

## New Era, New Perspective

Extract from story by Helen Lynch (Issue 5)

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“They said they’d get them here for Christmas.”

“What are we queuing for then? I thought it was coffee.” The youngman tugged his navy blue hat further down over his ears.

“Lemons. Cuban lemons. They wanted them here by Christmas. You know, like they always do. Fill the shops.” The woman in the stout grey coat and red knitted hat looked well padded against the gritty wind. She had turned to talk to the young man while keeping her thickly lined boots planted solidly in the direction of the queue. The line stretched towards the darkened doors of the low, blue, supermarket building about twenty hats, coats and pairs of hunched shoulders away. “Must’ve got held up,” she added.

“You’re telling me,” the elderly woman in a headscarf in front of her joined in. “Here by Christmas? They’ve barely made it for Karnival.” Her two hands clutched the ring-handle of the empty cloth bag in front of her which she raised and lowered for emphasis.

“My neighbour said it would be coffee,” the young man said. “It’s coffee I need. For the doctor. My wife’s expecting, you see. Lemons are no good to me. It’s got to be coffee. Doctors always get coffee. I want her treated right, her and the baby. It’s our first baby.”

... read the full story in *Tides in Time* pp57-62