

Efa (Life)

She spends hours looking out of that kitchen window.

I'm not exaggerating. I have no idea how it could possibly take so long to wash a couple of plates, a cup and saucer and a bowl. My bowls must take literally seconds because I lick them clean. Yet she makes the chore last forever.

I remember when they rebuilt these houses. It seemed a very strange concept, having the kitchens at the front of the house. To this day I will never understand the thinking behind it. Before then kitchens were always at the back. That way you were nearer to the garden to take the washing and rubbish out. Also, if you had just finished cooking, no one could peer into your window and see the mess. The way it is now anyone can look in as they pass by. I suppose it's one way of encouraging people to keep their worktops clean, or they could just be like me and hang net curtains. Not ideal for a kitchen really, but they do the job.

I do hope she hurries up. I want to get out. If we leave it much longer we will miss seeing my mate two doors down. His owner takes him out at 8am every morning. I always hear the door closing at eight on the dot. It's 7:50 now so I'm not sure we will make it today. I try to tell her 'Come on mum, get a move on, I want to see Dylan' but as normal just a strange whiny noise comes out. When you think about it, Dylan is a strange name for a dog. It sounds more like a rabbit's, name. I did hear his owner say he was named after a poet.

And now I think about it, I do so love looking out over the hills and vales as I stand here feeling the warm soapy water swish around my hands. I think I will add a bit more hot. It's comforting. A bit like when you don't want to get out of the bath, so you top it up with hot water to give yourself a few extra minutes of peace. The bubbles prefer me being gentle with them as well, they last longer.

I wonder about the birds swooping and hovering over that distant hill, it's difficult to gauge their size when they are so far away, but what a peaceful life they lead.

I often wonder what my David would have thought about a back to front house. He would probably have found it amusing. He wouldn't have cared about such things. He did care about many things though. Our son Philip of course. Rugby, particularly Pontypridd Rugby Club. Dai's Work was also very important, he was a deputy head at the local junior school. He had only been there six weeks when it happened.

'Excuse me Mum...please stop daydreaming, I want to get out' I have nudged and nudged her, but she is ignoring me. 'Grrrrrrr'

Even to this day it saddens me to think that the last children he spoke to were not his own. He is remembered for shielding five little ones in his arms as they were all taken to their final sleeping place.

I remember him holding Philip in his arms as he read him a bedtime story before tucking him safely into bed each night.

21st October 1966, the day our world changed for ever. I recall it being a very misty day, almost as if mother nature didn't want us to see what was about to happen.

Oh, hold on, she is getting near to finishing, she has picked up the milk bottle, she always does that last. Maybe, just maybe we will get out in time. Ouch, I wagged my tail too hard and hit the table with it.

I love the way the bubbles stay in the milk bottles as I wash them. It's a guessing game. You swish the bottle backwards and forwards in the water and until you tip it upside down to drain, you never know how many will be left inside, or how big or small. Now look at those, they are really big with a rainbow shine. It's going to be a good day.

She's wiping her hands on the tea towel. This is looking very promising... she is at the table writing a note. 'No Milk Today' and yes...she is putting into the bottle, I am almost jumping with joy.

'Come on Efa, let's get out and enjoy the day'