
GRANNIE FOR GRANTED

‘How d’you mean?’ he asked, wrinkling his nose, hating, man-like, to be made to show his feelings.

‘You love me, Putts?’ I asked, ashamed.

‘Of course I do,’ he wriggled away. Then coming back he put his arm through mine, ‘Next to mummy . . . most of ev’ry one in the whole world . . . except daddy and baby and all the others.’

And with that I was hugely content.

A completely happy woman can be a wife, may be a mother, but must be a grandmother . . . if possible to Putts.