

## **BEING FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE MRS AND KIDS**

Once a upon a time... oh lord, here we go again!

How does one write a fairy tale without sprinkling sugar on the top?

There's got to be an impoverished figure; hero figure; a witch or wizard; a cat; four mice; and evil sisters, right?

Well, not always. Fairy tales are all around us. We can even create our own fairy tales in the things we do and the way we treat each other. They may not be traditional "fairy tales" as our actions are reality and real, but the overtones are similar, surely?

One can be a hero by being fair. One can tell a tale without it being tall. One can be a fairy godmother or why not a fairy godfather...? oops, hang on... maybe a godfather, forget the fairy bit! So, says St Peter!

Anyway, here's my story...

One day, I got up and may have dragged the comb through my hair. I can't remember that bit as everyday routines at the same time on the clockface merge into each other. Took a quick detour to drink a cup of tea as, pulling back the curtains, I noticed the freezing fog outside my door being thickset and likely to be slow to clear. I wasn't late, nor did I require the bus. I don't smoke so that's where the song ends folks!

It was new year, a typical January winter day and cars completely iced. Two layers, two scarves, two pairs of gloves, I ventured out into the pea soup and almost with a chilled blindness walked into the gate when I actually should have opened it!

Decisions, decisions... do I scrape my wife's car, my son's car, my daughter's car, as well as my car...? running four engines and adding to the smog already descended? Be eco-friendly, eco-friendly, recycle, recycle, rethink, rethink, repeat, repeat!

Life is like an engine of a car. The batteries require charging every night before starting up again at daybreak. Ok, decision made. One car at a time with mine last as it is the oldest and without a heated windscreen, so, the worst carbon footprint in our family's collection. ULEZ is on its way and so is the bill to replace our cars. I wonder if the new cars will have enough power to tick over whilst scrapping of the ice takes place and still have enough power to get us from A to B and back?

(An hour later, the answerphone message)...

'Hello darling. Thanks for scrapping my car. I saw you had done the same for the kids. They are not up yet. The mist has lifted along with the temperature. Told you before, leave the kids cars. Don't waste your energy. Not worth it. Anyway, see you at home tonight. Fish and chips, your favourite.'

(A knock at the door at home)...

'Hello, I'm Constable Holland; this my colleague Constable Travers. Are you Mrs Greaves?'

'Yes'

'May we come in and speak with you?'

'Has something happened?'