

Ivy and the draughts: *Bad habits*

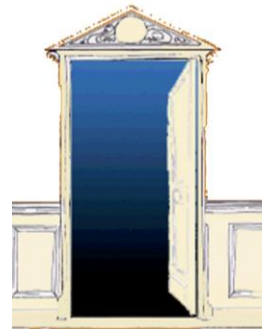


Tss! They never close the doors (and there are 67 doors in this manor). As to the windows, they will be the death of me (there are many more windows than doors!) They know how to open them, but they've forgotten how to close them.

So I'm always in a draught and I keep cat... cat... catching colds. Atishoo!



All day long Ivy runs from post to pillar to close doors and windows. (She hates draughts). She runs around with a feather duster in one hand and a handkerchief in the other and she keeps sneezing; (about a hundred times a day).



Her insistence on closing doors brings her into trouble; (for example last week). She slammed a door in Lord Snooty's face. (He wasn't best pleased).



Ivy and the draughts: *More draughts!*



Ivy : Tss! They never close the doors - and there are 67 doors in this manor. As to the windows, they will be the death of me - there are many more windows than doors! They know how to open them, but they've forgotten how to close them.

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Ivy and the draughts: *The good life!*



Ivy is talking to her daughter on the phone:

Oh! I forgot! There is something new - new, but not good.
His Lordship has decided to allow his dog inside the house - and it's a dirty old fleabag.
Now there are dirty paw marks and hair everywhere - and guess who has to clean up?
But there is something even worse - you won't believe this!
The darned dog can open doors!



I'm exhausted! There's so much work in this house!
There are always doors to close. And there's always someone asking for something.
« Ivy, have my riding breeches been ironed? »

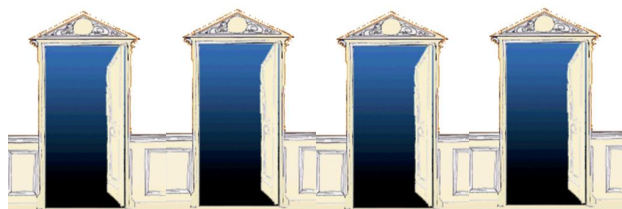


I rush to bring him his riding clothes.
« Ivy, where are you my dear? I don't know what I've done with my parasol. Have you seen it? »
She's looking for her kind of sun umbrella in the house, but she's left it in the garden.



« Ivy, I want a snack! »
Ah! All she can think about is food and naughtiness »!

« Here, Ivy! ». « There, Ivy! »
...and all those windows still open!



Ivy and the draughts: Domestic accident!

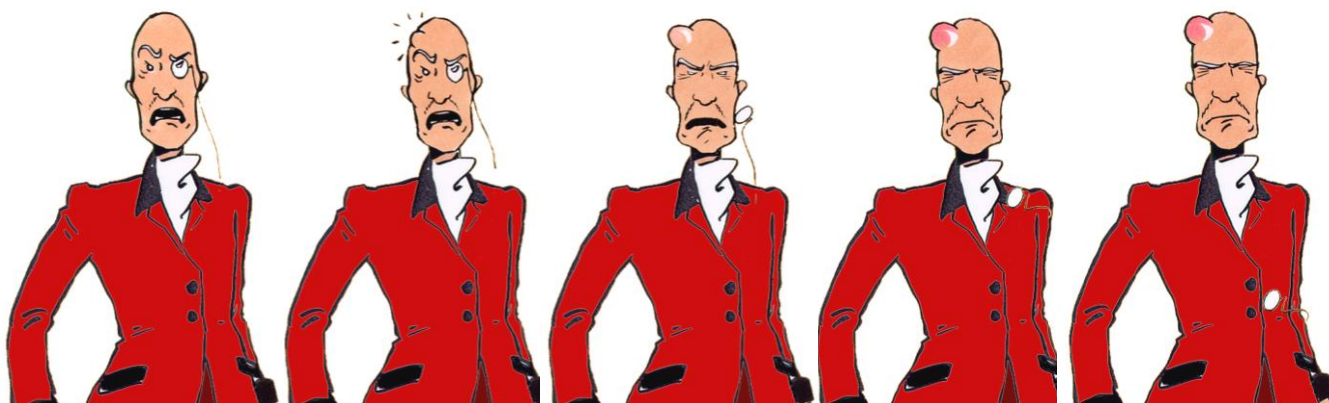


Lord Snooty goes to the library to read his paper in peace. He thinks: “I would like a cigar”. Then he remembers that he has left his cigars in the garden. He walks towards the door.

It is wide open, but it slams in his face. Bang!

“By Jove!” exclaims Lord Snooty, “Who the dickens slammed the door in my face!”

He takes a look in the corridor and sees Ivy running towards the kitchen. “It’s the draughts!”, she shouts!



Ivy and the draughts: *Ghosts in the Castle? (It appears!)*



Ivy : Well, Mr Wordsmith, you're out of luck. His Lordship is not in. I'm the only one here. Ghosts? I have no time for ghosts! There is far too much to be done here (and now of course, we have a permanent guest here too!)

Ooh yes, Mr Wordsmith, the Countess's cousin. Apparently he's a novelist – well, at least, that's what he says – but I never see him writing. Well, I can't stay all day on the phone Mr Wordsmith, I have work to do.

What? Those ghosts again? It's becoming a bit of an obsession! I'm not a journalist like you – I have to do the cleaning dusting, vacuuming, ironing, polishing the furniture, the chandeliers, the silver, the floors, and wash the curtains!

And then there are beds to be made, windows to be washed, stains on the carpets to be removed, works of art to be dusted. Plus of course people calling me all the time: "Ivy! Where are my cigars?", "Ivy? Have you seen my parasol?". I have no time to think of ghosts (although that's probably a good thing)!

...Just as well His Lordship decided to close the west wing to save on heating. I have more than enough to do. The ghosts can wash their own sheets!

