

All the tents have ears.

The whole campsite had turned in. The party over. Wine-bottles and cider cans lay discarded in a 'recycling pile', totally ignored by the wasps. They were tucked up in their papery sleeping-bags.

The campers' cars were lined up in a regimental row. SUV's, people-carriers, two hot hatches and last in line, a Wheelchair Accessible Vehicle. They all overlooked the orchard where in a canvass and ripstop nylon divergence, the tents were pitched like scattered windfalls.

With a loose flap here, the twang of a guy line there, the tents were gossiping.

Who left that pushchair out? You were told; bring those trainers in. Glad you chained up those expensive bikes. Ignore those juvenile camp chairs propping each other up in an intoxicated embrace; and fair play to the blanket clad wheelchair, standing guard.

A zip slowly scratched at the night, as a form slipped through the moon shadows and disappeared behind a bush.

Barbeque ember eyes scowled.

A curse echoed through the trees as a big toe stubbed the wheelchair.

The zip shrieked shut.

'Did you have to?'

'I didn't want to leave you alone for too long.'

'The Macho Police aren't in town, so you don't have to piss like a horse. Be civil, use the facilities.'

'Leave it out. I didn't want to leave you. Move over, give me some room.'

'Stop squishing me.'

'That's better. Mmm... Love you.'

'You're only saying that because you feel sorry for me.'

'That's not fair! In sickness and in health.'

'Words pass so easy from your lips.'

'They're true.'

'Don't touch me there.'

'Come on; we're good? You like my massages.'

'You're so predictable. I sometimes wonder that you're only still with me because of my condition. You treat me like an object.'

'How long have we been together?'

'And how many times have you broken my heart? It's the only part of my body that still works normally and you treat it like a plate from a Greek restaurant.'

'It can be hard living with you... your condition.'

'Stop being a pig.'

'A pig?'

'Yes; oink-oink. A pig.'

'I'm not the one who's had her snout in the trough all afternoon. How many Babycham's?'

'How dare you.'

'We have this every time you get pissed. Let's sleep.'

'Right now? What makes you think I'd let you do that? You only ever want sex, because you know I can't run away.'

'That's not true! I love you.'

'You don't. You just feel sorry for me... and my condition.'

The weighty breathing of heavy petting, put a poor fox right off his freshly wrangled burnt sausage.

Footsteps spoilt the dew; cut across prior wheelchair tracks.

The Wheelchair Accessible Vehicle had gone. To pastures greener, or to where puce embarrassment flowed?

Bleary-eyed campers congregated at the communal ablutions, for their morning constitutional. Shit, shower and shave. Beat the mob to the hot water. Everyone glanced furtively at each other; dare they mention the elephant in the orchard?

The tents were, still all ears.