

A different Summer

This year's summer has been strange; very strange. What was once a time filled with joy and elation is now a time filled with fear and desperation. Summer is a time where all children rejoice at no school and the imminent prospect of maybe going down to the pure white beaches with their shimmering, dazzling sands and the icy cool wave of velvet that stretches off in the luminescent distance where the boats and ferry's honk and the gannets dive. But now there is silence. No ferries to take people to magical faraway places like the Isle of Wight. Oh no. Not now the Corona Goblin has struck- a terrible creature who exerts noxious gases which make people cough and wheeze. It has unusual and idiosyncratic features which include: knobbly knees and turned out toes, (and no, it is not a Gruffalo however on the contrary to a Gruffalo it has no teeth so that makes it easier for it to breathe it's repugnant breath on to people to give them Coronavirus.) and it also has terrible unprepossessing eyes that are miniscule candles glaring into your soul and trying to suck it out. Overall, this is not a pleasant creature to be in the company of, though I have had an encounter with it and this is how it went.

I was out for my daily walk; breathing in alluring and invigorating air- it gets so stuffy when you are in the house for so long- when my shoe got stuck in some grotesque mud. Ugh, I thought to myself, not on my trainers howbeit this was the least of my problems as I looked out of my ginger hair (I do need to go to the barbers); my blue eyes scanned the area like a Bush Baby's eyes scanning for a predator. I saw a rustle in the green effervescent leaves and shrubbery that pompously align the path that I was meandering across. Two little fire lit eyes staring at me; a pair of knobbly knees; turned out toes at the foot of the Bush. Instantaneously, I instinctively grab my mask as it leaped out towards me. Its toothless grin hollowing out my soul. It tries to breathe on me although I have my mask on so his efforts are in vain. I see this as a chance to rid the world of the virus so I pick up a stick and jab it enthusiastically into its green and moist thigh. It bounded back like an agile lynx- not the deodorant. It scampers away but I chase it. (Thank Goodness for all the Joe Wicks) and I keep chasing it mercilessly watching its green, abhorrent body shake and wobble under the speed that it is running. I don't stop chasing it until we reach the Great Western Hospital. It hisses at it but still runs away from me. Suddenly an army of doctors and nurses appear carrying ventilators; the fight won't stop until we win.