

### TT 13 Day 22 (Three + weeks of...?)

We still haven't established a routine here. By now, the Guvnor reckons, he should be getting up to make the morning tea an hour later, reading in bed until 9 am, breakfasting, including reading the newspaper from cover to cover, until 1030 and watching cricket on the telly until lunchtime. The afternoons are then for exercise (walking with me and my two cousins) mowing the lawn and one other item deemed 'work' before settling down to be worried and harried and upset by the Government's daily briefing and sticking it until he can legitimately pour himself a G&T at about 6.30 pm.

This plan might just work had it not been for the fact that people of his age simply do not lie-a-bed until 9 am; the breakfast bit is fine but there is no cricket being played anywhere in the world, except, perhaps, in the backstreets of some Indian cities and no-one is televising that; the afternoons generally go the way I describe.

Yesterday he had to plumb in his wife's new washing machine. A plumber would have taken twenty minutes but it took the Guvnor most of the afternoon because he kept having to make a series of journeys to and from the garage as he didn't always have the correct tool for the job and even that took twice as long as he doesn't really fit under worktops any more and the creaky noises coming from the work place were upsetting to all of us waiting to go out for our mandatory exercise session along the riverbank. The noise was unnerving.

It was all OK in the end but not before he had turned on the cold-water feed and... 'Aaaargh! Ger off...stop it; let me finish my story; I know it's embarrassing.....'

Sorry, I was being temporarily prevented from telling you about this saga as he is hugely put out by the fact that after he had cleverly designed a system of rollers made out of an old broom stick to ease the new machine into its allocated space (not easy with its sticky rubber feet), he realised too late that he had forgotten to tighten the end of the water hose at the machine end – and it was right at the back. The utility room wasn't too badly flooded, and the floor could probably have done with a good clean anyway. He didn't take very kindly to my sitting watching all this with an amused expression on my face that said, quite graphically, "there must be a plumber's equivalent of the carpenters' adage: 'measure twice, saw once'."

It was finally installed correctly and tested to ensure it was so. Everything was now ready for the monster wash that was planned to follow on Tuesday morning. 'The monster wash' included four dog towels used this week because, although the weather has been dry, I still managed to find a brilliantly boggy part of the riverbank where I had **the** most 'loverly' time. I can't tell you how much fun it was ...unless he attaches the photograph when I am not looking, and you'll understand at once.

