

Super-Duper Mega Grounded

By C. Jade Wyton

After running away to spend half a week in the woods, Becky Bloom finds herself grounded. But not just any type of grounded— She's been super-duper mega grounded, and Isa is watching her like a hawk. It's okay, though; it gives her more time to spend with her family.

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Becky was grounded.

Becky was so, so grounded.

More grounded than she'd ever been before in her entire *life*.

After coming home from her little stint in the woods yesterday, Isa had had a *lot* to say to her.

A lot of very stern, very motherly things.

Including (but definitely not limited to), putting bars on her window, banning her from leaving the house, never trusting her again, and threatening to implant a tracking device into her while she slept.

It was needless to say that Becky had been driven to and from school; with Isa showing up just outside her *classroom door* at the end of the day to take her by the arm and march her to the car.

It had scared the absolute *hell* out of her, to take two steps out of the classroom and then have Isa snap at her to *get in the car!*

Katie had thought it was the funniest thing in the world, though. And Becky could only *imagine* how much she was going to be teased for it tomorrow.

But, that was tomorrow.

And today was today.

And today, right now, Becky was sitting with her father and watching him paint.

She was drawing along with him, as per their usual Wednesday time together— But only a little bit. Just doodles.

She couldn't make anything as amazing as *he* could. Though, he'd been drawing for over a hundred years longer than her... that was to be expected.

Probably?

She wasn't sure.

It didn't really matter, though. It wasn't about being good at art— It was about her dad and her having an excuse to dedicate some time to each other, so they didn't forget they loved each other again.

Just being in the same room was good enough, really.

Becky shifted in her chair, leaning back as she pulled out her phone and opened her selfie camera.

She looked good, today.

She felt a lot less stressed than usual, with the week having been decently quiet and uneventful— Especially the days she'd spent out on her own....

Adjusting her shirt, she revealed the lace sewn into the top of her bra and

grinned, sticking out her tongue playfully before snapping a photo to post online.

As soon as her phone made its fake shutter-snap click Ken let out a sigh, and Becky glanced up to see her father eyeing her.

‘What?’ she asked.

‘N-Nothing,’ he quickly looked away, clearly embarrassed as he forced his focus back to his canvas. ‘Is that a... photo for Jareth?’

‘Thirst trap for Twitter,’ Becky corrected.

‘Mm,’ Ken let out another sigh as he dabbed his brush against a bush-coloured blob on his artwork. ‘Even after your aunt’s comment on your last one?’

‘Which comment?’ Becky asked, a note of humour in her voice. ‘The “*foot foot pregnant-man right-arrow sparkles denmark-flag*” accidental emoji chain, or the “*Oh my, did you mean to post this?*” comment she made right before it?’

That got a chuckle out of him, and he turned back to Becky, resting a hand on his knee as he shook his head. ‘I was thinking more about the “*Jareth let you post this?*” comment.’

‘Aw, no, she didn’t mean anything by that!’ Becky waved a dismissive hand. ‘I told her about polyamory and she... well. She didn’t *get* it, but she *got* it. You know?’

Ken just shrugged, not looking all too convinced that Isabel really *hadn’t* meant anything by her comments, but not saying anything else about it. Instead, he motioned to the sketchbook that lay open on the floor next to Becky’s couch.

‘That looks really good. Are you going to colour it?’

‘Eh, yeah, I was just gonna get a photo of it and throw some colours on it with my phone,’ Becky said, picking up her sketchbook and examining the cartoon pond she’d managed to draw. ‘Fix up the lines on the edge there, if I can. You know.’

‘On the *phone*?’ Ken asked, his brow raising. ‘You can draw on your *phone*?’

‘Yeah!’ Becky exclaimed, grinning wide and opening up one of the several programs she’d downloaded for drawing. ‘This one, MediBang, is my favourite because when you import your art into it, it extracts the line art for you so you can just start colouring it without having to, like, mess around with it too much!’

‘Ooh...’ Ken’s ears twitched as his daughter showed him one of the drawings she’d been working on, and his eyes widened as she flicked through the layers panel to show and hide the different colours. ‘Is that program only on phones, or...?’

‘You can get it on your tablet,’ Becky told him. ‘But there’s also, like. Ones you would like better. Ones for, like, for painting and stuff!’

‘Really? On the *tablet*?’ he asked. ‘I mean, I knew people did art digitally on computers and all that but... on the tablet?’

‘Yeah. They even have, like, special pens for it and stuff! It’s really cool.’

Ken’s head slowly cocked to one side as he stared at the program on Becky’s phone, and Becky felt herself chuckling as she quickly left the drawing app and opened Google.

‘You use android, right?’

‘Hm, yes? I think so,’ said Ken, his intense focus suddenly broken as the phone was moved away from his face. ‘The little green robot one.’

‘Then... here, this one. This is the sort you’d want!’ Becky said, opening one of

the images and turning the phone back to her father. 'They might have one at the local electronics store down at the strip mall. You could go check sometime.'

'Maybe you could take me?' Ken suggested. 'It might be fun!'

'Uh...' Becky felt herself blushing. 'N... no. I'm banned from it.'

'Banned?!'

'Yeah. Cos I used to bully Joe— I mean. Maybe I could ask to get like, un-banned, or whatever? But.... Yeah. That's why Isa had to take me all the way to the city to get a new phone. Cos the guy here got sick of my shit.'

'Isn't there another electronics store closer?' Ken asked. 'What about in Warm Waters?'

'Banned from that one, too,' Becky gave an embarrassed cough. 'For, uh, getting in a fight in the middle of the store. Not with anyone who worked there, though. Just. Another customer.'

'Why?' Ken asked.

'I dunno,' Becky said, sheepishly, and traced a finger over her drawing. 'It was someone I used to go to, like, school with and stuff. But they like, moved away a few years ago. I think they forgot how dangerous I am because they tried to like, impress their friends or something by telling me I looked like a whore, so I grabbed them by the hair and like, slammed their face into a table to assert my dominance and stuff.'

Ken heaved a sigh, shaking his head and rubbing his forehead, before giving a humoured smile. 'You've always been rowdy.'

'A bit more than *rowdy*,' Becky grinned back. 'I was a *menace*.'

'Aw, mom bébé, you weren't so bad.'

Becky gave her father a *look*.

'Okay, you were pretty bad,' Ken corrected, before pecking a kiss on Becky's forehead. 'But you're doing so much better, now. I'm sure if we talked to the manager at the electronics store we could convince them to give you another chance! Why don't you come down with me today and we can ask together?'

'Well...' Becky sucked in a hiss of air through her teeth. 'I'd *love* to, but I'm like, super-duper mega grounded. Isa watched me go into the backyard to make sure I didn't, like, jump the fence. I don't think she would, like, let me go all the way to the strip mall.'

'I'd be with you!' Ken reassured. 'I'm sure she'd be fine with it, if we were going together.'

'You're *sure* she would?' Becky asked, raising her brow.

'Hm.... *No*,' Ken admitted, pushing himself to his feet and making towards the stairs. 'But I don't see the harm in asking. I'll go ask, now!'

'*Your funeral*,' Becky mumbled jokingly before giving a sniff and adjusting herself to take another selfie.

She was just finishing posting the photo when her father came back downstairs, blushing and looking very sheepish.

'So. What'd she say?' Becky asked.

'No,' Ken said, simply. 'She said if I took you out, she'd ground *me*.'

'HAH!'

—END—

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