient history*. Anyway, that was when your pronunciation was a bit funny. Now yours is better than mine. I promise I won’t get in a fight with you. I really need you to come. I need to pick out just the right outfit for my interview. Come on. I’ll buy you lunch. Maybe even a new pair of designer jeans!”

“Alright, Carly. But I really think this is a bad idea.”

“Great, Kumar. How about we meet in the city in about half an hour? In front of the post office.”

“Forty-five minutes. I’ll be at The Coffee Club having a strong coffee,” said Kumar.

“Perfect. See ya there and thanks. You know you’re the best boyfriend ever!”

“Right. I think I’m crazy.”

ancient history: something that happened in the past but does not need to be remembered, something that is no longer relevant

Carly *showed up* at The Coffee Club exactly forty-five minutes later to find Kumar having his second cup of coffee.

“Let’s go, gorgeous. We’ve got shopping to do,” she said. “We’ll go to my favourite shop first and I might just be lucky.”

They left the coffee shop holding hands, but Kumar didn’t look half as happy or excited as Carly did.

Once inside Carly’s favourite *boutique*, she soon found some clothes to try on. Kumar followed behind her to the fitting room and found a chair to sit in outside the fitting room.

“I’ll just wait here for you, Carly, and you can show me how you look.” Kumar tried to sound enthusiastic but he *dreaded* saying the wrong thing.

Carly tried on one of the dresses and came out of the fitting room. She did a full turn and asked Kumar what he thought of the dress.

“Oh, Carly, you look beautiful in that dress and it’s a great colour!” Kumar felt quietly pleased with his response.

But Carly wasn’t.

“You think I look beautiful? But I don’t want to look beautiful. I’m going to a job interview, not a dance.”

“Oh, but I also said it’s a great colour on you.”

showed up: arrived

boutique: a small shop selling fashionable clothing

dreaded: really worried about

“No, no, no!” Carly shook her head and said, “Oh well, I’ll try on the next one.”

Kumar was starting to sweat. He really didn’t want to say the wrong thing. He didn’t want to have another fight with his girlfriend.

After a few minutes, Carly came out in the next outfit. Kumar thought she looked beautiful, but he knew he couldn’t tell her that.

“Oh Carly, that looks so nice on you,” said Kumar. Kumar prayed this was the right thing to say.

But it wasn’t.

“Nice?” said Carly with some annoyance. “I can’t just look nice, Kumar. Remember, it’s for a job interview.” Carly wasn’t very happy with the dress or with Kumar. “I’ll try on the last outfit and you have to tell me exactly what you think.”

Kumar thought *no way* was he going to say exactly what he thought. By this time he was feeling very uncomfortable and he was sure he would say the wrong thing again. He tried to think of some words he could use to describe the next outfit. He thought very hard and wished he knew more ‘dress description’ vocabulary.

While he was thinking, Carly came out of the fitting room. Kumar was speechless. He thought she looked wonderful but he didn’t know whether or not to say this. He wondered, “Was ‘wonderful’ the right look for a job interview?”

no way: a very strong way of saying that he won’t do something

“Well, Kumar? Don’t just *stare* at me. Say something! What do you think? How do I look? Do you like it?” Carly asked.

“Carly, truthfully, I don’t know what to say. That outfit is, well, er, pretty,” he mumbled.

Carly looked at Kumar and felt sorry for him. He looked so *forlorn*.

“Did you say perfect?” Carly asked, but she didn’t wait for his reply. “It is perfect, isn’t it? I’m so glad you agree.”

“Of course I agree, Carly. “Isn’t that why you brought me along?” said Kumar.

stare: look at for a long time without saying or doing anything else
forlorn: very unhappy