Day 41 - Clusters of Boys and Endless Winter

March 24, 2013 By Gemma Peppe

You won't believe what happened on Friday after writing about my escalator neurosis. On my way home there was a school trip of about a hundred 15 to 16 year olds all piling onto the escalator two a breast. It was like I was being tested by the spirit of the underground. And I failed the test. When I got to the bottom of the stairs a cluster of boys were pushing and shoving each other. One of them sent me flying. I recovered my balance and shoved him back, like the cranky old witch of the underground.

My son met me at Clapham Junction and bought me tea, cake, flowers and made me feel human again. That good deed was undone when he decided to stockpile all the glasses and bowls from our kitchen in his bedroom. It's not been the best of days. The washing machine flooded. I put my second cup of coffee to warm in the microwave and left it in there for 10 minutes. And there's no let up with the cold.

Like everyone else in the UK, the extended winter and permanently grey days are getting to me. The pic is one of my niece's (I have 4) summer feet to cheer me up.

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