

## **Suburban Bliss**

Ron and Bert lived next door to each other for over 40 years. Their children played together and their wives were happy to have a chat over a cuppa and put the world to rights. But Ron and Bert had an ‘uneasy’ relationship. Bert worked hard and liked to have everything in the house and garden just so. Ron enjoyed a drink and socialising. DIY and gardening were not top of his agenda. Work was a necessity to pay the bills.

But there was a competitive edge to their relationship. If one bought a new car then the other would get one soon after. Ron would say ‘Did you see the new sitcom on ITV last night Bert?’ Bert would sniff and say ‘We only watch the BBC.’

Bert would say ‘Just taking Mavis to Asda to do the shopping.’ Ron replied, ‘Oh we only shop in Waitrose.’

Bert enjoyed Astronomy and photography.

Ron liked home brew beer and a sing-a-long at the local.

And so, the superiority complex battled with the inferiority complex.

The situation came to a head when there were visitors at Ron’s house one evening. Their car parked outside Bert’s house.

Bert knocked on Ron’s door,

‘Sorry to trouble you, but your guests are parked outside my house.’

‘Yes’ said Ron, ‘but not over your driveway Bert!’

‘Well they are slightly and it’s going to make it awkward to reverse on to the street.’

Bert had never paid the Council for a dropped kerb, so there was a piece of wood shaped as a ramp across the driveway. It was something that always agitated Ron.

“Well I’m sorry about that Bert, but people can never see where your driveway entrance is, as you don’t have a dropped kerb, like I do. ‘

“Let’s not have that argument again Ron, can you ask your guests to move their car to outside your house!” Bert’s voice was getting louder and the guest came out to move his car. Later that night, after a few beers and when everyone had gone to bed, Ron went out in the moonlight. Gently prising the lid off the paint, he picked up his brush.

‘We’ll sort this out once and for all!’ thought Ron.

The next morning Bert got up and opened the curtains in the front bedroom. He gasped and called his wife.

“What the hell is that?”

Painted on the road, the full width of his driveway and garden wall, was a double yellow line.

He quickly realised who’d painted it, the lines were not straight and touched in places. There were also drips of paint leading to Ron’s front door. Bert’s anger soon turned to laughter, “He couldn’t even do that properly!” he said, “But he’ll have to work out how to take it off or the council won’t be too happy.”

His wife smiled and said, “I’ll make a cup of tea.”