

Day 7 (the Dog Blog) – of the CV crisis. This self-isolation business is OK provided people can keep busy. With diaries now almost completely empty with everything having been cancelled, it is hard for the Guvnor and his wife to remember what day of the week it is. There are no yardsticks to follow; as one of the poems quoted in Bob's 'Great Codford Locked Down Poetry Competition' portrayed, when there is no Zumba on Monday, Pilates on Tuesday and again on Wednesday, no Gardening Club or Book Club meetings, all bin days changed just to spite us at worst and keep us on our toes at best, no golf on Saturdays and no church on Sundays, there is simply nothing to go on.

This means that calendar discipline has become a necessity and not just a nicety. Elderly people, especially, must have something to go on and that is usually a routine. Take away their routine and you are left with lost souls – and nowhere is that fact more prevalent than here in my house.

When Theresa May was Prime Minister there was an interview about how the various domestic tasks and chores were divided in No 10 Downing Street. She was careful not to emulate Denis Thatcher who once famously replied to the question, "Who really wears the trousers in No 10?" "I do, of course; I am the man in the house – but I also wash them and iron them." Mrs May said there were clearly defined 'blue jobs' for him and 'pink jobs' for her in a less than politically correct reply. Philip May agreed; he said that his wife filled up the bins but it was he who put them out ready for emptying.

Here, we have completely lost the plot on bins. I know exactly how the new system is supposed to work – green bin on Monday, blue and black recycling on Tuesday and grey household bin on Thursday. Simple; what is difficult is which bloody Monday,

Tuesday and Thursday and quite often we only remember when the bin lorry is trundling past our house and out of sight up the road. Residents of Church Lane always used to take their lead from Euan, the 90+ year old who always put his bins out early enough for his example to be set and followed but took them in again as soon as they were emptied. Euan died this morning so for the next little while there will be an undisciplined array of different coloured bins in the Lane and all put out on a Sunday which is probably the only day that not a single bin is normally put out.

The Guvnor's wife has been keeping herself busy with a series of activities that have 'been on her list for ages' but which have been 'waiting for a cold and miserably wet day' to be started. Today it was the larder and by twilight the task was almost complete. Little jars of cloves bought in 1972, packets of ground coriander from 1982 and an empty one of something dated 1992 all went in the bin.

As she trooped off to bed weary but happy that she had made a start on something truly important, she told the Guvnor to go out tomorrow either at 6 in the morning or at 9 at night and buy some meat. He replied that he really ought not to and that there was bound to be something in the freezer that would do. As she turned out the light, she closed the conversation by saying, "I just can't face the freezer; I glanced inside it today and it's full of large, medium and small packages and they are all grey or brown".

Determined to prove her wrong, the Guvnor retrieved a jolly-looking carton the following morning that showed promise. He told her: 'There's leek and potato soup in the Flora pot marked mushrooms, but it might be carrot and coriander or butternut squash'. When it defrosted, we found it was chicken korma or apple crumble, but not sure which?