It was a few weeks ago now, I’d just finished folding the laundry so it must’ve been a Tuesday morning, 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, it’s a habit I have, and the bell rang again, long and insistent.

‘Hi Joan,’ said Mary, as I opened the door, ‘have you seen him? The weird guy 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? Come in and have a cup of tea, I was just going to …’ She grabbed my arm and pulled me through the front door out onto the step.

‘Look!’ She pointed across the street and down a few houses, ‘He’s been at it for about 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, lit a cigarette and leaned back. 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 or two but I can’t be sure. I could hear faint music from somewhere, his garage I suppose, but it was too soft to make out.

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

‘You should have seen it, Joan,’ she said, blowing on her tea, ‘he was struggling for ages getting that thing out of his house, he even took the door off. I wouldn’t have thought you could do that on your own. He must be crazy. Why’d he do such a thing? Crazy.’