

The Knitting Grannies and the rule breakers!

Episode 1

There was a knock at the door, only this time it came from the back door and not the front! Unusual! Frankie wrong footed, had raced to the front door only to realise his mistake and was now slithering and sliding on the wooden flooring in an attempt to get to the back door before me! I think it was a draw! Opening the door and mindful of my shins (see previous story!) I looked down and sitting on the patio was a small cat with fur as black as the sky and eyes green as Emeralds. On his head he wore a green hat with two little pockets on the top to pop his ears in and a strap which buttoned up under his chin.

"Meow, Meow, Meow" he insisted pointing with his paw to the garden, which of course meant "Meeting next door now, follow me!"

"Hello there Midnight, what's up now?" I asked but I was talking to myself for he hadn't waited and was already half way up the garden. Closing the door and following the back end of Frankie as he too disappeared into the gloom, I headed up the garden. Midnight and Frankie were waiting impatiently for me about half way up where, I was very surprised to see a gate where I KNOW there definitely hadn't been one before and certainly not a knitted gate! Frankie pushed the gate open (it was surprising solid for a knitted gate, but then, why was I surprised? Nothing knitted should surprise me these days! So many surprises in one sentence!) and we headed into the garden next door and down to the house. Bluebell was waiting in the doorway, peering into the night for the first sight of us, the light behind her giving her a blue glow as it bounced off her blue hair!

"Quickly now lovelies, you mustn't be seen, well, you can Frankie but not you dear, not now! Go straight through, Gertie is getting impatient to start!"

"Hi Grannies both" I said, as I entered the room, "before you start Gertie, I keep meaning to ask you about our last adventure. How come all the supermarkets in the country were filled with our toilet rolls when we only stocked the local stores?"

"Well dear" started Petunia pushing a stray pink curl behind her ear, "I can't possibly go into detail but well, Networking is the future! It might surprise you to know that we aren't the only....."

She was cut off before she could say anymore by the bellowing voice of one, very cross, red faced, green haired Granny;

"PETUNIA! ENOUGH! There are things she can know and things that need to remain a secret! Now then IF we are ALL ready (she gave Petunia an angry glare) can we PLEASE get to the reason we are all here?"

"Gertie dear, do keep your shirty on" put in Petunia, herself rather cross at being reprimanded.

"You were saying Gertie," Bluebell interrupted, ever the peacemaker. She was used to fireworks between the others and knew how to defuse the situation.

"Yes, what was I saying?" Gertie gave one last glowering look at Petunia, as she gathered her thoughts. "Ah yes, right. Now then, we are living in serious times, this invisible virus is increasing its hold on the country, and in fact the whole world. It is so frustratingly difficult to fight because we can't see it. It relies on people to help it spread and because it is invisible can lurk happily on surfaces waiting for unsuspecting humans to come along and touch them and off they go, transported to someone and somewhere else".

"Oh, if only we could dye it purple or something," sighed Bluebell, then we could see where it was and give it a good scrub down with carbolic soap and water!"

"Well you are half right there Bella, soap and water are our first line of defence that is for sure, but there is no way we can spray it purple, that is the nature of a virus I am afraid."

"Oh, I know about viruses" started Petunia! "get them all the time on the interweb and you can't see them either until you get them!"

"This is a bit different Petunia"

"Yes, but it's the same result Gertie, the virus spreads and causes mayhem!"

Gertie sighed. "Getting back to this Corona Virus, the Prime Minister said a few days ago that we are all to stay at home and only go out for essential food, medicines or an hours exercise a day which is why dear (she said looking at me) you couldn't be seen coming here tonight."

"Yes, we can't go to each other's houses either" explained Petunia, "so when we heard what he said we knitted that gate as more private way in for you!"

"If everyone sticks to the new rules, it will stop the virus being able to hop on to new people and use them as transport to others and we might be able to stop it."

"Yes, and Mr Boris has shut all the schools and all sorts of shops, twittered Bluebell, "he means business! He is rather like dear old Winston Churchill....."

"He is NOTHING like Winston" growled Gertie, "Winston didn't have that dreadful thatch of unruly hair!"

Daring to pick up the thread of why we were there, Petunia carried on dramatically, "All this being stuck at home is called social distancing or lock down, can't see family, go out for days..."

"Get a grip Petunia, snapped Gertie "and stop being theatrical! We don't have family - we ARE the family! We aren't STUCK at home we are SAFE at home and that is the difference. We are doing our bit keeping others safe as well!"

"Yes, chuckled Bluebell, "we aren't going to be buses for the virus, you know dear, it can't use us as transport to get around!"

"Quite" said Gertie sourly. "well, this is where we hit the problem. Midnight has been out and about doing some scouting around for us to see how it is out there and I am sorry to report that there is a small hard core of people who are not following these rules! They are carrying on as if nothing has changed, meeting up, going to the park and even going on trips to the seaside and countryside. Some have dared to be so rude as to have parties in their houses! Not only are they putting themselves at risk, they are putting everyone else at risk as well. The virus must be clapping its hands with glee!"

"If it had hands dear!" said Petunia saucily! Gertie threw her a dark look and carried on,

"Midnight has been working hard following people and finding out where they live and we have sent letters to the offenders but it seems they are determined to carry on breaking the rules. The Police are far too busy to sort this out so we must take a hand in matters if we are to have any chance of stopping this virus and getting our schools and shops open again. It is going to be difficult because we also have to try to heed Mr Boris, but there are ways and means....."

to be continued.....