

Don't get me started.....

Gingerly she placed the cold compress on the eye that was already beginning to blacken and swell.

The day had begun badly. She hadn't slept at all well and she had knocked over a cold cup of tea reaching over to switch off the radio that Tom had thoughtlessly left on. Luckily by the time she had cleared up the mess and come downstairs, Tom had already gone to work so she was spared watching him slurp and crunch his way through a bowl of cornflakes.

In the kitchen she skidded on a fur ball that the cat had thrown up. The dish washer was playing up again and was full of dirty dishes. She turned the radio on as she unstacked the dishwasher and filled the sink. Jenny Murray banging on about the menopause again. She tuned into Smooth radio. Someone should tell them that Dusty Springfield sang more than 'Son of a Preacher Man'. One of her washing up gloves had a hole in it. So much for her manicure.

She went upstairs to get dressed. Stepping on the scales she decided to give Weight Watchers a miss that week. Back downstairs she made herself a coffee. The milk had curdled. She put the TV on while she paired the socks. Someone had been messing with the controls and she couldn't work out how to turn the subtitles off. Loose Women were doubly irritating in writing. And why were there always three odd socks left?

There was a crash in the kitchen. The cat had knocked some glasses off the draining board. She swept up the broken glass. Later she would regret not wrapping the shards in paper when the ripped bin bag emptied bin juice and vegetable peelings all over her feet. But first, lunch with her friend and her incontinent dog – which was why they had to sit outside to eat. It rained on their disappointing paninis, and she remembered that she hadn't brought the washing in.

Time to pick up the grandchildren from school. She loved them, obviously, but sometimes they were hard to like. Leo, the product of her son's first marriage was at that sullen oily age. The six year old twins (from his second marriage) were spoiled by their mother. Freddy was a hyperactive bully and Polly was a cry-baby and a telltale. She would spend a frazzled couple of hours mediating, cajoling and failing to find something to feed three fussy eaters. By the time her son picked them up they would be high on processed food and sweets and she would be three quarters through a bottle of wine, which would be warm as she had forgotten to put it in the fridge.

Later than usual she heard the key rattle in the lock and in bounced Tom looking refreshed from a couple of pints with his mates down the pub. "Hello love, how was your d....." he nearly finished as her fist came up to meet his eye socket.