

A JUMBLE OF STORIES



Katie Gray

A Jumble of Stories

Written by

Katie Gray

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About the Author



Katie enjoys writing cosy crime novels (sometimes!). This book of short stories harks back to when she was attending a writing group.

These stories were her Christmas presents each year to the group.

Like her books, they're just a bit of fun. Some seasonal, some romantic and couple which are a warning to husbands!

Story Descriptions

Case of Self Defence

A warning to husbands who are not appreciative of their wives. Do you know what she gets up to during the day?

Merry Little Christmas

Even the most intelligent and apparently contented of young ladies might discover there is more to life than they realise!

All on a cold and frosty morning

We all have a talent of which we might be unaware. One young lady unexpectedly realises hers.

Christmas at Frederico's

Something of a cautionary tale. Do as you would be Done By, or Be Done By as you Did!

A Christmas Story

Retirement does not have to be the end, there could be a whole new career just around the corner.

Sally's Story

If you think you can..... you might surprise yourself and attain much more than you might have hoped.

What do you think I am

Not someone with whom to be trifled – EVER!!

Fairy Godmother

She was just playing a part – or was she?

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A Case of Self Defence

Annie gazed at her husband across the table. She hated him.

Fred sat hunched over, chewing remorselessly. Eyes fixed on his plate, he grunted, "This chicken's like rubber."

It was on the tip of her tongue to say, "If you gave me more housekeeping, I could buy better food." But, of course, she didn't.

"I'll try a different cut next time, perhaps that'll help."

He grunted again, and stood up. "Bring my coffee into the study. I've got work to go through."

Annie cleared the table, and scraped the remains into the bin, wishing it was his remains. She shivered. The house was always cold. Fred insisted that the heating must be kept at a low temperature.

"I'm not made of money. Can't have heat blasting out."

The warmest room was the kitchen, but only when the oven was on. Fred had timed how long it took to cook each meal, and God help her if she was five minutes over. The single light threw out a feeble beam. Fred wouldn't have any light bulbs higher than forty watts. As the house dated from the turn of the last century, the rooms were large with high ceilings, and with such meagre light were always dim.

"Where's my coffee?" Fred shouted from the study. Annie gritted her teeth.

"Just coming," she called.

"'bout bloody time," Fred said, as she placed the cup on the desk. "And if you're going to watch television, keep the sound down. Can't hear meself think with that racket blaring out."

Annie thought, "Fat chance of the sound blaring out of that set. Noah wouldn't have had it in the ark." All she said was, "I'll remember to keep it down."

As she finished clearing up, she wondered again, what had happened to the man she thought she had married. All right, he was a good bit older than her, but when she first met him he wasn't bad looking. In fact he was quite dashing in a slightly haggard way. Where had he gone?

That she no longer found him attractive didn't worry her. That she no longer loved him gave her no cause for concern. What did surprise her sometimes, was the power of the hatred she felt for him.

"If only I could leave him," she thought. But it was no use thinking that. She had married straight from school, never worked, and was totally untrained for anything other than running a house; and that not very well as Fred was fond of reminding her.

She made her way to the sitting room, and turned on the television set. Setting the sound as high as she dared, she sat in the shabby armchair. Flicking through the channels produced only mindless game shows, or people discussing their marital problems.

“Got enough of my own,” she muttered.

Poised to switch off, she stopped as a few lines of dialogue caught her attention. It appeared to be a play of some sort.

“So I hit him. He dropped like a stone, and never got up again,” the woman's voice said. Annie was hooked.

When the programme ended, she sat thinking for a little while, then a slow smile spread over her face.

“I'm off to bed,” she called.

“Come and wash this cup, don't leave it 'til the morning,” was the reply.

As she climbed the stairs she felt warmer than she had for a long time. Annie smiled again. “Goodnight Fred,” she said.

After Fred left the house next morning, Annie rang the doctor. An appointment was made for the afternoon, so it gave her plenty of time to think.