

TURBO'S DOG BLOG IN THE CORONAVIRUS CRISIS



Relaxing (but which way is up?)

The Guvnor tells me I should have a more responsible attitude to the current crisis and not just shrug my shoulders as if I didn't care and carry on kipping. Well, the enormity of it hasn't hit me yet because I haven't been affected – and that, he says, is typical of some people. "I'm alright, Jack" and will be as long as James Wellbeloved's lamb and rice kibble is plentiful and walks in our lovely countryside are not limited further than to one a day.

Last month, the Editor of the Parish News laid me off. It was kindly done but the writing was on the wall that there were higher priorities at the time. I signed off, temporarily I hope, with the following:

"I have received a message from the Editor about 'social distancing' during the current coronavirus crisis and as a responsible canine have decided to 'self-isolate' with a view to survival of my blog beyond Easter. Before I go into literary purdah, however, I must tell you about the Guvnor's Valentine's card from his wife. It declared, in bold letters on the front, and all surrounded by coloured hearts –

"I LOVE YOU
More than
As much as
THE DOG."

I'm happy with that and have insisted that the card be left up on the windowsill next to my bed in the kitchen forever; xxx.

Back in May; Dog willing! (That was supposed to be a clever play on words and quite funny; the Guvnor reckons it was neither).

Anyway, in the interim I have decided to keep my blog going for posterity – a pretentious word but I can't think of a better one to describe my anxiety at missing so many wonderful opportunities for letting cats out of the bag, and which would otherwise remain boringly private.

After all, at least one erudite critic referred to me as a responsible and insightful canine journalist, a description that despite the use of the rather horrid word 'insightful', fluffed up my fur a bit with pride. I know I have at least two fans; both he and she are loyal and devoted, although I have never been quite sure whether they admire my turn of phrase or whether they just like the idea of being associated with a Jack Russell. The Guvnor thinks it is all about the way I relay local gossip.

Whatever it is, I take his criticism on board and have, at a stroke, become more alert and overtly responsible. I've moved chairs, opened my eyes and ears and am now ready to report what is really going on here.



Alert with pen poised