

SOCKS

Just when I thought the day couldn't get any stranger, I opened my mail. Lots of photos, legs with socks, in wellingtons and just socks. Nice looking socks, I'd love a pair for walking in. There was a letter with them, 'My dear lovely, thank you so much for the socks. As you can see, I'm putting them to good use. I was touched that you had knitted them yourself.' What, me, sat still with three needles in hand? I don't think so! Two needles are hard enough to deal with. There's no return address, so I can't write back. Well, if nothing else, it gave me a good laugh, if nothing else does this week.

JUDITH