

Waiting for Fred

She was so angry that she decided to make bread for it was her way of relieving her feelings, and as she began to assemble ingredients in the kitchen she muttered under her breath to the accompaniment of crashing bread tins.

By the time she had measured the bread flour, added sugar, salt and yeast, she began to feel just a little better, and as she dribbled the hand-warm water into the bowl and plunged her hands in to bring all the ingredients together she began to wonder if perhaps she had been a little hasty in voicing her grievance.

"No, blow it" she thought as she began to knead the warm, pliable dough. "It's not fair, leaving me in the lurch like this" she said loudly as she gave it a quarter turn, slapped it down and considered the 'phone call which she had received earlier. He was to have come this morning, but what was it he said on the-'phone? "I can't just walk out - you know how it is". "Do I?" she thought. "My life comes to a standstill when I'm waiting for him to come. I can't make any plans for the future and I was quite right to be angry." Nevertheless, had she gone too far this time and lost him completely?

Later, when she was waiting for the dough to rise, she was blaming herself for being so hasty, and wondered how she would cope alone with the mess she had made.

The door-bell rang, sending her into the hall wiping her hands and smoothing her hair. There he stood, tall dark and wonderful, with his arms full of things that made her heart leap with excitement. "Sorry I'm a bit late, Mrs.P., I've finished down the road, so I'm all yours now". She held the door wide open, and he went through to the living room where the carpet was rolled up, the curtains down and all the furniture in the centre of the room under dust sheets.

"Now," he said "Its white for the paintwork, and magnolia for the walls - right?" She nodded speechlessly. Now she could go ahead and order those new curtains and chair covers.

"Something smells good" he said. "Any chance of a cuppa?"

"Of course," she replied" It's two sugars, isn't it? I'll find you some biscuits too". What a lovely man he was, and so reliable !