

## **Flash Fiction 2309**

**By Terry Miles**

### **Grandmother**

I looked older than my age and he was flying high, in both senses of the word. I lied about my age but then a lot of guys do, so why not women. I said I was eighteen when I was just sixteen. Anyway to cut a lot of the detail out I found myself pregnant. I'll say that for him he didn't abandon me he married me. We bought a house on the outskirts of town, or at least he did. The house and garden wasn't overlooked by other buildings and there was a high wall surrounding the garden. Lots of evergreen shrubs to make it tropical looking even in winter.

I was to keep house and be available. That wasn't a problem he was away a lot. I went out with the girls, the four of us that is: Sandra, Pauline, Zoe and of course, myself. We went to male stripper nights and finger tip touching was as close as I got. I mean, I was in a good relationship and I wanted it to stay that way. I liked the way they waved their bits around. I tried to get Frank, my husband to dance naked before me but he wouldn't. At least he was good in the sack, that's the main thing. Still, seeing what other men had between their legs was something. They didn't usually compare to Frank. And I had a baby sitter named, Rachel. Just for those times I was out with the girls.

He flew around the world he did. Flying important people here and there. Then the plane went missing in a tropical storm over the Amazon. The plane was never found, nor of course were its passengers or crew. So I found myself trying to be a single parent. Still I had my three girlfriends to consult, not that they were that accomplished themselves... "Let them learn from their own mistakes if they won't listen," which was their usual

refrain.

My daughter Maureen grew up and had several boyfriends which I didn't approve of. None of whom were in higher education. She wanted to live it up and had no strategy to make a good match for herself. I thought I would give it another try. Perhaps a father figure would have a beneficial influence on her. So I met Raymond who was something in management, then a few months later he got busted for embezzlement. So he found himself inside and I divorced him. That made it difficult to have any influence on my daughter. "Stop criticizing me for my choices in boyfriends when you've got it so wrong."

Then came along Bobby. Had a good job selling cars he did but he was mad on football. I should have known! If only he had insisted on being called Robert. But hindsight is a wondrous thing which isn't at hand when needed. He drank every time he watched a football match. He came as quick as they come when he was sober and after drinking during a match, he and the rest of him just went limp and fell asleep. One day or should I say, one night he got too drunk so I threw him out. Told him to go back to his mother.

My daughter became pregnant and she had a daughter. One thing about sons, they don't get pregnant. They just get other young women in the family way. Well, it's usually younger women. Now my granddaughter was coming of age. I had my bits on the side. I didn't want to get hooked up again.

My granddaughter, Carol was only sixteen when she got interested in David. I invited them both for a Sunday meal. I had just bought a garden

shed and wondered if I could get David to erect the thing for me. They came over and he was a real charmer. Wanted to wait until they were married before they did anything. What if he turns out to be gay? Still he seemed to be a very considerate guy. But then, so do some guys who turn out to be real brutes. He was a carpenter of sorts. He repaired old furniture and upholstered couches and sofas.

“You ought to see the restorations he’s done Gran,” Carol said.

“I can give it a try, that is, if you’ve still got the instructions?” David responded.

Carol and her mother were going up to London to do some shopping, see a musical, and going to a fashion exhibition at the V&A the following day. That was scheduled for the following weekend. So we made an arrangement to erect the garden shed whilst Carol and her mother were in London. I dressed up somewhat. I wanted to show him what Carol would look like when she was fifty. The first job was to put some paving stones on the level, on which the shed would stand. He was very quick and got that done before lunch.

I served up salad with French fries for David and I. After David had finished eating he said, “You have a very fine figure. How do you keep yourself so trim? You must tell Carol.”

“I will if she will listen, David. Now let me get you some ice-cream.”

I went into the kitchen and brought him his dessert.

After finishing his dessert he excused himself to go to the toilet. When He came back I insisted that he sit down for an hour in the sunshine so he could digest his meal. I made a cup of coffee and brought it out to

him. I brought one out for myself too, so we could both enjoy the sunny day for a while.

“Will you help me with some blankets and cushions, David?”

“Sure I will.”

David followed me into the house and we brought out some blankets and cushions to spread out on the lawn.

We brought our drinks and sat down amongst the cushions.

“Have you had many girlfriends?” I asked.

“Four if you mean what I think you mean. Some women are quite forthright nowadays.”

“So, they were chasing you, lucky boy.”

I looked at his trousers and they were starting to fill out.”

“Do you fancy making it five before you marry?”

“It’s a hot day,” David said.

“Why don’t you slip off your shoes.”

David slipped off his shoes as I took off my blouse.

David took off his shirt and singlet, and what a hairy chest he had for a 20 year old. He soon discarded his trousers and boxers.

I wasted no time in discarding my skirt and bra.

As soon as I was fully undressed he was sporting his manhood for me to admire. And admire it I did.

I moved next to him and he took over. Ever so gently he made a younger woman of me. I wanted to know just what a gentleman he was. And for Carol’s sake I was finding out.

“The day is hot. the day is hot,” I kept saying to myself as we coupled in the sunshine. “Yes, yes!” You’re just the right guy for Carol, I thought.”

**The End**

## **Patch**

Ray had just changed into his slippers and asked Patch if he had missed him, as one does and the dog had barked. It was tea time and he needed to feed his dog.

“Patch! Want some Canine Cuisine?” Ray asked holding up the tin of premium dog food as he did so.

The dog barked a couple of times and sat down.

Ray had opened the tin and poured out half it’ contents into the dog’s bowl.

Patch laid on the ground about two yards from its dinner and didn’t move.

“Not hungry, Patch? Have it later then.”

Patch barked twice again.

There was the sound of his neighbour’s back door being slammed shut. It was a bit later then, during the week. It was Friday. He, Mr. Bagshot was in the habit of going for a drink with his work-mates at the end of the week. Some people just can’t take a drink Ray thought as he put a pan of steeped lentils and chopped up fried onions on the stove. There were other ingredients too: a pepper, two sticks of celery and some herbs, and some brine from the olive jar because he had run out of salt. Not to mention two chicken stock cubes, which he didn’t want to add because he wanted to have a non ultra-processed food diet.

There were shouts coming from the Bagshot’s.

“They’re at it again!”

Ray had bought his dog from the local dog rescue centre. It had been named Patch because it had a black patch around its right eye, the rest of its longish coat was white. Ray thought the name was apt and was growing fonder to its idiosyncrasies by the day. He had bought it so he

could speak to something if not someone. Being caught speaking to your dog is not as bad as being caught speaking to yourself. His dog was of the Heinz variety type. Nothing special but then there is always the danger of purchasing a too in-bred, thorough-bred.

“Was the dinner going to go flying again,” Ray said aloud.

The dog looked up at him with his tail between his legs.

“Can’t stroke you whilst I’m still frying onions.”

Patch gave a playful bark. At least that’s how it sounded to Ray.

Ray tipped the second chopped upped and fried onion into the soup. He reasoned that they should be cooked as soon as the lentils were done.

There was some swearing, followed by some plates being smashed against the floor.

“I hope they’re not going to go at it, hammer and tongs all night.”

The dog scratched the door to be let out.

Ray opened the door and said, “Go out and do your business, then, Patch.” The dog barked a couple of times as it started to walk. Ray laughed, he was amused as the dog went out to do what it had to do, perhaps it would eat its dinner when it came back.

Ray tried some of his soup that was still on the simmer. Just a couple of tablespoons of soup at a time, more to see how it was coming along than making a meal of it. There was the sound of furniture being knocked sideways, something heavy, crashing to the floor and a scream. Suddenly there was the sound of Greensleeves being broadcast to announce the arrival of the ice-cream van in that part of the estate.

Just as he was finishing his soup samples, Patch was scratching at the door to be let in. Ray put his soup bowl in the sink and opened the door. The dog came in and sat down looking up at his master.

“It’s gone quiet next door I hope Mrs. Bagshot is OK?”

The dog barked a couple of times and went to the door. Ray let Patch out again and said, “There you are haven’t you done your business yet?” Patch barked twice again as it went through the doorway. Just as Patch was in the open passageway it turned back and barked.

Ray wondered if there was something out there that was stopping his dog from doing its business. One of those XL Bully dogs or something. “You want me to come out do you, Patch?” Ray asked as he followed it into the back garden. It was one of those developments in social housing that had its back gardens backing up against a supply road. The estate was at the edge of town and many of the working-class tenants needed cars to get to work. Ray’s dog crept, with its belly close to the ground as it went into the garden. There were four posts with three horizontal wires that separated the gardens. Ray had planted some dwarf, Nandina shrubs to stop marauding cats from entering his garden and cat calling during the mating season but they hadn’t yet become established.

As Ray was walking to the side of his garage, he noticed Mr. Bagshot bungle his unconscious wife into the back seat of his parked car. Patch looked up at him. Ray wondered if the dog was expecting him to do something. Just then, Mr. Bagshot turned around and looked at him. “What’s happened, Dan?” “My wife’s, just tripped up and fallen. I’m just taking her to the hospital.” Patch barked a couple of times.

As Ray turned around to walk back into the house, he considered that Mr. Bagshot had two options. Either he would take his wife to the

hospital and she would either be dead or alive on arrival or he would drive her further into the countryside and bury her somewhere.

“Should I call the police or not?” Ray said aloud.

The dog growled.

“What’s that supposed to mean, Patch?”

The dog growled again.

Ray and Patch went back into the house.

Ray turned off the hot plate and walked into the drawing room. “Should I telephone the police?” Ray challenged himself again.

Patch walked to Ray’s desk, looked up at the telephone, sat down and barked.

Ray telephoned the police and explained as much as he could to them.

He wasn’t sure if Anne, was dead or just unconscious. He realized that if she was suffering from concussion she was still in a poor state and perhaps needed rescuing from her husband. The police said they would check at the hospital as a member of the force was on site.

Ray went back into the kitchen and noticing that Patch’s meal was still uneaten he picked it up and binned it. He washed the dog’s bowl and said, “Would you like some of this, Patch?” holding up a different brand of dog food as he did so.

The dog barked once and wagged its tail.

**The End**

### **On All Fours**

The Reverend Peter Paget Had gone to Germany. He had spent his time there taking services with a German pastor in a village deep in the Harz forest. He had gone hiking with his hiking friend from school George, in not too difficult terrain in the forest. The Reverend Peter



Paget had tripped on some fallen rocks, taking George with him into a ravine which was not too deep. The alarm had been triggered after they had failed to return at dusk. It took two days to locate them. George was unconscious and the Reverend was almost so. They both had scratch marks on their: arms, legs, necks and faces as they struggled and slipped down the ravine. George the mountaineer, was flown straight back to Scotland but was released from hospital two days later.

The Reverend's pastoral visit had only two days to go before he set sail for Scotland. On his return he visited George and many of his parishioners to say a prayer for them and so they in turn could welcome him back. The following Sunday he was back at his pulpit ready to start the evening service. His replacement had just departed for Germany an hour earlier.

As the last parishioner sat down the Reverend Peter Paget began a little belatedly to start the service with a hymn. Some of his parishioners hadn't turned up. It was a longer than usual hymn to give the late arrivals some time to enter the church and to settle in. There was a flu doing the rounds, the Reverend thought, so that might be the reason. The hymn finished and there was a distant howl which was hardly discernible. What was it? There was another howl sounding strangely like the howl of a wolf. It was strange as there hadn't been any wolves in Scotland for a hundred years or more. Suddenly, the Reverend Peter Paget looked up to the roof and opened his mouth. What came out of his mouth was the most shuddering howl the congregation had only heard in horror films. The vicar's countenance changed as his eyes grew larger and his jaw protruded as his teeth turned into fangs. His tongue grew longer. He shook off his dog collar and his clothes as his body change from a white-

pinkish tone of skin to a skin coated in thick, brown and black fur. The congregations stared in disbelief as he howled again. The stained glass windows began to crack and splinter to the floor. The vicar got on all fours and howled as he ran through the congregation at full pelt.

The more delicate women in the congregation had fallen in a faint onto the floor, out to the count. Whether it was the howl that escaped from the vicar's mouth or seeing him burst out of his Sunday attire before his fur had fully developed in those few seconds no one will dare to ask. Those women who had the presence of mind to carry a bottle of smelling salts were hovering over the fallen, waving their blue bottles under the noses of those with a more delicate constitution.

Husbands were carrying their wives who were in a deep faint out into the early evening's damp, clinging air. Some of the women being carried out started to howl in answer to the howls that were coming from outside the churchyard. Their countenance changed from delicate women to howling creatures that burst from their Sunday best. Their fingers turned into claws and they clawed off their Sunday clothes, revealing their miraculously emerging and growing body fur.

Even before they had completely metamorphized into wolves they too ran out of the churchyard. No matter how anyone tried to stop them the unchanged ones had to give up out of disgust and fear. From then on the wolves had returned to Scotland. It wasn't long before they spread southwards across the border to England. And once more wolves could be heard throughout Britain. The people of Ireland, both north and south were fearing the worst. It was just a matter of time, they said.

**The End**