

# "LET'S ALL MOVE ONE PLACE ON"

## Alice in Wonderland

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When you move house, you wrap everything up in old newspapers and immediately forget where you have stowed them away. You cram everything into tea chests and the one full of books is utterly immovable, but the removal man will carry it downstairs with no trouble at all. You agonize over whether or not to keep odd balls of string, brown paper, jam jars, hideous vases and other hoarded treasures.

Finally the day comes when strong men will curl sofas and beds around bannisters, unscrew large pieces of furniture and get them together again. Nobody seems to want any lunch, except yourself, and in no time you are left in your new home surrounded by packing cases and lots of displaced looking tables and chairs. You clomp about on uncarpetted floors trying to find bedding and pillows and a suitable place for the string, paper and jam jars. You waltz round with mattresses and cupboards clasped to your deflating bosom. The light is very dim from various table lamps, as there are only two little wires peering like asps from every ceiling. The piles of old newspapers mount higher, but the things you really want seem to have vanished.

The next day the electrician comes and obviously enjoys himself making the most appalling noise drilling holes like a demented dentist; but he does connect the cooker, which would be more cheering if the saucepans had not hidden themselves. Then the carpet arrives in one huge unbending roll and has to be manhandled up the stairs at risk of hernia and heart attack - it is then cut up and covers everything with little bits of fluff. Finally, when things are more or less tidily in place, the decorator arrives and puts everything into the middle of the room again and takes down all the curtain tracks. In the middle of this further disorder, Telecom ring up to know if you are happy as a new subscriber, and you hear yourself assuring them that all is fine, just fine.

Of course, the electrician got lost on the way, the carpet fitter's lorry broke down, the curtains were not finished, the Post Office forgot to forward the mail, the telephone number was changed the previous week, the TV went on the blink and the beautiful new kitchen cannot be fitted for 6 weeks ... All quite normal. Now where are the envelopes.

B.L.