

Terrible Weather for June

By

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JUNE

“Terrible weather for June,” he said, shuffling his feet nervously and glancing at the girl, then back at his feet.

“June who?” she asked.

“June, the month June,” he replied.

“Oh, yes, of course. How silly of me!” They stood in the drizzle for a moment, then she said. “My mother’s roses have been completely drenched.”

“How awful,” he replied, but he didn’t know much about roses so he said nothing else.

The sky drizzled down on them and the cars splashed past. The bus came and they both got on and went to work.

JULY

“Dreadful business about the government,” she said, hoping he’d heard about the government.

“The government? Oh yes - dreadful. A terrible state of affairs.” There was a pause. “Most disturbing. Would you like an Extra Strong Mint?”

“Thank you.”

They sucked their Extra Strong Mints and a breeze blew across them. The bus came and they both got on and went to work.

AUGUST

“Are you going on holiday soon?” he asked politely.

“Yes, I’m going to Blackpool - in a week, for a fortnight.” She smiled. “And you?”

“I’m going to Skegness - in a fortnight, for a week.”

“How nice.” They both laughed. “I hope the weather’s good for you - Skegness can be *so* bracing.”

“Yes, that’s what the brochure said.”

They both laughed again. The sun shone down on them and the cars whizzed past. The bus came and they both got on and went to work.

SEPTEMBER

“Did you have a nice holiday?” she enquired.

“Very nice, thank you. Very relaxing. And you?”

“Oh, lovely, thank you. Lovely weather.”

“The weather makes all the difference, I always think.”

“Oh, I think so too. All the difference.”

They both watched the clouds as the clouds floated past. Then the bus came and they both got on and went to work.

OCTOBER

“Awful shame the leaves are dying,” he remarked.

“Yes, awful shame. They do look so pretty while they’re dying though.”

“True, they are pretty. And they’ll be some more next year.”

“Yes. I like the spring. I like the autumn too, though.”

“Yes, I like autumn. But I like spring best.”

“Oh, I agree.”

They watched the birds gather on the wires and watched some of them leave. Then the bus came and they both got on and went to work.

NOVEMBER

In November a temporary secretary caught their bus for a month, so nobody said anything.

DECEMBER

“Have you done your Christmas shopping yet?” she asked.

“Oh yes, weeks ago. Have you?”

“No, not yet.”

The rain came down and ruined his hair and her make up. Then the bus came and they both got on and went to work.

JANUARY

“Did you have a merry Christmas?” he enquired.

“Very merry, thank you.”

“And a happy New Year?”

“Yes, very happy. Did you make any resolutions?”

“Only one.”

“I made one too.”

She wondered if she should ask him what his resolution was or if that would be impertinent. Then the bus came and they both got on and went to work.

FEBRUARY

“I do think the snow’s pretty,” she told him.

“Terribly cold though.”

“Oh, very cold. My mother suffers dreadfully from the cold, in her legs.”

“In her legs?”

“Yes, her legs.”

“I’m sorry to hear that.”

They watched the snow fall and shivered. Then the bus came and they both got on and went to work.

MARCH

“Terribly windy,” he panted, after running to retrieve his hat.

“Dreadfully windy,” she agreed, turning her umbrella the right way round.

“Does your mother suffer from this?”

“From wind? No, our house is very secure against wind.”

“That’s good.”

“Yes.”

He clung to his hat and she hung on to her umbrella. Then the bus came and they both got on and went to work.

APRIL

“Are you celebrating St George’s Day today?” she asked.

“No, I didn’t think you could.”

“Well, I don’t think anyone does, but I don’t see why not.”

“No, it’s a good idea. We’ll have to remember it next year. Have to have a party.”

“Have a party! Any excuse!”

He thought about a party and calculated how much it would cost. Then the bus came and they both got on and went to work.

MAY

“Lovely weather,” he observed.

“Yes, lovely for a wedding.”

“Are you getting married?” he asked, surprised.

“No, but my cousin is. She’s a year younger than me.”

“I love a wedding.”

“Yes, they’re lovely.”

They watched the birds flying to and fro and the cars flying past them. Then the bus came and they both got on and went to work.

JUNE

“Terrible weather for June,” he said, standing in the rain.

“Yes, it is and I think I need a change.”

She crossed the road and walked away from the bus stop. When the bus came only he got on and went to work.