

The Knitting Grannies and the rule breakers!

Episode 2

"We need a way of making the rule breakers stay in their houses" Bluebell said. She closed her eyes, thinking hard. "Hmmm, I wonder? Yes, you know it just might do it! Box number two hundred and eleventy! That will do the trick!" She jumped excitedly to her feet, peering round at the others.

"Calm down Bella and tell us what you are on about? Box two hundred and eleventy hasn't been used since.....oh, I can't remember when!" said Petunia.

"The last time we used it was 1952" responded Gertie and I believe we were on Mount Everest at the time....."

"Yes dear," interrupted Bluebell, "that climber had got himself into such a fix and we used Box number two hundred and eleventy to make....."

"NET! Extra strong net!" Gertie smiled! "I can see your thinking, but what is your plan?"

"We knit the net and put it over their house doors and windows and they won't be able to get out! Simple!"

"Well, I can see where you are going with your thinking dear and as we have no other plan right now we might as well crack on with this one. If it works, then great but I have got the stirrings of another stronger, but slightly risky idea, if it doesn't. It is a bit extreme so let us hope we don't have to use it. Now then, let's get to it, Grannies, the Key please!"

As before, the three of them reached into their pockets and each produced a metal object which once clicked together made the key to what I now know was that secret and rather strange basement room.

"I'll pop down and find the box" offered Bluebell, skipping to the door, Petunia will you come and find the pattern? We won't be a jiffy!"

Petunia and Bluebell disappeared from view, Gertie also left the room but returned moments later with three knitting bags and an extra small box of knitting needles.

"Do we need to fetch Mrs Bullock?" I asked

"No dear, no, much as she is invaluable and has the makings of an excellent Knitting Granny, we must do our duty to Mr Boris and leave her at home! We mustn't encourage her to go out unless it is absolutely essential and on his list."

Whilst we waited for the others to return I asked Gertie about Mount Everest and what they were doing there?

"Of course, in 1952 we were much younger than we are now dear and we travelled a lot more than we do these days. Went to some wonderful places. On this occasion a climber had got himself well and truly in a pickle and taken a tumble and landed in a deep fissure. We were at base camp and heard the news and sprang into action. Each one of us always carries an emergency knitting kit and of course they are not the standard ones you would carry!" she winked at me. "Ah, there you are! Bella you have cobwebs in your hair, what took you so long?"

The others had indeed returned looking very dusty, particularly Bluebell who seemed to be wearing cobwebs like a hair net!

"The box was most mischievous today, kept dodging my fingers! I finally trapped it in a dusty corner!" She opened the box and handed round balls of unremarkable string coloured wool. Nothing there to suggest any special power the wool might have. "Unfortunately, we don't seem to have as much as I thought we did, I think we must have used more than we realised in 1952. However, we can knit to cover their doors, if not their windows and hope for the best. I must put in an order for some more after though, you never know when it will come in handy these days!"

"Not been much of a call for it, if you haven't used it since '52!" I sneered.

"Maybe not dear, but times are changing, you never know what is around the corner, best to be prepared!" retorted Gertie.

Petunia, meanwhile, had been peering at the pattern. "Looks straight forward enough and shouldn't take long.....well it won't take SOME of us long!" she said pointedly looking at me! Cheek!

"Now now, dear, that was not kind at all" Bluebell said, "she does her best! Just because you are a bit grumpy pants today, it doesn't mean you can take it out on someone else! What is it that those children at the school say, 'Kind words, kind actions'!"

Petunia's cheeks turned pink with embarrassment, "sorry" she muttered.

With that, we all set to work and soon, all that could be heard was the clackety clack of our needles, and Frankie snoring! Midnight, having nothing to do at this stage had curled up tightly on Bluebell's lap.

Soon, there were three good piles of knitted netting and one very much smaller one in front of me. Well I was trying my best!

"That looks like it will be enough!" declared Gertie who reached behind her chair and produced two very large back packs. Petunia disappeared into the garden whilst Bluebell fetched something from the sideboard drawer, I couldn't quite make out what it was. After stuffing the netting into both the back packs, Gertie lead the way into the hall and out into the drive. She stopped Bluebell, myself and Frankie from going further than the front door, but Midnight, with a flick of her tail, pushed past us and joined her and Petunia who was now in the drive pushing a very old tandem bicycle with a wicker basket on the front. Gertie handed her a pair of bicycle clips and when they both had secured their trouser legs and put on the backpacks, they mounted the tandem. I must admit that I was more than a little worried for their safety as they are probably older than the tandem! Midnight jumped into the basket and they were off! The cat seemed to be meowing directions as they went pedalling and wobbling up the road.

"There, within the new Boris rules!" Bluebell said cheerfully "it's their daily exercise!" She ushered me back into the house and steered me towards the back door with Frankie following closely at her heels. "Not much for you to do this time Frankie, but look, have a carrot anyway for being a good boy!" With that she gave us a gentle push out of the door telling us to be back at 6pm sharp that evening!

Would Bluebells plan work or would Gertie have to share her extreme plan?

to be continued.....