

What d’you mean, can I go and look after the sheep for a bit while he pops over to the town for something? No I can’t no I won’t! Who does he think I am? I have to look after the kids, make his meals, keep the house decent so that mother-in-law can’t go all patronising – [puts on la-di-dah voice] *oh it’s just a little bit of dust, my dear, I’m sure anyone could have overlooked it, my dear* – run the veggie garden, mix his hangover cures, salt and smoke the hams, make the cheese and brew our beer. He’s just got one job to do: breed the sheep, look after the sheep, sell the sheep. That’s it. OK, it’s three jobs if we’re nit-picking, but still. So no, I won’t go and look after the sheep for him.

Is this anything to do with that fire on Back-Top? Woke Benjy it did, it was that bright. What was – what did they do? Come on, tell me. You know I’ll find out in the end! What d’you mean you’re “not quite sure”? Not quite sure? I’ll not quite sure him when I get my hands on him! Where is he? Oh, still on Back-Top of course. No? NO?? You mean he’s already GONE into town – and just left the sheep to lamb themselves? Is he MAD?? So where are they?

Where??

Are you sure? That’s not a pub, that’s a posh hotel! What’s he doing in there – they won’t serve him, that’s for sure! The stables? Well, that makes sense, but he won’t find beer there! A WHAT?? A BABY??

*(Heavy breathing)*

OK. He’s gone to look at a baby. Well, I’m going down there to look at a baby too, and for his sake it had better be a pretty special baby – I mean, anything short of the Messiah and I’ll have his guts for garters. Hannah! HANNAH!! You awake? I’m just popping down to the town to fetch your father – I’ll only be gone half an hour. Look after the little’uns while I’m gone.