

Beryl loves Ethel

It was the middle of summer and the forecast was good for the rest of the month, but as usual they were wrong. It was absolutely chucking it down, so hopes were completely dashed for the cycling holiday that the two of them had been looking forward to so much. Oh, bloody hell," cursed Ethel as she stared gloomily out of the kitchen window. "Beryl!" she screeched over her shoulder, "What the hell are we going to do for a whole week if it's blinking raining like this?" Beryl came quietly into the kitchen, walked up behind her lover and put both arms around her, then whispered, "I can think of quite a few things." Ethel giggled.