

### **TT 13 Day 39 (Delving into the freezer)**

I have told my fan this story before but make no apology for raising it again in light of current circumstances. Besides, as Tom Stoppard apparently once said so wisely, "If an idea's worth having once, it's worth having twice." Here we are in the middle of lockdown, sitting out the Coronavirus and doing the best we can without the normal activities of shopping, dining out or even picnicking so we are making the best of things and one of those involves delving into the freezer. The Guvnor's wife balked initially at this and was overheard to exclaim as she slammed the lid of the freezer down, "I just can't bear it; almost everything in there is a horrible brown colour and the rest is fifty shades of grey. All the labels have fallen off and tackling it is going to have to wait for another day."

We've never been good at freezer management. We know that when the freezer is full, we ought to start eating the contents so as to make space for new. We know that there ought to be a list on the inside of the lid itemising everything inside with details of what it is, when it was bought and when we should eat it or throw it away. That is exactly what the housewife of the 60s might do – because she probably didn't go out to work, had plenty of time and because that was what her mother had told her to do. But we didn't, and we are not alone (we think). What we did was shut the lid and buy another freezer and start filling it up alongside the old one. Add to that the three freezer drawers in the fridge and the other two in the drinks fridge and we have a mountain of food with no IFF (all former or current members of HM Armed Forces know this means 'Identify Friend or Foe'). The Guvnor smugly says that he knows exactly what is in the bottom

drawer of the drinks fridge – ice for his G&Ts; a sacrosanct space.

Many years ago the Guvnor came home to find a pot from the freezer sitting next to the sink on a plate with a yellow sticker, in his wife's handwriting, next to it that said: 'There's leek and potato soup in the Flora pot marked mushrooms, but it might be carrot and coriander or butternut squash'. What excitement there was to be had waiting for it to defrost – only to find it was chicken korma or apple crumble, neither of which were expected or, indeed, anticipated with any relish and which, when the fork went in turned out to be one or the other but nothing definite.

The crunch has come; we are making inroads into the contents and are well down into the browns and the greys. The Guvnor and his wife are taking turns at making something edible from the defrosted mess and we dogs are eating quite well from what is left over, usually in dislike or even disgust. Yesterday, they found a packet of beef mince which had been there for at least eight months, and that is giving it the benefit of the doubt that the August best before date was in 2019 and not 2018.

Anyway, the Guvnor decided it would be OK and decided he would make some Bolognese sauce to go with spaghetti. It is a well-tried and tested recipe but as he was slicing up a large carrot into fine pieces, his wife asked why he was including it. His reply was rather disgusting; he said that every time he had seen anyone be sick, the residue always contained carrot, whether the victim had eaten carrot or not. He wanted to ensure that if, or more likely when, it happened here there would be no doubt.