

## The Knitting Grannies and the rule breakers

### Episode 7

The plan was agreed which is why, the next day, Gertie was knocking persistently on Mrs Parkers door. Eventually realising that whoever was making the racket was not going away, Mrs Parker wrenched the door open angrily!

"WHAT? STOP MAKING THAT NOISE AND GO AWAY!" she screeched!

"Ah Eunice dear, there you are" answered Gertie sweetly (which did nothing for Mrs Parkers temper!)

"I just had to pop round and congratulate you on keeping your side of the bargain and letting your guests go free, it must have been such a hard thing for you to do knowing how much you love them! Unfortunately, it seems our plan hasn't quite gone as we wanted, but nice try. We will have to think of something else! Bye for now dear!" With that Gertie turned and walked smartly away leaving Mrs Parker staring after her retreating back and wondering what on earth that was all about!

Slamming the door shut, she headed as quickly as she could for the basement where, much to her relief, her guests were still in their jars, looking very pale and unhappy. Well thank goodness for that she thought, tossing a couple more worms into each jar. What on earth was Gertie on about? She must have lost her marbles the silly old fool! But wait a minute.....maybe..... she said her plan hadn't worked! Did that mean that there were fresh pickings out there for her? With that thought she collected her machine and rushed out of the house, failing to see the little black cat under the hedge who, waiting for just the right moment, slipped into the house before the door shut.

Sniffing as she went, Mrs Parker headed for the green at Hamsey, her nose filling with stronger and stronger smells of naughtiness as she went! And there on the green was the source of it! One lady (what a shame, just one!), one very glamorous lady with huge sunglasses rather like a movie star wearing a very large straw sunhat sitting on a picnic rug eating strawberries and cream whilst drinking champagne! Ooh someone likes the finer things in life thought Mrs Parker rubbing her hands together with glee! Eagerly she pointed the machines hose at the woman and SLURP! all that remained were spilt strawberries and an overturned glass of champagne with the drink soaking into the ground. Cackling with triumph, Mrs Parker headed for home as fast as her spindly legs would carry her. Once there she headed straight to the basement and, uncorking the first bottle she came to, she blew the contents of the machine into it and replaced the cork!

"Ha! being all movie star didn't help you any did it?" She sneered "You won't need those ridiculous glasses in there! Introduce yourself to your new roommates!" With that she headed upstairs for what she thought of was a well-deserved cup of tea.

Hardly waiting for the basement door to click shut, Gloria (for that glamorous lady was, as you guessed, my Giddy Aunt) went into action.

"Hey guys, never fear, rescue is at hand!" she said taking off her sunglasses and pulling one of the arms off. It then revealed itself for what it was.....a very small wand!

"My portable one!" she explained before wafting it around herself. Her feet began to leave the bottom of the jar and she floated slowly up to the top. Removing the sunglasses from her pocket where she had popped them, she twisted off the other arm which turned into a very strong pole with a hook on the end. With this she attacked the stopper and soon had hacked a hole through it. Returning to the wand she waved it at the five figures below her and they too began to float and very soon joined her at the top of the bottle. Another wave of the wand and they were floating safely down to the floor. With no time to lose, she repeated the process with the second bottle and soon all ten, very sorry looking rule breakers were huddled together still in the basement but at least out of the jar!

Gloria looked sternly at them.

"Now before we go any further, are you all truly sorry you broke the new Boris rules and, if I get you out of here, do you promise you will stay in your houses and only go out for exercise or to the shops?"

"Yes! "Yes!" they all clamoured, eager to be free.

"Right, next step of the plan." Talking into the end of the wand, Gloria whispered "Midnight, NOW!"

Upstairs there was sudden pandemonium! Chairs were being knocked over, tables followed, doors slamming, Mrs Parker was screaming in rage! Midnight, showed himself to Mrs Parker who ran around trying to catch him, knocking the furniture over as she went and screaming like a banshee! A cat in her house? She hated cats! Couldn't abide them!! She had to get it out!!

So busy was she chasing Midnight that she didn't see the basement door open or 11 shadowy figures tip toe up the hall to the front door, open it and ten of them run out of it. Midnight, being a very clever cat, made sure Mrs Parker's attention was towards the back of the house and, with her bad eye sight that gave the escapees the chance they needed.

"Midnight, head towards the downstairs toilet and then get yourself out of here fast!" whispered Gloria into her wand once more.

Midnight did a quick U-turn and headed for the downstairs toilet, veering off at the last minute, spotting an open window in the room next door ran as fast as his legs would carry him and launched himself through!

Before Mrs Parker could follow him, Gloria spoke. "Ah Eunice, it's been a long time since we met! Don't you remember me? Little Gloria from school? Little Gloria who's head you flushed down the toilet? Ah yes, I see you do remember me! Well I have waited a long, long time for this!" With that she spoke softly into her wand and Mrs Parker found herself propelled forward into the toilet by some unseen force which then proceeded to push her head in the toilet bowl. The toilet then flushed sending cold water cascading over Mrs Parkers head! Whilst she spluttered and coughed, Gloria used the time to make a quick exit!

Once she had got herself out of the toilet, Mrs Parker was incandescent with rage! This was all the fault of those interfering Grannies and she would teach them a lesson! Grabbing her machine, she flew out the door intent on seeking them out and sucking them up. Wait! there they all were, standing in her garden with that goody goody Gloria! Well this will be easy! She pointed the hose of the machine at them and reached for the switch. ....nothing! She tried again and again but still nothing! She howled with rage!

The pink haired granny stepped forward, "It's no use, Eunice, I have blocked your signals and made a few alterations to your machine. The only thing it will suck up now is dog mess! Use that beaky nose of yours to seek out all the mess that some dog owners don't pick up, that will keep you busy for a month or so. NEVER cross a Knitting Granny or you will get what you deserve!"

The Grannies turned and walked away, leaving a very damp Mrs Parker snivelling and muttering on her doorstep.

"Just time for a nice cup of tea and a toasted teacake before Gloria leaves" said Gertie.

"so good of Frankie's mum to summon her even if she didn't realise she could!" laughed Petunia.

Gloria laughed and linked arms with Bluebell, "well ladies, the streets of Hamsey Green are safe once more, everyone will be doing their bit for Boris now!"

"Yes, and will be free from dog mess!" chuckled Bluebell. "Do you think we could have a piece of Tiffin instead of tea cakes?"

The end.