Twitter Thread by Kiz■



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There was a hubbub in the garden today. Bunting had been put up, a long table had been put up, and there was a cake which the boys had been told not to touch until later.
They both watched out of the bedroom window as the adults hustled and bustled about.

They had been made to have a PROPER bath that morning, and were spick and span and been told not to get muddy.
The Outfits hung ready; imposing frills, and colour that would give you a headache in a dark room.
The boys were Not Keen. Jeffrey had suggested a cowboy outfit instead!

‘Boys!’ shouted Dad. ‘Get dressed for the photos!’
They got dressed. Badly.
Dad bustled in, took one look, and started tucking Karl’s shirt in.
‘Come on boys, this is an important day for Nana; we all need to be good and soon there will be cake!’
‘Cake!’ the boys agreed.

Dad finished adjusting their bow ties and stood back.
‘Oh, you both look darling!’ he said, and wiped a small tear from his eye. ‘Right, gang, let’s go!’
Dad led them out of the bedroom and into the hurly-burly of preparations.

Nana was in the front room with a gaggle of her bingo buddies fussing round her. Jeffrey had to admit she looked really happy. He had worried because dad had said Nana would be glowing, and he thought it sounded kinda painful.
‘OH MY BOYS!’ Nana shouted.

The boys gave Nana a kiss, carefully avoiding the acres of dress.
‘Happy birthday, Nana!’ Karl said.
‘Bless you, sweetie, it’s not my birthday, it’s my wedding day!’ Nana smiled. ‘I’m marrying my greatest love!’

‘We lost touch after the Great Storm, and then I met your grandfather, mayherestinpeace, and here you are.
But I bumped into them again by the compost heap, and I have never been so happy! So why not spend the rest of my life happy?’ Nana asked. She stood, smoothing her dress.

Jeffrey and Karl were positioned in front of lots of chairs, by Mr Ladybird who was hosting the ceremony. He looked over and gave them a thumbs up.
They held onto the ring cushions tightly - Dad had been firm about not dropping them. Very firm.

Suddenly music started up and the boys turned round to peek through the chairs, and there was Nana walking with her friend Norma, who was also in a splendid frock, smiling at each other and both looking wonderful! Mr Ladybird gave them a big thumbs up, too.

Jeffrey drifted off after they had presented their pillows (with only a small nudge from dad), as words were spoken about lost love and rekindled romances. The audience giggled and sighed and went aaaah.

Then Karl said very loudly ‘Ugh! Kissing! No way!’ And everybody laughed again.

And as quickly as that everyone was throwing confetti and cheering.

‘Come on, Karl, it’s cake time now!’ said Jeffrey, and they made a beeline for the table.

Turned out, it was NOT cake time, instead there were a thousand pictures to pose for. Jeffrey was starting to wonder if he’d ever make it to cake time. He was told to say cheese so much, he kept thinking about cheese instead. None of the photos had him looking forward!

And then it was ALMOST cake time. Everyone sat down and listened while the bingo buddies to stories and everyone laughed, except for Jeffrey and Karl (who didn’t know why it was funny) and everyone said HURRAH!

And finally IT WAS CAKE TIME!

The boys were under the table eating cake, when Norma joined them.
‘Hello, boys, how are you? It’s all been a bit waiting for cake, hey?’
‘You and Nana looked so happy!’ Jeffrey said.
‘Love is nice, but kissing is yukky, Nana Norma!’ Karl said.
And Norma smiled a happy smile.

Words by @superkrispydj, pix by me.