

The Knitting Grannies phone a friend.**Chapter 1****The Grannies House, Hamsey Green.**

"Where on earth are my glasses! I've had the whole room turned upside down and not a sign of them!" grumbled a very out of sorts Gertie. "It's the second time this week they have gone missing! Last time I found them in the washing machine!"

"Have you looked in your knitting bag? You were definitely wearing them yesterday when you were knitting that last batch of face masks" asked Petunia.

"Ooh, perhaps they fell into the finished pile" said Bluebell helpfully. "I'll just go and look, shall I? I only came in to see if anyone wanted a cup of tea."

"Yes please!" chorused the other two Grannies with Gertie adding "and don't forget to break out the Jammie Dodgers!"

"There aren't any" replied Bluebell shortly. "I thought I bought a new packet the other day but I can't find them! Gertie, did you secretly eat them and hide the packet down the back of the sofa again?"

Gertie looked most affronted! "No! I did NOT! That is an outrageous thing to suggest Bella! More likely YOU forgot to buy them in the first place and now you are trying to blame me and make yourself look good!"

"You have done it before Gertie with that last packet of chocolate buttons the other week!" answered back Bluebell holding her own against the stronger Granny.

"LADIES! LADIES! Please stop bickering! Kind words and kind actions remember?" intervened Petunia. "Hobnobs will be just fine Bella, we are lucky to have any biscuits at all in lock down, after all, they aren't an essential food, are they?"

Bella gave Gertie a dark look and flounced out of the room heading into the kitchen where she filled the kettle and switched it on, setting out the cups and saucers, putting tea bags into the blue and white striped Cornish teapot, she headed to the fridge to fetch the milk, opened the door and found herself staring at.....Gertie's glasses, sitting right in the middle of the leftover trifle from last night's dinner!

Fishing them out and rinsing the jelly, custard and bits of cream off them, she shouted to Gertie "I've found your glasses!"

The Green Haired Granny hurried into the kitchen, "Have you found the Dodgers as well? Why are you washing my glasses?"

"They were in the trifle, in the fridge that's why! Here you are" she handed the glasses to Gertie.

"Well what the devil were they doing in there?" demanded a confused Gertie! Before Bluebell could offer an answer, there was an almighty shout from upstairs!

"BELLA! HOW DARE YOU TOUCH MY COMPUTER! NOW LOOK WHAT YOU HAVE DONE!!"

There followed an angry stomping down the stairs and a red-faced Petunia appeared in the kitchen waving several wires in her hand. "I've told you not to touch my computer and now look what you have done! All the wires have come out and mixed themselves into a terrible tangle!"

Bella went quite pink "Why are the both of you picking on me all of a sudden! Oh of course, it must be Bella's fault mustn't it! First not buying the Dodgers and now your computer! Well for YOUR information Petunia, I wouldn't go near your precious computer for all the tea in China! And talking of tea, I have had just about enough of all this, so if you want tea you can make it yourselves! I am going next door to see Frankie!" With that, the normally placid little Granny threw down the tea towel

she had been holding and pushing past Gertie, slammed her way out of the back door and stomped up the garden, disappearing through the knitted gate.

"Well really! There was no need for all that!" snapped Gertie feeling very out of sorts indeed!

"Meow!" agreed Midnight looking pointedly at his empty milk saucer. "Meeeeooooouch!"

Something or someone had just tugged his tail really hard. Whipping round quickly to catch who had done it, he found nothing! He looked at the two remaining Grannies accusingly.

"Midnight, we wouldn't" they cried in unison.

Meanwhile at Frankie's House.....

Bluebell wiped the tears from her eyes, settling herself on my sofa as Frankie jumped up beside her, laying down and resting his head on her lap. He loved this gentle little Granny with her halo of blue hair, she always had a kind word or an ear rub for him and usually had a carrot or treat for him in her pinny pocket and now she was upset and he was most concerned.

"I don't know what has got into everyone, I really don't!" said Bluebell. "Gertie losing her glasses and finding them stuck in the trifle in the fridge and eating all the best biscuits and lying about it, blaming me for not buying them in the first place! There is nothing wrong with my marbles I can tell you! It wasn't me who put my glasses in the trifle! And as for Petunia accusing me of messing with her precious computer, well that is just the limit!!" Bluebell burst into another episode of loud sobs. "Oh yes, anything that goes wrong blame Bluebell! Well I have a good mind to break Mr Boris's rules and go and stay at Fishing Lane by myself and then no one can accuse me of anything!"

"Calm down Bluebell my lovely, look, you are upsetting Frankie." I said gently, putting my arm round her heaving shoulders. "They don't mean it, they just have their red brains on and you know you can't think straight with a red brain on! When they calm down they will feel awful and apologise, I am sure. They can't manage without you, really they can't and Frankie would be very upset if you went to Fishing Lane and left him here on his own and what about Midnight? He wouldn't get his milk on time, would he? Now you sit there with Frank and I will go and make YOU a cup of tea for once!"

When I returned, Bluebell was more composed, the storm of hurt feelings and anger had blown itself out.

"I must admit" I started, as I poured her a cup of tea "it has been a bit weird these last few days! I can't find Frankie's tin of sardines for his breakfast tomorrow and I definitely know that I had some in the cupboard; and as for my watch, well I've had the house upside down and I can't find it anywhere! Perhaps I should look in the fridge as well!"

"Err, no dear, you don't need to do that, look in the milk jug!"

Startled, I looked at where Bluebell was pointing and there, submerged in the milk was my watch!

"Perhaps it fell off your wrist when you poured the milk into the jug" Bluebell suggested as I fished the offending article out of the milk and it hung dripping milky tears onto the tray! "I think we better give it a rinse off"

We trotted into the kitchen where I put my foot into a puddle of water! Frankie's water bowl was upside down, all its contents spreading across the tiles! When I lifted it up, I found Midnight's green hat underneath, the one with two little pockets to pop his ears in.

"The world is going absolutely bonkers!" I uttered "What on earth is going on?"

Bluebell went quite pale as she looked at the hat dangling and dripping from my hand. Midnight never ever took his hat off, his ears got far too cold for him to go hat-less! The very last time it had been off his little feline head was when he had been catnapped by a Pirate. She took the hat, peering at it in dismay.

Previous grievances forgotten in an instant, she said "C'mon dear, you too Frankie, we need to get back next door immediately! Something is decidedly not right, not right at all!" Clutching the hat to her chest, she grabbed my hand and bundled me towards the door and, with Frankie dancing in attendance, we made our way swiftly up the garden and back through the knitted gate. I still had my milky watch in my hand.

To be continued.....