

Greenmount – April 2012

On Sunday 1st April, I was up fairly early and went to sort, test and price the electrical equipment for the jumble sale, leaving a note for Jenny telling her where I was and that she could play with her new washer once she had read the user's manual.

I had not been at the Old School very long when she telephoned me on my mobile 'phone, still using the old battery, to say she and Rachel had arrived home from the Beaver Sleepover and had no house keys. I said I would come back home to let her in and, to my surprise, we met and embraced in the Bull's Head car park to cries of "Oh Howard!" from Jenny and "Oh Marina!" from me. (If you don't watch "Last of the Summer Wine", you don't know what you're missing).

Jenny took my keys and said she would be over at the Old School to assist me, bringing lunch, shortly. In this sense of the word, "shortly" equates to a good couple of hours. Jenny had found a few things to do at home first and then had been to Bury with Rachel to collect some clothes Rachel had ordered from Debenhams.

We subsequently remained at the Old School until turned five p.m. and when we came home, Rachel suggested we go to the Bull's head for tea rather than try to grill the steaks Jenny had forgotten to ask me to remove from the freezer the night before and which had not sufficiently defrosted since she had taken them out of the freezer at lunchtime.

I am becoming quite well known at the Bull's Head.

On Monday 2nd April, we spent the whole day at the Old School, just managing to put out all of the electrical equipment in time for the sale at 4 p.m. and stayed for the two-hour sale, followed by a quick tidy-up before returning home at about 6:30.

On Tuesday 3rd April, I was due at the Old School for 9 a.m. to help with the ongoing kitchen redecoration. Having crawled out of bed at 08:59, I didn't quite make it. By the time I did arrive, most of the painting was completed and my first task was to make the tea. Feeling somewhat guilty, I washed up afterwards as well.

I came back home to change and met the chaps for lunch in the Bull's Head. That took care of the rest of the day.

On Wednesday 4th April, we had planned to visit relatives in Sheffield. My sister, Barbara had alerted me to the snow forecast and on checking, both the A628 Woodhead Pass and the M62 trans-Pennine routes were closed by snow, just a week after we had all been basking in bright sunshine and temperatures higher than the Mediterranean. Apparently the wind that had been blowing up from the Sahara Desert was now blowing down from the Arctic. I wish whoever or whatever moved it would put it back.

Instead, I decided to undertake some routine chores, like emptying the recycling bins we keep in the kitchen and were letting us know they were there and cleaning the log burning fire, which we have not used for some time. While on my knees dealing with the latter, I decided it was time I replaced the frayed rope seal on the door and the crumbling seal round

the glass in the door.

Removing the existing rope seal was not difficult. Removing the glue that had held it in place was more of a challenge. That done, I turned my attention to the four small screws holding in the clamps for the glass door panel. These would not move and rather than persist and damage the heads any further, I decided that a man should know his limitations and I called the chap who fitted the fire to ask him if he would come and do the job for me and service the stove and sweep the flue at the same time. He was not in and I left a message with the lady who answered his telephone.

Since I could not now use the log fire, I plugged in a three-bar halogen heater we had acquired from the jumble sale to take the chill off the lounge until the central heating kicked in at 5 p.m.

On Thursday 5th April, we were back at the Old School helping to prepare for the coming Antiques Fair. We blended in well. Jenny worked unpacking crockery and glassware in the hall and I helped Mike and Frank to test some Sony Playstations and an X-Box. The X-Box would not eject the empty disk drawer and I brought it home to see if I could fix it.

While searching the Internet for advice on how to remove the plastic encasement, I found a very useful video on U-Tube that dealt with this very problem, without opening up the X-Box at all. Once you get the DVD drawer open, you can see two pulleys inside and these are driven by a small belt. The repair is effected by removing the belt with a pair of tweezers, cleaning the pulleys with an alcohol solution, cleaning the belt with soap and water and then drying it on a tissue and putting the belt back round the two pulleys with the tweezers again.

This might sound difficult and, being a sceptical sort of chap, I had my doubts. In practice, the hardest part was opening the drawer and this was easily achieved by inserting a standard CD/DVD drawer opening tool (some people just use a straightened paper clip) into the small hole just below and to the right of the drawer.

After the procedure, I tested the X-Box thoroughly, including hooking it up to my TV in the lounge and starting a game based on Indiana Jones. Not that I had much of a clue when it came to playing the game. The whole kit and caboodle was packaged for return to the Antique and Collector's fair for sale to the unsuspecting public.

On Friday 6th April, we embarked on our usual grocery shop with a few deviations (without hesitation or repetition, though). Our first port of call was to drop off some items for the Group Scout Leader, who was not at home. Jenny posted the large envelope through the letterbox.

The second stop was at the council recycling facility (tip) in Bury to dump the boot-full of rubbish from the last Jumble Sale, after which the car gave a sigh of relief.

We then took the M66 southbound from Bury and turned right onto the anti-clockwise carriageway of the M60 to Unicorn. The journey took a little longer than usual due to an accident on Barton Bridge, over the Manchester Ship Canal, that had resulted in the closure of the near-side lane. The traffic jam was worsened by drivers who simply have no clue on

how to deal with the unexpected and who would insist on driving slowly past the incident so they could take a good look for blood and guts on the carriageway.

Before that, while travelling up the valley from Prestwich, another idiot in a small white van had come quite close up to my rear end in the outside lane and the driver flashed the headlights at me, wanting to get past. All three lanes to the left were occupied so there was nowhere for me to go and I was travelling at the speed limit of 70 m.p.h. Eventually, I was able to move over to the left to let the moron past. Instead, this imbecile followed behind me, moved into a gap in the lane to the left, passed me on the wrong side, moved back in front of me, overtook a vehicle on its left and then sped left across two lanes just in time to make the exit at the next junction. There are times I wish my car was fitted with a video recording system.

The shopping spree at Unicorn and Tesco Bury went without incident, except for a near-miss, head-on collision between two shopping trolleys in the latter establishment and a significant dent in my bank balance.

Before entering Tesco, we had lunched at Costa Coffee in Bury, which was very busy and where the staff seemed to be very efficient, working well together as a team. One notices these things.

We had also been to Bury Market to buy some items from the Health Food Store. That was closed. I then went to the mobile phone stall to see if I could find a proper Nokia charger for my old 6310i, of which I am very fond. That was closed too. In fact, these seemed to be the only two stalls that were closed. Well, it was Good Friday, except for me.

I did find another mobile phone stall and asked for a charger for my phone. The chap there offered me a generic one at over £7 and I thought that was expensive. We eventually agreed on £5, although I was somewhat sceptical whether it would work with my phone or not.

On arriving home, I plugged the charger into my spare Nokia 6310i (you can never have enough of them) with the new battery I purchased to see what happened. Nothing happened. I plugged the charger into the 6310i I am currently using with an old battery and it charged that with no problem.

The new battery needed further investigation, or possibly returning for a refund.

Our woes deepened as the evening drew on. Just as Jenny started to cook tea, she asked me to look at the cooker. Apart from needing a good clean and a strong smell of gas, it looked fine.

The cooker has been smelling a little of gas for a few minutes just after lighting the right oven for a few days and I took it to be the delay in lighting the pilot light. When we came back from shopping, Rachel said the grill was not working properly and that also smelled of gas. The control for the right oven has been getting stiffer and was now difficult to turn and, on top of all that, the buzzer on the timer doesn't work properly.

Donning my overalls, I manoeuvred the large range cooker out of its slot and swept up the

years of muck from behind it. Then I started to test for gas leaks. To my surprise, there was a very tiny leak on the connector at the wall, although this would not account for the strong smell of gas. I removed the covers from the gas valves at the back and checked them for leaks. They seemed alright. Then, using a very special tool (my nose), I detected a strong smell of gas from just behind the control for the right oven when it was switched on and deduced that all the trouble was inside, under the hob, an area I have not yet worked out how to access.

Given all the issues and the age of the cooker (ten years), I decided it was best to look for a new one and after a little research, we decided to embark on a cooker hunt the following day.

Meanwhile, Jenny and Rachel concentrated on cooking the fish and vegetables for tea using the microwave combination oven, which proved most successful. The only problem was keeping cooked items warm while waiting for the rest, for which they used the tea-light burners.

Before retiring I checked the calendar to make sure this was the sixth and not the thirteenth.

We rose on Saturday 7th April to discover the kitchen episode was not just a dream but a complete nightmare. After breakfast, we sped off in the direction of Currys in Bury to see what they had by way of range cookers in their showroom. Not a lot, we discovered. We progressed on to Comet, from where we had just purchased a very expensive washing machine. Being a smallish store, they had even less. All was not lost. Matthew had told us about a company called C K Appliances, located, as luck would have it, in an old mill on the way back home towards Tottington.

Not only does C K Appliances have a large showroom with lots of leading-brand, electrical goods on display but they are also very helpful. A young lady there talked with us at some length and showed us two or three different Rangemaster cookers and, what's more, she had the latest brochure to hand. We were undecided which model to choose and left with two in mind, if not in the kitchen.

On Sunday 8th, we shelved the cooker problem and headed for the Old School, helping to prepare for the Antique and Collectors' Fair the following day. We felt quite at home once more, in more senses than one. At least they had a working cooker in the kitchen.

On Monday 9th, Jenny was on a stall selling bric-a-brac in the hall and I took her a sandwich round at lunchtime, having washed the pots and cleaned the recycling bins yet again. When she had recovered from the shock, we ambled down to the bottom room, being used as a 'restaurant', food being available for those who wished to purchase it, from the kitchen. It was very busy but we managed to grab a table for four and were soon joined by another couple. We ate our lunch together and Jenny went back to her stall while I was persuaded to join Mike and Frank, who were selling all items musical as well as DVDs.

On Tuesday 10th, we had arranged to visit Sheffield and, having decided on the cooker model we wanted, called in at C K Appliances and ordered it.

The journey to Sheffield took much longer than anticipated owing to the huge volume of traffic trying to squeeze through Mottram at the end of the M67 and between it and the Woodhead road to Sheffield. While I am not normally in favour of new roads, Mottram is one place that has been crying out for a bypass for years. Motorists want it and the village residents want it. The government, it seems, doesn't. In fact, there is a good case for an all-weather route between Manchester and Sheffield and there is the basis on which it could be developed using the old train tunnel.

Anyway, I digress. We lunched at Tracey's (Jenny's niece's) home and I went to see my sister, Barbara, where I spent the rest of the afternoon installing a second light fitting in her kitchen. Needless to say, since she lives in a bungalow, this involved crawling about in the loft in the dark. Some people have all the fun.

We called at Asda Pillsworth on the way home for Pizzas for tea and Jenny cooked them in the halogen oven using a sophisticated technique of trial and error. I think we finally managed tea at about 9 p.m.

On Wednesday 11th, the lads had planned to go walking but (a) they hadn't told me of any definite arrangements and (b) Frank phoned to say the walk had been cancelled due to it being very wet. Instead, we decided to lunch in the Bull's Head and get wet inside.

Prior to that, the services of my large capacity vehicle and three-section steps/ladders were in demand to replace the Antique and Collectors' Fair poster on the board in the field at the junction of Brandlesholme Road and Longsite Road with one for the coming Collectors' Fair on the Saturday. This called for a complete set of waterproofs and wellies. As luck would have it, the rain held off long enough for Mike, Frank and I to complete the task, even if the sign was a little crooked, and that's before we'd been to the pub.

On Thursday 12th, Jenny and I finished sorting the car load of booty we acquired from Tracey and the garage was a complete tip again. We were hoping that the coming car boot sale on Saturday at the Old School, coinciding with the Fair, would relieve us of a good deal of stock in exchange for a good deal of cash. Somebody's got to pay for the new cooker.

On Friday 13th, I was due at the dentist but I had cancelled my appointment the previous afternoon on the basis that my sensitive tooth seemed to be improving. Instead, we went grocery shopping as usual, deviating on the outward journey to call at Greenmount Old School to help Mike take some newly-delivered storage racking down to the cellar and Tracey's in Bury to weigh in some clothes for cash.

On Saturday 14th April, we were up about fifteen minutes before we were supposed to be at the Old School to claim our car boot pitch. I had set the alarm clock for 05:30 a.m. Unfortunately, I had forgotten to switch on the alarm. Guess who didn't get any breakfast.

The day started off very sunny but clouded over mid-morning and the rain just about held off, allowing us to earn a modest crust. By early afternoon, we were feeling the effect of the 8°C temperature and the cold arctic wind and we were glad to get back home.

I got it right the following day – and I got breakfast. We arrived at Ramsbottom Station car

park at about 7 a.m., just in time to take one of the last few slots left and set out our stall. It was another nice, sunny start to the day but the clouds soon reduced the effect of the sun and I was just about comfortable in the four layers of wool and wind-proofing. Trade was slower than the previous day and, surprisingly, we made a similar amount of cash in about the same time-frame.

On returning home, I fell asleep for an hour. I finally found time to trim my hair and beard, something about which Jenny had been complaining for a while and, after a quick shower, we spent much of our profit on an evening meal for two at the Bull's Head. What a good way to end a week end.

On Monday 16th April, I had already decided to cut the grass on the side of the house before the rains came, forecast for that evening and before the council chaps arrived with their combination lawn mower and bulldozer.

My credit card statement arrived and on it were the purchase of the new washer, which I expected and the purchase of the new cooker, which I hadn't anticipated, particularly since it had not yet been delivered to the supplier. I knew that because they couldn't give me a definite delivery date when I telephoned to ask for one.

My gardening was interspersed with brief interruptions from Jenny, who was sorting her car booty and who needed help lifting, stacking and storing, in that order.

By tea-time, I was too tired to tackle the front wilderness and the back weed-garden that passes for a lawn. The last task of the day, prior to putting away the lawn mower and tools, was to spray the weeds in the block paving with weed killer. My attempts to keep the weeds at bay with gardening implements were becoming too time-consuming and while I don't like using weed-killer, the paths had got to the stage where I had little alternative.

On Tuesday 17th April, the lads and I spent the day at the Old School, assembling storage racking in the upstairs store room, used to store items for the Antiques and Collector's Fair and in the old staff room, used to store jumble. The latter we did not quite complete and resolved to acquire the additional bits and pieces the following day.

The following day, I spent the morning helping Jenny prepare for her Beaver sessions and we placed a grocery order with Abel and Cole for delivery two days hence. We would have ordered a piece of organic leg pork but that required three days' notice, so it could not be delivered until the following week, had we added it to the shopping list. The pig could rest easy for another week at least.

After lunch, I contacted Mike to go to B&Q at Heap Bridge in Bury for some wood and nuts and bolts to secure the racking in the old staff room. On the way, I dropped Jenny off at Tesco and even remembered to collect her on the return journey. We called at the waterlogged field at the junction of Brandlesholme Road and Longsite Road to take down the sign advertising the Collectors' Fair and Car Boot Sale, for which my ladders had accompanied us on the excursion.

On Thursday 19th April, I was back at the Old School at 9 a.m. (it's like being back at work)

ready to resume work on the storage racking in the old staff room (not for storing old staff I might add). The racking was soon bolted together and fixed to the wall and, while Frank put together some spare shelving for the maintenance team's exclusive use in the cellar, I was dispatched to B&Q at Crosstones in Bury for more nuts and bolts. I returned just in time to help Frank bolt some hardboard on the back and sides of some shelving in the upstairs store room so that Mike could use it for books and files without them falling off.

We were finished by lunch time and even more so after our visit to the Bull's Head.

While I was out, not having taken my mobile telephone with me, I had missed a call from CK Appliances. Rangemaster had delivered the cooker to them in the morning. CK Appliances had rejected the delivery. It was the wrong colour. Rangemaster had delivered a stainless steel one and not the black and chrome one we had ordered. CK Appliances confirmed their order to Rangemaster had been correct and it was Rangemaster's fault. I sent an E-mail to Rangemaster, informing them that this level of service was simply not good enough, via their web site "Contact Us" page.

On Friday 20th April we resumed our normal grocery shopping routine, after an early morning delivery from Abel and Cole, lunching at Costa Coffee in the Prestwich Tesco store.

On Saturday 21st April the highlight of the day was clipping the front claws of one of our cats, Toffee, who is too lazy to wear them down for herself. One of them was quite long and in the process punctured one of her pads, covering my fingers in blood. The cat was not best pleased. We managed to stem the bleeding quite quickly and, fortunately, she does not seem to have suffered any long-lasting ill-effects. We left the back ones for a later date to give us all time to recover from the traumatic experience.

Sunday 22nd April was the date of the St. George's Day Parade, the service, this year, held at St. Paul's Church in Ramsbottom. Fortunately, the showers abated and the afternoon was fine, if somewhat chilly and overcast. Jenny attended the service with her Beavers, or, at least, the ones who came, the rest obviously suffering from the debilitating affliction Apathy. Nonetheless, the church was packed to the door and the procession, round the streets of Ramsbottom, of which I took several photographs, primarily for the Scout web site and local magazine, was most entertaining. All those who attended were thanked by Graham, the District Commissioner, before the parade was dismissed on the field adjacent to the leisure centre.

On Monday 23rd April, I found myself at a loose end, with nothing planned. I found this most unusual. That was until Jenny found me something to do. She reminded me I was supposed to be putting a shelf in the cupboard under the sink. When the kitchen was refitted, this cupboard was left without a shelf because it was impossible to fit one with all the plumbing and the front, centre support in the way. I had worked on a design for a shelf, arranged to fit round the plumbing and support and started it a few weeks previously. I had given up when I could not manoeuvre the shelf into position until I could work out how to get the shelf into the cupboard.

The little grey cells had obviously done their work as I realised that I might achieve a degree

of success if I fitted the shelf in two parts. What's more, there were enough shelf supports on the cupboard sides to allow me to do so. The front half of the shelf was soon in position and the back half would have been completed had it not been too deep. I reached for my only remaining saw to cut a strip off the front of this piece of shelf when I discovered it was too blunt to be of any use. All was not lost. I knew there was a relatively new saw in the maintenance team's tool box at the Old School and I set off to borrow it.

Needless to say, I didn't get there. I bumped into Mike who wanted a chat about nothing in particular and he joined me on my merry jaunt. As we were about to cross the road to the Old School, Frank drove up in his car. The discussion turned to finishing the storage shelving in the old staff room and we decided this was a good time to do it, even if it meant missing lunch. I nipped home, minus saw, for an apple and a drink first. Jenny was not pleased.

We finished the shelving in about an hour, using the old pair of very tall, Old School, step-ladders, marked "Unsafe – Do not use".

What's more, returning home, I brought the saw, finished the shelf and put all the bottles, jars, packets and rags neatly back in the cupboard.

Not bad, I thought, for an unplanned day.

On Tuesday 24th April, Mike, Frank, Steve and I had planned a day's round walk from Greenmount to the wind turbines on Scout Moor and back, a round trip of around 12 to 14 miles, with a fair bit of uphill work. It was another cool, fine, overcast morning as we met at the Old School at 9 a.m. and we headed towards Holcombe Brook, turning right down past Woodhey School to pick up a track over the top of the railway tunnel just north of Summerseat, heading down to the River Irwell. We crossed the river by the bridge and climbed "Jacob's Ladder" up to and over the M66 motorway and across the field up to Walmersley Road. We crossed that and headed up the track leading to Grant's Tower, veering off left and climbing up yet again onto open moorland. We crossed that and headed towards the wind turbines, reaching the Old Betts road, stopping just before it at an old mill ruin for elevenses. We crossed the Old Betts road and took the track up by the Old Betts pub, climbing again up to Knowl Hill, where we had lunch. From there we dropped down to the track laid for the construction of the turbine site and followed this back towards the Irwell valley, losing our way somewhat and having to pick our way across marshy grassland, scrambling across a stream to reach a defined track, which we followed down towards Turn Village. On reaching the Old Betts road once more, we walked down it and picked up a track that took us down in front of the Fisherman's retreat to Shuttleworth. There we crossed the main road and followed the Rossendale way for a short distance down to Stubbins, picking up the path along by the river to Ramsbottom. We entered Nuttall Park and again followed the river to reach the bridge we had crossed on our outward journey. It was then a case of retracing our steps back to Greenmount and I was back home for just after 5 p.m.

Removing my boots and socks brought relief to my feet and a strong odour to the kitchen. It was apparent that the boots had lost their waterproofing. A quick shower, change of clothes, tea, half-an-hour's rest and it was time to set off for the village meeting at the Bull's Head, leaving Jenny and Rachel to prepare for their Scout Leaders' meeting at the Old School.

The village meeting proved interesting, not least because a snack was laid on in the form of a choice of pie and the pub serves a fine pint of muscle relaxant (Wainwrights).

Wednesday 25th April was another day of relaxation and welcomed after the previous day's efforts, especially since I was a little on the rigid side. The Beaver preparation work was completed in the morning and we did manage a brief trip to Asda at Pillsworth in the afternoon.

I spent Thursday 26th April filing the papers relating to my family research and the outstanding pile of work on my desk in an attempt to tidy the conservatory, failing miserably.

The plan on Friday 27th April was to park the car at the Prestwich tram station, more or less on the way to Unicorn for our weekly grocery shopping and to nip into Manchester on the tram before continuing our weekly routine. I had reserved a new pair of walking boots at Blacks on Deansgate and I wanted to try them before buying them.

Since we were passing CK Appliances, I decided to call in and issue the ultimatum that if my new cooker was not in my kitchen by the end of the next week, I would cancel the order. I was assured that the message would be passed on to the Rangemaster representative. The chap at CK Appliances told me that they were expecting delivery on the coming Wednesday.

Driving through Bury, I realised I had left my transport pass at home and decided to abandon my trip to Manchester, resuming our weekly shopping routine and lunching at Costa Coffee in the Prestwich Tesco store on our return journey.

Having changed my arrangement to try my new shoes on Saturday 28th April, Jenny and I caught the local bus into Bury at 10:20 a.m. and proceeded to the Metrolink tram station, where we were met by two Metrolink employees who informed us no trams were running between Bury and Manchester throughout the whole week end. There was a replacement bus service but we caught the 135 to Manchester via Cheetham Hill instead, the bus adding some 30 minutes to our journey. We walked the length of Deansgate to arrive at Blacks and I tried and bought the boots, two pairs of walking socks, some cleaning and waterproofing agents for my old boots and two pairs of walking socks for Jenny.

A slight deviation down to Piccadilly and a quick left turn allowed Jenny to purchase a couple of items from Holland and Barrett before heading back to the bust stop for Bury and, there, after a few minutes, the 481 connection home.

It was then I discovered that the boots I had purchased were not the exact ones for which I had asked and, while just as good, perfectly acceptable, suitable for the my purpose and the same price, I could not help wondering why people can't get things right.

Jenny had not planned any tea and was wondering what to do when Rachel suggested taking us for tea at the Bull's Head. Jenny was really disappointed she wasn't going to have to struggle trying to cook a meal for three with the microwave and the halogen oven and reluctantly agreed in about three seconds flat.

When we came in, we decided to relax over a cup of tea before retiring for the evening. One of our cats, Toffee, had other ideas and promptly let loose a mouse, which she had brought in for amusement (hers, not ours), in the kitchen. The mouse disappeared under the cooker and we spent the next hour taking the kitchen apart looking for it. Needless to say, the cat lost interest and, eventually, so did we. We put down a humane trap, designed to capture the mouse alive and for which I had to go up into the garage loft. Just what you need after a long day, a beer, a good meal and half a bottle of wine.

We rose late on Sunday 29th to strong winds and very heavy rain outside and a mouse in a box inside. The trap had done its work and the poor, little, terrified creature was doing its best not to be seen, particularly by the cats, prowling round trying to find from where their breakfast aroma originated. Even before my breakfast, I donned my outdoor gear and braved the stormy conditions to release the mouse at the top of the cul-de-sac. The tiny creature couldn't wait to gain its freedom even in the bad weather and soon disappeared into the undergrowth leading down to the stream and the open spaces beyond.

The rest of the day was a bit of an anti-climax.

On Monday 30th, my teeth at the back, upper-right were becoming more troublesome and I telephoned the dentist to arrange an appointment for 9 a.m. Wednesday morning. I did not anticipate the intermittent pain becoming much worse before then. Everybody makes mistakes.

After breakfast, we walked down the Kirklees Trail, over the new bridge, due to be officially opened on 7th May, to Brandlesholme Road and down to B&Q at Crosstones for a couple of clamps (munsen rings and wall plates) to secure the gas pipe feeding the cooker to the wall in the garage. This is something I meant to do ages ago and never got round to, like so many other small jobs. It was not really an issue until I had to remove the plaster round the nut of the bayonet union in the kitchen, having discovered a very tiny leak on it when I removed the old cooker.

On the return journey, we bumped into Frank and Gwen, walking their dog and it was while chatting with them that my tooth ache turned into indescribable agony. I came to the rapid conclusion that I use my mouth too much, a sentiment with which Jenny readily agreed.

It had been my intention to fit the munsen rings after a brief, late lunch but I spent the rest of the day and evening watching films and nursing my teeth with a copious supply of Glenmorangie.

Not a bad way to end a cold, soggy April, I thought.