

EAT, SPEAK, PAINT

Yes, the weather matters when you're going to paint on the Roaches but it turned out fine and warm, now then, what are we going to eat at the Tea Rooms? Sausage, eggs, chips, nothing fancy or healthy.

"Are the sausages local?" I asked.

"Deep fat fried," was the answer. Oh well, never mind. I didn't want a bad start to the day, don't ask again. Then up to Windy Gates to my friend's lovely farmhouse to paint, with my Spanish friend who was learning English.

"Sheep," I pointed out in the field.

"Sheeps," she answered.

"No, sheep I said!"

"Sheeps," she said again.

"Bloody sheep!" I said, getting impatient.

"Bloody sheeps," she said this time. She'll have to be dumped onto somebody else, I thought. Can anyone speak Spanish? I want to paint. Then my old friend turned up with Angelina. Saved, she spoke a bit of Spanish. Let them get on with it.

But my friend wasn't happy: "Can you shut these Spanish up? Especially the one saying 'bloody sheeps'."

And it looks like rain over Tittesworth. But who cares about the weather when we've got coffee and walnut cake and tea.

Marion