

With a Little Bit of Luck

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I came home early and let myself in through the back door. I was hoping to give Sharon a surprise. There was no one in the kitchen and so I tip-toed into the hall; paused, and listened. I knew dad's car parked in the drive, so I expected to hear some talking but all I could hear was a bumping noise.

I was about to give a shout but I thought, no I'll walk round to the mother-in-law's for an hour then I'll get home at the normal time.

You see, the first time I saw Sharon I was sitting under a broolly outside the Craven Heifer with half a lager when this snazzy two seater red sports car rolls up and this blonde vision sort of unfolds itself on to the pavement. My eyes glued themselves to her along with every other male in the pub.

The blond hair framed an oval, peaches and cream face and dropped pointedly down to a yellow, nipple tight sweater, above a plinth of a skirt, from which a pair of long slender legs and tiny feet slipped into six inch platforms. She floated through lusting eyes to the pub door. With a little bit of luck I thought.

I married her, and at the wedding I saw my dad ogling her near see-through, well pointed, white wedding gown and I thought the old sod fancies her. But, I digress.

Mother-in-law lives a couple of streets away and she must have been curtain twitching, because she opened the door before I knocked.

“Come in handsome, (her pet name). I’ll put the kettle on, Joe” she said. Now Sadie, although, having lost the bloom of youth, had all the accoutrements of her daughter and displayed them in a similar manner. I’d taken a sip of my tea when Sadie said, “Joe, I think there’s a patch of damp in my bedroom. Will you take a look at it?”

I said, “What about Bill?” “He’s no good with such things,” she said. So we took our tea upstairs. Sadie put her cup on one bedside table and I put mine on the other. She sat on the edge of the bed and I scrambled under the dressing table to look at the patch of damp.

“I can’t see any damp,” I called. “Ok,” she says “Come and get your tea.”

I squiggled out of the corner and there she was sitting on the bed minus her sweater. I gulped. She patted the bed at her side: I sat.

“Our Sharon’s a lucky girl,” she said. “A handsome brute like you; and handy too, I bet.” She pulled my tie out of my sweater. “Yes, a handy feller like you knows how to unfasten a girl’s bra,” she said, turning her back to me. So I did.

Later Sadie had dropped to sleep and I thought I’d better get back home. I opened the bedroom door and a voice said, “That you Joe?”

“Blimey!” I thought Sharon’s identical twin Donna. “Hi Donna; your Mum’s asleep.”

“Oh, OK,” she said. “I’m on the night shift and I’m going to have forty winks. Will you bring me a cup of tea?” So I did.

When I got home Sharon greeted me with a big smile. “Darling, we’ve had a little bit of luck. Your mum found those curtains I wanted, and your dad came and fixed them this afternoon.”

“Yes,” I said, “We’ve had a little bit of luck today.”

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