

Prickly packages

Monday 2nd of February

Not a very good day today, Matilda (my cat) was run over, the roads are so slippery with all this ice and snow around, I guess the car must have skidded and hit her. The boys came past again today they have a new name for me, I'm now old Mr Grumpy Greg of Woodvale Close, 'Baggy trousers' came up with that name. I'm concerned that one of their snow balls might break my window and I will have no money to pay for the damage.

Tuesday 3rd of February

Had my 83rd birthday today and it was good because none of those boys came, they must be off school. I got up and had breakfast, then I relaxed and read the newspaper. I really missed Matilda on my lap. But my peace didn't last, because they came along in the afternoon yelling again. Those damn boys are in for a good hiding, they have no respect for the elderly.

Wednesday 4th of February

I woke up today to the sound of something coming through my letter box which is abnormal because my post always comes later. So I went to see what the noise was and I was startled to see a package of some kind. It was about the size of a small loaf of bread and was wrapped in an old newspaper; it must have been a very tight squeeze to get it through that letter box. I picked it up cautiously and started to undo the newspaper. As I unravelled it a chunk of snow fell out followed by a spiky brown and black ball. This ball lay very still on the carpet, and as I looked closer, it started to move. As I watched I realised I was looking at a hedgehog waking up from hibernation! The hedgehog then proceeded to poke its head out and sniff the air, for the first time in years I felt sorry for the creature, he had been asleep out in the cold air then was lifted up pushed through a tight space and dropped.

Thursday 5th of February

Today I decided to look after the hedgehog because I think he has a broken leg, I discovered this because he did not run around in the box I put him in, he seemed to limp about. I fed the hedgehog Matilda's old cat food with some milk and gave him a name; I decided to call him Bertie because when I was a child my brother had a porcupine called Bertie-so it was in his memory.

Friday 6th of February

I will have to change Bertie's name to Bertha because she just had four children! I guess this is why 'he' couldn't run away from the boys. I was having breakfast when I heard snuffling from Bertie's box, I went to see what it was and low and behold five hedgehogs. They looked like fat sausages which, rather put me off my breakfast!

Saturday 7th of February

I was having breakfast today when the boys came past; I thought they were strangely quiet so I looked out the window and there were only two of them! Later I was reading, and heard a yell and the skid of brakes. I immediately went to look and saw a young boy lying on the pavement I got my coat and went outside. I walked over to him, he look quite afraid of me, when I asked what happened; he said he fell off his bike on the slippery surface. I saw he had been badly cut and asked if he wanted me to help him and he hesitantly said he did. I helped him inside my house and found the plasters. He immediately saw the hedgehog and its babies, He was fascinated, I asked him if he knew how I got them, the boy paused for a while looked embarrassed and nodded.

Sunday 8th of February

This morning was quite a shock to me. I was woken by knocking at my door; I went downstairs and saw the three boys standing there.

Baggy trousers said

"Good morning Mr Gregory sorry for posting the parcel through your door, could we see the hedgehogs, please?" Quite taken aback, I said they could and invited them in. When they'd seen the hedgehogs, asked a few questions, thanked me and left. I guess they aren't so bad after all.

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Haylands Paddock
Corbett Road
Ryde
PO33 3LF

01983 568181