

# Life on Rose Hill Avenue

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By Vada Dolph

At six minutes to seven, the clawing knock came at the front door. With a hearty "Good morning, we're here", The Lady in Black entered, accompanied as she often is, by her friend, The Spotted One. Always the spokesman for the group, she headed directly to her favorite 'booth' and placed the orders for a hearty breakfast, which was promptly and ceremoniously served up in fine crystal bowls by the servant on duty.

Ever the ungracious hostess, but with ownership overcoming disdain, The Grey One, joined the repast, nibbled sparingly, and retreated to her throne on the servant's dining room table.

Upon finishing her meal, The Lady in Black murmured her thanks and goodbyes, while The Spotted One dutifully remained to 'clear away' and wash all three place settings.

Having done so, with a smile of satisfaction, he, too, took his leave, playfully assaulted and shyly ushered down the flagstone pathway by The Grey One.

The pleasant, familiar scene had played itself out as the clock struck seven, on a quiet Saturday morning on Rose Hill Avenue.

Life is good.