

Barbara, Maud and little Johnny too

By Heledd Bianchi

“Barbara, Barbara, Barbara, are you in? I’m catching my death out ‘ere. I told you you should have got me a key cut.”

“I’m coming now. On the top floor.”

hollered a frazzle haired woman in her early forties out from her bedroom window which was on the third floor of a terraced town house.

“Don’t get your knickers in a twist.”

Maud, a stout, pillow faced women in her early fifties fumbled in her oversized white polk a dot lime green handbag for a sherbet lemon while little Johnny gazed into the distance.