

Cheese Please



I answered the door to find my 2 guests standing on the doorstep. One of them was holding a large bunch of colourful flowers. “For you Chuck” he said, handing me the flowers. His companion looked puzzled. “You see, old lad,” said Wallace, “when you are invited for a meal, it’s only polite to take a gift for your hostess. Flowers usually do the trick.”

Grommit nodded and followed Wallace as I lead them into the living room. I thanked Wallace for the flowers and went into the kitchen to find something to put them in. Returning to my guests, I offered them a drink before we ate. Wallace chose a small sherry, but Grommit was happy with a bowl of water.

I asked Wallace how their window cleaning business was going. “Oh yes,” said Wallace, Wash and Go is proving very popular, and Grommit here is very good with his bucket and sponge. We’d like to

expand our clientele, but experienced window cleaners are hard to find and we've got all the work we can cope with at the moment.

Our newest client has a wool shop, so the shop windows have to be kept shiny and clean so that the tasteful display of merchandise can be appreciated by the customers. The lady's name is Wendolene. She made me a cup of tea the last time we did her windows. She's very nice."

"I'm very glad that your business is doing so well Wallace," I said. "Our meal is just about ready so please come to the table. I have put some cold sausages in a dish for Grommit. I hope he'll enjoy them."

Wallace and I tucked into our meal and I think he enjoyed it, but his eyes really lit up when I brought in the last course. On a serving plate I had arranged a selection of cheeses, in the centre of which was a large wedge of his favourite, accompanied by a variety of crackers, some butter, grapes and celery sticks.

"Is that what I think it is?" said Wallace. "Oh yes," I said, "the finest Wendsleydale."

"Oh my" he said, "that's just champion."

Grommit had polished off the cold sausages by this time with equal enthusiasm.

We spent the rest of the evening chatting about Wallace's many inventions. The knitomatic sounded like something that could be a joint project with Wendolene – an exciting possibility perhaps !

After a while we noticed that Grommit had nodded off by the fire. "Time to go home I think, old lad," said Wallace. I waved them off at the door as they trundled away in the Wash and Go motorbike and sidecar. The cheese and the sausages had been much appreciated.

It seemed as if my guests had had a good time, and so had I.

Jan Rees August 2024