

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

## Storm in a Teacup

by Miriam Silver

She lay in the dark and it all came to her, revealed through their endless accusations, all of which had led her to over imbibe since reaching home.

At breakfast her partner had to listen to Betty bemoaning the day she had become Chair of the wretched Church Hall committee, a position thrust on her because she had been a teacher at their now long gone mixed infants.

An emergency meeting had been called after the W.I. found their tea and biscuits, together with tins dating from before the war had disappeared. Because the Brass Band rehearsed in the hall after them, the ladies unwisely accused them of stealing their carefully crafted property.

Gyllam, the conductor of the much-loved band was so affronted he used strong language protesting and even posted a typewritten denial, emphasising their honesty countersigned signed by the local policeman, attesting to their impeccable record. And he should know, he was the band's main bass.

An apology, that was all the band required, then they could get on rehearsing for the up and coming County trophy, which if they won would bring great prestige to their village. In the event of no excuse forthcoming they would withdraw from this prestigious event as the necessary rehearsals would not be possible. He also pointed out that the W.I. should investigate the other users of the hall.

That suggestion put the cat among the pigeons causing distress to the Whist club Quiz evening, the Boy Scouts, church Choir, Archaeologists, Mothers Union, Book Club, Toddlers music, U3A, Chair Exercise, and of course the knitting and sewing ladies all of whom were seriously upset at Gyllam's suggestion hence Betty's decision .

By the time the extraordinary meeting was convened civil war was threatening, never had the village experienced such vocal unified vociferating. Even the few smart phone users joined in on social media, fortunately only read by the younger inhabitants. Nevertheless something needed to be done, war would be disgraceful.

Everyone wanted their say, representatives of all the groups were present loudly voicing their honesty, no one would ever touch anyone else's tins of anything, all left the kitchen as they would like to find it and always replaced the chairs in the correct stacks.

Betty, as chair finally managed to calm them and call the meeting to order.

"Ladies please," hastily adding, "gentlemen," on catching sight of the Scout Master. and the professor of the Book Club

"Please settle down, remember where you are, one at a time."

Complaints, protests of honesty and objections were emphatically aired until it was late and Betty managed to suggest gently, she was very tired by this time,

"I move, with all due respect to you lovely W.I. ladies that maybe this tin could have been misplaced, perhaps put, oh! I don't know, have you had a good search?"

Sheepishly the 'lovely ladies' looked at the gathering and each other, only to see no one admit or claim to carrying out this task. And so it came to pass, the tin was found, excuses and apologies made and accepted, the band happy to reclaim their rehearsal space, the village people telling them they were sure to win the trophy.

Comfortable at home an exhausted Betty congratulated herself as she raised her glass and said, to no one in particular, "well done that girl!" as she finished off the bottle praying that the next meeting's item, 'toilets in the church should be gender neutral' should hopefully reach such an easy conclusion.