

How Not To Accept Your Dad's Relationship

By Scribble Works

KILBREDA COLLEGE SCRIBBLE WORKS

PARAMETERS

Primary Character 1: Driving Instructor

Primary Character 2: Only Child

Non-human Character: Cockatoo

Setting: Bowling green

Issue: A broken down Vehicle

RANDOM WORDS

Big brother

Pineapple

Family

Blue bottle

Lifesaver

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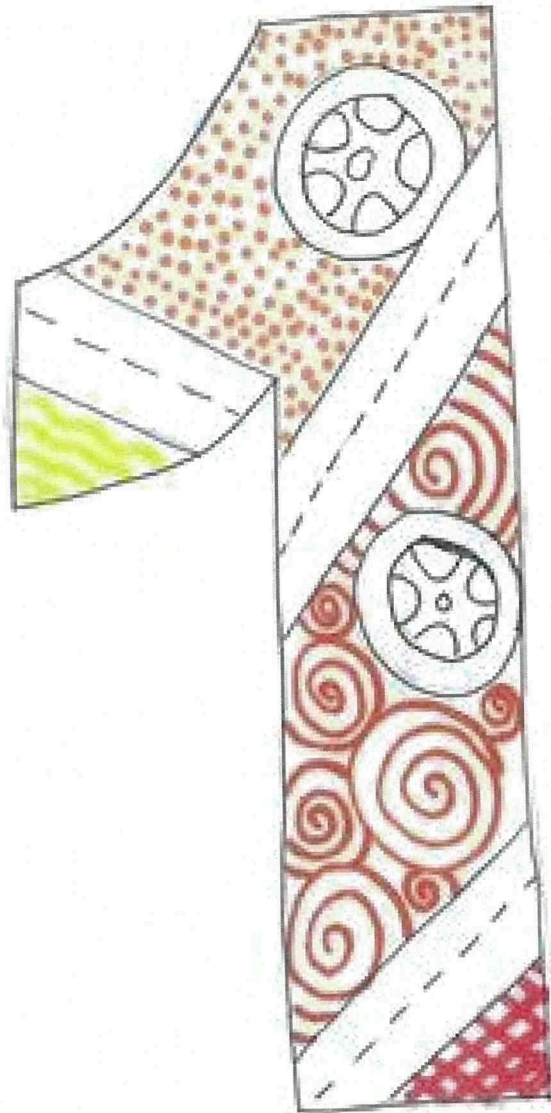
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118 Mentone Parade, Mentone

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“Did you check the mirrors?”

“Yes Dad, I checked the mirrors five times. Do I need to check them for a sixth, seventh and eighth time?”

“Pull your head in and stop talking back! I’m trying to do my job as your father and as a driving instructor! Check the mirrors and slowly reverse,” Dad says.

I pull the stick into reverse and press my foot down ignoring my dad’s constant stern look.

“I said slowly!” Dad complains, pulling the stick back into park. “If you are going to learn to drive you need to listen.”

“I am listening. I am going slowly. I am doing what you say. There isn’t much more that I could possibly do. Maybe I’ll drive better if you quit nitpicking at everything I do!”

“Just be quiet, Dean. Being able to drive is a skill that everyone should learn. When I was your age, I listened to my dad and guess what? I learnt to drive without fighting with him.”

We finally make it out of the driveway and onto the main road. Dad continues to nitpick at everything I do. Every time I say something back, he forces me to pull over to the side of the road to give me another

talking to about attitude and how back in his day he treated his father with respect.



“Hey, we are near the beach, maybe we could get ice-cream or a milkshake or

maybe something fruity like a smoothie. Would we be able to do that? It's the perfect weather for it," I say as we pull up to the lights.

A **lifesaver** from the beach walks across the road with a posse of three girls trailing after him.

"Do you think I'm made of money Deano? Money doesn't grow on trees you know. Especially when you're a single dad who works as a driving instructor," Dad huffs. I know he is glaring at me without even looking at him.

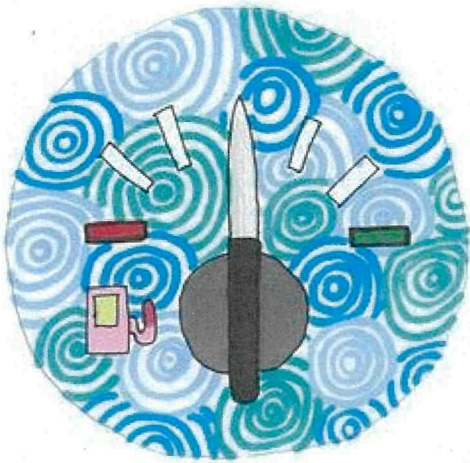
"I just asked if you wanted to get ice-cream. Also, money is made of paper and paper is made from trees so..."

"Eyes on the road Dean. The lights have changed."

Dad says that I am chaotic, and I need to learn what an off button is. I say that Dad's mood swings will give him whiplash if he doesn't find an off button. This always results in how he didn't drop out of school to get a job for nothing and that I should be a bit more appreciative from time to time.

Dad has never dated anyone in my life, at least that I know of. I like it that way. Even though we are arguing a lot, we are happy with it being just the two of us. Dad got his job as a driving instructor about three years ago and has been looking forward to teaching me how to drive. Even though he says that him and grandpa got along when he was learning, I know the truth. Grandpa told me that he was a nightmare to teach a few weeks back when I told him Dad was forcing me to learn to drive. I don't mind that he lied, it might come in handy if I ever need to blackmail him.

"I think we should go to the servo, father. We have half a tank of petrol left."



“Half a tank? You're kidding that you think we need to fill up. We have more than enough petrol left. Dean, stop looking at me and pay attention to the road.”

I turn my eyes back to the road and slam on the brakes when I hear a loud bang.

“What was that?” I ask.

“I dunno Dean. Maybe I would if I didn't have to tell you to do a simple thing like tell you to keep your eyes on the road. Seriously, it's not that hard to do so and guess what? If you can keep your eyes on the road you don't get into accidents.”

“I took my eyes off the road for all of a second. Like.... what.... how.... maybe if you didn't overreact when I asked if we should fill up, I would have been focused on the road.”

“Don't blame me for this Dean. When you are in the driver's seat, you are in control and are responsible for what happens.”

I didn't dare look at Dad. I know well and truly that he will have that vein popping out and his face and it will be as red as a tomato. No wait, as red as a beetroot because beetroot has that purplish color in that like blood. Actually, a chilli would be the best shade of red to describe Dad's face.

Dad opens his door in a huff and slams it behind him. He almost rolls his eyes when he sees what I hit...



“Dean! You hit a bird! Is it still alive?”

I get out of the car and look at it. “Yes, it’s still moving, but it doesn’t look like it can fly.”

“Alright then, we need to get it to a vet! I’m going to drive.” Dad picks him up and hands him to me, then gets in the driver’s seat. I slowly walk back to the car and sit down, careful not to hurt the bird anymore. Dad starts the car, and we begin driving to the nearest vet clinic.

“Dad, can I name the bird?”

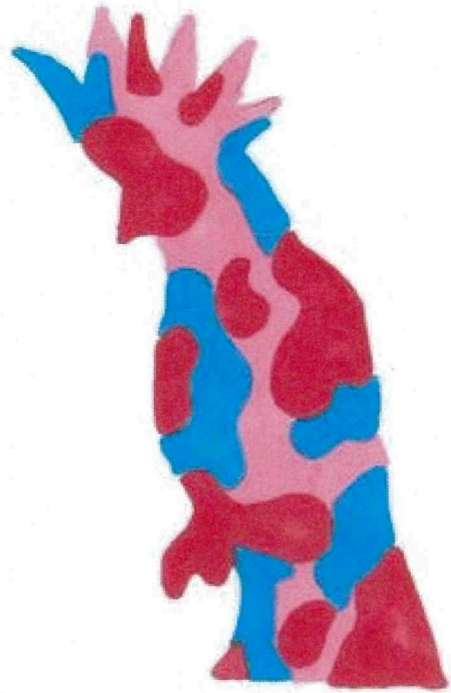
“What? Wha- why would you want to name it? You nearly killed it, Dean.”

“I’m gonna name it. How about... Jerald. With a J. Jerald-with-a-J. Yeah.”

“Alright, Deano, you can name him.”

We pull into the car park at the vet clinic and Dad opens my door to take the bird. He chucks me the keys and I lock the car. We walk over to the entrance. I pull the door open for Dad and we rush to the counter to talk to the receptionist.

“Hi, uh, we kind of hit this bird with our car. Can you please help?” She nods, presses a couple of buttons then picks up a phone. “Dr Sarah Miller to reception immediately, cockatoo versus car.” She puts the



phone down. "Take a seat, the vet will be with you very shortly." Dad smiles and we sit down.

"Is Jerald-with-a-J going to be okay?" I ask. Dad opens his mouth to reply when a vet walks down the corridor. She is tall and slender with straight, brown, shoulder-length hair. She has round glasses sitting atop her head and when she spots us, she hurries over. "Oh! This is the cockatoo that was hit, right?" She has a strong American accent too. I turn my head to look at Dad. He is just staring at her. Something is just a little wrong with him sometimes.

"Dad?" He looks at me, then back at the vet.

"Yes, yes, this is the bird." He hands Jerald over.

"Great. I'm Dr Miller, I'll be looking after him."

"Jerald."

"Excuse me?"

"His name is Jerald. With a J," I tell her.

"Oh, I see. One of you can come with me if you want," she says to us.

"Alright, I'll come. Deano, you stay here." I nod and Dad walks down the corridor with Dr Miller and Jerald.

I have been waiting for what seems like ages and all I want is to know if Jerald-with-a J-is alright. Finally, Dad walks down the corridor again.

"Dad! Is Jerald-with-a-J alright?" He nods. "Jerald is fine. He only has a couple of cuts and bruises, but Sarah has fixed him up. He'll be good as new before we know it." Thank goodness. I'm so glad that Jerald is alright and it's great that Sarah was able to- "Wait, who's Sarah?"

“Dr Miller. Her name is Sarah. She's very lovely. Deano, did you know that she went to Harvard? In America? It's a great university,” he tells me.

“Oh. You guys were... talking? Like, really talking?” This isn't good. Dad hardly ever talks to ladies. I can tell that something is up from the way that he was looking at her.

“Yeah, Deano. In fact, I actually asked her out on a date.” No. This is bad! This is really bad! A date? He can't have asked her on a date. This isn't even like him.

“What?!”

“Dean, keep your voice down, there are people here.”

“Okay, I'm sorry. When can I go see Jerald-with-a-J?”

“Probably now. Come on.”

Dad takes me with him down the corridor. There are doors on the left and right. One is open up ahead and it has a plaque on the door that reads ‘Dr Sarah Miller’. Oh boy. She sees us as we walk in.

“Hi! You must be Dean. Your dad has told me about you.” She reaches out to shake my hand. I just smile at her. She pulls her hand back in and strokes Jerald's wing. “Jerald will be alright, Dean. He is an interesting animal, but hey, I've treated a **blue bottle** before. Also, I gave him a few slices of **pineapple**. He seemed to love it! Anyway, all he has is a couple of-

“Cuts and bruises, I know. Dad told me. So, I heard that you guys are going on a date. Where? When?” Dad looks at me.



“We’re going to drive to a fancy restaurant and have dinner on Friday night.”

“Right.”

“Well, Deano, if you would excuse us, I need to make some final arrangements for Jerald with Sarah.”

They walk out and I am left with Jerald. I sigh. I have to do something. This isn’t right. I don’t want to deal with that... that horrible woman! As I start to go a bit nuts, Jerald squawks loudly.

“If you want to do something to them, don’t go any further than me. I specialise in this sort of thing...”



"I can't let Dad and this woman go on a date. I just can't, Jerald. What do I do?" I pace around my bedroom, racking my brain for anything that could tear my dad and that woman apart. She does not deserve Dad; he is amazing and she is just... blah.

Mischievous plans flow through my head, thousands of them. But nothing seems good enough. If I can pull something huge maybe, just maybe, she will leave us alone. This is when I sit down at my desk and start formulating a plan.

Dad and Sarah are planning on spending the evening at a fancy romantic restaurant that's not too far from our house, but what if they never made it to the restaurant? Maybe they would forget about the date and decide to just go home. I grab Dad's keys from the hook next to the front door and run out of the house, Jerald flying behind me.

Dad's car is old but still works perfectly. It would get them to dinner quickly and smoothly. But not after I'm done with it. When I'm finished, the car won't even make it halfway. I open the car and pop the hood. "Jerald, you know what to do." I say. Jerald flies towards the exposed engine of my dad's car, his wings flapping as he cuts wires and unscrews bolts. He flies back onto my shoulder with a satisfied squawk, and we give each other an approving nod.

I wipe the grease from Jerald's beak and say with a sinister smile, "This is going to work perfectly." Jerald drops the loose parts in my hands and with the screws securely in my pocket I push the hood back down. Dad is leaving to pick up Sarah at 6pm to make it for their booking at 7pm. He isn't taking any chances at being late. I run back into the house being careful not to bring any attention to myself and grab some blankets and a torch. The car boot is cramped but there is just enough room for Jerald and me. I climb in lying on my side and gesture for Jerald to follow. How could this plan go wrong?







What in Jerald's name am I doing? Why did Dad have to meet this...this...this crazy freak of a woman?

We were doing perfectly fine until she came along. Dad had to ask her on a date, nothing is going to happen tonight if I have anything to do with it, and I mean NOTHING! No kissing...no...no hugging or snuggling and certainly none



of that awkward giggling and hand holding they do. Gross! Why is this boot so uncomfortable? Groceries are always in here and they never complain. Ugh! I...just...need...to...find...a... comfortable spot! "Finally."

"What was that?" Sarah asks as she turns to face the back of the car.

"What did you hear sweetie?" Dad turns to look at her.

"I thought I heard someone say 'finally'," Sarah replies as she shakes her head. "It's fine, probably just nothing."

Oops. Didn't mean to say it that loud. At least they are talking now, the silence was really unnerving. Where is my dad taking this old bat for dinner?

Why are we slowing down? Oh, wait, my plan has been put into action. I hold out my hand and Jerald hi-fives it with his wing.

"It's go time!" I whisper and Jerald lets out a soft squawk.

I hear the car doors open and I assume that Dad and Sarah have gotten out of the car. Since the car doors were left open, I can hear muffled voices coming from outside as Dad and Sarah speak. I hear a loud clank and few grunts. I'm guessing Dad is trying to figure out what is wrong

with the car. But he'll never figure it out. I look down at the few bolts in my hand that I took from his car earlier.

"I'm so sorry, this date isn't going as I planned," Dad said.

"No, no. It's fine. I don't care for the fancy dinners and wine. As long as I get to spend the night with you," Sarah replies sympathetically. She smiles and gives Dad a gentle kiss on the cheek. "Since we don't know what's wrong with the car, we'll probably miss our dinner reservations. Why don't we go play some bowls? There's a club down the street." Dad gives an approving nod and they start walking down the street to the bowls club.

When the coast is clear I peek out the window to double check that they're gone. I open the boot door and climb out with Jerald.

"Jerald," I whine. "The sabotage didn't work. They found a way around it!" Jerald lets out an affirmative squawk. Jerald flies up and lands on my shoulder. We give each other a cheeky look and then start making our way towards the bowls club after Dad and his dull old duck of a date.

Jerald and I hide around the corner spying on my father and Little Miss Perfect. WHAT! What is she doing? Get your hand off him you creep! Dad, get your hand off her too, don't lead her on!

"Ugh. Jerald what are we going to do? We can't let her win! She's an evil witch and doesn't deserve Dad."

That was when it hit me. Nobody wants to marry into a **family** that is dysfunctional. Sarah doesn't want me as a stepson, she wants someone that is normal and actually likes her. I grab Jerald and we make our way into the bowls club. That's when I see it. Sarah puts her hand on Dad's cheek and they gaze into each other's eyes. Sarah starts to lean in and

Dad soon follows. Now I know I have to do something.. I have to think on my feet. I can not let them...kiss! EWWWW!

I go with my gut instinct. I see a bench in the middle of all the fields. I



run towards it with Jerald still on my shoulder. I push everything off it and get up on it, standing proud looking over at Dad and... her. I place my arms in the air and shout at the top of my lungs "RELEASE THE JERALD!"

That is Jerald's cue to fly off my shoulder and do what he was born to do, make chaos! I've definitely caught their attention because Dad no longer has the glassy dazed look in his eyes. His face is red, and I think it might explode.

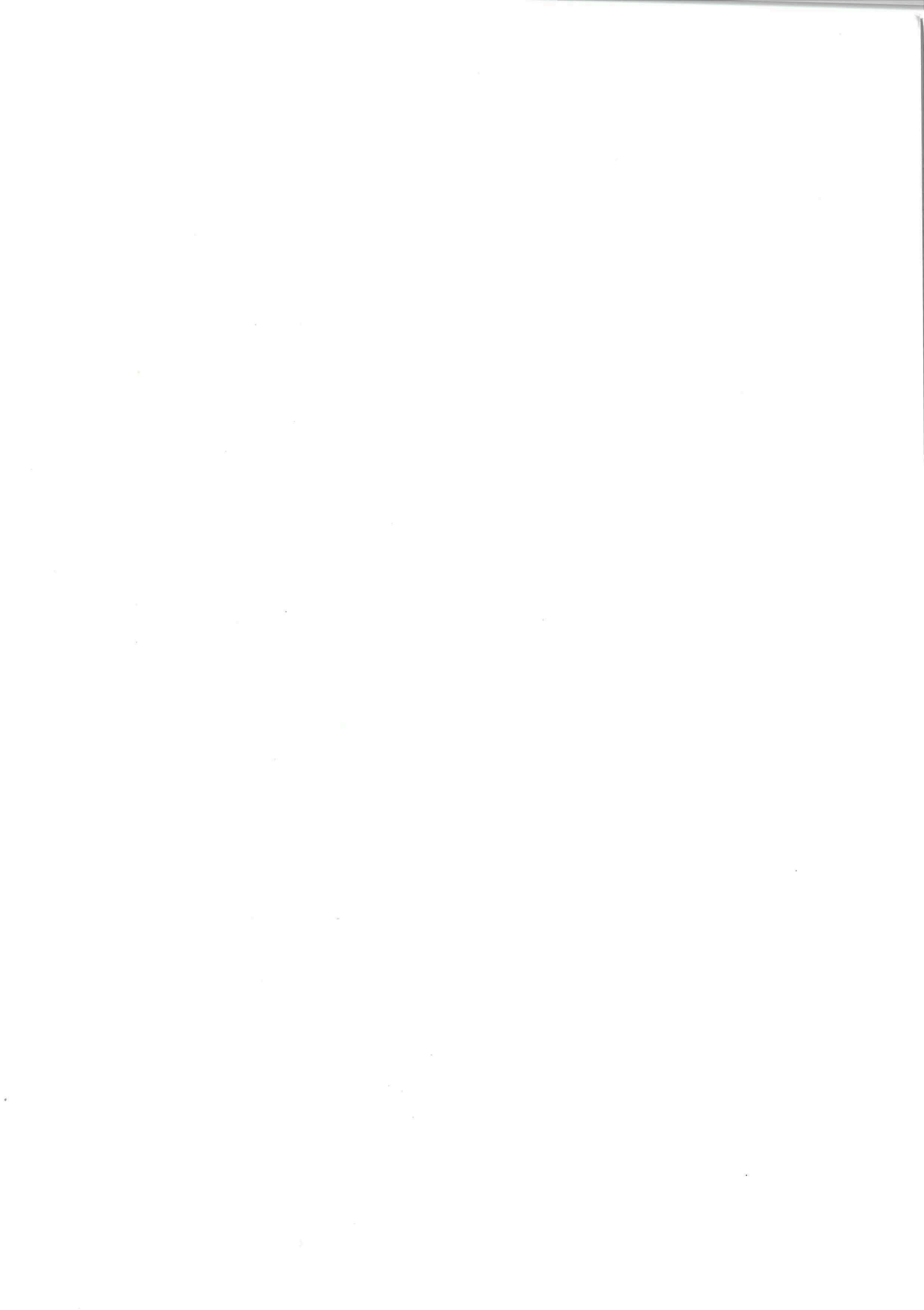
Jerald flies over to them. He dive-bombs at Sarah, giving her a fright. He then flies above my dad and let one rip. A large, white, disgusting bomb that lands right on top of Dad's head. That was the cherry on top, literally. I think I see a vein popping out of his neck because he looks furious.

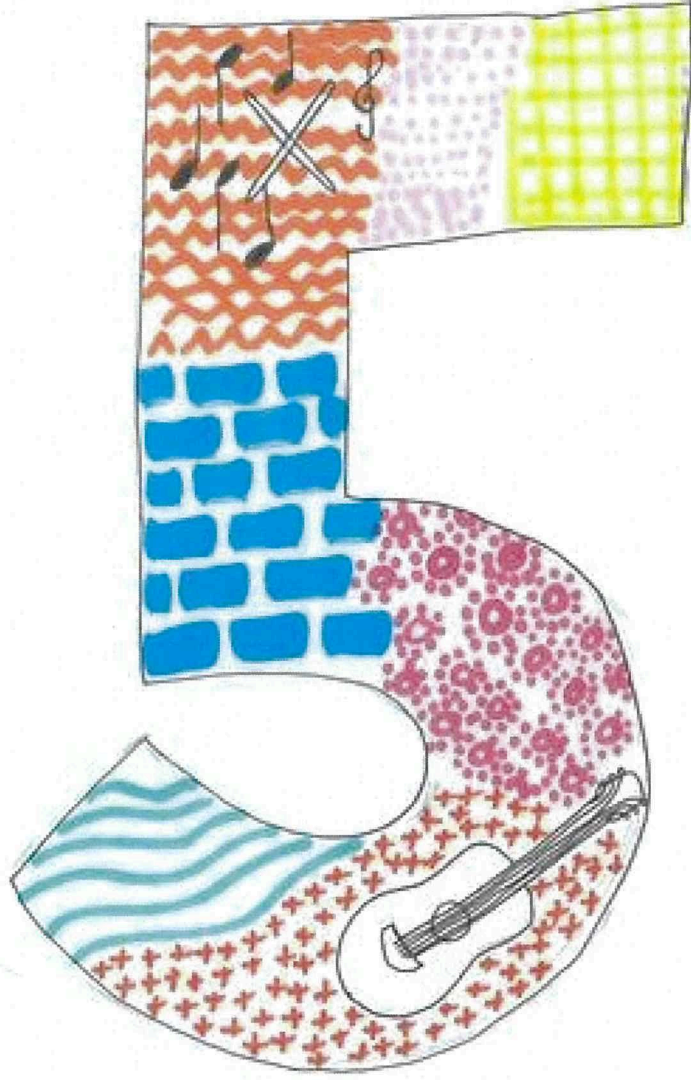
"DEAN!" Dad shouts.

Now I know I went a step too far.

"Well, thanks for having me, had a blast, but I gotta go. See ya!" I stumble as I try to jump off the bench. Jerald follows after me and we both run home as fast as we can. I do not want to find out just how mad Dad is at me.

“Sarah, I am so sorry. I didn’t know he would follow us. I don’t know what happens to him sometimes. How about I make it up to you? Why don’t you come to the house tomorrow and we’ll have a BBQ? Maybe we can patch things up with Dean,” Dad says.





I hate Sarah. I am not going downstairs. I never want to see her again. That stuck up fruit loop could never be my mother. I don't want to cry but I can't hold it back. Jerald-with-a-J gives a sympathetic squawk before settling down in his makeshift nest, but not before asking for **pineapple**, his favorite food. Someone knocks on the door.

"Go away Dad, I don't want to talk to you."

"Hey Deano, it's me Sarah," she replies.

"I especially don't want to talk to you!" I tell her.

"I know, I know, you don't want me around," Sarah says, sitting down on the bed next to me.

"I don't want you to feel like I'm intruding in your life, and if you don't like me, I understand. I just want you to know, I love your dad and he loves me, but you are his son, and you are his priority and--"

"Wait," I interrupt. "You love... my dad? I didn't know... wait... are you in real LOVE?"

"Yes, I love him with all my heart."

"Wow... umm okay. I thought it was just a quick one-time thing, like most people have," I say, confused.

"No, I- wait. Is that a Fender Vintera '60s Telecaster Modified?"

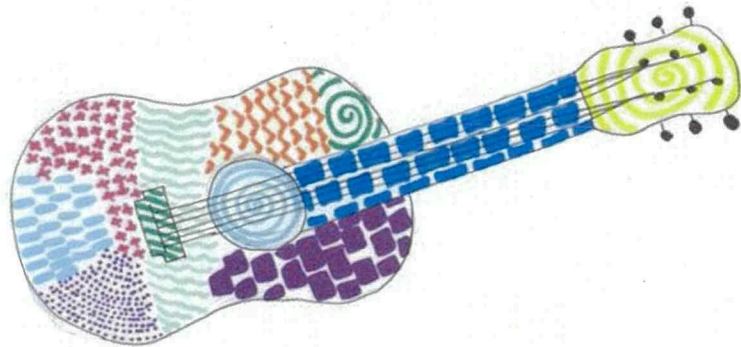
"The one and only," I grin, my spirits lifting, maybe we do have something in common, "I didn't know you like guitars."

"Like them? I love them! I've played since I was 10 years old!" Sarah exclaims as she wanders over to it.

“What’s your favourite song?” I ask.

“Ooh, hard choice, but I would have to say, ‘Uptown Girl’. That was one of the first songs I ever learnt to play on the guitar, my **big brother** taught it to me.”

“No way, me too! It’s my favorite song and the first song I ever learnt to play on the guitar as well. I also know how to accompany it with the drums,” I say, gesturing to my Mapex Mark 1995 drum set



“Wanna play a duet? Uptown Girl?”

“Heck yeah!” I exclaim. Beaming, I jump up. Sarah grabs the guitar, slinging it over her shoulder. I jump on my drum seat and grab the drumsticks.

I slap the drumsticks together. “ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR!!!”



“Uptown girl. Da da. She’s been living in her uptown world. Bet she’s never had a backstreet guy. Da da....”

This kind of sounds like my dad and Sarah actually...

"Now she's looking for a downtown man, that's what I am...."

Sarah's so good, I must admit, she's even better than I am.....

"Uptown girl, you know I can't afford to buy her pearls, but maybe someday when my ship comes in. She'll understand what kind of guy I've been, and then I'll win..."

I think that maybe Sarah could be like a mother figure to me, but she'll have to earn it first. Yeah, I'll make her work for the title of Mum.

"You know I'm in love, with an uptown girl, my uptown girl, you know I'm in love, with an uptown girl."

"That was so good!" squeals Sarah.

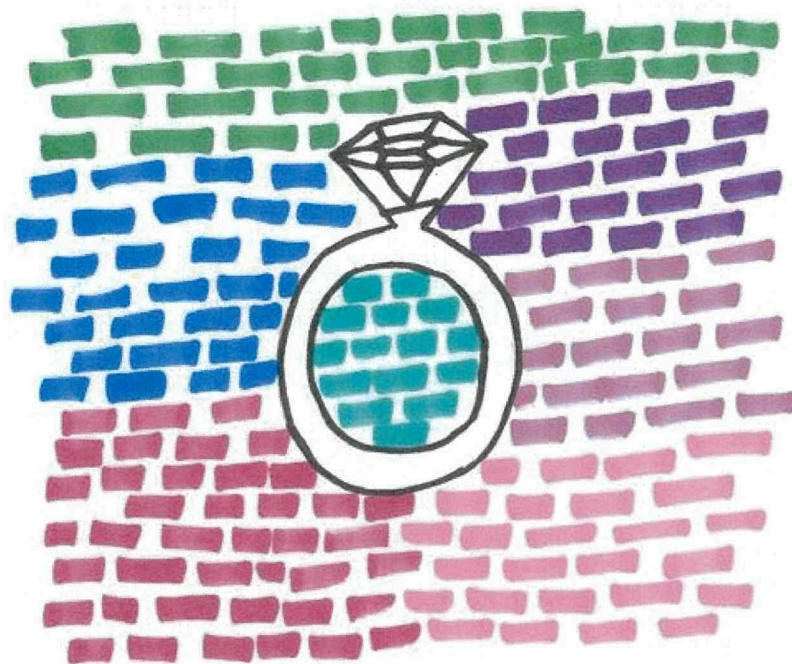
"You know Sarah, you're alright," I say, giving her a small smirk.


I chuckle and turn towards my door, my dad standing there, a small tear dropping down his cheek. I grin, my smile large and reaching my ears. I feel over the moon. I know my dad loves this woman, I can't stop them, but I can accept it and let my dad live his life without me interfering with it. I love him and I hope that one day we can be one big happy **family**.



18 months later...

My dad and Sarah are standing under this beautiful tree that is full of lovely green leaves, and I can see the huge smiles on their faces. Yes, I am hiding behind a bush and spying on them. Yes, Jerald is sitting on my shoulder, hiding with me. Dad takes Sarah's hand and holds it. I can see him saying things to her. I know exactly what he's about to do, and I look at Jerald. He squawks and starts flying as Dad goes down on one knee. I see Dad open the ring box and start to say the words, but before Sarah can say yes, Jerald swoops in and takes the ring. Dad and Sarah look shocked. "Dean!" Dad yells.





Man meets woman. Woman meets man. Man's son tries to ruin relationship...

Barry is a driving instructor. Dean is his son. Sarah is the captivatingly beautiful veterinarian that Barry falls for.

When Dean is having a difficult time learning how to drive from his dad, he hits a cockatoo. They rush the bird to the vet where they meet Sarah, who Barry ends up asking on a date.

That is when Dean starts to put his plans into action, with the help of his faithful bird sidekick, Jerald-with-a-J...