

Silent phone

By Heledd Bianchi

I was just about to make a lovely pot of tea before beginning my daily chores of cleaning, hovering, mopping, feeding the dogs, seeing to the washing, when it suddenly dawned upon me that I hadn't heard the phone ring for days. I've checked to see if the ringer's working and I've tried calling the house phone from my mobile so it's definitely working.

I felt a bit peckish so I helped myself to a delicious crisp apple from the fridge. Mmm, very tasty, indeed. I particularly like red apples in the autumn as they have a much sweeter taste to them. I tuned in to Terry Wogan on Radio two. He spouted merrily about idyllic havens to venture to: and in a serenading crest of a wave, he announces the winners of the Romantic Escape to Tuscanny.

Oh, I'd love to go to Tuscanny. My eyes are drawn to the fridge magnet my brother, John and his wife, Margaret sent when they went to Tuscanny four years ago. It seems such a picturesque place; as sweet as a painting. I wonder if I could go there on my own one day, or would people think me odd?

As I sweep to the melodic tune of 'Somewhere Out There', I fantasise about being swept off my feet by a tall, dark rugged man who will carry me through the Tuscan hills to a remote, raunchy dwelling whereby we will embrace passionately under the moonlight.

Right, quick cuppa then I must see to those damn slugs. They've been at my carrots again. I best get some more pellets from the shed. They're bleeding blighters. I don't think any of my aubergines will make it either this Spring. Looks like the marrows have had a good seeing to too!

"Morning Dave".

I spot my next door neighbour, garden left scuttling out of his shed. He pops in there for a cheeky cigarette. His wife has told me he's given up. Not good for his health she says. How on earth he pulls the wool over her eyes is beyond me. The whafft comes in through my kitchen window so it must be going into theirs.

She's after a peaceful life is all.