

4 Evaindebt Rd. Minor Chaos. 9000

By : **Insane Membrane**

this is not the address we moved into ... I am certain it was No 7 Heaven Circuit Blissfully Yours 7000 Did we move or guests move in ? menopause , midlife crisis and skint a lethal combo. Considering a daily update or perhaps weekly ... or most likely monthly or perhaps not at all .



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Muhahahhhahahahaha

Did I mention we once lived at 7TH Heaven Circuit we moved in approx 20 years ago .

now without moving we apparently have changed address , this was never , of course THE plan .

THE plan quite naturally, was that we paid off the enormous amount of money we needed to borrow to purchase heaven and then work so hard to pay all the money back and eventually own it all by ourselves .so we could retire, happily spending our time at lawn bowls in the whitest of whites and making friends with Jack , traveling in the most luxurious Winabaggos to the remotest of areas to wonder at Gods creation,our evenings to be spent with full laps of never ending grandchildren whilst knitting them essentials that they wouldn't be seen dead in,sipping on a sherry. (me that is, whilst knitting) not the grandchildren.

THE plan was to ensure that we avoided the usual lifestyle of pensioners, you know the way they live , spending waiting hours at the Doctors and having to eat cans of pet food .

THE plan went awry (though I have no idea where a awry is lots of stuff seems to go there) .

So Kit E Kat Pty . Ltd. look forward to a rise in your greed riddled corporate profits

My favorite flavor is the Seafood , I have tested this on family and friends and with slices of melba toast and a glass of bubbly one can hardly tell it's meant for big fat Tom, who at the time,lay in the corner watching with extreme interest as we nibbled away. his green eyes, greener with jealousy .

I think we moved overnight a "moonlight flit "my mummy used to call them when someone moved out of her rental properties without paying the rent and disappeared into some other county, some other town, some other endless run down two up two down with bad plumbing and so close together that the smell of your neighbors over boiled cabbage drifted in through the gaps between the glass and the timber in the windows or at least one hoped the cabbage was still being boiled for its one of those kind vegetables whose smell is unkind , not that of course mummies' were run down they just wouldn't have been considered living in the lap of luxury .The terraces had been left to her by a special uncle and on whose passing mummy was heard to say " I hope he left me Aunties jewels and not those ramshackle terraces , the jewels went "elsewhere" but she got the better end of the deal.

Hindsight and I are not friends in fact I try not to bring her into my life at all ,for she makes things sooooo much worse and unchangeable things are so ...well unchangeable,so why look back and regret , absolutely no reason at all,but I still do for I am Queen of woulda coulda shoulda....

So what brings me to the stage of being a penniless pensioner munching her way through the whiskas biscuits,while shivering under dirty blankies waiting to see the doctor and unable to afford heating ,you may ask , or I guess you may not .

Nothing cos I am not there yet (theres still mummies terraces).

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There is a different address again for that home,I am not disclosing it ...I don't want you all popping around before I have unpacked .

At this moment I am living in the lap of luxury , or at least I have a roof over my head, cars and boats in the garage and a pool out the back next to the Hills Hoist ,I am lucky , we are lucky ,we are all lucky....(those of you dancing the Time Warp now stop and continue reading) the bank is luckier for it owns all but a sparse .

I need to blame for this ... GFC ...no not a type O the GFC nothing finger licking good here .I need to blame a fall in the stock market ,dam the bear , I need to blame rising interest rates ,dam the Reserve, I need to blame the snivelling wretch that was once a"friend" that we invested our super money with and who has now done a magic trick and made it disappear , I need to blame God,I need to blame my husband , I need to blame the little boy who lives down the lane ...you will be beginning to notice a pattern here and rather than rant on with more , suffice is to say non of it is my fault , this of course due to the fact I am woman and taking into consideration the scariest thing about being "broke" is not being able to afford hair dye for I surely cannot look attractive munching on the cat food in a dirty blanket in the doctors waiting room with grey hair, no that would never do , one must keep up ones appearance.

Yes mid life crisis,menopause and skint moved in to no 7 Heaven Circuit and the address changed, our " Moonlight Flit " changed not just the street name of 4 Evaindebt which speaks for itself but the whole burb Minor Chaos is an unattractive area that leaves one feeling like one is living on shaky ground, never certain whether one should put the left foot in or the right foot out ,attempting to live a normal life at this address is an impossibility its walls seep with resentment and the air is heavy with worry breathed in deep in the wee small hours before the morning panic stations,that fills my ghastly blue kitchen full of lunch making ,breakfast munching freshly ironed uniforms and business suits... on the bright side for that is where one must always look ,we all have jobs and private schools to attend

So how to avoid the pending doom ?

next chapter perhaps for I have a plan,its not THE plan but a cunning plan a diabolical plan to rule the world ...are you up for that, Pinkie well are you ?

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