



## And the Baby Came Too



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I just remembered an anecdote from when I was three or four, I must put it down or I shall probably forget it. When we lived in Greenford my father had a flourishing business hauling building materials in the summer and coal in the winter. Opposite where we lived they were building flats, I loved nothing better than helping the workmen with my wooden horse and cart, also I would run errands for them to the shack shop as they called it and they would give me a few coppers and a chocolate bar as a reward. When I thought I had enough in my money box, I pestered my mother to open a Post Office account, but I wouldn't say why in the end she gave in, sitting me on the counter so that I could speak to the lady.

'Why do you want to open a Post Office account, Raymond?'

'I want to buy a lorry.'

'A lorry Raymond, that's a lot of money. Why do you want to buy a lorry?' she coaxed.

'My dad is mad about horses and we should have finished the flats by now but one of my dad's horses has gone lame and my dad can't deliver the effing bricks.'

How I met Brenda was pure happen stance. It was a warm pleasant summer evening and as fifteen-year-olds have a low boredom threshold, I decided to cycle over to the park, chat up the local 'talent' and invite one to the cinema on Saturday, or perhaps play a couple of rounds on the putting green. As I crossed the football pitch, I saw three yobs trying to wrestle a bicycle off a girl, whilst her younger brother stood helplessly by.

'Knock it off, leave her alone.'