

ON THE DRINK!

Leo was a kind man, and Rebecca loved him, despite his many faults. One of these was Leo's obsession with football, and that afternoon, Wolverhampton Wanderers, Leo's favourite team, were on the television. Rebecca knew that if Wolves scored, Leo would make a silly wolf noise, followed by a lion's roar, the first signifying the team and the second signifying himself.

Leo sat in the living room, beer in hand, with his Wolves scarf round his neck. Rebecca was in the adjoining room, trying to concentrate on reading through a blog she had become very fond of called, 'Living in Lockdown with a Loony' which, although it was not the most politically correct title, made her smile. There were certainly aspects of the story, written by a woman, that Rebecca could relate to.

'Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! Owooooooo!' came the noise from the other room, quickly followed by the traditional 'Rrrrrragghhh!'

Wolves had obviously scored a goal. Rebecca prayed that V.A.R. would not intervene because, although she should logically have expected a cat-like whimper in response, she knew that there would be a bout of swearing, not related in any way to the sound of an animal. Thank goodness, there were no such profanities, and her next interruption was from Leo, who popped his head around the door to announce that he was going to watch the second half down at *The Camel with Karma*, their local hostelry. Meeting in pubs was allowed at that time, provided you ate at least one Scotch Egg.

Leo left through the front door and Rebecca reflected that Leo was not the clearest of speakers. She wondered if this was one of the reasons that he was so fond of making animal noises, something that his mother said went all the way back to his childhood. Rebecca continued to read the blog while enjoying a glass of wine.

Three hours later, and Rebecca heard the key in the front door. Leo was back, and certainly the worse for wear.

'What you have been up to, I wonder?' she said as Leo crashed into the room.

'Been with Eric. He's on the brink,' came the reply. Then Leo took himself off to the toilet with a haste powered by his very full bladder.

'On the brink!' shouted Rebecca. She had known that Eric was contemplating a proposal of marriage to Claire, Rebecca's good friend. Rebecca, delighted for the two of them, immediately picked up her phone to Eric in order to congratulate him.

What happened next left Rebecca completely bemused. She had congratulated Eric and he had responded with a complete denial.

When Leo returned, having relieved his bladder, Rebecca decided to hold him to account for causing her such embarrassment.

'He's on the drink, not on the brink!' replied Leo, and then saluted her with a glass of wine before collapsing into an armchair.

It was going to be another one of those nights. 'Thank goodness for *Strictly!*' thought Rebecca.