

## Mrs Wheresmy Goes To Town.

Mrs Wendy Wheresmy was feeling very happy with herself on this bright sunny morning. Her day had started with a refreshing bath, a tasty breakfast, and now she was nearly ready to catch the bus into town. It was Monday, her favourite day of the week because, in the little town of Tropchester where she lived it was market day, and she just loved wandering around the stalls, buying a few bits and pieces, and passing the time of day with lots of friends. Her best friend, Mrs Iris lthought always came with her, and they would always meet on the bus.

But there was something else that was making her very pleased with herself, because so far this morning she had not lost anything. You see, Mrs Wheresmy was forever putting things down and then forgetting where she had put them. It could be anything. Her keys, her glasses, knitting, coat, hat, toilet paper, just anything, and when it happened she would say, "where's my this, or where's my that?" Usually shouted to her cat Gingey Boy whom she called GB for short. If she still couldn't find it she would say it again but loudly, and if she still couldn't find it, then she would shout as loud as she could! She knew it was very silly to shout and luckily she nearly always found what she was looking for without having to shout at all.

Just then her newspaper came through the letterbox and dropped onto the doormat just as the big grandfather clock in the hallway struck eight, so she knew that she had plenty of time to have a last cup of tea whilst having a quick read of the latest news, and still have time to catch the bus. She put the newspaper on the tea tray and carried it into her comfy lounge. She put it on the little table next to her favourite chair and sat herself down. She sipped her tea which tasted delicious as usual, then picked up the newspaper and stared at it. Then she stared at it a bit more, then turned it upside down, then back to front, but could not understand a word. Something wasn't right. Then she realised what was wrong. "Where's my glasses?" she said quite firmly feeling very cross with herself. She was not very good without her glasses so she had to find them, but they can be very difficult to find without having your glasses to see properly! She went over to her settee where GB was curled up in a big ball. "Where's my glasses puss?" she said very loudly, patting him firmly, only to realise that she was talking to a light brown cushion! Luckily though, GB had heard her voice and gave a loud "Puuuurr" from the footstool where he was sat. His purr reminded Mrs Wheresmy of the noise her telephone made and sure enough, next to the telephone were her glasses, exactly where she had left them earlier after talking on the telephone to her best friend Mrs lthought, when making sure that she would be on the bus today.

Poor Mrs Wheresmy was now getting worried about the time. If she was not careful she would miss her bus, so she took a couple more sips of tea, and a quick glance at the front page of the newspaper which said in big letters, " Hot and sunny weather will be with us for many, many weeks". That's good she thought, and read it out loud to GB, who, if he could have understood her would not have been as pleased as she was because he wears a big fluffy coat all of the time.

It was now time to leave for the bus, and Mrs Wheresmy went through her usual routine to make sure she had everything. "Right where's my handbag, ah there it is. Are my keys in it? mmmm yes they are. Where's my purse, where's my purse? oh, there you are you naughty little purse, hiding under my handkerchief, which I'll also take. Where's my hat and coat? Ah, I don't need those, and I think when I get home I will put them in the cupboard under the stairs because I wont be needing them for a long time." She always had this long chat with herself just before she went out.

She was a lot calmer now as she strolled to the bus stop, checking her watch to see that she was in plenty of time. She felt very good indeed and could not wait to enjoy the day ahead.

Bert the bus driver smiled when he saw Mrs Wheresmy at the bus stop. He thought that she was a lovely lady and he always looked forward to seeing her on Mondays. He had picked her up at the same stop for many years. Only once was she not there. That was about five years ago when she couldn't find her glasses at all and ended up waiting at a lamppost instead of the bus stop! But

good old Bert had spotted her, and stopped his bus to let her on. They still laugh about it sometimes.

“Good morning Mrs Wheresmy,” said Bert cheerily, “and how are you on this fine sunny summer’s day?”

“Couldn’t be better,” was her reply as she lifted her big handbag onto Bert’s little counter, all the time thinking to herself, now where’s my bus pass?

“Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear “ she muttered, and then, with her smile turning quickly into a frown, she said quite loudly, “Where’s my bus pass?”

This made most of the passengers on the bus look at each other and smile. Some even giggled because this happened nearly every week. “I thought she would say that,” said Mrs lthought. You see they were all from Tropchester, they all went to market every Monday, and they all knew how absent minded Mrs Wheresmy was. She was now getting very cross as she searched through her hand bag, and sure enough, she took a deep breath and shouted, “Where’s my...” but before she could finish, good old Bert said, “Steady on Mrs Wheresmy, there’s no need to worry and fret so much. I think I have known you long enough to trust you. I don’t need to see your bus pass. Now go and sit down with Mrs lthought and lets all go to market.”

She was now all smiles again. She gave one big smile to Bert and several smaller ones to all her friends sat on the bus as she passed them and settled down next to her old friend Iris lthought.

“I thought that would happen,” said Mrs lthought.

“What?” asked Mrs Wheresmy.

“You saying where’s my bus pass.”

“And I thought that you would say that,” said Mrs Wheresmy.

“Why?” asked Mrs lthought.

“Because every week when I say, “Where’s my bus pass,” you say, “ I thought you’d say that.”

And so their conversation went on for the rest of the short journey to the market place, which they both noticed was full of people. Lots more than usual.

“Now I’ve got the rest of the day off,” said Bert to Mrs Wheresmy as she was about to leave the bus. “So make sure that you find your bus pass because the driver taking over from me is new and he doesn’t know you, so he will have to see it or he won’t let you on.”

“OK Bert, thank you, goodbye, and have a nice day, and I’ll see you next week.”

“Will do,”said Bert, “now where’s my cap?”

“It’s under your seat,” she replied.

“I thought I had my sunglasses with me,” said Mrs lthought.

“They’re in your shopping bag,” said Mrs Wheresmy.

Just then a young Mum said to her little girl and boy, “Where’s Mummy’s sun hat?”

“It’s in the push chair dear,”said Mrs Wheresmy.

You see, Mrs Wheresmy was very good at helping people find their lost things, it was just that she struggled to find her own.

Very soon the two ladies, who had been friends since school days were walking around all of the stalls in the market place, chatting with each other and passing the time of day with lots of Tropchester friends and stall holders. They could have done their shopping much quicker if they both went their separate ways, but they were such good friends, they preferred to do it together, but that meant that it could take ages. And I expect you can imagine what it would be like when they bought things. It went something like this, and it isn’t difficult to guess who says what;

“Now where’s my purse?”

“I thought you put it into your pocket.”

“ Oh yes, here it is, now where’s my favourite fruit stall, I need some apples.”

“ I thought you didn’t eat apples much any more.”

“Well I don’t know why you thought that. Ah, here’s Mr Freefrapand.”

“I thought you liked Mr Pippin’s apples better?”

“No, he does better pears.”

“Well I thought his apples were much better than his pears, but not as good as his bananas, but his tomatoes were delicious so this week I am buying his Brazil nuts.”

Mrs Wheresmy was now very confused, “where’s my purse?” she said loudly.

“It’s in your hand,” said the man behind her. She turned to see her friend Mr Michael Mustdash.

“Hello and how are you?” she asked.

“I’m alright you know, in a bit of a hurry as usual, so must dash.”

“What’s the hurry?”

“Well, you know me Mrs Wheresmy, always in a rush, and anyway, I’ve lost my wallet, and it’s got all my money in it. I had it 5 minutes ago, so must dash.”

“I saw Mrs Whatshername handing a wallet that she had found to that nice new policeman PC Kneesbend just a while ago over by the post box, so you had better dash.”

“Yes, I must,” said Mr Mustdash, and he was gone, quick as a flash. Once again good old Mrs Wheresmy had been able to help someone else find their lost things.

“Now where was I, and where’s my friend Mrs Ithought, oh there you are.”

“I thought I had lost you,” said Mrs Ithought, “and where are your apples?”

“I haven’t got any apples.”

“Well I thought that’s what you went to buy.”

“Oh dear, oh dear, I am very confused, I think it’s time for a cup of tea,” said Mrs Wheresmy.

“I thought so too.”

Soon they were sat at their favourite table in the corner of their favourite tearoom. It was called, Mrs Spout’s Tea Emporium, and it had a nice view of the market through one window, and a pretty view of the park through another. Mrs Spout brought them two large mugs of her delicious tea, and all three ladies had a quick chat about the lovely weather and all the crowds of people, but Mrs Spout couldn’t chat for long because she was working very hard. Her tearoom was always busy on market day but today it was packed.

“A lot busier than usual today Mrs Spout.” Said both the ladies at the same time.

“Haven’t you heard? Taxi Tom has offered a £50 reward to any one who finds the gold wedding ring his wife Tina lost last Monday,” said Mrs Spout as she returned to her counter. “She is very upset about it. Didn’t you see it in your paper this morning?” she shouted across the busy tearoom. But of course Mrs Wheresmy hadn’t had time to read her paper. “Poor old Taxi Tom and Tina,” she said. “I wish I could help find it for them, but I would not take the reward, after all they are good friends.”

They both sat and thought quietly for a moment as they drank their tea.

Then, “where’s my glasses?” said Mrs Wheresmy.

“You’ve got them on,” said Mrs Ithought.

“So I have, how silly.”

“I thought you might like this, so I bought it for you as a present, it’s a chain that you fit onto your glasses and then put it around your neck. You will never have to say where’s my glasses again.”

“Oh Iris, (they called each other by their first names at times like this), how thoughtful,” said Wendy.

“Well, while we are sat down at this big table, and now that I’ve got my glasses on, I am going to empty my handbag and try to find my bus pass or I really will be in trouble,” and with that she emptied the entire contents of her handbag onto the table.

It was hard to believe how much fell out of her handbag and onto the table. There were things she thought that she had lost years ago. Everyone in the tearoom was looking across in amazement as she sorted through the contents of her bag, including Tom and Tina taxi who had just arrived looking quite glum as nobody had claimed the reward yet for finding the gold ring. They did cheer up a bit though as they watched Mrs Wheresmy. She hadn’t used lipstick very much for years, but there were three of them. Four hankies still neatly folded, needle and thread, sweets with bits of fluff on, and lots of buttons. There were pennies, nail files, tweezers, the list was endless, but at last she found it. “Here it is, my bus pass!” she announced with joy, and a few people said “well done” and “I’m amazed you found it at all in that mountain of stuff,” and lots of other friendly comments like that. But her happiness was short lived, and with another frown on her face she stared at the bus pass. “Its out of date!” she cried. “It ran out today, how will I get home?”

"I thought you'd say that." said Mrs Ithought. "I noticed that mine was running out so I renewed it two weeks ago."

"Well if you had said something to me I would have checked mine too," said an almost tearful Mrs Wheresmy, and she threw the pass down onto the table. It hit the table with such force that it bounced up again and fell to the floor somewhere near Mrs Wheresmy's feet. She sat back in her chair feeling very sorry for herself. "I thought the walk might do you good," said Mrs Ithought desperately trying to think of something funny to cheer up her best friend. "In any case, you can't leave it on the floor, it's untidy, and you will need to show your old one at the council before they will give you a new one," she said wisely.

Mrs Wheresmy sighed, and in spite of an offer from a little boy to help her, she disappeared under the table and the tearoom returned to normal. The table moved to and fro as poor Mrs Wheresmy searched the floor. And then up went a loud cry. "I've found it, I've found it!" she yelled, but it was difficult for any one there to understand why she was so excited. But she kept shouting, "I've found it, I've found it!" Very soon the whole crowded tearoom went silent as Mrs Wheresmy, with a great spurt of energy came up from under the table, knocking chairs, plates and cups, sugar bowls and vinegar bottles everywhere. Her hand was held high above her head, and in it was not the bus pass, but a gold ring! The very gold ring lost by Tina taxi. For about 5 seconds the whole place was hushed. Then suddenly Tina burst into tears of joy and every one there started to cheer and shout and dance about with joy. Tina hugged her so tightly, and amidst all of the excitement, Tom Taxi held his hands in the air and brought silence to the room. In one of his hands he held fifty pounds as he walked towards Mrs Wheresmy.

"Before you say anything Tom Taxi, I will not take your reward. You are my friends and I do not expect money for helping you." Tom and Tina didn't know what to do. They had been so unhappy since the loss of the gold ring and they knew they just had to do something for her.

Tina walked over to Tom as she put her beloved ring back on her finger and whispered something in his ear which made him smile.

"Mrs Wheresmy," said Tom. "You may not have a bus pass but I have got a taxi, and today you and Mrs Ithought will travel home in style." This brought a great cheer from all present. "Not only that," said Tom, "I will drive you wherever you wish to go every day until you get your new bus pass!"

Mrs Wheresmy smiled from ear to ear, and so for that matter did Mrs Ithought. In fact everyone in the café laughed and cheered loudly as Tom Taxi opened the door wide, stood to attention and saluted the two ladies as they walked out of the café and into the waiting taxi where Tina, still sobbing with joy at getting her ring back, was holding the taxi door wide. Tom bowed and Tina courtied as if they were royalty, and Mrs Wheresmy thought she'd join in the fun by waving one of her hankies to the crowd of people gathered, but she couldn't find one!

They each laughed and laughed as Tom drove them home, chatting all the way about their exciting day, and as the taxi pulled up outside of her house, Mrs Wheresmy said, "Now where are my glasses?"

"On the chain around your neck!" shouted Mrs Ithought, Tina and Tom, all at the same time, which made them all laugh even more.

"Well what a day I've had today," said Mrs Wheresmy to GB the cat who did not seem the slightest bit interested as he looked up at her as if to say, "where's my food?"

After such an exciting day, Mrs Wheresmy decided to go to bed early. "Now where's my dressing gown?" she said quietly, but then immediately jumped with surprise as the telephone rang right next to her. She picked up the phone to find that it was Tom Taxi. She listened to him, hardly saying a word herself, and then, as she put the phone down, she muttered, "well, well, well, - where's my cat, - oh there you are. Your not going to believe this GB, but Tom Taxi is taking me and Mrs Ithought out for the day tomorrow. He is picking me up at 10 o'clock and he is taking us on a mystery tour!"

Of course the very next morning she was up and ready very early, and without so much as a “Where’s my?” she was climbing into the taxi at 10 o’clock. Then, as the taxi moved off, and with a big smile on her face she asked, “And where’s my destination to be today then Tom Taxi?”

Tom winked at her through the car’s mirror and said, “You’ll just have to wait and see Mrs Wheresmy.”

And we will all have to wait and see where her mystery tour took her the next time we visit Mrs Wheresmy.