Andrew Milner Books Andrew Milner Books Andrew Milner Books Andrew Milner Books Andrew Milner Books Andrew Milner Books Andrew Milner Books Andrew Milner Books Andrew Milner Books Andrew Milner Books Andrew Milner Books Andrew Milner Books Andrew Milner Books Andrew Milner Books Andrew Milner Books Andrew Milner Books Andrew Milner Books Andrew Milner Books Andrew Milner Books Andrew Milner Books Andrew Milner Books Andrew Milner Books Andrew Milner Books Andrew Milner Books Andrew Milner Books Andrew Milner Books Andrew Milner Books Andrew Milner Books Andrew Milner Books Andrew Milner Books Andrew Milner Books Andrew Milner Books asdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmrtyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmrtyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmrtyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmrtyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmrtyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnm

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| Note to Self  By  Andrew Milner |

Chapter One

When I see the films where the boy gets the girl, it makes me sick. Is that really how life works? I know there are obviously some happy endings but life sucks really, most of the time and for most people. I was the product of a long happy marriage, my parents were married for sixty years, can you believe that, bloody sixty years? 'It was different in our day' they'd say, but in all those years I never heard them argue. They always seemed happy and right up until the day my dad died, they held hands and told each other 'I love you' every day. Bless them both. I think Mum is really struggling to cope since my dad died, you must do if you've been together all that time; almost everything they did was centred around the other.

Both my grandmas were friends and were in hospital at the same time as there was only a day between the births. Mum and Dad grew up together on the same street, went to the same schools and even worked together at the same company. Right from the minute they were born they were together and destined to spend the rest of their lives as one. When Dad retired in 1998 he played a lot of golf and Mum would walk round the golf course while he played and although she never liked the sport she just loved being with him. I think the term soul mates was invented for them. At parties they sat together, if Dad went off to talk to someone the first thing he would do would be to bring Mum in on the conversation or introduce her to people and she would do the same to him. He would drop her off at the WI meetings and pick her up afterwards and would pop in and say hello to all the other ladies.

None of the other husbands were like that. My dad was a true gentleman right up until the second he died. When he got poorly and I went to visit him in hospital, all he was bothered about was that I would take care of Mum. 'Make sure she's looked after; ring her every day and take her shopping, you know she doesn't like being on her own.' I should have written everything down as I can't remember half of what he said I had to do but I'm sure as long as I look after her he'll be okay with that. I'm sure Mum will tell me if there is anything she wants, she's not lost the plot yet and has a better memory than me sometimes, I think every so often she just feels lost, yet other times she seems really independent. It's only been a year and two months since he died so it's all still new and still raw.

I went round last week and she was sat in the quiet crying, no TV on, no radio on just sat staring at the picture of them both above the fireplace. Real nice picture it is. My ex took it at their golden anniversary party and we had it framed for their joint seventieth birthdays. I don't suppose it helps when it's there looking at her every time she's in the room but it means so much to her and it is a lovely picture. They're sat side by side with Dad on the right as you look at it wearing his favourite black suit and Mum wearing a lovely red suit top with the gold earrings that he bought her for their anniversary. She has a diamond necklace to go with it now after last year's anniversary made all the more poignant because he died not long after. He was a lovely man and loved her to bits although on the odd occasion when he did get frustrated with her he would retreat to his shed and hammer some wood. I think it's real sweet to see old couples still holding hands after all those years but with Mum and Dad it wasn't to steady themselves, it was love. Good old fashioned love. They don't make it like that anymore, not for me anyway. I suppose I loved my ex in the beginning but the last five years were just one big plod on.

Mum and Dad got married on Valentine's Day in 1953. My dad said life was hard but happy as the country was still recovering from the war but the feeling of togetherness was still the essence of the community. Everyone knew everyone else and you could leave your doors unlocked. Mum still says that now. 'In my day we didn't have to lock things and everyone is getting VD now.' She makes me laugh because the connection between crime and VD isn't that obvious for me, she quite clearly means CCTV. I remember Dad saying that they had sweets at the reception at the church hall because sweet rationing had finished the week before and both of my granddads clubbed together to buy every guest a toffee apple and a stick of liquorice. Can you imagine going for eight years from the end of the war without proper access to sweets? I'm not sure I'd survive without jelly beans. I wonder if narcotics anonymous will help me with my jelly bean addiction cos I can easily do two packets in a day. Have you the seen the amount of calories? Eight hundred calories for a standard packet of jelly beans, no wonder the husband left me, it's because I'm fat. I should have seen it coming though. The warning signs were all there telling me the blinking obvious, but I chose to ignore it. I just bought a bigger size when my clothes were too tight. I think I was more upset about having to buy bigger sizes than I was when he left. A man can be replaced but my lovely nice flat tummy figure can't. Well, I say a man can be replaced, a chance would be a fine thing at the moment, I wouldn't be that fussy but nothing is happening on that front, I think if the chance came by I wouldn't know what to do and secondly I'd be scared in case it's healed up. I have to say that I couldn't imagine ever having sex again. It's a while since I was last physical with him and I think then it was more an accident than intended. I wonder if people can do things like that in their sleep. I mean it's one thing to sleep walk but to have sleep sex is another. I can't say I enjoyed it whether he knew about it or not, it didn't leave me feeling like the earth had moved – put it that way. And when I say nice flat tummy figure I use the flat word fairly loosely. It's not too bad but maybe not actually flat.

I love looking at the wedding picture of Mum and Dad and I love black and white photographs too. I think it was 'the knob' that got me interested in photography so these days I try not to appreciate it as it validates his completely pointless presence in my life. I did rip hundreds of his prize possession photos up when he left though; I knew it would be better than ripping up his clothes. His clothes were only fit for ripping up anyway, even a charity shop would have looked at me with a 'what the hell' expression, in fact I'd have been too embarrassed to take them in. I would have had to wait until midnight and then dress completely in black before going to the charity shop for fear that I would be recognised or that my number plate would have been picked up on CCTV. Newspaper headline – 'Frenzy as fat frump leaves antique fashion at charity shop'. The outfits on Mum and Dad's wedding picture were much more stylish than his clothes and they're from the fifties. Mum wore a white V neck dress and a huge white silk flower in her hair on the left side and Dad wore his RAF uniform as he had just finished his national service. You can't tell on the photo but Mum's bouquet was pink and white orchids mixed with gardenias. She still loves orchids now. 'I've got a lot of memories to take with me,' she says. Sometimes I come to see her and she just sits at the window looking into the garden. She says when it's sunny she can see my dad out doing the garden and she watches him as he pulls weeds and prunes things and then he looks back and sees her and waves to her. She waves back. I think it's lovely that her memories of him are so strong that she can literally see him. Oh god, I'm off again, I try not to cry but I think I cry not only 'cos I miss my dad so much but I think it's more that I cry because I want to feel how she feels. I did love the knob in the beginning I know I did, but it seems a lifetime away that I can remember feeling anything for him other than the hate and anger that I feel now. I suppose if he was still here I would be content and just plod my way through life as is expected. I married him and just thought that was it. You don't expect to be approaching fifty feeling like this. I'm not suggesting all my friends are happily married by any stretch of the imagination but you reach the point where your life is just plain old comfortable and you get on with it. I didn't miss him when he was at work, I didn't ring him at lunchtime to say I loved him and I didn't plan my life around him. Well, you don't do you? You don't plan your weekends and days off together, you just do your own thing but on a night you sit down and watch TV together and wake up next to that familiar feeling every morning. That's what I miss, the routine, the familiarity and even the contempt at times. I say that, but we never did agree much on the telly choice either really, I like my soaps, which he doesn't, although he watches them and will ask, 'who's he married to, who they talking about, is that the one who was in the shop earlier?' and then when I say 'I thought you didn't like soaps,' he'd say he was just being polite and taking an interest. Taking an interest, cheeky sod, he didn't want me to take an interest when he was fraternising with Lucy Loose-lips. And then there's the rubbish that he watches, he calls them documentaries but the world's biggest boobs isn't a documentary in my opinion. I've always thought my boobs were pretty ample and for my age they look fine, but her boobs blasted mine into oblivion. Bloody documentary my arse, it's a freak show. I think the only thing we ever agreed on was *You've been Framed*, and as I look back I can only imagine that was because he used to love laughing at other people's misfortune but if you ever laughed at him he'd kick off. If he ever hit his finger with the hammer it was like the end of the world and if you so much as dared to crack a smile in the effort to keep the laugh locked away he'd see red. . There was this one time when he was putting up a four-hook coat hanger in the downstairs toilet and with all relatively new houses the walls are paper thin. He spent ages measuring it up, distance from the ceiling and distance from the floor, distance from one side and distance from the other side. He put the pencil marks on the wall and double checked the measurements again, and then put the rawlplugs in. He tightened the coat hanger to the wall, put the coats on it then stood back and admired his work. Within five minutes the bang ruined his pat on the back cup of tea and when he opened the toilet door the coats on the floor gave him the indication that something had gone wrong. He was left with these two tennis ball sized holes in the wall where the hanger had ripped itself away from the wall. He went ballistic and ended up hitting the wall with his hand causing a further hole, then started ranting in the kitchen about the shit quality of the house, which I'd like to point out was his choice, and then whilst still involved in a swearing rant he knocked the hammer off the side of the table that he hadn't put away despite a request from me to do so which had been clearly ignored, as per usual, which then dropped onto his foot. I thought he was going to punch me because all I could see through the tears of laughter was a red faced snorting pile of anger. Got to be one of the highlights, that. Consequently, I have two patches of poorly filled holes in the downstairs toilet which he said he would sort out, although the coats on the hanger which was properly fitted by a proper workman hides them as this one has stayed on the wall, and a crack in the floor tile in the kitchen. Note to self – Get the job done properly first time round. Further note to self –Don't expect a knob to do a good job.

Chapter Two

I felt a spring in my step not experienced for many years because of the newly arrived sunshine. Confidence in abundant measures swept over me that morning as I pushed the quilt off with my legs and flung myself head first into the day. Stepping over the quilt on the floor, I pulled back the blind and peered out into the garden and because the sun was shining the garden looked nice. I could hear the birds chirping away and the gentle hum of summer quietly floating by. It seemed much later than the 08:00 displayed in red square digital numbers on my bedside clock, and knowing that time was on my side made it a more enjoyable waking up experience. It was a complete contrast to the frantic minutes to spare routine of normal days and I have to say I much preferred it this way. Note to self – I must get up earlier more often.

As the flow from the shower head covered me in warm water I rid myself completely of the summer night time sweat and I felt clean, even the nooks and crannies were cleaned out. My whole body felt alive as I turned the shower off and stepped naked from the cubicle onto the newly bought soft and fluffy bath mat. I hadn't intended to buy a new bath and toilet mat but Marks and Spencer had a sale on and any girl knows that a sign saying 'sale' means that you just have to buy something, anything; wanting it is just a bonus. So there I am laden with matching mats, two new towels and one of those containers for your toothbrush. Quite why I would buy a container for one solitary toothbrush is completely beyond me and I refer only to my previous statement about the sign that changes from 'sale' to 'buy me' right in front of any good pair of female eyes. The kitchen scales, new hand whisk and the small green frying pan that I got from Lakeland are a little bit more needed than wanted but I suppose I could have lived without them. Tossing the old ones into the bin I couldn't help but think that they had a bit more life in them yet.

I threw myself backwards onto the bed not quite dry but safe in the knowledge that the quilt, which was hurriedly thrown back onto the bed, would pick up any excess water from my back. I caught sight of myself in the mirror on the dresser and although not tilted towards the bed for any reason, I thought that I actually looked okay. Maybe it's because I can't see my tummy properly as I'm lying flat but my boobs haven't disappeared under my arm pits just yet which is always a bonus. I know on my sixtieth they will. I'll be able to make them touch each other round the back but I suppose by then I won't really care , no-one will see them. Actually no-one sees them now which is annoying because I have quite nice breasts. I suppose I might as well do my not-so-regular lump check on them seeing as I'm lying here naked. Palm of hand on the side I think it was, and roll it around to cover all of the breast. It feels kinda weird doing this. If Patrick next door could see me now he'd have a heart attack. I thought he'd died last summer when he caught sight of me in the garden topless. Well, I say topless it was more open dressing gown instead of topless, not that I realised or indeed intended it but he got a right eye full. I was mortified but looking back it was quite amusing. He tried so hard not to look but gave up and had a right good old stare at them. Mind you, it was nice that a man took an interest in them, 'cos the knob didn't. I could walk naked through a bedroom and he wouldn't even notice. Too busy thinking of Lucy Loose-pants I think. I mean, what's she got that I haven't except a size ten figure, long blonde hair, nipples as big as my doorbell, legs up to her arse and a pout that would make any trout jealous, and I should know I've seen the pictures!

As if she really fancies him. God knows why she's with him, it certainly isn't for his money, charm, personality, looks or a big you know what , he hasn't got any of those and I can't see any woman finding him attractive, but good luck to her. I think I feel more sorry for her 'cos she will realise what a mistake she's made and he will end up looking like a right timmy all on his own after she dumps him. Then he will realise that he made a mistake. His mistake was obviously leaving me. Who else would put up with him picking his teeth and eating the bit of food from his finger, and who else would put up with him picking his nose and rolling it around in his fingers before launching it across the room, and I'm damn sure that he doesn't fart under the duvet when he's in bed with her. I mean, she's young and pretty and I can't imagine what she thinks when he's sprawled out on the bed in his horrible white Y-front pants that look like a nappy. I'd love to know what goes through her head when she sees it 'cos she can't think phwoar! It's making me sick thinking about it. I mean Brad Pitt can sprawl around wearing whatever he wants letting his bits hang out but he can pull it off, or better still, I can pull him off. He's so fit. If I thought for a second that she really fancied him I'd probably feel better about it but I think he chucked away our marriage 'cos his head gets turned too easy. He's always been the same but I never thought for a second he would do it. Can't blame him I suppose, he's a bloke, they all think with their bits and it's the only thing about him that's small enough to represent the size of his brain. I can see her looking fabulous in her silky undies and bra, 'cos he likes silk, I know that 'cos he always asked me to wear silk knickers for him, and there he is laying on the bed with his things hanging out the side of his pants, she must wonder what she's doing. I'm not against sex and sometimes I quite liked it but when you've got an overweight pig grunting down your ear it's a bit of a turn off. I can hear him saying it now, the same thing he said every week.

"You never want to do it anymore."

I remember one time I said to him. "Look in the mirror and you'll know why." He was like a spoilt child, he went on a diet and started running which lasted about three days, then he stopped 'cos he was sick one night after having a lager and a kebab for tea before going running. Of course I exaggerate how bad he was, he wasn't really that bad, not all of the time anyway.

I am getting used to living on my own, I love having the bed to myself, I never really did like sleeping with him that much and sometimes I would wait for him to go to sleep and go into the spare room. When he asked me in the morning why I was in there I would come up with some cock and bull story about not feeling well, or his snoring woke me up or Jasper, that's the dog, wouldn't settle but all reasons were because me being the caring wife, I didn't want to disturb him. That would mostly happen on a weekend because we both had work through the week but I would know on a weekend he would wake up feeling frisky. Two things that he would do regularly. He would either just try his luck and just start groping me thinking I would feel the same way or cuddle into me with his 'thingy' out. Either way, a big turn off for me. And even when I did relent and think 'oh go on then' the morning breath would kill it stone dead for me, he'd never think to go clean his teeth. Then he'd get upset 'cos I didn't want to kiss him. I have to say although lonely, it is much nicer on my own.

We did actually get on and he wasn't all bad I suppose. I mean before he started sleeping with luscious Lucy things were okay and I wasn't always frigid. I think it's the same in most relationships to be honest where the bloke is always up for a bit of sex and the lady is just too busy or too tired. We girls use sex to our advantage and know what to do to play him like a fiddle. We can get him to do most things with just a promise of sex. I remember once him begging me for sex for about three weeks and I just didn't want to do it and he got really insecure and nasty about it. 'You don't love me anymore,' and 'I'll find someone who will do it,' although at the time I didn't believe the latter, more fool me. Note to self – don't always disbelieve. Anyway, one night I fancied it and to try and prove a point he said no. Calm as you like I walked away, got undressed and put my nightie on. I went back down walked in the room provocatively making it obvious I didn't have anything on underneath. Within three minutes he was like a panting dog at my side. They're so easy to control and manipulate.

I bet she doesn't have to do anything to manipulate him, he'll be doing his panting dog routine all too readily for her. Bit false for my liking but when your judgement is clouded by a slightly late mid-life crisis… but I can see why his head was turned. When I went through his phone and found THOSE pictures I just knew. That's how I know her nipples are big enough to hang a coat on. Beautiful round areola, gorgeous natural boobs but the most perfectly large, sticky out, calculated nipples. I zoomed in on one of the pictures 'cos I was strangely curious to know if the erect look was manufactured, as in she'd played with them to get them like that for the benefit of the picture or if it was just their normal look. I never really thought much about my boobs until that picture made me self conscious about my body, but I'm okay now because through my jealous insecurity I studied every inch of my body. Apart from a flabby tummy which most women my age and many a lot younger have, except Lucy Lovejoy, and a bit of cellulite on my thighs which most women my age and many a lot younger have, except yeh you guessed it, HER! I don't think I look too bad. A few wrinkles on my forehead, a few on my boobs and some on my tummy aren't too bad for someone still in their late forties, well, very late forties in actual fact, but still forties all the same. I'm not sure how I feel about the big five-o, but I don't suppose I can do a lot about it. I certainly won't be embracing it like Madonna did prancing around in lyrca sex clothes but neither will it spare me.

Chapter Three

As I have already said, and although denial doesn't blot it out, I am approaching fifty. I will have been living and breathing this God forsaken air on this planet for fifty years. Fifty bloody years! And what do I have to show for it? Nothing. Well I say nothing; I have more than most so I don't want to sound ungrateful. I'm pretty fit, health wise, although Patrick next door would take the other meaning of me being fit, I have my beautiful amazing daughter, I still have my mum and I have some good friends and some not so good – sorry Sally, but calling me Emmy just doesn't make the grade as far as I'm concerned. I think I look okay for my age, my hair is in good nick, my teeth and boobs are my own and I have not had a fight with gravity as I have let things go south if they so wished. I like my eyes as green is my favourite colour, and I think I look fine without make-up if I decide not to wear any. But the other day I went to Morrisons and not for the first time in my life – although certainly the first time in Morrisons – I felt underdressed. There were girls in there, I say girls, I'm talking about twenty-year-olds who had enough slap on to make-up a whole modelling agency. It was plastered on, proper thick it was. Perhaps they got a plasterer who was skimming the walls in houses down their street to trowel it on for them. I could have licked my finger and written my name on their foreheads. Some of them looked like they'd been Tango'd they were so orange. And what's this thing about plucking eye brows and drawing them back on? If you want eye brows don't bloody pluck them. Don't even get me started on the clothes. One girl wore a white blouse with a black bra underneath but her cleavage was pushed up through the gap of the blouse which was unbuttoned to her belly button. She’d completed this ensemble with a grey blue denim skirt that looked more like a belt and these black leather boots. Her hair was long, blonde curly and draped over her shoulders. This poor old bloke walked into a display table full of packets of donuts which were promptly dispatched all over the floor. His eyes just about rolled on the floor with the donuts. She just walked off with her neat arse wiggling as though she hadn’t noticed the pandemonium that she had just caused. All the blokes stared apart from the ones who were with their wives, but even they pretended to stop to look at something on the shelf when in reality they were checking her out. I honestly didn't know whether to be disgusted or jealous. I'm not sure how I would have looked in a short, no, extra short denim skirt and a top which would only cover my boobs if I buttoned it up. I would never put on make-up to go to the shops as I don't see the point, maybe if I go out on a night and get dressed up then yes, but not to go to Morrisons, no offence to Mr Morrison intended.

Later at work, the image came back to me of the girl who wore far too much make-up, but the way she dressed with such confidence wouldn't leave my mind. Note to self – Try new things. I started to browse shopping sites and by the end of my shift had clocked up a 'try to forget about quickly' total of £225. I knew that I could always send them back so didn't feel at all bad about it although shopping in work time is not the best use of my time at work when my things to do tray had to be moved as it was blocking my view to the computer. I did wonder though which shops Lucy Loose-draws would go to. I had a vision of the knob coming round one night and I answer the door dressed in beautiful silky knickers and bra that she would buy to wear for him, and then I watch as his eyes follow my lovely flat tummy down to the forbidden fruit where he knows he wants to go but I won't let him. Okay, I threw the flat tummy part in for effect, but to see his face would make my revenge all the sweeter. In fact I haven't ever thought of revenge until now. Not sure I can really be bothered by it as my life is much better off without him, why would I want him to realise what he's lost 'cos he might want to come back, and that ain't ever gonna happen.

So, that night I was late home from work as I called in to see if Kirsty the beautician, who works and owns Kirsty's on Trafalgar Place, had a spare appointment and also because she did and I filled it. My nails are now pink with black shapes and designs apart from my thumbs which are black with pink shapes and designs. They look fantastic, or did until I got in the car and chipped one of them on the gear stick. But the thing that I find hard to accept is that I have now become a victim of plucked eye brows. I say plucked, Kirsty says shaped but either way the tweezers removed some of my eye brows which in my opinion is plucking. She said I could highlight the shape with the brow pencil that matches my hair and she just happened to have one on sale. And that 'sale' word again made the item jump into my bag. She knows me so well and we've only just met. Anyway I walked out of her shop with new nails, new eye brows and a professionally applied face, not to mention the brow pencil on sale. It wasn't until I came out of Kirsty's that I started taking more of an interest in people and what they were wearing. I say people, I actually mean women, girls, ladies and some of the models out on the street like the ones I had seen in Morrisons, and which was my reason for being at Kirsty's in the first place. I wonder if they know the girl in Morrisons from the other day 'cos it looks like some of them went to the same fashion school and the same beautician, although I suddenly realise how attractive they look rather than trashy and trampy. Yes, some have way too much make-up on but some have just got the balance right. I noticed a couple of men walked past me and smile. My first thought was that I have something stuck on my face. I only had a complimentary cup of tea at Kirsty's so it can't be anything that I've eaten and forgotten to put in my mouth with the rest of it. I could feel myself becoming really self conscious not helped by the fact that more men smiled at me. I haven't gone red in years, well not since the piece of toilet paper in the back of my cozzie in Majorca but although that was some years ago the embarrassment still shows its ugly head now and again.

I caught sight of myself in Greggs window and actually thought that I looked good and maybe it was that fact alone that made men smile at me, typically I look for the negative. Note to self – Think positive. I did think positive once after seeing the pictures on his phone, I quite positively thought that I'd be able to ram the whole phone up his arse but opted for throwing it against the wall instead. The sight of his arms flapping around, jumping up and down and telling ME that I was being unreasonable still makes me want to hit the bastard. ME, unreasonable after seeing the naked body of a girl half my age (nearly) on my husband's phone, I'd love to show him what unreasonable is but ramming the phone up his arse still doesn't come into the unreasonable category in my opinion.

On arriving home the absence of the neighbour in his garden made me slightly wish he had been there. I don't fancy Patrick at all, not remotely my type and definitely over the upper age limit of 58 that I have now set for myself as I have had to start thinking what sort of man I would go out with. I know that Patrick would give me another ego boost about how good I feel after the one received today and the one that I have given myself. All those years that I went through both marriage and childbirth never really giving much thought for how I looked now seemed like a world away and at nearly fifty I have started to feel inadequate amongst other women. I'm not entirely sure though that during childbirth even the most vain woman could be bothered with doing her hair and make-up and false eye lashes as it contrasts completely with the sight of lying there with legs akimbo grunting like a pig and showing off your glory to any young doctor who happens to be walking through at that time. Midwife would be a good job for the knob looking at semi-naked women all day, mind you I bet half of the women going in to give birth wouldn't be that nice, and even the fit ones don't look so good covered in blood and placentas. Even the knob has standards and I'm not sure Lucy Lickylips would look great in a position of childbirth and I would love to see how the girl in Morrisons would cope with broken waters and baby poo.

I can remember arriving at hospital after my waters broke and being shown into the delivery suite which looked as nice as you would expect for a torture chamber where you know the worst pain you'll ever experience in your life is awaiting you. I put my bag down and the knob went off to find a drinks machine which was probably his way of going off to eye up the nurses as when he came back he said he'd been talking to a lovely nurse. I thought he meant nice person when in reality he obviously meant nice looking. I found some blood on the floor under the bed, not a lot but splatters so I told the midwife when she came to check on me and she said they hadn't used that room for years. Marvellous, I thought, not only am I in a torture chamber, it's a bloody old fashioned torture chamber too. What a lucky girl I am.

I wonder how many numbers he came back with after his trip to the drinks machine. Thinking back I don't remember him returning with a drink, however maybe I am being unfair as I wasn't in a fit state to check. I remember saying that the baby was nearing its third birthday he'd been gone that long. He said he got lost looking for the machine in his usual monotone lying cheating dirty git kind of way. Anyway, I don't want to talk about him at the moment because I am about to peel potatoes with a very sharp knife and it may be too tempting to go round to hers and peel him in half. I will however refrain and count to 10, and if that doesn't work I'll keep counting. I wonder how far I will get if I count until I am completely calm. They probably haven't even invented a number that high yet. I will do my best and stay calm because the last time I made sausage and mash for my tea I could see his face in my mash and his manhood was the sausage. I realised I was being too generous so to be more lifelike I cut the sausage in half.

Pushing the food around my plate I actually wonder if I'm looking for some sort of sign, I can't see his face and try as I might to place peas into the mash it just isn't happening and as I stare at the sausage I actually wish it was his thingy although I'm not entirely sure now that I've calmed down a bit if I would touch it or stab it. I opt for the latter only because it has been places that I really don't even want to know about like Lucy Loose-labia. Scraping the wasted food into the bin I realise two things, firstly my new look has not made me feel any better as I have nowhere to go and secondly Jasper could have eaten the sausages that I have just disgorged into the bin. My thoughts then ask if it is right to give the dog a sausage that I have recently likened to my ex's penis, I choose not to answer that for fear of having extreme images in my head. I have had my moments of viewing porn in my youth but at nearly fifty, to bring animals into the equation is too far. Note to self – Act your age.