

The Knitting Grannies and the Disappearing Dog.

Chapter one.

There was a knock at the door. Ahh! I know what you Granny fans are thinking! She's going to say that there, on the doorstep, was a cat with fur as black as the night sky, eyes as green as emeralds and wearing a green knitted hat that had two small pockets at the top for him to pop his ears in and a strap that buttoned under his chin. I bet you also think I am going to say "Meooooowww!" next as well! I'm right aren't I? We always start that way, don't we? Well, hold on, let's back track and see if you are right.....

There was a knock at the door. When it opened (and might I say quite forcefully!) it revealed a rather formidable figure of a lady of "more mature years" (that's the kind way of saying old!) with the most startling shade of green hair!

"Oh, hello dear, it's you, I don't think I sent for you, did I?" she greeted me in a grumpy but forthright manner (kind way of saying quite rudely!) She stood there looking me up and down and then continued "well since you are here you better come in, you're letting all the cold air in!"

With that, she ushered me in and closed the door firmly behind me, pushing a long-knitted sausage shape against the bottom of the door.

"The air fairly whistles in through that crack so Petunia knitted this pillow thing, it blocks the air coming in" She explained. "now move yourself, don't dither!" and she prodded me in the back quite sharply whilst calling "Petunia, Bluebell, we have company it seems!"

I am guessing I caught her in a bad mood! Thankfully the other Grannies were more welcoming.

"What a nice surprise!" trilled Bluebell looking straight past me hopefully (charming!) "Where's my boy Frankie, is he in the hall?" Bluebell was, of course, looking for my dog Frankie who usually followed me everywhere and especially over to see the Grannies because wherever the little blue haired Granny was, a carrot or sneaky treat (when I wasn't looking!) weren't far behind!

"No" I replied, "Frankie isn't with me and that's why I've popped round, I can't find him anywhere and I wondered if he had somehow got through and into yours and was here?"

"We haven't seen him" said Petunia, the pink haired Granny "he can't be far away, probably hiding, playing a trick on you!"

"We've looked everywhere" I continued anxiously, "he isn't anywhere to be found, and I'm worried out of my mind! Frankie has issues and would never go out on his own. I thought maybe he had got through the gateway into your garden, it's the only thing I can think of!"

"No, he can't get through our gateway, it's protected" said Gertie.

"Protected?"

"Yes, we knitted some special instructions into it so it can only admit when and who we invite and other times remains sealed." (see previous stories dear readers)

"Frankie goes out on his own when WE send him on a mission" said Bluebell thoughtfully.

"Remember, we sent him over to Mrs. Bullock's house on his own and he was fine."

"That's because you seem to magic up some courage for him when you do that and often he has Midnight with him as well" I answered. "Normally, he gets so scared of strange noises. I bought a new hairdryer the other day and because it makes a different noise, every time I use it, he runs upstairs and hides on a bed!"

Now for those of you who are new readers, you won't know Frankie so let me tell you about him. He is a black Labrador dog who had a bad start in life. He was abandoned by his first owners who left him tied to some railings in the street. He was only 18months old at the time so it must have been pretty scary for him with lots of traffic and loud noises around him. He was found and taken to safety in a rescue centre. From there he was sent to a couple of different rescue kennels where he was very unhappy because he doesn't like to be with other dogs, and it was noisy and he didn't know the people. By chance he was at the very centre we visited and we saw him and he is now living with us. He is a very good dog indoors, not so much outside though! When he sees other dogs on walks he barks and plays up, dancing about.....he has even pulled me over! He loves nothing better than to have a good game of ball or snuggle on the sofa with his humans but his most favourite thing of all? Carrots! He LOVES carrots!

"Don't worry dear," said Petunia kindly, reaching over and patting me on the hand "I can see how upset you are, he can't be far away." she handed me a clean handkerchief. (yes, I was tearful by this time!)

"Come to think of it, " she continued " I haven't heard Frankie barking today."

"Oh yes" interrupted Bluebell " we often hear him through the wall. A car door will bang and I say to the others, wait for it, Frankie will start barking now or my hair isn't blue!"

"True" smiled Petunia, "and he always does! We don't mind though, it's only a little noise and we understand about his issues. He is such a good gentle dog other than that and quite the favourite with us especially Bella. Now don't look so sour Midnight, we love you just as much, more in fact because you live with us!" (Midnight was sitting on the back of the sofa looking very cross and put out! I think he was just a tiny bit jealous!)

"Ladies! Stop wittering on!" ordered Gertie who had been quietly listening but now it seemed was taking charge as she usually does! "It looks like there might be a problem and we might need to help to solve it. We can't do that until we know exactly what has happened. Bella, pop out to the kitchen and make some tea and don't forget to bring in some decent biscuits and NOT the boring plain ones. Problems always call for Jammie Dodgers! In fact, Petunia, you go with her and give her a hand!"

"Really Gertie, I don't need a hand, thank you!" retorted Bluebell. "And as for the Jammie Dodgers you think anytime is Dodger time!" She swept out the room crossly.

"I think I will pop out and help her" said Petunia, "it will be quicker!"

It wasn't long before they both returned wheeling in the old-fashioned tea trolley. Tea poured, the biscuit tin handed round ("Only two Gertie!" warned Bluebell) and everyone settled back in their chairs. Gertie said "now, start at the beginning dear, and try not to leave anything out."

To be continued.....