

# **„Literarisches Frühstück“**

**Samstag, 13. September 2025, 11:00 Uhr**  
Bürgergarten im Nassauer Hof  
Im Nassauer Hof 1-3

**Kartenpreis: 8 €, mit LeseCard 7 €**

Neuerscheinungen und Geheimtipps werden dem Publikum von der Leiterin der Stadtbücherei bei Kaffee, Tee, Herzhaftem und Süßem im Bürgergarten des Nassauer Hofes vorgestellt. Gerne dürfen die Besucherinnen und Besucher auch ihr aktuelles Lieblingsbuch mitbringen, um es weiterzuempfehlen.

want a nice apartment by the sea or on the planet Mars, or something...' He ruffled her hair and left.

Ria smiled to herself. Things were normal again.

'Ree-ya?

'Hallo, Mam. Where's Pliers?

'I see. You have no interest in seeing your own mother any more, only the dog.'

'No, I just thought he'd be with you, that's all.'

'Well he's not. Your friend Gertie's taken him for a walk, that's where he is. Gone for a nice morning run down by the canal.'

'Gertie?'

'Yes, she said that she heard dogs like Pliers needed a run now and then to shake them up. And of course though I have been able to keep myself reasonably trim, I'm not really able to do anything like that for Pliers any more, so Gertie offered.' Ria was astounded. Gertie didn't run, she barely walked these days, living in such dread of her drunken husband. Ria's mother had lost interest in the conversation. 'Anyway I only came in because I was passing to tell Annie that it's seven o'clock tonight.'

'What is?'

'They're coming down to St Rita's with me this evening, Annie and her friend Kitty. We're teaching Kitty bridge.'

Ria's mind was churning. 'But that will be during supper.'

'I suppose they manage to think that some things are more important because they're nice and normal and they actually like people,' said Ria's mother. She sat at her daughter's table waiting for coffee to be served to her, her face thunderous with the heavy implication that Ria was neither nice nor normal and positively hated meeting people.

The washing machine had just begun to swirl and hum when Rosemary rang. 'Oh Lord, Ria, how I envy you, relaxed in your own home while I'm stuck at work.'

'That's the way things are.' Ria knew there was an edge to her voice. She was becoming sharp with people for no reason. She rushed on to take the harm out of her words. 'We all think the grass is greener in the other place. Often when I'm picking up things from the floor here I envy you being at work and out of the house all day.'

'No, of course you don't.'

'Why do you say that?'

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'Because, as I keep telling you, if you did feel like that, taking fever and everything, then you'd get a job. Listen, what I rang to say is that I saw Jack being taken off in a Garda car this morning. If you have nothing to do you might check whether Gertie's in bits or anything.'

'Gertie's not in bits, she's out walking my mother's dog.'

'You're not serious, aren't people amazing?' Rosemary sounded pleased at this surprise news. 'She didn't ask for a dog-walking lot, did she?'

'No, I don't think so, my mother would have said.'

'Oh well, that's all right then. It's not as if she's doing it to get a couple of quid to buy him more drink when the fuzz lets him go.'

'Mrs Lynch?'

'Yes, that's right.' All day odd things had been happening.

'Mrs Danny Lynch?'

'Yes, that's who I am, Ria Lynch.' The phone went dead.

'Oh, oh I'm sorry. No, I think I may have the wrong number.'

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