

# **HERE COME THE CASSEROLES**

**A TWO-AND-A-HALF-MINUTE MONOLOGUE**

**By JANE CAFARELLA**

LOUISE, 40s to 60s, is telling her friend Karen why she's fed up with her adoring friends.

I should be proud. I know. But the other day when Gloria went on and on about how wonderful Tom was on the guitar it was the last straw: (*mimicking Gloria, fawning and swooning*) "Your husband is wonderful! He's a virtuoso. Is that how he courted you?"

And then there was Debbie, batting her eyelids (*mimicking Debbie*):  
"He's so cute."

*She slow claps and chants, mimicking:* "Tom! Tom! Tom!"

Cute? He's 58, bald and chubby. I don't know what the other players thought.

It's not just his guitar playing that gets them all going. It's everything.

There was Mary the other day, (*mimicking Mary*) "I love the way you put pictures of Tom's garden on Instagram – knowing he's too humble to promote himself."

When we both had Covid, our neighbour Amy – single – left a card and a packet of gourmet hot chocolate on the doorstep – for Tom.

I'm a writer – so I was thrilled when Gloria confessed that she'd read my book, a memoir about family life.

Twice.

"I liked it better the second time," she told me. "It made me realise what a lovely person Tom is – and you, too, of course."

If I won the Pulitzer Prize, they'd congratulate Tom.

My daughter thinks it's hilarious. "Mum, if you got cancer, they'd be lining up with casseroles – for Dad."

He's bewildered and embarrassed.

"It's coz you're nice," I said. "That's all it takes for a bloke to be a hero."

Virginia Wolf was right. In *A Room of One's Own*, she said that throughout history women have been "looking glasses" for men – reflecting them at twice their natural size.

(*Wryly*) I should be so lucky!

So, I'm going away – on a writing treat for a month – a room of one's own!

He'll be fine!

I've posted it on Facebook – with a photo of the cute little retreat I'm heading for in the Blue Mountains.

Here come the casseroles!

**307 spoken words**