

Foolish Man: Gerdette Rooney

As the sun set on the third evening of their holiday, Teresa needed an extra dose of gin to contain her rage at Jim. Her muscles tensed and she felt anger boil up inside her.

At the height of the roaring Celtic tiger in Ireland in 2007, she trusted him on a rugby weekend in Dublin to not overspend on partying with his recent redundancy package. Instead, after a few pints of the dark stuff, he was lured by a friend into a property agency with the name 'Location, Location, Location' and squandered the lump sum on a golf apartment in Bulgaria. Yes, Bulgaria of all places! And this a man with a lousy golf handicap!

After the property crash rendered the roaring tiger a whimpering pussy, it had taken a silence of many months to forgive him. However, on the recent flight over she was determined to enjoy their first holiday in years and make the best of it. What was done, was done.

To their horror, they discovered their 'luxury apartment with a spectacular mountain vista' was little more than a shoddily built box in a ghost estate with a view of cranes and half-finished developments obscuring snow-capped Mt Pirin.

Each evening as they hoped to see another apartment in the complex illuminated, the only sign of life was in the farmyard nearby. Teresa and Jim would never get used to the appalling stench of manure that accompanied their gin and tonic.

Each evening since arrival, at six on the dot, two sheepdogs herded a flock of sheep down the mountainside, along the boundary fence and into the farmyard. At first, they found the rustic scenario endearing and the baaing and barking broke the profound silence.

The sullen farmer would then glance up and grin before performing his nightly ritual for their entertainment. On the first night it was a rabbit he decapitated on the wooden block and the sudden spurt of blood had Teresa gagging on her cocktail. Last night it was a squawking chicken that met its fate and tonight Teresa watched in horror as a young lamb struggled to get free. She could sense the farmer saying *'I'll show you yuppie investors who's boss here.'*

The woeful pathetic bleating was the last straw for Teresa. Grabbing the gin bottle, she turned to Jim and screamed,

'What an awful eejit you are! How could you be so foolish!'