

MARY MARY QUITE CONTRARY

Mary and Daisy - Anger and Grief.

Furious at her constant fussing, I shook off the hand that Daisy reached out to me as the clerk invited us to follow him into his tiny side office.

“I’m not a child,” I hissed. She raised her brows and pursed her lips in that way that she has, she comes across all ‘mumsy’ but she can hold her own. I stood, shakily, glaring at her. I elbowed her out of my way as I clasped my handbag close to my chest. That bag was as tough, wrinkled and scarred as the face of an ancient, Indian squaw, I used it as a barrier to what was to come.

What a procession we made. My battered, bulging bag, followed by me -walking, chin up and shoulders back, taking my small, precise steps - with Daisy bringing up the rear. Like a mother hen. Or rather, a mother duck. Waddling from side to side, red faced and puffing slightly with each step. I knew that she was squawking at me. That appealed. My bag, like a squaw and Daisy who squawked. The words repeated themselves in my mind. Louder and louder; “The squaw and the squawk, the squaw and the squawk.”

Daisy nudged my elbow and I was reluctantly jolted back to reality. “Mary?” she asked. I looked around feeling confused. Out of time. We had arrived. Somehow, we had been transported from the waiting area of the bank and into the clerk’s private office. I had no memory of getting there but I assumed that we must have walked. I found myself sitting in a faded, off-blue cushioned chair. Tatty, although quite comfortable. Daisy sat next to me. I looked down and did my best to brush off my irritation as I realised that, unbelievably, she had contrived to hold my hand after all!