

An unexceptional day in my street.

As I gaze out from my front porch early in the morning I see the sun, unremarkable in its ascent, casting a familiar glow upon the footpath and the Japanese Maple trees in my front garden. I see pedestrians shuffling by lost in their thoughts. A few doors down from my house there is a café. I hear the bells ring as the door to the café opens. I see regulars filing in to order their customary pick-me-up to start the day. Some even take their refreshments and sit at the tables outside on the footpath and take in the morning sun. It's going to be another glorious spring day.

Across the street from my house there is a park. I see an elderly gentleman feeding crumbs to the flock of pigeons. His weathered face tells his age and the fact that he is now in his retirement years. Few notice him. Fewer still pause to ask his health.

As I stand at my front fence I see my granddaughter Lucy with leash in hand with her little dog Rosie, approaching along the footpath. She follows the same path most days.

I call out "Hi Lucy how are you today, have you got time for a chat?"

She replies "Sorry gramps I can't stop. I have a Japanese exam tomorrow and I have to brush up on a few things".

I said "That's OK, I'll see you on the weekend. Tell your brother Oscar to keep practicing his basketball skills, he will be a star one day.

As she walks away I see Rosie continuing to sniff at familiar spots, blissfully unaware of the monotonous routine followed most days.

I look at my watch. It's time to take out the rubbish bins. The garbage men will soon be calling by to collect the street's rubbish. You can usually set your watch to the time they arrive. Next, it's a quick dash across the street to check my neighbors letter box for any mail. They are away on holidays and are due back tomorrow.

Light rain arrives, unremarkable yet persistent. Umbrellas pop up like mushrooms in a field, shielding faces from the drizzling raindrops. It's only a passing shower and the sun will soon appear.

The postman arrives with the usual deposit of bills. He is a jovial chap and is always ready for a chat and some street gossip. He tells me that Mr. and Mrs. O'Reilly from 93 have finally decided to separate. Mr. O'Reilly will soon move out of the family home. I think to myself I thought that might happen as Mr. O'Reilly's employment takes him away from home for long periods.

As twilight descends, shadows stretch across the footpath. Streetlights slowly flicker on. And so another unexceptional day unfolds. Workers will soon be filing past my front fence on their way home, lost in their day's thoughts. I wonder what tomorrow will bring.