

TT 13 Day 16

Yesterday, I reported on the Guvnor's personal view on vegetarianism, always with the caveat that it was his personal opinion and that in a free country people can eat what they like (except for dogs and horses). Just when I thought he was getting this whole business of diversity of opinions he repeated a conversation from his newspaper: "Granny", cries a small boy; "I think I'm a vegetarian". "Don't be ridiculous, darling", replies his grandmother; "get on and eat up your sausages". I have fallen back another furlong in my efforts to modernise him but then he surprises me by saying loudly (and Greta Thunberg wasn't even listening), "I've spent the last two days operating a carbon-neutral appliance – my wheelbarrow".

The Guvnor was hunter-gathering in Morrisons the other day and, determined to give himself the best chance of dodging the Coronavirus bullet he went just before closing time of 8 pm, checked that the carpark was almost empty and that the shop was similarly so, donned his plastic gloves nicked from the petrol station when he wisely filled up with cheap diesel, and ventured in. The first, and only, person he saw was a woman in the green veg section who, whichever way he turned to keep his distance, suddenly appeared in front of him. He has always known that the best form of defence is attack so he backed off aggressively and said, "I'm sorry but I really am trying to keep at least 2 metres apart and I promise I am not a Corona stalker". She laughed, apparently, and moved away towards the frozen fish – somewhere he really had no intention of going.

Despite his good intentions, he had to approach a shelf-stacker (from 2 metres away) as he wanted to buy some Corona beer from Mexico. Why that, I hear you ask, because anyone who knows him understands he is loyally devoted to Carlsberg (believing, naively, that because it is in a green can and contains water, hops, barley, yeast and malt, surely it counts as at least one of his 5-a-day). He had read that Corona beer was selling at half price because 'its name had put off a great many of its customers who actually believed it was the source of the virus'. The report on the world markets read: 'As news of the rise in coronavirus cases spread, the company's share price fell by 15 per cent in the last week as it lost £132 million in sales'. How stupid people are to put two and two together and so easily make five; and how stupid of the Guvnor to think that in an Army town such as Warminster that the 'licentious soldiery' would not have got there before him.

When it comes to cooking and eating the food available, and with no restaurants open any more, one yearns for normality to return. A long-married couple are sitting quietly at a restaurant table doing the crossword after their meal. The man looks over at his wife and asks, "Seven across, three letters; pointed instrument for piercing holes in leather or wood...?" The waiter, hovering, says, "Would that be awl, sir"?

And finally today, the Guvnor and his wife were having lunch in Marlborough one day and an elderly couple sat down at the next table. The pair said nothing to each other throughout, even to order, but right at the end the man stood up, pushed his chair back and said loudly, "I'm going to the lavvy". My two made a vow, right there.