

DAY 3 (the Dog Blog) – of the CV crisis

Beth's contribution:

*It started in March this self-isolation.
After only two days it's pure desolation.
The sun's disappeared, the drizzle's
arrived.
Of Vitamin D we're surely deprived.*

*What can we do, the shops are no-go?
Pilates and Zumba have stopped, such a
blow.
The days go by with the speed of a snail
One highlight is the arrival of Shaun with
the mail.*

*A solitary walk can help lift the mood
And, of course, the exercise is all for the
good,
At 6pm the news will begin.
Definitely time for the bottle of gin*

*But 'hey,' there's only three months to go.
The house is sparkling but the lawn needs
a mow.
We'll soon be free to do as we please.
And have a huge party with no fear from a
sneeze.*

DAY 4 – of the CV crisis

STILL BAFFLED BY WOMEN – a letter to the Sunday Times by a young woman about her father, tickled my Guvnor such that he emailed it to his 70 + year-old friends to cheer them up and to encourage them to 'continue to behave in an oddly reassuring way' and especially if they had daughters. The daughter said:

'While everything else in my daily life has been turned upside down, my 75-year old father remains gloriously unchanged. I find myself struggling between panic and fatalistic calm, but for him it's business as usual. He does the crossword, goes cycling and tends his allotment. He roars at the

radio announcers who don't speak clearly enough, he remains baffled by females in general and especially female sports presenters, Greta Thunberg and my mother. He stamps his feet and farts. I never thought I would say it, but I now find his behaviour oddly reassuring. *Helen Davies; East London*

Admittedly not in every detail, but it describes splendidly many of the 'elderly' men I know who are 'compadres' of my man here (I have put the 'elderly' in parentheses because the term is relative to health and well being). Some of it goes against official advice and/or perceived wisdom but the principles, according to the Guvnor, are spot on; 'Take care, don't do anything stupid, and don't let it all get you down.'

On the 'elderly' thing, there was a man on our radio the other day talking to Jeremy Vine who said, "Age discrimination is arbitrary; I am 83 and a fit man who walks five miles a day, is slim and well; my next door neighbour is 50 and he is fat and never leaves the house. I am probably going to die during this crisis, and he isn't."

That's not fair but, as my Guvnor quotes so often as it stuck so firmly from when he was a child and was scolded by his father for complaining "It's not fair...." "Life's not fair my boy; if it was, they would have crucified Barabbas and not Jesus Christ." He's never forgotten it – and doesn't let any of us forget it either.

End of Day 4 and we are pottering off to bed having been out into the garden for a pee, had a biscuit and have plumped up the cushions on the bed. Loopy, their son's dog, Clyde, their daughter's dog, and I are doing the same.

