

TT 13 Day 31 (Boris is back!)



Boris, the Prime Minister, is back from sick leave and recuperation having almost died from contracting the Caronavirus. Why am I reporting this when everyone in the country, and any around the world who has a pulse, will have heard the news or seen his return on the television? Well, it is simply because before the Guvnor and his wife wrenched me kicking and screaming from the bosom of my family when I was aged just 12 weeks, my name was Boris.

And there the comparison ends. I, for example, was bigger than my siblings; a bit of a bruiser, first in the queue for meals, an early escapee from the confines of the marital home and a larger than life character with huge charisma, I led from the front from the beginning. Finally, and as you can see from the photograph, my colouring was brown and white and quite smooth-coated.

And then, some months after I had been renamed Turbo by deed poll, I began to get hairy. History doesn't relate whether



Boris Johnson was born with an unruly thatch but later in life it has given him a wonderful excuse to scratch his head, ruffle his hair to give himself thinking time and a unique persona that is unmistakably his. I am similar; even my father Freddie, who is a fine-looking chap, is different (or better groomed, the Guvnor says).

And it got better and better (or as the Guvnor so rudely puts it, worse and worse). I just became hairier and hairier until the Guvnor began to call me 'Esau' (who, you will remember, was the brother of Jacob in the Book of Genesis and who sold his birth right 'for a mess of potage'. I balked at this until I realised that being hungry all the time, I would sell anything in my world for 'a mess of anything'. Boris, Esau, Turbo?

