

Chewing The Fat

Two characters, mother and adult daughter
(BOLD TYPE IS Daughter: Light Type is mother.)

Why do you always do this? You yack for half an hour before you even put the kettle on. I'm gasping.

I saw Mrs nosey parker peering through the fence again this morning, she's always prying. You would think she would have something more important to do than keep spying on me.

I went to Woollies this morning; they are doing this pick and mix sweets thing.

I was listening to her through the wall this morning, and I'm sure I could hear her holding a glass against my kitchen wall, all she would have heard was my radio and the budgie singing.

It was sixpence for a whole bag. I mostly chose liquorice all-sorts, but I put a few pear drops in as well, I'm going to hide them from the kids though.

And when she's playing that piano...what a racket. She thinks she Mrs Mills.

They have a knack of finding anything I have hidden, particularly sweets.

Perhaps I should get some earplugs.

Ooo this cuppa looks nice, just the right colour. I'd like to go out in the garden to drink it, but I suppose you'd be worried about Fanny Ann next door spying on us.

I think they sell earplugs in Woolworths, they seem to sell everything in there.

Nothing like a good cuppa and a custard cream.

Her life must be so dull if she wants to listen to **me** talking, I only talk to the milkman, and of course you once a week. Every time I look out of the front window I see her curtains twitching.

Do you remember those biscuits you used to make us when we were kids?

She had the Jehovah witnesses around yesterday AND she invited them in!

You used to put raisins in them.

They were there for an hour and a half.

I tried to make some yesterday, but Joan rang me while they were in the oven and I burnt them.

Imagine having your ear chewed by her for that length of time. They need medals.

I used a recipe by that new woman, Fanny Craddock. What a name, Fanny.

I wouldn't want to go in her house. It stinks of garlic; I can smell it when she's cooking. Why she doesn't cook 'normal' food God only knows.

Fanny and her side kick Johnny hahahaha.

She had a Trewins van pull up outside the other day. These two big men got out carrying a huge box. It was a colour TV. Who does she think she is?

She also did this recipe for breast of lamb and barley. Yuk, disgusting stuff, it's so fatty.

I would never get a colour tv, total waste of money as far as I'm concerned. I do wonder how she can afford it. perhaps she gets a bit of extra cash when the milkman pops around! The other day her husband was out and I saw the window cleaner go in, and the next day she had these frilly red knickers hanging on her washing line! You don't see **those** every week!

Why anyone would eat fat I don't know, well apart from butter of course. And cream, I suppose that's fat?

He was there for forty minutes; how can it take that long to wipe a few windows down? No wonder she can afford a new colour tv. Oh you going out to the lavatory love? You'd best take some newspaper; I think we have run out of toilet tissue. I went to buy some on the market the other day and he asked me what colour I wanted. WHAT COLOUR? What does it matter what colour we use? I told him I wanted brown, that shut him up! Hahaha.

I suppose I had better make a move soon, I've got to pop to the butcher and get some tripe on the way home.

I think I'm having scrambled eggs for tea. Hold on a mo, let me see if she is looking out of her window now.... I can't see her.

Don't worry mum, I will give her a wave on my way past.

No, don't do that, she'll think I'm watching her.

Bye Mum. BYE MRS PARKER (exaggerated Waving)