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**Extracts from...**

# Vintage

## Written by Maxine Linnell

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“Who do you fancy then, Marilyn?” Liz and Di’s attention was on her.

“Nobody.” Marilyn turned towards the aisle, her shoulders hunched over.

“Bet you can’t see far enough to tell, eh? And who’d be interested anyway, fatty? How about that Tony? He’d be your type. Careful kissing him with your glasses on, you might get tangled up.” They all fell about laughing. Marilyn wanted to say something, she wanted to yell at them all, but the words wouldn’t come out. They never did.

Then Marilyn was up and running down the stairs, her eyes burning. She could hear Sheila coming after her, calling her name.

The bus lurched to a stop. Marilyn fell down the last few steps. The last thing she knew she was sprawled out across the floor, her school bag landing painfully on top of her.

A pair of pale blue plastic glasses. Thick lenses. Pointed corners. Lying close to my face. The hand sweeps them up. Pulls at my shoulder again. This time I get up. Pull down the skirt. Hang onto the bus seat next to me. My body doesn't feel right. I feel my mobile under my shirt. The girl hands me the glasses. I put them on. Everything looks clear now. Even more weird. Since when did I need glasses? Except the sunglasses. Fashion essentials don't count.

Then the girl picks up a heavy bag. Spilling out papers and books. She groans.

"What have you got in here? You are such a brainbox."

I don't know the bag. Or what's in it. I don't know this girl. Never seen her before. Wearing some kind of uniform. Dark blue skirt, guy's white shirt. Tie. What's that about? Posh school or something? Can't be anyone I know.

I look down at myself. Above the weird stockings and lace-ups I'm wearing a dark blue skirt. Above that a guy's white shirt that's gone grey, and a tie. Am I going mental?

Get me out of here.

Now.