

Dear Dez

Harry Smith

Monday, 1 January 2018

Dear Dez,

You probably guessed by now, through my silence, that I was busy with forbidden things. You will be pleased to know the angels waved me out of the devil's playground. I used all my powers to attract a companion—someone to amuse me indefinitely, helping me mend my wayward ways. His name is Henry, and I drag this suitable companion with me into a new amended way of life. The angels have smiled.

Henry is 23, short and a little tubby with brown eyes and a black beard that is vastly overgrown. I know what you will say, "He is 30 years your junior!" But I am not an accountant. It took me some intense investigations to discover he had a mouth. He had to guide me to it by making mumbling sounds muffled, unfortunately by the undergrowth and the overgrowth! Mind you, those few days of exploration left me feeling like a flea on a Scottish terrier.

My bearded beauty, who has never worked a day in his life, readily took me up on my offer the day we met to move in. When he arrived, loaded with his bags and boxes packed to the brim, he opened the door to the double garage and spied my small teardrop caravan on one side and the space usually occupied by my automobile on the other.

"This is perfect for me!" Henry declared.

Feeling a little amused and disappointed, I asked, "Would you not be more comfortable in the house?"

"Certainly not! I do not like to be near others. This will suit me fine."

Henry manages to live happily in the caravan, where he writes poetry, draws and paints pictures. These activities involve drinking vast amounts of beer, leaving foam lying in his beard. I am happy to cover the cost of the beer as he asks for so little. Singing, reciting poetry of the bawdy variety, swearing, bellowing and farting follow his constant drinking. The rest of the garage is totally empty and is reserved solely for his echoes—because they need plenty of space. I attentively listen to the constant complaints from the neighbours but forget them immediately I close the door.

Henry kindly refuses me entry into my garage and caravan by bellowing, "Fuck Off!" whenever I attempt to enter. My car now is garaged on the street. However, from time to time, Henry visits my bed for the night, but when the clock strikes 1 am, he jumps out of bed, paces the room muttering under his breath and declares he must write a poem immediately. He heaves on his undies or mine—he cares little whose they are—and darts out the room with his tatty clothes flowing from his shoulder. I drift off to the sounds of his writing out loud.

Dez, I must warn you that Henry and I have agreed to drive to the country to visit you for the weekend. I know you will be thrilled. Henry is no problem as he will sleep in the car—or under it if the weather is warm. I know I usually come alone for our visits, but as Henry and I were married last Wednesday, I suppose he must come too.

Ooops! I forgot to tell you we were married. Well, we are, and I have discovered the angels were right in waving me out of the devil's playground. I am blissfully happy. I am not sure how Henry feels as we rarely discuss anything.

See you on the weekend,

Fred