

### TT 13 Day 32 (Day to day problems)

Everyone's hair is growing and with hairdressers, barbers and poodle parlours all closed because they are 'non-essential' it is becoming difficult recognising some people. Beards are proliferating in our village, which the Guvnor pompously just calls 'a lack of self-discipline' and many of the ladies we see out walking their dogs in the afternoon are wearing hats and not, apparently, to keep the sun or the rain off. No; it is because within a couple of weeks, if the lockdown remains in place, we will know the true colour of everyone's hair. The Guvnor, who is 'follically challenged' these days, rang his barber one day pre-lockdown to check he was working that day, was surprised when Guiseppe asked why he wanted to know. "I want to come and have a haircut", the Guvnor replied patiently. "Why?" countered Guiseppe.

We still haven't really tackled the freezer. The Guvnor's wife was heard to say the other day, "I can't bear it; I had a quick look and was faced with fifty shades of grey and brown". That reminds me of the time, in the 'good old days when going out was allowed', when she left him something for lunch as she was to be away all day. She had grabbed something from the freezer and placed it by the cooker to defrost with a yellow sticky note that said, "There's leek and potato soup in the Flora pot marked 'Mushroom' but it might be carrot and coriander or butternut squash". What fun we had waiting with bated breath for it to defrost – and finding it was actually chicken korma or apple crumble. We didn't bother to find out which as on first taste it was difficult to tell. He offered it to me, but I turned up my nose and told him he must be joking and we had beans on toast.

That reminds me of a typical example of the wife to husband rocket I overheard recently here. It went like this: "What do you think you are doing saving something in the old Flora pot I was saving to save things in?" And another was, "Why have you put wastepaper in the wastepaper basket I have just emptied."

In similar vein, and in the early days of the Caronavirus crisis and at the peak of the panic buying phase adopted by some short-sighted lunatics, the Guvnor reached up to the top of the 'sauces' shelf of our local supermarket only to hear an attendant say, "You can't buy that; we've only got one left" and a little later on at the public lavatories he was accosted by another worker who told him: "Sorry; you can't come in here; it's just been cleaned."

Yesterday I made a few remarks about Boris being back from sick leave. Anyone who reads the same newspaper as the Guvnor will have seen Blower's cartoon of Boris arriving in Downing Street in his chariot dressed as a Roman emperor and shouting: "Ad laborem!" which means, as every schoolboy knows, 'Back to Work'. He follows it with: "Salus populi suprema lex esto" which loosely translated means 'The people's health should be the supreme law'. Dominic Cummings is leaning out of a top window dressed in a toga asking: "Quid consilium est, Domine?" or in English, 'What's the plan, Boss?' I'm glad the paper gave us the translation as most dogs, me included, only know one Latin phrase and it is this: 'Sic biscuitus disintegrat' which, again as every school boy knows, means 'That's the way the cookie crumbles'.

Talking of biscuits, where's the Flora pot?