

The Knitting Grannies – Chapter 3

As we all started knitting, Gertie filled Mrs Bullock in with as much information on the Grannies "special skills" as she needed to know and gradually the room fell silent apart from Gertie instructing us when we all reached a line of perforations. It wasn't long before the only sounds to be heard were the clackety clack of five pairs of knitting needles and the occasional snore from Frankie who was sprawled out on the floor. Midnight had taken up a position on the coffee table and was watching the knitting very closely for all the world, as if he had been appointed the supervisor!

As the night ended and the daylight dawned, it found the floor covered bywell, how on earth do I describe it? colourful scarves, streamers, skeins.....whatever you call them, long streams of knitting with uniformly spaced rows of perforations! Yes, the only word for it is knitted toilet paper! Bluebell looked at the pile and then nodded to Midnight, at which sign he stood up on the table, stretched and then jumped down and sauntered over to the pile of colourful knitting. Glancing at Gertie who also gave him a nod of approval, he stretched out a front paw and dabbed it at the nearest knitting. It instantly began to wiggle and waggle and wobble and in no more than the blink or two of the eye, the messy pile of knitted toilet paper organised itself into a stack of toilet rolls and I mean stack! In a trice, we were looking at a multicoloured mountain of toilet rollsof the knitted variety! I don't mind telling you that, as well as being amazed, I was also more than a little sceptical that knitted toilet roll would do the trick!

"Well" said Petunia. "That should keep Sainsburys going for a while. Tomorrow we must knit for Waitrose, then the Co-op! "

"What about Tesco's and the other supermarkets?" asked Mrs Bullock.

"We three can only do the local ones dear " explained Bluebell. "there are other Grannies.....She was stopped in her track by a bellow from Gertie!

"Loose lips, sink ships! Stop right there Bella! Mrs Bullock, don't worry, the other supermarkets will be taken care of, that is all you need to know. Now then, you must both go home and get some sleep, you too Frankie and be back here at 6pm sharp. We have more work to do!" I could hold it in no longer....."Stop! Stop! Stop! this is madness! It's KNITTED toilet paper! It is never going to work!

"Is it dear?" replied Petunia softly, "are you sure about that?"

"Of course I am sure! I've been here all night knitting the blooming stuff!"

"And if I may say so dear, you do need to get quicker, you are still quite slow!"

"Yes, and you dropped a few stitches at the beginning," put in Bluebell "whoever gets that roll is going to find holes in the first few sheets!"

"Of course there are holes in it.....it's KNITTING!" I yelled, causing Frankie to hide under the table as he doesn't like shouting!

"Well really dear!" huffed Gertie! "there is no need to lose your temper, no one else wants it thank you, so put it back in your pocket! There is absolutely no need for you to shout; and I MEAN there is no need, just be quiet and watch! I really didn't want you to see this, it is sharing too many secrets, Mrs Bullock too, but needs must I suppose. Bluebell dear will you go and get it?"

Bluebell obediently got up and headed once more for that strange cellar, returning moments later with the biggest knitting needle I have ever seen! Bigger than a wand, bigger than a walking stick or crutch, it resembled more a small branch from a tree that someone had carved into a knitting needle, sharp at one end with a wooden button on the top to stop the stitches falling off. She handed the needle to Gertie. The sisters all then held hands, Bluebell held Petunias, Petunia held Gertie's free hand and even Midnight joined them and put a paw on Bluebell's dangling hand. Gertie then said:

"We solemnly promise, that we have done our best;

We have knitted all night and now we must rest;

Here is our work, it took us all night;

Please can you now make what is wrong, right"

Gertie then pointed the sharp end of the big knitting needle at the piles of knitted toilet rolls. At first nothing happened, but then the needle began to glow (how does wood glow?) and then, just like a sparkler on firework night, white stars shot out of the tip and danced around the rolls getting brighter and brighter until Mrs Bullock and myself could hardly look because the light hurt our eyes. Frankie was very scared and ran upstairs to hide under one of the beds! The sparks then dimmed and gradually disappeared but we both still couldn't see straight, or at least, we thought we couldn't!

Because, there in front of us was not knitted toilet rolls - but normal paper toilet rolls!! What on earth?!!!

"Thank you, Bluebell, you can put that back now" said Gertie handing the huge knitting needle back to Bluebell who obediently returned to the cellar.

"Hold on a minute," ventured Mrs Bullock, "if you can make that happen with the Knitting needle wand thing we just saw, why didn't you just wave it and magic some toilet paper? Why have we been sitting here all night long, knitting our fingers sore?"

"I was just about to say the same thing Mrs B" I joined in. "Well Grannies?" we looked at all three of them, wondering what the answer would be.

Petunia (with a nod of approval from Gertie) replied, "it doesn't work that way, we have to put in the hard work before we can ask for help, it won't just give us things for free no matter what trouble is going on. We have to put the effort in, to get the reward, so to speak. It is the same as with everything dears, nothing in life is for free whether it is for you yourself or for others. Hard work and determination will always win the day. Now you two lovely ladies must go home to bed and take young Frankie pup with you; Midnight, go and get him out from under the bed! I think you will find he is under Petunia's bed! This is just the beginning we have a few nights of work left and Frankie....." she broke off as he came back in the room following Midnight, "Frankie, tomorrow you will have your turn, you must help us deliver these rolls to the shops! Now goodnight dearies, and sleep well, see you at 6pm sharp!"

With that, Mrs Bullock, Frankie and myself found ourselves standing outside the front door! We had been dismissed!

to be continued.....