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Tewley stood talking over the fence whilst Shirley hung up her washing. It was the neighbourly thing to do lowering her voice as she said, "I have human idiosyncrasies you know," noting Shirley's curious look.

Just then Dave opened the kitchen door. "Tewley, I want to talk to you."

"Coming now Dave. I'm a living encyclopaedia but Dave seems to think I have more to learn."

Shirley picked up her washing basket, "Is Dave a teacher?"

"He's a retired scientist."

"What area of science?"

Tewley's hands twitched and her head darted to the kitchen and back. "It's complicated." Shirley was getting too nosy.

"What do you do Tewley?"

"I keep him company and help in the home," moving seductively and emphasizing her next words. "I please Dave if you know what I mean." She didn't like Shirley appraising Dave in an admiring way.

"Do you do the cooking for him and the other fellow?"

"Oh no, Junty does the cooking." She was aware of Shirley's intense gaze and swivelled her head right round. She smiled at Shirley's shocked look, waved and made her way to the kitchen.

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The phone rang and Dave picked it up. "Hi Maurice, thanks for returning my call. I know you've done work on Tewley but couldn't you have made her look more presentable?"

Tewley picked up the phone in the passage. She could hear Maurice's almost inaudible sigh followed by an exasperated voice, "Well, how exactly do you want her to look? Didn't think that would bother you."

Tewley stood stock still and waved to Junty to stop making a noise.

"Couldn't you do something about that tangle of hair, she always looks so untidy. Can't take her out looking the way she does."