

### TT 13 Day 37 (What day is it?)

Unless it is someone's birthday, and even then it has to be a 'special' one or for a child of 10 or under, it doesn't really matter what day of the week it is. Let's face it, the diary is pretty empty; indeed, the Guvnor booked his car in for a service because he felt it has been almost laid up for too long and its joints were creaking a bit and the battery seemed a bit weak and when the helpful man at the garage asked when he would like it in he pretended to consult the calendar before selecting a particular day. In fact, the calendar is completely clear until September.

It reminded him of a time back in the 70s (that's a decade, not when he was 70) and at a busy time for him, he asked a colleague to do something for him. The man hummed and erred, clearly not wanting to help, and as a distraction said he was really busy and would have to shift a lot of stuff and it was very difficult. To give himself thinking time he set off to make a cup of tea during which time the Guvnor slid his desk diary around to have a look for himself. The week in question was completely blank except for the Thursday when it said, 'Car in for service'.

Twenty years ago here, matters were not much different. 'Cotters' next door approached the Vicar after a PCC meeting with his diary open to ask him what service was taking place on Tuesday at 9 am. The Vicar consulted his own master diary and replied 'none'. Cotters was confused and bemused and decided to cross it out and forget about it, until the garage rang at 10 am on Tuesday asking where his car was.

During the lockdown most, if not all, of the normal milestones of any day of any week have been removed at a stroke. There are

no Pilates or Zumba classes, no Book Club meetings, no mid-week church services, no drinks or supper parties, no theatre, no hair appointments, no clinics and no weddings or funerals (that one can attend, anyway). Even bin emptying days have changed since Christmas; it's as if the Council knew something extraordinary was going to happen and decided to prepare people for change. I don't think so!

Even the old story of one elderly man asking his friend what day of the week it was doesn't work anymore. Why? Because the question was answered with one word – 'Thursday' to which the deaf inquirer responds, "So am I; let's go to the pub". In those days, in fact in any days any of us can remember, it was OK; the pub was open.

Now even the BBC, our 'public broadcaster,' is in on the act. Not content with constantly broadcasting the bad news about Coronavirus and its consequences, it is singling out individuals who have a gripe and who are only too pleased to be given a platform.

You can hear all this stuff coming from my normally calm and gentle Guvnor but he can turn to 'Mr Angry' when provoked. He is a bit like a sleeping Cobra; perfectly happy until someone pokes him with a stick. We dogs don't care much except that our routine gets disturbed when theirs does, and that is annoying. While we are on the BBC, has anyone noticed how uncomfortable people get when an old favourite is mucked about? Just because they can't record new episodes of The Archers, they are repeating instalments 'of note' from a decade ago. This, I can tell you, has upset the delicate memory banks here and ruins any hope of keeping track of which day it is.