

Chalk walk bloke talk

Can you recall who was attracted to who first?

Oh god. Not really. Probably at a boozy doo. Still, we don't need a timeline. Fact is everything is hunky dory – the future Dave, the future, eh?

To chime with the times, we've re - partnered.

Yee hah. Shall we do the loop?

Yep. Three red kites and a buzzard thermalling over there.

Nice. Bloody flies.

And the kids said no worries, la la, just go away and get on with it.

Like their own religious sect, inseparable.

Over here John. A flutter of adonis blues. Feeding on horse crap.

Fuck. Where's my camera?

Closer. Shame about the shit background.

I'm blurring.

We're all happy now with the house swopping thing?

Yeah, sorry about some of my naff DIY.

Ditto

I can't live with that house name though.

OK

Brighton were really dire the other day.

Enough said.

Skylarks going like the clappers.

A bit blowy on top.

And no hard feelings about me holding onto the Morgan?

Probably the most impractical family car ever.

Here's one of my favourite plants. Great name – squinancywort – cured rancid throats, back in the day.

Eyebright here. Doctrine of signatures. A chalkland medical cabinet.

What about the double-barrelled names the girls prefer?

Very de rigueur. It'll please future progenies.

The Symons - Bowens and the Bowens – Symons.

Jesus, what would my mother think?

Dogs would have been complicated. You can keep the scabby cat.

Thanks

Rainbow over the Downs

Time up

Pub?

Pub

248 words