

The Burglar



'One evening – it was a Friday, I believe, Mike and I had had a few words, a mild argument, probably it was to do with the children, but I am not clear now as to what it was all about. I know it wasn't a serious disagreement. We went to bed and it took me a rather long time to get to sleep. Both Mike and I were disturbed when our bedroom door opened slowly and Mike said 'I'll see to him this time.' Nick (our son) was not a good sleeper, in fact every night we were woken up by him. Mike got up and the next thing I heard was him saying 'You bastard, how did you get in?' I shot out of bed because I felt that as I was going to sleep I did hear an odd noise but took no notice because our house was right next to the park. I saw Mike was shouting at this very large burglar and felt I had to do something, both to protect Mike and the children. So I reached for a rather nice Wedgwood vase that stood on my bedside table and hit the burglar damned hard with it.'