



TRUST ME! by S. Bee.

[This text is read aloud at the beginning of this video:]

Welcome to Stories for Lipreading. If you haven't used our website before, we suggest you look at our 'How to Use' page before you begin. We hope you enjoy this story, which is called 'Trust Me!' by S. Bee.

Trust Me! by S. Bee.

“Look, Beth, you know I've never given a hoot about fashion, make-up or hair,” I began. “Well, Mum, you can hardly walk our Angie down the aisle in baggy trousers, wellingtons and a scruffy, old jumper,” my daughter pointed out.

As a gardener, I'd always preferred practical clothes.

“Come on, Mum, it's a big church do, with a posh reception,” Beth continued. “Angie is wearing a beautiful gown and Mark's family will be done up to the nines,” she went on.

I nodded. Angie, daughter number 2, was getting married. So I guess it was time I smartened up my wardrobe.

Three months before the wedding, Beth arranged a clothes shopping day. She was determined that I needed a complete make-over.

“You don't need to do this,” I said, through gritted teeth.

“Yes, I do,” she replied, as we arrived at the doors of the smart department store.

Later, in the changing room, I dutifully peeled off my jeans and faded rugby shirt and, at Beth's request, donned an apricot number – a satin shift dress with a frock coat and a feathered matching hat.

I came out of the cubicle and paraded about in bare feet.

“A definite improvement,” Beth murmured, though I wasn't so sure.

She handed me a pair of high heels.

“I've never worn high heels,” I protested.

“You're fifty-two. It's about time you tried.” Beth's tone held an edge.

I stepped into the heels and tried walking but I staggered into a rail of flimsy, brightly coloured garments. To steady myself, I caught hold of the rail – and oh no! The whole lot came crashing down!

Startled by the noise, a member of staff rushed over.



“I’m so sorry,” I mumbled, as Beth hastily tried to help her straighten the rail. I whipped the high heels off and sped to the cubicle. Even though the stock wasn't damaged, we slunk away feeling guilty.

“Listen, love, why don't you let me look round on my own?” I suggested.
Beth looked doubtful.
“Just trust me.”

I struck lucky in a smaller store. I knew instantly that I'd found the perfect dress. Short-sleeved, calf-length and silver-grey. I smiled - I could picture myself walking Angie down the aisle in this!

The problem was, could I afford it? It was time to put those rusty, tricks of the trade to use...

Soon after, I asked Angie and Beth to pop over.
“I've created an outfit to wear for the wedding. I'm going upstairs to get changed, then I want to know what you think,” I said.

They waited. Finally the door burst open - and there I was.

The sparkly silver-grey dress shimmered in the light. I'd chosen silver and amethyst jewellery and elegant silver sequinned sandals. I'd even applied a touch of make-up.
Angie blinked back the tears. “You look beautiful, Mum.”
“Wonderful.” Beth's grin lit up the room.

I hadn't always been a gardener. I used to be a fashion buyer. Later in life, I opted out, as I'd needed less stress - but in my day, I was the sharpest negotiator around...