

TT 13 Day 38 (VE Day coming)

Cry Baby Bunting
Daddy's gone a-hunting
To wrap the Baby Bunting in
Cry Baby Bunting

Bye, baby bumpkin
Where's Tony Lumpkin
My lady's on her death-bed
For eating half a pumpkin.

I only mention this rubbish because the Guvnor has been sorting out lengths of plastic Union flags to string out across our entrance from the High Street to celebrate the 75th Anniversary of VE Day. Someone started to hum the nursery rhyme and no-one really knew what it meant. In fact, there are a lot of seemingly meaningless nursery rhymes so we'll move on to something more positive.

The Guvnor, like so many of his generation and older, is sad that this important occasion cannot be commemorated fully. That said, everyone will do their best in the circumstances and whatever happens it may well herald the 'new normal'. The thing is that unlike that day 75 years ago, we have television, and Zoom and Skype and Facetime and YouTube and all sorts of ways to recap, remind and remember and The Guvnor is already making plans to sit at the gate with a cup of tea and a piece of cake surrounded by red, white and blue flags showing that they care – and they can do that while social distancing.

The second verse of the nursery rhyme has a much more serious tone as it talks about 'My lady's on her death bed for eating half a pumpkin.' At this stage of the Coronavirus crisis, just how much care, or

is it paranoia, should be taken when receiving shopping or picking up the newspaper or unpacking parcels or even opening letters, is a moot point. Does one assume that someone who has the virus has handled the item and therefore can pass it onto us or is hand washing and wiping down with an antiseptic swab enough? Do you wipe down the Corn Flakes packet or do you allow it to 'infect' every other packet that it sits alongside in the larder? It is beyond me and, frankly, beyond them because there simply is not enough explanatory science available yet.

We all have to eat and even if you have had a kind neighbour shop for you, do you quarantine the bags in the garage for 48 hours as you wait for any virus that might be on it to die? By then, of course, the bread is stale, and the milk is going off and the mice have nibbled away at the mince (I was going to say cheese, but the new science says that mice really prefer chocolate to cheese (don't we all?) More importantly, they normally feed on nuts and seeds so a small dab of peanut butter makes a very effective bait. Even that has its problems; what household without children or grandchildren has peanut butter in the cupboard? Not many, and it is a bit odd going next door and asking for a dab. Don't despair; childless households probably have muesli or other nut-based, good-for-you breakfast cereals available and they can be bound together in a small blob easily.

There is another tip from the Guvnor and it is to wear gloves when baiting traps or setting them for moles. And here is one from me on behalf of all dogs; 'Don't lay them on the kitchen floor, please!'