



6 new messages. Doo dee doo bee doo... To listen to I knew it wouldn't last. He promised - swore blind, your messages, press 1. Dadadee... Michael, he did - that this time he was giving up for good. already spoke to him... What is he saying... Get to Three days later and he's back on the fags. He says the point... Yeah, you told me that already... 3 to it's his choice, that it's all a matter of personal delete, yup... Michelle calling from HSBC...responsibility, but they're my lungs too. It's not like Overdrawn... Arrears.... Call immediately... 3'inghe's even trying to cut down any more. It's been, that... Ben from... I don't know... Who are you and what, twenty roll ups today? And it's not even 3 why are you phoning me? Oh... Yeah... That guyo'clock. He won't listen. Not to me, anyway. Too Steve was talking about... I should write his number busy talking to his friends. It's kind of hurtful, him down really, but - oh well, no pen... 3... Finger using the phone like that. It's like he's rubbing my slipped, honest... Yes... The lovely Penelope...nose in it. First the cigarettes and now he's been on Hahaha... Yes, I certainly would like to.... What's the phone all afternoon. That's what comes of ring back? Oh, bollocks, next one's started....having the good ear. All I get to listen to is what Humdumdumdum.... Bethnal Green on Sunday...happens behind us. One day, though, someone will Do I want to play football? No, but maybe yeah...try and sneak up on us and I'll hear them coming I'll think about it.... And finally... Hung up without and save our bacon. Yeah. Of course, if that does saying anything... Ok, call Penelope. Hang on, fag's happen, he'll probably just spark up another gone out...cigarette...





Lovely breasts. Cracking legs.

Reduced price and all. I love it when Waitrose I don't know what it is about about women with does special offers, Makes me feel less guilty about three of 'em, but they drive me crazy. Something shopping there. I know it's expensive. He's always about the way they move all hoppety-cloppety just going on at me about wasting money on food, but I drives me mental. What's that she's got? Cup of think it's worth the extra. Remember that salmon coffee? Medium latte, maybe? Likes it milky, does from Lidl? I don't want us going through that she? Bet she does, dirty bitch. Oh, shit, she's looking again. Funny that I got sick and he didn't. at me. Stop staring. Avoid eye contact as you walk Wouldn't have thought that would have been past. I didn't say anything out loud, did I? No. possible, but there's always something, isn't there? What about him? He didn't grass me up, did he? He got so annoyed with me., like it was my fault or Sometimes, I swear he can tell what I'm thinking. something. One of these days, he's going to He says he can't, but he's a lying little fucker. He appreciate all the things I do for us. I mean, when's thinks I don't notice all his shit, but I'm on to him. the last time he cooked, or paid a bill or even He pretends to be all meek and mild with his model brushed his teeth? He spends all his time leering at railways and his cookery lessons, but I've seen what women, but he's got bad breath. If only I could he gets up to when he thinks I'm asleep. I've got a leave him to his own devices for a while. good mind to call the police on him.

Then where would he be? Then where would he be?