

TT 13 Day 52 (A haircut for dogs)



The 'before'

The Guvnor's friend, Charlie, sent him a message from the Isle of Wight where he had been in isolation for the last three months (as an aside, the Guvnor reckons there are worse places to be isolated but that's another story) with an estimate of when they might be able to resume their monthly old codgers' lunch gatherings. He hoped it might be before the end of the warm weather because a starting point might be a barbecue in the garden of one of their number suitably spaced out to keep safe. As a second aside, as I wrote that sentence and re-read it, I noticed it made perfect sense in more ways than one as by the end of their lunches some of them certainly appear to me to be 'spaced out' and it has nothing to do with distance.

Charlie concluded his email by quoting a remark his wife had made: "Isn't it typical of a male Prime Minister to open golf courses before hairdressers!" The Guvnor responded by telling him to pass on that Poodle Parlours are open for business and then he and his wife began to look at me. I must admit I wasn't averse to a haircut as my fur coat is quite warm in this weather and unlike human beings, I can't just take it off and hang it over the back of the chair until it gets chilly again.

My cousin, Loopy the Cocker Spaniel, and I were booked in on the dubious basis that the job would only cost the same as two tanks of petrol and the car hadn't been filled up for two months. I tried to point out the flaw in the logic but the Guvnor wasn't listening to the fact that both cars were now running on empty and that they couldn't really afford the Poodle Parlour, but neither was listening. The only allowance they made in all of this was to agree that Sarah's emporium was not a Poodle Parlour. Oh no; it was a 'Professional Dog Grooming Service' with the proprietor qualified in 'canine communication'. I was agog and, once again, that is not a spelling mistake.

Off we went early one morning, and the Guvnor's wife was told to come back at lunchtime. I perked up at that but then Sarah told me it wasn't my lunchtime but if I behaved myself I might receive a biscuit or a few on the basis of 'what the eye doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve over.' Later, and with a ton of fur on the floor of the parlour, I did get my biscuit but had to wonder if it was all worth it. The thing is, Sarah was a highly competent groomer and she did talk to me – but it was in the same language as the Guvnor uses. Now, just have a look at the 'new' me



The 'after'.....oooops!