

The Grumpy Crumpet Club

RJ Whitfield

Be different: buy direct
from the author or
tstlbooks.uk
ebook @ lulu.com

'The Grumpy Crumpets.'

'Whaaat!!'

'You are kidding?'

Sara The Bitch looked pleased with herself. Of course at that point she wasn't Sara The Bitch, she was just plain Sara Green, mother of two and wife of Oliver Green (Ollie to his friends), a fairly successful broker up in the city.

'The Grumpy Crumpets,' Sara repeated her suggestion, lifting her glass of red in a toast to her own ingenuity and looking round for agreement.

'I suppose it's better than The Beatlettes.' Jenny half raised her glass and cast a glance across at Desiree who had suggested the feminine of the Fab Four. Desiree shrugged. She obviously had no particular attachment to her idea and pronounced, after contemplating her wine for a moment, twirling it in her glass like she knew what she was doing, 'I guess The Beatlettes is a little clichéd, so yeah, I quite like The Grumpy Crumpets actually.'

'What'll Ian think of the name?' Sara asked. She was always the one to ask what the husbands would think. The truth was that Desiree would not give a toss what Ian thought. 'If it doesn't involve sex, Ian doesn't think,' she had told me once, laughing it off with a wave of her hand. But she would never have said something like that to Jenny or Desiree.

I guess I probably knew more about my three friends – band mates I should say – than they knew about each other. I was, for some reason, the one they confided in. I knew about Jenny's brief affair with Sara's Ollie, Sara's abortion when she was at uni and Desiree's situation.

'What do you think, Clair? You've been very quiet in the corner there,' Sara looked to me now and the other two turned, glasses held ready to toast the band's new name if my blessing was forthcoming.

I hated the name and the only thing that stopped me saying so was the fact that we would never pick up an instrument or a microphone, never climb on a stage in front of a crowd, never pen a number one hit. The whole thing would only happen in our minds. We did this all the time, spending our girls' nights imagining lives more interesting than the banal reality that we had to deal with day in and day out.