



Grannie

We were attending a concert at the Sage. My friend confided,

“Grannie always comes to the theatre with me.”

“I did not realise your gran was joining us.”

Having heard much about her I looked forward to finally meeting this enigmatic and elusive lady.

The orchestra tuned up and awaited the conductor. Grannie was leaving it very late!

“Has grannie been here before? The ticket said latecomers will not be admitted.”

My friend, shaking her head, replied, “This will be a first for her too.” She took out the old opera glasses, kissed them, whispering,

“We’ll enjoy this together grannie.”

© Mary Atkinson. 3/3/2021