

Uncle Dan

One evening in June, quite soon after dinner the door bell chimed.
“Nicely timed.” grumbled dad, pretty mad as the football was on
And he’d just poured a beer. “Oh dear” said Mum. “The place is
A bomb site, quite messy, not tidy. It’s Friday, who can it be?”

Dad threw the door open. Stood frozen, gasping for air,
Standing square to face his long lost brother, no other than
Dan, who’d disappeared, feared dead long ago,
Although no-one had cried, or tried very hard to find him.

Back in the flesh. Marakesh is where he’d been he said. A bed
for this weekend was all he wanted, with haunted eyes, so dejected
that Dad elected to harbour no malice. “Alice, we’ve a guest!
Best make up the spare room” and soon Uncle Dan was unpacked.

He produced his laundry, was hungry. Mum made a sandwich with ham
“Any jam” he asked “As I don’t eat meat and if that’s white bread,
instead I’ll have it as toast. Almost forgot I don’t eat dairy
My dietary needs are easy. Nothing greasy or containing nuts.

Morning’s are coffee, but tea at three with a level 2 sugars, please.
I sneeze if there’s dust, so must have my room particle free.
My allergy is very severe, so clear anything which will make it flair,
Animal hair can cause agony. Thankfully you don’t have a pet!”

The weekend was endless, Dad was restless as now Tuesday was here. He said “No fear. Cheer up mum. Time’s come he’s leaving today.” “No way,” she said nearly crying. “You’re lying. He’s there on the sofa and not one iota of doubt that he’s staying for now.

Please realise fully. This bully is not going to leave for a while. He’s vile and so mean. I’ve seen how he makes you feel. This heel needs to go, so you must make a stance once and for all Call him in here. Make it clear you want him out by tonight!”

Poor Dad had the task, to ask his sibling to sling his hook. He knew very well, to tell him to leave wasn’t easy, so queasy with dread He crossed the hall, not at all happy to face his childhood taunter, the monster who’d made his life hell. Well what a surprise.

He wasn’t there, nor anywhere. He’d taken his things and Some rings of mum’s. As well as her purse and what’s worse. He’d found all the cash, Dad had stashed away for a new Computer for my birthday. All away now with cruel Uncle Dan.

We never so him again, but then what can you do. We couldn’t have guessed, although a pest, he was an unfeeling crook who took our hospitality and in reality he was con man, Uncle Dan who ruined our summer. What a bummer!

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