

The Right Gift

By Julie Duke

LEFT too late, the RIGHT Christmas gift can be hard to find. RIGHT now Amy LEFTer began to wonder if she had LEFT everything too late, not just her Christmas shopping. Phillip WRIGHT was RIGHT. She was a procrastinator.

Should she go overseas with Phillip WRIGHT? Or be LEFT behind? What was the RIGHT decision? Everyone told her only she could make the RIGHT decision. Amy LEFTer fantasized about her dream Mr RIGHT. He didn't look like Phillip WRIGHT, or act like Phillip WRIGHT. But for Amy, at 32, Phillip WRIGHT was all that was LEFT.

Amy LEFTer turned LEFT, heading for The Mall, telling herself she needed to get into the RIGHT frame of mind if she hoped to find the RIGHT gifts today. The crowds were out in force. She turned LEFT and RIGHT, looking for a parking space. Would it matter whether she bought the RIGHT gifts? Would anyone care? Inside The Mall she turned LEFT. Scratchie tickets and six boxes of chocolates later she turned RIGHT. An overnight bag for Phillip WRIGHT. Lego sets for her nephews.

“RIGHT, that should do.”

She LEFT The Mall. Now all she had to do was tell Phillip WRIGHT she had come to the RIGHT decision. That only LEFT his reaction.

Phillip WRIGHT started on the LEFT and did the rounds of the jeweller's. Was he making the RIGHT decision? His career was very important to him. This overseas posting was the RIGHT thing for him but he was LEFT wondering whether Amy LEFTer would accompany him.

She was procrastinating, as usual. Couldn't she see this was the RIGHT move for him? With his career he knew what was RIGHT but relationships LEFT him floundering. Look at him now, 35, and not a clue why he was being LEFT dangling. Phillip WRIGHT didn't know what was LEFT for him to do. He only hoped his Christmas gift would make things RIGHT.

Phillip WRIGHT and Amy LEFTer met for dinner Christmas Eve, RIGHT on 7. His flight LEFT for Melbourne early the next morning. He considered it the RIGHT thing to do, to spend Christmas with his parents before he LEFT for London at the end of January.

Last year he spent Christmas with Amy LEFTer's family. It had LEFT him craving a family of his own. Her young nephews were RIGHT up there with what he considered a family should be. When he LEFT that day he realised Amy LEFTer could be Miss RIGHT.

Phillip WRIGHT's eyes flickered from LEFT to RIGHT. Amy LEFTer's standoffish behaviour LEFT him wondering if he had done the RIGHT thing. He LEFT the jeweller's box in his RIGHT pocket, waiting for the RIGHT moment. Their stilted conversation LEFT him uncomfortable. When they finished their meal the RIGHT moment still had not come. Phillip WRIGHT knew he had to say something before they LEFT.

He reached into his RIGHT pocket and pushed the small box across the space LEFT between their plates. Amy LEFTer's eyes widened. She looked LEFT and RIGHT. Her cheeks grew pink. She opened the jeweller's box. The colour LEFT her face.

"Thanks," she mumbled, and RIGHT before his eyes hers filled with tears.

"Don't you like the ear-rings?"

Her indifferent shrug LEFT him darn RIGHT confused. She reached to her RIGHT and shoved his present RIGHT at him. He unwrapped an overnight bag. It LEFT him in no doubt she was telling him he could go overseas on his own. RIGHT now he felt like crying too.

"So I guess this means you're not coming to London with me?" he managed to mumble, thinking he had better get this RIGHT.

Amy LEFTer shrugged. "I was going to but RIGHT now I don't think it's a good idea."

"Why not?"

"If you thought we were RIGHT together, you would have asked me to marry you."

Phillip reached into his LEFT pocket.

"Is this RIGHT?" he asked, pushing another jeweller's box RIGHT in front of her.

Phillip WRIGHT's expression LEFT Amy LEFTer in no doubt. This box held the RIGHT gift, the perfect ring for her LEFT hand.