Whose fault is it anyway?

I am sitting here waiting for the judge to appear, my heart thumping. I tighten my fists and take a deep breath. However did I get in this mess? When did it all take off? Maybe when we told our neighbours Ted and Maureen we had booked a holiday in Sri Lanka. Ted especially liked to be one better and they had booked their usual break in a caravan on the South coast. If looks could kill! That's a thought. If looks could kill Ted would be sitting here, not me.

It must have been after that that things got frostier between us. Before, we were used to popping in and out of our houses with no bother. Now if I shouted "Good morning" to Ted on my way to work he started looking the other way as though he hadn't heard me. Then there was the big fall out over the black bag. I'd been on to the Council for years to provide us with bins but we still had to leave our rubbish on the pavement in black bags. One night it was windy and some animal must have got a whiff of our left over chicken bones. In the morning our rubbish had blown all over Ted and Maureen's drive. Ted came round in a right huff, blaming me of spreading it on purpose. Even though I went and cleared it all away he wouldn't shut up about it, telling everyone down the pub what a nasty piece of work I was.

Then I found a big scratch down the side of my new car. I didn't see who did it but guessed who it was. I put up with this but when Maureen started having a go at my Jenny that was a step too far. They went to the same women's groups and Maureen was turning the others against Jenny. I wasn't having that.

Ted's pride and joy was his vegetable patch. I only wanted to scupper some of his prize cauliflowers. I thought they would all shrivel up when I sprayed them with poison. It never occurred to me that he would eat one. Thank goodness Maureen was away staying with her sister.

So here I sit, life ruined. All started with the stupid black bag. Whose fault is that? Mine, Ted's or the Council's?

Oh! Here we go.

"All rise"