

### Social Bubble

It had been several months since the sisters had been able to meet up.

“How about a cup of tea at our house on Friday?” The arrival of the notelet in Monday’s post had excited Janet. She had not been asked anywhere for months. Finding a postcard and a stamp, Janet quickly accepted the invitation. and wrote the time and date into her empty diary.

“Now what shall I wear? “Excitedly Janet searched through garments in her wardrobe. She hardly remembered what she possessed. “And will I still be able to get into anything?” she wondered.

In a bigger house on the other side of town, Ruth began to prepare for her sister’s visit.

“I should make a cake, I suppose,” she said, searching through a cupboard for the necessary ingredients. “And I’d better get out Mum’s best tea service.” She blew the dust off a tall teapot and assembled matching cups and saucers. “Does Janet take sugar? I can’t remember.”

It had certainly been a long time since the sisters had seen one another and each awaited the meeting with uncertainty.

“Oh, I rather wish, I hadn’t asked her now,” Ruth flicked a duster round the shabby, but spotless, room as the doorbell rang.

“Oh, it’s so lovely to see you,” Janet beamed at her sister and followed her into the dining room where tea was laid out on a tray. The two sisters looked each other up and down. They were close in age and had always been competitive.

“Well we’re both wearing our favourite colour, aren’t we?” Ruth ran her hands down her brown top.

“Yes”, Janet laughed. “So, how have you been keeping? What have you been doing with yourself?”

“Not much really,” Ruth replied. “Reading lots of books and I’ve even got rid of all mother’s old papers. Had a real turn out!”

And on the window seat, the cat purred in delight that he had been included in this social bubble.

337 words