

## FOWL FESTIVE FIASCO: DANNY COYLE

Being a child with blind parents was always brilliant fun at Christmas. Every year they did their best to get all three of us the best present possible, and put a Christmas meal with all the trimming on the table. We would decorate a traditional Christmas tree, always fun and stays in the memories forever. But as we all know if someone puts in there ten peneth ( as my dad used to say) things can go wrong .

Dad always ordered a capon or a turkey from the butcher in Crosspool around the end of November. So Aunty Nora said to Dad, I am getting you a bird for Christmas. So Dad didn't order one from Len the butchers. Christmas eve arrives, all the veg prepared, homemade sausage with sage and onion made ready for stuffing the bird that Aunty Nora was bringing. Four pm a knock at the door, I answered the door and there stood Aunty Nora with a bird cage and in the cage a blue budgie that Aunty Nora had brought all the way from Hillsborough on the bus.

She said to Dad, here's the bird I promised you. Dad said, I thought thar meant a Christmas bird for dinner. Flippin eck Dad said, wiv got nowt fer tommoras dinner only stuffing and veg. Nora said, what time does Lens shut? Dad said 5, right we've got ten mins. Off they set and got there just as Len was closing. Dad said, 'as tha got owt left, Len said, one turkey and its a big un. How much Len? Tha can have it on me. So all ended well and we had Billy budgie for 10 years before he fell off his perch.