

band. I mean like an actual stone with like no moss on it. I did actually meet Mick Jagger in Wales.....

PIP:

Hello Mother. O

TILLY:

something? I've had twenty five that my granddad bought me when I was ten and not one of them has ever come up... Not one. Can you believe that? Not a sausage.....Ah here we are, B & Q. A fine Emporium.....Oh, sure I'll get used to it Probably won't be so bad once we sweep the sand out and get the stove going.

Come on old girl We'll get you some antifreeze and have a look at your plugs hey?

PIP: Mother! We have to leave! We have to leave! I knew this would happen Why can't we just be normal? I really can't take much more of this I'm at the end of my rope

TILLY: What's the matter?

PIP: Oh This is hell nor am I out of it!

TILLY: What's happened?

PIP: I just had a chat with a man who s fixing his gutters. He said you re not allowed to stay over winter . We d be in breech of contract if we live here over winter. Oh, we ve nowhere to go
Where can we go?

TILLY: Now Pip.

PIP:

Oh, I still haven't put that antifreeze in. Poor thing will pop her core plugs.

TILLY: I think that's a bit extreme. What are they going to do, shoot us?

PIP: If only! If only! We'll be turfed out and living in the gutter like some dirty dossers. Taken to court. End up in orange overalls, scrubbing graffiti off a school wall. You've gone too far this time. We need stability! You promised mother! Promised! Oh my nerves are like old boot laces. Give me a cigarette please! It's all your fault! I just can't take it anymore.

TILLY: I've only got roll ups

PIP: Oh, that it should come to this. Living in a shed with my mother, hiding from the law and to top it all off we're smoking roll ups like a pair of Victorian tramps.

TILLY:

Excuse me while I kiss the sky . Ah magic, sheer beautiful magic. I guess Pip is right in some ways. I do still live in the sixties sometimes . But what's the harm? Better than today with mobile phones constantly pinging off and people spending their days and night staring at computer screens. I live my life I do. Out there with mother Earth, smelling the breeze and feeling the sun on my skin. Come the summer I shall sleep out on the beach and do some serious communing.

Where's my Carole King tape? ...Here we go.

I used to look like Carole King when I was young. I guess I look like her now she's old too . I mean, older no mature I should say. I know it's a cliché but age is a number and irrelevant anyway isn't it and things are clichés because they're true . I keep telling Pip that . It's who you are and what you think that counts. The way you think. And I often think that having Pip

PIP:

PIP: You promised me that we would finally settle.....

TILLY: You could and leave anytime you like you know.

PIP: Maybe I will then.

TILLY: Good!

PIP: Right!

TILLY: Right!

PIP: Right... I m off then. Good bye!

TILLY: Goodbye!

A few home truths there I guess....from both sides

Might as well.....Hope Pru will be alright in those sand dunes.
She was my granddad s car so I have to look after her in
memory of him. Like a father he was. My real father was...well
Mother never tires of telling me about Woburn Festival 1968.
My dear father was either Jimi Hendrix or Baz the park keeper
apparently. As I have bright red hair and freckles, I strongly
suspect he was the latter.....I should be getting down to my
poetry really. Should be sitting at home with the heating on. I
mean living in a proper house not a shed with the wind
whipping in off the sea. It could blow down whipping in off the ()TJETQq0.00

PIP: About what?

TILLY: There a feller round here and he was looking for us.

PIP: I knew it. The man with the clipboard?

TILLY: Well looking for you actually.

PIP: Me? I m

TILLY: That s kind of you Pip Very kind. I ll make us a nice cup of dandelion coffee.

PIP: Can I have a tea?

TILLY: Course you can son.

PIP: Thanks Mum.

