

## Training a Greyhound and other Troubles



BEATRICE HOLLOWAY

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## CHAPTER ONE

### *A Collection of Troubles*

Rhys stood absolutely still in the middle of the pavement. At first he was surprised to see that there were no lights on in his house, and then he saw it – one solitary candle in the parlour window.

His grandmother always called the front room the parlour and when he'd asked why, she'd answered, 'We called it that when I was little and it was the best room in the house.'

Rhys had laughed when she had told him that in the parlour her mam kept the piano, a bookcase, two easy chairs and a chaise longue filled with horse hair that squeaked whenever anyone sat on it.

'My brothers told me there was a real horse in there and I was squashing it.' Gran had sniffed before saying, 'Of course, I knew they were lying, but I wasn't sure for a long time.' Everything in the room, she said, was covered with white sheets, only removed at Christmas or when very important guests, like the chaplain or relatives from a distance, visited.

Rhys was puzzled. 'What's a chaise longue?' he asked his gran.

She explained, 'Well, nowadays they're a bit like a settee but with only one arm rest so someone can stretch out for