

### "JUST ANOTHER MONDAY MORNING"

I wake up turn over and open one eye to look at the time on the illuminated digital clock.

Oh lord! it's ten past eight and "Her indoors", or more precisely, "Her lying next to me in bed", had said "don't be late getting up in the morning, I need to go out early"

I roll out of bed and stumble over the foot stool, needed to get in bed as with a deep mattress and topper its about two foot six above sea level, that's only six inches lower than the kitchen work surfaces. No wonder I suffer from nose bleeds!

Fortunately the gentle snoring continues and I enter the ensuite to ablute.

Quick wash. Drat I left my change of underpants in the drawer in the bedroom.

I push open the bathroom door "BANG", should have pulled it!

Light comes on "what do you think you're doing skulking around the bedroom at this time in the morning with no clothes on"?

( The allure obviously ended a long time ago !)

"You said not to be late getting up", "Yes but not at twenty past six!"

I look at the clock and realise that my bleary eyes had mistaken the six for an eight. ("Should have gone to Specsavers!") Turns over and switches light off.

I decide it's not worth going back to bed for forty minutes and retrieve my pants from the drawer and return to the bathroom. I proceed to put my pants on, back to front. Button up my shirt, only to find that I have one button over. Pull on my socks, the left one inside out and the other doesn't match. I have another pair in the draw just like this!

Pull up my trousers. The left foot keeps wanting to go down the right trouser leg. I threaten it with execution and it eventually concedes. Put on my slippers, the left foot in the right slipper. It's at it again!

On with my short sleeved pullover. My head going through the left arm hole. "Oh armholes!"

I decide not to risk the noise of the electric shaver until later, narrowly missing squeezing the tube of after shave lotion on to my tooth brush. Notice shirt collar is lopsided. Comb my hair. Can't find a parting, so settle for a fringe. It's been "A hard days night !"

Remember to pull open the door this time and quietly venture back into the darkened bedroom and tippy toe out, stubbing my toe on the dressing table stool. I pause holding my breath.

The gentle snoring from "She who must be obeyed " continues. "I never snore!" How she can tell when you only snore when you're asleep is beyond my comprehension. ( I am not sure this sort of detail is wise....just saying! - ED)

Go into kitchen to make myself a coffee, dog appears wagging her tale. At least she's pleased to see me. Give her breakfast and we retire together into the Conservatory. Sit together on the settee. Take a sip of Coffee . It's bitty. I forgot to put the filter in the percolator.

Honey lifts her front leg to have her tummy rubbed. (Aren't females all alike?) ( My..you are brave!!-ED)

A pair of robins arrive for their breakfast on the bird table outside the window.

We watch the sunrise over the woodland, its glow reflecting on the underside of the low clouds.

In the valley below , only about fifty yards away, we can see a heron standing motionless on the sand bank formed where The Smestow has taken a perfect "S" turn as it glides through the meadow on its way to join The Severn. A pair of ducks with two ducklings appear round the far curve and and glide gently past. Unusually they are white with black heads and necks. I reach for the bird watchers guide and discover that they are Mergansers.

I add the name to the long list compiled over fifty years, below the Egrets who now nest further down the river at Pool Hall A pair of mating pheasants cackle by the canal bridge. The distant mist has now cleared and we can see as far as The Cleve Hills on the horizon where the evening sun will set. Life ain't so bad after all !

I get up to prepare Breakfast for Wife and Daughter. "Have a Good Day." Confused.com

(I promise you all the above actually happened, thankfully not altogether at the same time, though several have on more than one occasion, "Not necessarily in the right order!") Rotarian Wright

Thank you Peter. There used to be a character in " Round The Horne" called Rambling Sid Rumpo ...fits I think.

