

Three friends conversing – A Yarn

By Claire McGovern



I held my jug in my hand as I waited for Mr Bumpy to finish his tale.

Mr Bumpy was regaling me with his trip to town today and his encounter with a fiery young woman selling smoking pipes. “I tell ya, she was shouting something and she was spinning around.”

Mr Bumpy continued his tale and it transpired that this young woman had a voice like a fog horn and an attitude to match. He watched the young boyos try their luck and they got a slap for their efforts.

“Mr Smith, I tell ya, sure ya can’t blame them young uns for trying! With a gob like that and the spinning and moving like a mad woman; sure, we could see her petticoats!”

“So, what was she shouting?”

“I never got to hear as she ran into me, mumbled something and ran off, as did the young boyos.”

“Erm, so how do you know she is unruly?”

“Well, what well-bred woman shouts and moves like that in the market place. I didn’t stay long, but there was some laughter in the crowd and sure I know young John who ran after her; he is the doctor’s son and a fine young man!”

Mr Smells had appeared behind me “I wonder Mr Smith, could it be that this young woman was being insulted and she was trying to defend herself? Maybe, just maybe she was shouting for help? Since she was distressed, seeing her petticoats was possible by the level of distress she was suffering. Maybe she was spinning around searching for a sympathetic stranger to come to her aid!”

“You weren’t there Sir” shouted Mr Bumpy.

“Oh, but I was, Sir!

“The doctors lad was the worst of them. He’s nothing but a spoilt, lecherous, bad mouthed little bully! The young lady escaped into my shop.”

Mr Smells leaned in beside me and asked me how I was enjoying my new pipe. I introduced Mr Bumpy to Mr Smells, explaining that Mr Smells makes the best pipes this side of Wolverhampton at Smells and daughter.

“Cheers Mr Smells!”

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