

## Neighbour at Number Twenty-Four by Chris Farn

Come in, come in, dearie.  
Would you like a cup of tea?  
What did you want to ask, officer?  
My neighbour at number twenty-four?  
He's foreign but seems very nice.  
He kindly offered to sort my electrics.  
When? Oh, about two months ago.  
I was shocked when I got my next bill,  
It was over two thousand pounds!  
And there's me with a gas fire.  
I couldn't understand it,  
Neither could the electricity board.  
Said they would contact the police  
And here you are, dearie.  
Did I notice a distinctive smell?  
No dearie, Covid-19 put paid to that.  
Mind you, I've still got my sense of taste.  
Well I never, cannibals next door!  
Oh sorry, cannabis you say.  
My hearing's not too clever at the mo.  
Can't get out for batteries you see.  
Did I see anything unusual next door?  
No dearie, Covid-19 put paid to that.  
My cataract operation was cancelled.  
Did the gentleman visit me again?  
As a matter of fact, yes. Let me think.  
Yes, it was a couple of weeks ago.  
He asked me if I smoked.  
I told him I hadn't smoked for years.  
Anyway, he gave me a couple of fags.  
They were a bit funny looking.  
Did I smoke them? Well, I tried one  
And dearie, I had never felt so happy!  
I was lonely with this lockdown malarkey.  
It put me right, I can tell you.  
Have I still got the other one?  
Yes dearie, I popped it in a little tin.  
Thought I'd save it for a rainy day.  
Can't believe how good fags are now.  
They should put them on prescription!