

Hearing

by Harry Dunn
received 27/03/17

I think I might go down for a roll.

There's no need: We have plenty of bread in the freezer.

What's dead in the freezer?

There's nothing dead in the freezer. Well, come to think of it - everything's dead in the freezer. At least, I hope so. Where did you say you're going?

I said I might go down for a roll. This *is* Wednesday, isn't it?

No. It's Thursday.

Thirsty. So am I. Put the kettle on, dear.

Oh, for God's sake. You're as deaf as a bloody post.

Who left his post?

Nobody left his post. I said that you're as deaf as a bloody post.

That'll be nice, dear. Today or Sunday.

Today or Sunday for what?

The roast. The bloody roast.

I said you're going deaf. It's because you're getting old..... No big deal.

When? Is it next Friday?

Next Friday? What's next Friday?

The big meal: every second Friday: at the Bowling Club: Have you forgotten?

Look: it's time you went to that place in Wonthaggi where they test your hearing.

No way. You'll never catch me wearing one of those things.

What things?

An ear-ring. A bloody ear-ring. What you just said. Next thing you'll be telling me that I should have my navel pierced. If they can find it.

I've told you a hundred times – you're as deaf as a beetle: you need a hearing aid.

You keep going on about my hearing. There's nothing wrong with my hearing. I have 20-20 hearing. Always did. The problem is that you've forgotten how to speak clearly - the way you used to speak when you were younger.

Sweet Angel of Death.....take me now!