

The Knitting Grannies phone a friend Chapter 6

"The first thing I must do is make a safe area to talk to the one we have in the fridge" decided Sylvia. "Your garden shed looks a good bet. I'll need to check it for holes and cracks but it looks fairly new to me."

"It's not a shed, it's a summer house!" said Bluebell. "We recently had it installed so we could sit and knit in it in the summer. Not quite finished but it is all weather proof and water tight!"

"Ah good, but if you don't mind, I will check it out anyway. The Tommy's are tricky little things and I have learned the hard way to always double check all my preparations. So, if there are any holes or cracks I will fill them in and then I will paint Marmite around the window frames and door. Is there a table and chair in there? Yes? Good, even better! I will paint a Marmite ring on the table and pop the Tommy in there, that will be secure. Whilst I am doing that, Gertie will you please get into contact with Marigold and ask her to get here as soon as she possibly can but to bring one of her championship winning Cornish Pasties with her. These little fellows are used to getting scraps from the miners, so they will be in seventh heaven when they see a whole one, they won't be able to resist!"

Sylvia jumped to her feet and headed out into the garden to check out the summer house. Petunia grabbed the jar of marmite from the table and followed her. Gertie meanwhile, was already on the phone to Marigold who promised to be on the next departure of the super highway and the pasty was no problem as she had just taken a fresh batch out of the oven which she had baked for the local shop to use tomorrow.

That left Bluebell, who didn't quite know what to do with herself and was still occasionally glancing around the room in case she could see one of their uninvited guests! Midnight had been curled up on her lap but could feel her agitation, raising his head he looked at her.

"Meow, Meow, Meow, Meow!" he suggested.

"Oh, what a good idea Midnight! Clever cat!" She bent down to rummage in her knitting bag and found some spare general wool and her needles and set to immediately. Gertie coming back in at that moment asked her what she was doing. She explained Midnight's idea and invited Gertie to join her which the Green haired Granny did, telling Midnight he was such a clever cat. That left Frankie and myself but we were content to sit and watch the Grannies and wonder what would happen next.

Petunia returned "Sylvia has just taken the little fellow down to the shed with a hair dryer for some reason!" she reported.

"That will be to defrost him I expect" said Bluebell wisely. "Hope she does it on the low setting, don't want him overheating or he might go hyperactive!"

"Trust Sylvia, she knows what she is doing!" said Gertie who then filled Petunia in on what they were knitting and another pair of needles were soon clacking away.

The afternoons peace was only broken by the sudden arrival of Marigold carrying a big foil parcel from which the most delicious smells were emanating making our mouths suddenly water.

"Told you they were straight out of the oven!" she said merrily. "Hello everyone, didn't expect to see you again so soon. "Where's Sylvia? Haven't seen her for years!"

Gertie explained where she was and what she was doing. Petunia filled her in on how exactly the Tommy Knockers had managed to escape from Devon and were now in Hamsey Green.

"Well, who would have thought that they had moved from Cornwall in the first place and I had no idea at all that they were living in the ruined village. Come to think of it though, it is an ideal place for them. How many does Sylvia think you have?"

"Three or four, up to ten maybe although she doesn't think there are that many really. Maybe five or six" Gertie informed her. "We will know more once she has spoken to the wee fellow out there."

"Well let's hope for the lower number, but even if you have got ten, this beauty is big enough to feed them all and have left overs for weeks!" She patted the foil parcel she was still holding. "Bluebell, will you pop this in the warming oven of your range please to keep it warm and safe from any pesky pokey fingers.....no NOT you ladies! The Tommy's!" Marigold finished with a laugh!

Bluebell took the parcel and headed for the kitchen where she popped the precious pasty in the small warming oven and made sure she fastened the door securely, she then went about making a fresh pot of tea, first removing three chickens' eggs from the teapot! Good job she had looked and good job she then went on to check the sugar bowl which was now filled with salt!

Back in the sitting room, Marigold was catching the others up on all the recent goings on in Pebble Sands. They were missing the holiday makers now that the lock down was in place and it was very

quiet indeed. Old Mrs Luscombe down at the general stores had become very poorly and had thought she had Corona Virus but thankfully it turned out that it was just a very bad cold. The ladies of the village sewing club were using their spare material to make gowns for the NHS and Percy Stone and his friend Davy Jackson were delivering fish and chip dinners to the hospital every day at the nearest local town. "Oh, and I just had time to pop into number three and check for post and there was this letter for you Gertie." She handed Gertie a very large brown envelope which the Granny popped unopened into her knitting bag as she had just spotted Sylvia walking down the garden with the ice cream box under her arm. They heard her open the door and could see her make her way across to the freezer where she made sure to bury the box right in the bottom, closing the lid with a firm push and double checking that it was properly shut. She then gave her hands a good wash (at least twenty seconds, singing happy birthday twice) and once dried she joined them in the sitting room giving Marigold a huge hug.

"I knew you were here as soon as I came in the house, I could smell your pasty!" she said smiling. Accepting the tea that Bluebell handed to her, she sank gratefully down onto the sofa between Marigold and myself. Midnight moved from my knees and tried to climb on Sylvia's but she stopped him, gently nudging him onto Marigolds. "Not on mine beautiful puss, I've got shorts on and you have sharp claws!"

Once everyone was settled, we looked expectantly at her to hear what she had discovered.

To be continued.....