

## Small Victories

by Victoria Cooper

Morris liked anonymity. He stared down at his handiwork and smiled. It had been hard finding enough newspapers to cut out all the letters; and he resorted to Mother's copy of *The Lady*. It was a mistake to take the January edition, she had not finished the article on badger baiting and apparently Helena from the bridge circle knew the *Monthly Deb*, Veronica Pattersley-Smythe and was waiting for her turn.

Nevertheless despite Morris accidentally cutting up a Harrogate biscuit tycoon's grand daughter and Mother ignoring him for an evening, it had been worth it. This would definitely get the message across.

Mother said he should leave it alone, or report it to the Council, but ever since that business about his best loppers being in the garden waste he did not feel Mr McKenzie from Recycling and Water would take his concerns seriously. The horror of walking into that small plastic bag of dog mess hung strategically up on a branch came flooding back to him and he shuddered at the memory. The woman in the dry cleaners had actually ducked under the counter for emergency rubber gloves as she had stamped "Extra clean" on his ticket. His Homberg would never sit straight again.

Mother was right of course. He should never have followed the wretched dog owner. He had been two hours and his salmon en-croute was completely inedible. In her bad books over that too. He just had to know who it was, obviously it was that scruffy fox terrier, Boris with the bent tail, but it was the owner with the bobble hat that he was eager to identify. He had had enough and he was going to take action. Albeit anonymously.

Morris ran down the street carefully; Father's old balaclava obscured his view and he knew it was going to play havoc with his eczema. He was triumphant! Now they would know who they were dealing with. Well not know exactly but his note would make it clear Pidley Bottom residents kept their streets clean!