

TT 13 Day 42 (Six weeks in)

This is Day 42 and I feel a little like being confined to kennels and carving those 'days to do' charts on the wall that help you to keep count – little groups of four with a line through them, then a gap before it starts again.



But the fact is, lock down means little to me – or to most other dogs. We are immensely lucky to live where we do as we can go out into the garden and we get a walk every day. Admittedly, it is the same walk but even if I worried about that it beats living in a tenth floor flat with no balcony and four children under six and so many torments it doesn't bear thinking about. Which is why I keep counting my blessings.

That said, there are dangers afoot as we venture out and about. It is the height of the tick season and I currently have one on my eyelid that I won't let anyone near so it is just going to have to get fatter and fatter until it drops off (Murphy's Law says it will happen while I am lying on a pristine part of a sheepskin rug and then someone will stand on it.)

If that isn't tricky enough, we have seen two adders on a stretch of our daily walk

along the river in a fortnight in different places, from the old style near the railway bridge back to the Mound. The first one was about 18" long and this one about 12" so watch out for the UK's only poisonous snake that will only be a danger if it is sunbathing and is taken unawares. Although rarely fatal, both humans and dogs should get medical help quickly if bitten. I gather they quite like noseys dogs, bare ankles and anyone in shorts. Otherwise, fine, but we are spreading the word that our idyll has its dangers. As Boris says, "Be alert!"

That's the thing: 'Be Alert' is a wise thing to do in any circumstances. I learned this early on when my Great Aunt Digit would isolate herself in the crate to keep safe from clumsy feet and for a bit of peace and quiet. I guarded her privacy – and when she was fast asleep, pounced on her food bowl. They took to shutting me in.



There is only one thing worse than being locked in, and that is being locked out. Imagine St Peter, becoming forgetful after all this time, going on his morning walk outside the Pearly Gates and arriving back to find he had left his keys on the inside.