

Monday.

Polly! Put the kettle on love, would you? I'm bloody gasping here. My God! Something wants to be done about that supermarket. It's got nothing. Literally. Nothing! I mean, you know that bread that we have. The one that I like to have with my lunch. Well - it's been discontinued. Discontinued. I ask you! I said to the woman, "What's happened to the farmhouse granary?" Do you know what she said? She said there was no call for it. No call! I mean. I told her. I told her straight. "We buy at least two loaves a week." She just looked me up and down like I was a piece of mud on her shoe. Well, I don't mind telling you, I was raging. Raging!

Oooh, that's better. A nice cup of tea. Just what the doctor ordered. Here. Put this lot away, can you? You do that while I have a nice sit down and enjoy my tea. I'll feel better then. I'm sure I will. Make sure you put it away properly though, eh. We don't want a repeat of last week, do we? Relax and drink my tea. I will.

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Friday.

Polly. Polly! Where are you? Oh, there you are. I've been calling for ages. Put the kettle on then. I've not had a cuppa in a good long while now. My throat is absolutely parched. Anyway, I wanted to say something to you, but I've completely forgotten what it was. Now then. If that isn't age catching up, then I don't know what is. What was it now? It might have been the ironing pile. Yes, I think that was it. I'm sure of it. I recollect seeing it yesterday and it looked to me as if the crease on my work trousers was off centre again. I mean, I know you try your best, but let's face it? I have explained to you, haven't I Polly? Polly? You are listening to me from that kitchen, aren't you? I was just saying about the crease in my trousers. Yes, I know for a fact that I've explained to you *why* it needs to be perfect. I mean,