

Stories for Lipreading



THE HOLIDAY-MAKERS FROM HELL by S. Bee.

[This text is read aloud at the beginning of this video:]

Welcome to Stories for Lipreading. If you haven't used our website before, we suggest you look at our 'How to Use' page before you begin. We hope you enjoy this story, which is called 'The Holiday-Makers from Hell' by S. Bee.

The Holiday-Makers from Hell by S. Bee. Episode One.

My hubby, Mike, and I were packing our suitcases in the living room when the doorbell rang.

'Who's this?' I asked, rattled. We certainly weren't expecting anyone. Family and friends knew of our holiday plans.

'Let's ignore it,' Mike suggested. 'We're busy. The last thing we want is to listen to a salesman droning on about something we don't want.'

I nodded, as I threw a sun hat and a bottle of factor 20 sun cream into the open suitcase. This was going to be a very different holiday. After last year's disastrous package holiday, we'd decided to plump for a self-catering cottage in the Yorkshire Dales, setting off tomorrow. The weather forecast was glorious. I pictured lots of long walks and picnics... with no-one around to bother us. Bliss!

The doorbell rang again. I stopped in my tracks. It could be an emergency. What if a family member or friend was ill?

This time, I couldn't ignore it.

'For goodness' sake...' I trotted out to the hall. Mike followed.

I flung open the door – only to discover the Rowlands standing there.

I felt sick and cold.

How the heck had they managed to... Mike paled and clutched my arm.

'Hiya!' Joyce chirped.

'Remember us?' Bruce asked.

How could we forget?

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We'd met the Rowlands last year in Spain. They'd been the ultimate holiday-makers from hell. They'd stalked us for the entire fortnight, and Mike and I never had a moment to ourselves. Joyce and Bruce Rowland were always chatting away beside us when we sunbathed on the beach. They tagged along (uninvited) on walks and accompanied us on day trips. They joined us in the swimming pool and jacuzzi too. We couldn't even enjoy our evening meal in peace!

'Can we come in?' Without waiting for an answer, they shoved past and headed towards our living room.

We hung back, trapped in a state of disbelief.

Mike turned to me. 'I thought they were -'

My voice trembled. 'Me too.'

[The Holiday-Makers from Hell by S. Bee. Episode Two.](#)

We stumbled into the living room, where we discovered that the couple had plonked themselves on our sofa. So we took the armchairs.

'I bet you weren't expecting to find us on your doorstep!' Bruce began.

'And you did say 'Call in if you're passing,'" Joyce twittered.

Yes, I thought. It's called being polite.

Bruce indicated the open suitcases. 'Where are you going on holiday this year?'

'We're renting a cottage in the Yorkshire Dales. We're setting off tomorrow,' I breezed.

'Ooh, that sounds nice,' Joyce simpered.

'I hope you've packed your wellies and umbrellas,' Bruce said. 'The weather forecast isn't good for this week. Rain every day, I'm afraid.'

'According to my weather app, it's going to be warm and sunny,' Mike challenged.

'Your app has got it wrong,' Bruce snapped.

I frowned. 'How do you know?'

'We know a lot of things, Penny,' Joyce cut in.

There was something about the tone of her voice that put me on edge.

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Mike jumped up.

'You've caught us at a bad time,' he said. 'As you can see, we're in the middle of packing.'

Yet the couple didn't move. Surely they could sense their presence was unwelcome?

'When we were in Spain, why didn't you tell us that you wanted to be on your own?' Bruce asked.

'Er...' Mike was clearly embarrassed.

'You could have been honest with us,' Joyce said.

I gulped. 'We didn't want to upset you. We're sorry. Aren't we, Mike?'

Mike nodded.

Was that why they were here? For an apology?

'I don't mean to sound rude, but we really need to crack on,' my husband urged.

Joyce beamed. 'Oh, didn't I say? We're coming with you.'

My heart hammered. '*What?*'

'Just like last year,' Bruce said. 'Remember, when we all went for that long walk along the cliff top? You two decided you'd had enough of us and -'

'Pushed us over the edge into the sea,' Joyce concluded.

'Didn't anyone rescue you?' Mike whispered.

'No', Bruce replied. 'Our bodies were never found. The officials said they were swept out too far.'

'You mean...' I gaped at them in horror.

'We're dead, Penny,' Joyce declared.

'You won't be able to get away from us now!' Bruce grinned.

Joyce smiled sweetly. 'You're stuck with us for all eternity.'