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Mr. Giles

Dramatic Writing

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[Hold up a card to the group, then turn to someone next to you] What would you call this card? [once they reply, continue on] Now, I reckon that most of you would probably call it the same thing as [say the name of whoever I asked], but to me this is a [say the card name].

It all started with my mom. She had been taught growing up that it was called clovers, resulting in her believing that clubs and clovers were two completely unrelated things. She would then bestow this sagely knowledge onto me. But oddly enough it never stuck with other members of my family.

And so, I’ve always called them clovers. I honestly thought absolutely *nothing* about this for the longest time, to me it just seemed like it was a fact of life that they were called clovers.

That was until last year, when my reality was shattered into 52 pieces when the friends I sat with at lunch broke the news to me that my life had been a lie and that clovers were really called... “clubs.”

I was stricken, not by how I was wrong about calling them clovers, no, I could care less about that, but by how much they got on my ass about it. It was like every time I called them clovers whoever went after me would slowly play their card as they looked me dead in the eye and said “clubs” like it would prove literally anything to me.

Of course, I ignored them because I realized something truly amazing: I could get them to call it clovers. All I had to do was keep calling them clovers and defending my position whenever they called me out on it, and the idea should just naturally weasel its way into their heads. I mean, they were bound to slip up eventually, right?

I still remember the look of embarrassed defeat on their faces as the table erupted in laughter when they realized their fatal blunder.

If you had mentioned clovers to me sometime before last year, I probably wouldn’t have cared at all. But now, whenever I think or hear about them, I can still hear the comforting echos of laughter from those days in the lunchroom.