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'Arffa' Husband

by James Stiffel

"You haven't done it!" exclaimed Beatrice Painsbottom.

"Done what?" a voice said from the living room couch.

"The washing! You haven't done the washing!" she exclaimed again.

"The what-ing?"

"The...wash...ing! You haven't done it. You've been indoors all day, keeping that couch company with your arse and the washing is staring up at me wondering why it isn't done!"

Arthur Painsbottom (or 'Arffa Job' to his friends), wandered into the kitchen with a resounding 'what have I done now?' look on his face.

"You asked me to put the washing IN the washing machine. And there it is. IN the washing machine!"

"Yes Bernard, it IS in the washing machine. But you didn't turn it on though did you?"

The proverbial penny then dropped for Arthur Painsbottom.

"Oh! Well, I did think it was silly of you, not asking me to turn it on. I mean, what use is a washing machine with dirty washing in, if it isn't turned on?"

"Yes Bernard. And what use is a husband that sits around all day, that's as much use as paper weight on its day off?!"

Beatrice Painsbottom took a heavy sigh of exasperation and put her hands on her hips.

“That’s it! I’ve got to get you out of this house and doing something useful for a change. Even if its not for me and even if your not very useful!” She stormed out of the living room leaving a very puzzled Arthur Painsbottom, standing there scratching his...head.

Beatrice Painsbottom paced the bedroom back and forth. The friday-Ad in her hands barely resembled its former self as she pretended it was Arthurs scrawny neck. Bloody fool. She’d love to stick that Friday-Ad right where the sun wouldn’t shine. Then he’d really be living up to his name.

How could she get rid of him though? Maybe she could wrap him up the pages of the Friday-Ad and sell him to a museum as a really crap mummy. But then another idea hit her. The only rational idea left for her was to sell him. No. Rent him. She’d make more money. At least until the mortgage was paid off. An hour later, her Ad read:

‘Useful man ready to do useful things. No job too small or too big. You name it my husband can do it. Washing, ironing, cooking, cleaning, vacuuming, grabbing lost items from the back of the sofa or behind the fridge, all sorts. The bigger the job, the bigger his smile. I also know on good authority, that he has enjoyed more exotic jobs. Such as ; crash test dummy, cleaning shark tanks and testing snakebite cures.’

Hurry now, before he’s fully booked.