



CELL – BANG

By Paul Smith

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# CELL – BANG!

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EDNA – 83, frail

***A bare police station cell. A bench with a plastic covered thin mattress. A few magazines and newspapers. Dull lighting. EDNA sits on the edge of the bench.***

I made mushroom soup. For my neighbour. She's 95. Calls me a youngster at 83.

I hate mushrooms. Slimey. But the soup is ok.

Blitzed.

My parents lived through The Blitz of course. Not sure what they would think of using the word to describe smashing up veg.

It was sitting on the hob. Cooling down. I will give it to Elsie tomorrow.

Well, that was the plan.

I dropped off. Just in the armchair. Heating on. Cosy.

No idea what the time was. Pitch black. That's when it must have happened. Thought I was still dreaming. But I was sure I saw a shadow in the darkness.

When the police arrived they were understanding and polite. Probably thought I was some mad old biddy who needed to be handled with kid gloves.

Followed procedures I suppose. Which is why I find myself here.

It was me who phoned them. So I wasn't trying to hide anything.

I am unsure as to whether they believe anything I have told them, but what other explanation can there be?