

MARRIED BLISS

‘So that is it.’

‘You are leaving me?’

‘I am bloody sick of your nagging and complaining.’

‘You’re sick of me complaining. Well let me tell you, Mr Smart Ass. I’m up to here with your behaviour, drinking and womanising.’

‘My drinking, womanising? Where did you get that from? Your interfering mother no doubt.’

‘Don’t you dare call my mother she is the salt of the earth and besides, Mrs Bloxham told her she had seen you with a Salvation Army lass.’

‘For god’s sake I was only buying a bloody War Cry.’

‘There is no smoke without fire and are starting to use perfume.’

‘Is there on end to this stupid woman? It is only aftershave lotion you dim wit.’

‘And another thing, you promised to fix the washing machine two weeks ago and it is still not fixed. I have had to use the launder mat, all expense.’

‘I had forgotten about it, I’ll get Jackie Tweddle to look at it.’

‘Promises, promises.’

‘That’s it, I have had enough, I will get the hell out of here when my next gyro comes.’

‘I’ll pack your bags for you, ass hole.’

‘Have you a fag?’

‘There’s a packet on the table. Light me one as well and hurry up. We’ll be late for the bingo it’s the thousand pound flyer tonight.’

‘How do I look?’

‘Smashing.’

Bob Mather.