



DIALOGUE 34. Weeding's not for me!

([i:] beat, bead)

PETER: This is the season for weeds. We'll each weed three metres before tea, easily.

CELIA: Do we kneel? My knees are weak. Do you mean all these?

PETER: Celia, my sweet, those aren't weeds, those are seedlings. Beans, peas and leeks. Can't you *see*?

CELIA: If they're green they're weeds to me. But I agree, Peter - weeding's not for me!

PETER: Well, let me see. Maybe we'll leave the weeds. You see these leaves? If you sweep them into a heap under that tree I'll see to the tea.

CELIA: Pete, my feet are freezing. *You* sweep the leaves. I'll see to the tea!