

## **IAN SEED TAKES A NAP**

**Ashley Chantler**

I was walking down a cobbled street in an unknown village – it might have been in Italy, it might have been in France; the mountains were confusing – when a man approached me and asked if I'd like to try his red wine. He'd grown the grapes; his wife had pressed them. I wasn't thirsty, but I found myself in a dusty outhouse. He gave me a brimming tumbler and I took a sip. When I did, some of the wine ran down my chin onto my white shirt and I became aware that the man's children were watching at the door. I didn't know whether to praise the wine or apologise for my clumsiness.