

, Watchers. —425 words

He's sure one day the Police will come knocking. He knows he'll be able to help, but they haven't come yet. If they ever do, he'll tell them the routines he observes on a daily basis, the comings and goings of the street, and then maybe, just maybe, he'll get the recognition he so craves. He imagines the fresh eager reporter along with a spotty faced photographer, questioning him, urging to tell all, and won't the neighbours be envious then! He'll have his photo splashed on the front pages of the national papers!

He has a blue notebook in which he meticulously writes any deviations he sees. Like this morning when Mr.McDonald left his front path almost half an hour after his usual time. Far too late for his train and most strange for some one with such regular habits. And no sign of his Mrs. at the door either. His fertile imagination stretches from one scenario to another, and he has to restrain himself from picking up the telephone to report a suspected murder.

He's now busy watching old Maggie as she huffs and puffs, pushing her red walker laden with carrier bags. What does she buy? Looks like sacks of potatoes, or all that tin rubbish she reckons is cheaper to buy. Now she's sat on the seat catching her breath, right outside his house! He thinks she's a bit cracked in the head, but he wouldn't dream of going out to talk to her, let alone help. She won't get a mention in his little book. He looks at the ugly Victorian clock on the mantelpiece. Almost 11 o'clock, so any minute now that damned delivery lorry will noisily park half way across his driveway and drop off its crates to him next door. Maggie better get a shift on or she'll be in the way. He watches her shuffle past, his eyes still darting to and fro.

There's a silver car parked half on the pavement opposite. He's never seen that before. Looks like a Mercedes but there's a shifty looking bloke, face hidden by the dark hoodie he wears. He's sitting in the driver's seat, impatiently strumming his fingers in the wheel. Damn! Now his phone ringing. He'll have to walk over and answer it.

Stupid sister, always checking up on him. Why did she have ring just then? The silver car has gone and he never got a chance to note down the number plate. The road looks void of people and traffic and he acknowledges the fact his legs are aching from all that standing. That's enough Neighbourhood Watch for the day. He's still wondering about Mrs. McDonald. He'll be back watching tomorrow.