

It all goes down the same hole: Dan Coyle

As I have written many times that both Mum and Dad were blind, they managed in the kitchen even though they got burns and blisters. The food was always tasty and palatable, but sometimes there were some weird and wonderful things served up. The first was when my Dad's friend Bob called round for a coffee, so picture the scene: Bob sat at the kitchen table, Dad in the pantry getting the coffee, two bottles of CAMP coffee and one HP sauce. Now, for a blind man, both bottles are very similar. So, kettle boiled, coffee in the cups, water poured.

'Jim, can you smell sauce?' Now my Dads sense of smell wasn't the best.

'No Bob, why?'

'Ok', said Bob as he lifted the cup to his lips and quickly spitting it out all over the table. Dad had mixed the bottles up.