It was a few weeks ago now, mid-week, I’d just finished folding the laundry so it must’ve been a Tuesday, when the doorbell rang. Twice.

‘Hold on, I’m coming,’ I yelled, it’s a bit of hike from the laundry room to the front door. Passing through the living room I straightened a few cushions and the bell rang again, long and insistent..

‘Hi Joan,’ said Mary, as I opened the door, ‘have you seen him? That weirdo at number twenty seven, have you seen him?’ She’s a bit flighty at the best of times, Mary is, and today fell short of her best of times.

“Haven’t a clues what you’re talking about Mary dear, why should I have seen him? Why don’t you come in and have a cup of tea, I was just going to …’ She grabbed my arm and pulled me through the front door and onto the step.

‘Look!’ She pointed across the street and down a few houses, ‘He’s been at it for about half an hour now.’ And then I saw him, dragging a sofa across his front lawn. He set down the end he was holding, stepped back and inspected it for a few moments, then moved one end forward a few inches.

‘I guess the Feng Shui was a bit off,’ I said. He then carried the seat cushions over from just inside the garage, installed them, sat down, and lit a cigarette. Releasing a long stream of smoke, he looked up and spotted Mary and me. He raised his hand and smiled, he may have mouthed a word but I wasn’t sure.

‘OK then, cup of tea?’ This time I grabbed Mary and pulled her inside.