“Well, I was at the supermarket, and thought I saw Dad. I recognized the back of his head with that stick up hair, but when I chased him, he vanished. Annoyed, I got in line to check-out when I saw him heading out the door. I figured he’d not spotted me and chased after him, but he got into a waiting taxi and drove off.”

“He left?” Deb asked, frowning.

“Angry, I came straight home only to find him sleeping on the sofa. Turns out I’d been chasing a stranger!”

“Oh Mom, that’s hilarious.”

“Don’t tell him. I’m already mortified!”

It’s always interesting how a story can take one direction in our minds and another once committed to paper — or screen. In the first version of this that I wrote, we followed Nora chasing poor George all around the grocery store until she got outside and was dumbfounded to see him climb in a taxi and drive off. Outraged, she marched home only to find her husband still napping on the sofa. The only problem I had with that particular version was trying to work the word hilarious into it. I mean, I supposed Nora could have said, “George, I have a hilarious story to tell you, but you must swear not to laugh.”

That would have meant rearranging words, and culling some in order to make room. So, I ended up rewriting it as though Nora were having a cuppa with her daughter and explaining a rather silly incident that happened when she went shopping earlier that week.

The Reluctant Author