

Autumn's Fall.

A Monologue

Autumn D'Winter, an unmarried lady aged sixty-seven.

My Name is Autumn. My surname, D'Winter. Yes my parents had quite the sense of humour. I am sixty-seven years young and a proud owner of all my own teeth. My hair, as you can see is coloured, Autumn Gold by L'Oréal, I thought it was rather apt. I still drive, I have BMW 118 sport hatchback, in black, although I've still yet to drive it on a motorway. I leave all the distance driving to my sister, Summer. My father was disappointed to have only 2 children, he was a big fan of the pop group The Four Seasons. Mother was disappointed to have our father as a husband, but they stayed together for over sixty years nonetheless.

I usually take my BMW 118 sport hatchback to the bingo, the supermarket, the garden centre and sometimes to the doctors. It was on one such trip to Tesco where the incident I'm here to tell you about took place. Having collected and paid for all my groceries I proceeded to wheel the wonky trolley at 20 degrees back to my car, unloaded it all into the boot and closed the door. I returned the offending trolley to the nearest dedicated trolley park and turned back towards my car. Due to some idiot making a meal of parking her Chelsea tractor in the tightest spot, I deviated last second, only to trip on the smallest of kerbs. I crashed down in clumsy slow motion, grabbing for the bumper of the nearest car, only to have my elbow slip down the wet bonnet. Then I found myself crumpled on the concrete. Now, as I've said I'm sixty-seven, I keep myself fit and eat well, you are what you eat after all. So this unfortunate incident was nothing to me other than a minor inconvenience and a mild embarrassment. I took my time, surveyed the damage, flexed a few joints. No more than a grazed knee and a scuffed palm. I began to sit myself up only to be told to sit still. I'm not even sitting yet! A kindly young man, who I have to admit was rather dishy, asked if I was OK madam? I replied and thanked his gorgeousness and managed to rotate my body onto my backside.

This is where I'd like to say my story ends, but no, oh no! Once sat up I saw I had drawn a crowd of several concerned shoppers all huddling around me, staring down at me like sympathetic vultures. I assured the assembled audience that I was perfectly fine thank you very much and I don't need help getting up, which I proceeded to prove. Then a familiar ugly face stood out afore me, with her equally familiar ugly voice saying "Don't get up love, you've

had a fall!" Margaret Aston, the bag from bingo, the patronising old cow, she's two years older than me at least, having the cheek to tell *ME* I've had a fall! I am only sixty-seven, I merely fell over, I did not have a fall, there is a clear distinction between falling over and 'having a fall'! I explain yet again that I am perfectly OK and fit to drive my BMW 118 sport hatchback home with my weekly shop, but I'm held down, this time by some spotty teenage Tesco trolley technician! I launched another protest but was told to stay put and that someone had gone to call for an ambulance. Oh for heaven's sake, how many times must I have to tell you all I'm fine. Then Bingo Bag pipes up again, "No, sit still Autumn, you've had a fall, you might have broken a bone or something." Honestly, she'll have broken bones if she speaks to me like that again! "I'll call your sister, Summer" Bingo Bag again, "She'll look after you I'm sure."

Finally, some mercy, the ambulance was called off, apparently the 'Old Lady' had made a miraculous recovery and was swearing at a friend who was merely trying to help! Honestly! I assured my dear sister Summer that there was nothing to worry about and I was about to make my way home to crack open a gin. "But you had a fall!" she said. NO I DID NOT! I fell over. I am not old enough to 'Have a Fall', surely you have to be *old* to 'Have a Fall' Having a fall is an event, people come rushing to your aid, concern is shown, relatives notified, emergency services called! Oh....Did I have a fall? No. I just fell over, a grazed knee, a scuffed palm, a glass of gin and tonic. No, I, Autumn D'Winter, aged sixty-seven years young, owner of all my own teeth, driver of a BMW 118 Sport hatchback, fit as a fiddle...merely fell over! Let that be the end of it!