



# *Players Matters* \*

## CONTENTS

President's Piece  
Infanticide  
Pennings from Middleton Manor  
A favourite Recipe  
Tinkering with Shakespeare  
Bernie's Outlook on Life  
A Boy's Own Story  
A mixed bag

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## **Presidents Piece**

Dear Members,

Welcome to the first newsletter of 2021. At long last we have managed to endure January and now are so much closer to spring. The snowdrops are out and the crocus are beginning to colour up the sheltered corners of our gardens.

I know that this January has been a particularly tough month for many of us, not only because the Lockdown has hampered all our activities and movements, but also, being cold and dark, which can make things feel even more difficult. However, we can begin to look forward to lighter nights and longer days.

We can also take comfort that much of the membership have already had the Vaccine against this dreaded Corona Virus or about to do so. This, I feel, helps to give an air of reassurance and confidence, that there will be an end to this era of the pandemic and life will eventually return to 'normal'.

I am aware too that this last month has been particularly difficult for some of our members due to ill health. I wish you all a speedy recovery and if there is anything I can do to help i.e. Shopping, fetching prescriptions, or just a chat, then I am always at the end of the phone. Tel: 077118359456/ 0161 488 4939.

Let me sign off for now and I look forward to the play reading in February.

Anne Wint

*Here's more from Anne in her Day Job*

### Journey of A Letter

As you watch the postie walk by with his/her bag on their shoulder, has it ever occurred to you to wonder how a letter gets to you? Just how does it get from its place of origin, to you, it's final destination?

There's more to than just that postie bringing it to your door as he/she goes on her round....Once that letter is in the red letter box, it goes on an incredible journey.....

After the post is collected by the post person from the letter boxes it's put into a collection bag. The bags of post are then taken to a mail centre to be sorted. Hundreds and thousands of letters and parcels are sorted each day at each of the mail centres across the country.

First, the letters and parcels go into a machine called a '*Culler Facer Cancellling Machine*' which processes 22-24000 items an hour, rejecting any larger than the standard letter or cards on the conveyor belt whilst also separating items stamped 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> Class. After sorting, they are placed mechanically, all facing the same way, so they can be picked, stacked and then carried to the '*Intelligent Letter Sorting Machine*'. The stacked letters and cards are put onto a conveyor belt and the machine reads the postcode and prints a barcode on each envelope. This barcode holds details of the address on the envelope.

The mail is thence taken to the '*Compact Sequence Sorting Machine*'. Computerised information sent by the area offices tells this machine which order the mail is to be delivered, though any item, larger than the standard letter, is sorted by hand and follows the same process that the other letters do.

The mail then begins its outward journey to the different delivery offices all over the country. Mail for different areas, is loaded onto waggons, which will drop off at various delivery offices in any one area.

Once at the delivery office, the post is unloaded. The boxed and labelled bundles of letters are then taken to the appropriate 'postal round' set out on a '*frame*'. A *frame* is where each address on the '*round*' has its own slot in the order that the post is delivered.

This is where I come in.

I receive the standard letters and cards and put each one in its own slot. I then ensure the oversized letters and cards-which come to me unsorted, but all within 'the round'- are found and place them in their own slot.

I also receive parcels that have had a similar journey to that of the letters. These have been sorted at the delivery office by hand by the post people and are put into trolleys called '*Yorks*'. Each *York* has its own 'round' and I incorporate these parcels into my delivery. I then place all the mail and parcels into mail bags. ( *Too large* parcels go straight in the van and are delivered from the van).

My round is split up into '*Loops*'. A loop area may consist of 3-4 roads. I make up a number (or sets) of loops of mailbags for delivery to cover the possible 3-4 roads within the loop area, each time the same. I therefore make up the mail bags to cover each 'Loop', load up my van and drive to my first set of 'loops' and start my delivery. I am usually out for about four to five hours delivering.

So next time you see a postie, or get mail through your letterbox, just think of the heck of a journey it's had to get to you!

Yours

*Anne Wint- Rookie Postlady*

## Infanticide-A Monologue

*A slight out of season treat: Written here in Joyce Grenfell style, Players Member **Ruth Howard**, a one-time primary school teacher-now retired- gives us her own take on the pitfalls of producing a School Nativity Play based personal experience. A post-seasonal Treat*

.....

Now children, I want you all to sit up straight and listen very carefully.

No, **Clive**, I am not going to say this *only once*. I expect I am going to say it lots of times.

Because it's important.

We are going to do a Nativity Play. No- it is not about cowboys and Indians, **Harry**. It is about the Baby Jesus.

Yes, very good **Angela**, he was born in a stable. Yes, and Angels came.

Yes, I know you are called **Angela**. But it doesn't mean you have to be the *Head Angel*.

No it *doesn't*, dear.

**Sue**, you are going to be *Mary*. Here's a lovely blue scarf for you to wear. You don't like blue? Well, I'm afraid we don't have any *wellow*...I mean yellow ones. Nor *turple*...purple. Definitely not a *wed* one, dear. Because Mary always wears blue.

And look, this doll can be the Baby Jesus. No you can't have the black dolly. I know you love the black dolly. But you can't have the.... Well, because....you can't.

**Ian**, you are going to be a shepherd. Yes, well done, a shepherd is a man who looks after sheep.

Why are you crying **Olga**? You're frightened of sheep? There aren't going to be any real sheep. It's just a pretend. Here is your crook, **Ian**.

No, **Imran**, I did not say Ian was a crook. No, he is not a robber. It might say that on television, but a crook is a shepherd's stick. Yes it *is*, dear.

Why are *you* crying, **Vivienne**? Because you want to be a shepherd with your twin brother. Well, girls can't be.....give her this tissue, **Ahmed**. Thank you. *Don't use it, Ahmed*. It's for Viv.....never mind just give it to her.

Yes, **Vivienne**. You can be a ...sweet little shepherdess. Look, here's toy lamb for you to hold. **Olga**, it's a toy, you're not frightened of toys.

Yes, **Salima**, I know it's a toy cat. But Raymond put the lamb down the .....

I don't know why he put it down the lavatory. Yes, **Raymond**, you found out it didn't fit. Anyway it's in the washing machine. No. Vivienne, it won't be covered in *anything*. It's being washed. Thoroughly. I know it's a toy cat, **Mohammed**. Never mind, **Vivienne**. Just *pretend* it's a lamb.

Yes, **Clive**, I'm coming to you. Yes, there were animals in the stable and.....

An elephant? I don't think so, dear. And **Clive**, elephants don't make a noise like that.

It wasn't you? It was Raymond? **Raymond**, please go to the lavatory. Now. And don't forget to wash your hands.

**Clive**, you are going to be.... **Angela**, just wait a minute. Yes it will be your turn next.

**Clive**, you are going to be the dear little donkey that carried Mary. Not now. Put her down this minute. She doesn't want you to carry her, not like that. Mary sat on the back of the little donkey. Get up, **Clive**, and go back to your place.

He's trodden on the lamb?

**Clive**, you are a very good donkey. But can you practice your hee-haws at playtime?

Yes, **Angela**. It's your turn. I *know* you had to wait a long time. No, not an angel. Angels don't sulk. You are going to be the beautiful star shining over the stable.

No, stars don't have wings. They don't. Nor a halo. And put down that magic wand.

I told *everybody* to leave their toys in the classroom. **Angela**, put it down. You'll have somebody's eye out.

**Keith**, stop making that noise, please. No. Clive is the donkey. No, there weren't two donkeys. Because I know. **Keith**, you can be a cow. Yes, there was a cow.

Now **Veronica**, you have a big voice. **Clive** and **Keith**, no noise until playtime. You can practice then. **Veronica**, you are going to be the Innkeeper.

All you have to do dear, is when Joseph and Mary knock on the door, you tell them there is no room at the inn. Yes, I know it's not fair. But you are going to give them a nice stable to sleep in. The animals won't mind. Yes, I know mummy is a Social Worker. Yes, I'm sure if you tell mummy she'll get the council to rehouse them. And some benefits, as well.

Is Raymond back yet?

**Earl**, you are going to be the angel. Yes, boys can be angels. Yes, they can. Because God said so.

Alright, then, **Earl**, you don't have to be an angel. You can be Joseph. What does he do? Well, he.....erm...he stands by Mary looking very proud. Not *quite* like that, in fact. We'll work on it later.

**Annette**, you are going to be an angel. Yes, Mary can be an angel too. And Sarah.

Why can't Sarah be an angel? I'm sure she *will* ask you to her birthday party.

And angels don't pick their....thank you. Go and wash your hands, **Sarah**.

Now three kings. Peter, Wayne, and Jody. You carry these presents to the Baby Jesus. No, he won't get a new bike. Yes, I see, **Wayne**, you are going to get one for Christmas. You know because you saw it in your mum's wardrobe?

Oh. No, no, class, we'll talk about presents another day.

The presents for Baby Jesus are gold, frankincense and myrrh. So you, **Peter, Wayne and Jody** will carry these boxes.

Gold is money.

Frankincense is....**Keith**, stop frightening Vivienne. It is frankincense, not Frankenstein. Myrrh and frankincense are spices. No, not the Spice Girls.

Stop singing, **Angela**. No, I don't want to know what you really, really want.

**Peter**, what is going on over there? Wayne's opened the present?

No it's not real gold. Yes it's just screwed-up newspaper. It a *pretend* present. Now you've made Jody cry.

Yes, she *will* get proper presents at Christmas, **Earl**.

I wonder where Raymond has got to?

Now what's the matter, **Sue**? Baby Jesus' head has come off?

**Clive and Keith**, I am going to get very cross if you don't stop mooing and heehawing *this minute*.

Oh, that's the bell. We'll try practising again after playtime.

**Does anyone know where Raymond has got to?**

### **Pennings from Middleton Manor**

Four months since the last Players Matters!!!

It's been a funny old time since then for all of us, but here we are hurtling {hopefully} to a time when we can meet up with friends and family again. Our scientists and indeed our thousands of volunteers who agreed to be "guinea pigs", have done the impossible, creating a vaccine in 10 months that would normally take 10 years. If you were one of the volunteers, then a huge THANK YOU.

Well now what have I been doing during the last 4 months. A months holiday in Mallorca, several parties, family gatherings, sessions at the gym, and telling porkies!!!!

Dream on for a time when all the above come to pass. In the middle of the October half term my daughter-in-law succumbed to COVID-19 having contracted it from her Aunty who in turn caught it from a teacher and a parent at school. Thus, the holiday was extended and thankfully all recovered very well. The surprising thing was that my son had three negative test results. We put it down to his being a COVID-19 Ninja {or the cold showers he had which boosted his immune system}. Status quo was resumed a week after half term.

After almost two years of waiting for my eye surgery it finally took place on December 3<sup>rd</sup>, Huge success so far, though still having to take two-hourly meds. Just before the Op I bumped into Judy {can you socially distance a bump?} We began a simple conversation, which rapidly turned into the two of us laughing uproariously when I suggested that I would like a pirate with face mask and eye shield, and perhaps the hospital would provide me with a parrot. I did ask but they were all out of parrots!!!! It was great though, to laugh at something so silly and I'm sure we both felt better for it.

Christmas Eve until boxing day saw me in Wilmslow at my son's. Had a ball.

Christmas morning began at about 6.30a.m. with whoops and yells from a 5-year-old and a 3-year-old. It was lovely. New bikes each so late morning into early afternoon we were all outside. The family next door was out, their daughter had a remote-control car. Kids having fun and just as the sun was going down out came the Champagne!!!! A Christmas meal was enjoyed by myself and family.

NY Resolution was not to make any, that way there was no danger of my breaking them.

Dog-walking, cleaning, repairing and using my exercise bike have been the norm ever since. I've noticed the appearance of green shoots, in particular, my pot of narcissus--- don't they know it's so bitterly cold. However, it perhaps heralds the Spring and I can begin to think about gardening---- only "thinking" you notice. Well, that's me for now. Stay safe everyone

Val Middleton-Egan

### CORNY CORNER – A TRIO OF Skewed Definitions

*Privilege* = Windowsill of an outside toilet

*Lasso* = What was that girl's name again?

*Bespoke* = Buzz words

### Judy's Yummy Easy Flapjack Recipe



5oz. Butter

3oz. Demerara Sugar

1 Tablespoon Golden Syrup

8oz. Porridge Oats

Pinch of Salt

Squeeze of lemon (if you have one cut!)

Optional Extras – Chopped dried Apricots/Cranberries (how many you decide)

In a saucepan melt butter, sugar, golden syrup together and turn then **off** the heat  
Add porridge oats, salt, lemon juice and if you are adding 'optional extras' do so also  
at this point

Put the mixture into a greaseproof lined baking tin – mine is 8 x 11 ins

Press well down and pop into the oven for 20/25mins at 325/350 degrees

Cut and slice when cool and enjoy with your afternoon cup of tea!!

One of the recipes I inherited from my Mum and a firm favourite with the family and of my son-in law, Ralph especially

*Judy Rodwell*

### For the Love of Scrubs and More.....

*(An article written for the WI in the Autumn but even more appropriate now-from Sandra Rycroft)*

After returning from Australia last year and during the lockdown, I was scrolling through my Facebook page and spotted a post that was of great interest to me. A Facebook group had been formed called '*For the love of scrubs*' and had over 50,000 members nationally with more than 800 people in Stockport.

They had put a shout out for sewers to help them. Reading on, the group were looking for people to sew scrubs bags for the NHs workers. These bags would enable the workers to put their uniforms, at the end of their shifts, straight in to a scrub bag and then straight in to their washing machine thus minimising any further risk to themselves.

I have made over sixty of these bags and have donated them to St Ann's Hospice, Cheadle Medical Practice and Cheadle Hulme Medical Centre.

The other items needed by the workers were scrub tops and trousers so I offered to make these. The group had been given huge amounts of fabric from local businesses and this was distributed to the sewers. Other fabric used was cotton bed sheets and duvet covers.

I am not a confident sewer and although the first set of scrubs seem to take forever to make, I was really chuffed with what I had achieved.

My other love is knitting so putting my knitting needles to good use, I have knitted over one hundred chocolate orange covers at Christmas. These were given to St Ann's Hospice and Morrisons to raise much need funds for their charities. I have knitted countless ear savers. These help protect nurses/doctors ears when they are wearing face masks all day.

So on Boxing Day and after sorting through my wool stash, I am now making knitted chick covers for cream eggs.

What is they say ..... KEEEEEEP KNITTING!





SHAKESPEARE MADE FIT by Ian Pearson.

**WARNING-** *This offering is not about Bill's exercise regime during the Great Plague lockdown of 1603. It is far less interesting.*

A few weeks ago I watched a recording of "Twelfth Night" from the National Theatre on *Sky Arts*.

In modern dress and on a non- realistic, revolving stage, this production featured both a female *Malvolio* and a female *Feste*. Even worse, as far as I was concerned, the 17th Century Music was ditched in favour of some bad jazz. On the plus side, I did think the acting was overall, very good.

This liberty-taking with the Bard is however, by no means new. It started much, much earlier, after the restoration of the Monarchy, when the theatres were reopened after 18 years of inactivity. Yes *18 years*, and you thought that the Pandemic blackout was dragging on!

Restoration audiences found that Shakespeare was not always entirely to their taste. As with so much else, Samuel Pepys provides the best source of opinion. During the 9 years he meticulously kept his diary, he attended at least 350 performances. The only Shakespeare he liked unconditionally, was "Macbeth", which he saw several times and found "*a most excellent play in all respects*" as opposed to "Othello" which was "*a mean thing*".

He was particularly vituperative about "A Midsummer Night's Dream" which he called "*the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life. There was, I confess, some good dancing and some handsome women, but that was all my pleasure.*"

As if to prove that Pepys had his finger on the pulse, an adaption entitled "The Fairy Queen" with added musical interludes and dances by *Henry Purcell* (so at least the music was good) was produced.

The most popular play during the Restoration period was "The Tempest" except it wasn't.

Partially rewritten by *John Dryden* and *William Davenant* and provided with extensive musical numbers by *Purcell and others*. "**The Enchanted Isle**" features several extra characters including **Dorinda** ( a sister for *Miranda*), **Hippolito** ( a companion for *Ferdinand* and a romantic interest for *Dorinda*), **Sycorax** ( a sister for *Caliban* and a joke lover for *Trincalo*). Thus providing three love affairs for the price of one. Plus more women and dancing for Samuel Pepys.

The most surprising and longest lasting adaption was to "King Lear" which is, as everyone knows, a tragedy. Well *Yes and No*....In 1681 poet Nahum Tate set about adapting what he described as "*a heap of jewels, unstrung and unpolished*". Rather than add characters he cut. So *No Fool* and *No King of France*. A relationship between Cordelia and Edgar is established early. The disguised *Kent* is Lears's only companion in his wanderings.

Tate tries to keep as much of Shakespeare's original text as is possible with the plot changes. However this results in a very long play with frequent oscillations between the *sublime* and the *ridiculous*. **Cordelia and Lear** do not die and in the **clunkiest** of *happy endings*, Cordelia marries **Edgar** and they rule together. Amazingly Tate's version was the one performed for over 100 years until the Romantics reverted to the original as more satisfying. *I kid you not.*

Editor's Note

*Those interested in the Bard might like to use i-Player to catch up on a programme recorded on Radio 4 (17<sup>th</sup> January 1.30 pm)*

Entitled **A Plague on All Our Houses**, Greg Doran, *Director of the Royal Shakespeare Company*, backs up his view that the various plague outbreaks during Shakespeare's lifetime must have affected his writing based on the current pandemic and highlights lines certain of his plays.

.....  
*You gotta see the funny side!*

Life can be irritating sometimes but I've learned to see the funny side- Indeed some of my little mishaps would make perfect comedy sketch or cartoon and can awake a sense of Schadenfreude in any audience, not least in the under-fives.

I found this out when recounting how I ended up with a pink soggy sock having squashed an errant raspberry underfoot when I went walking, to my normally reticent granddaughter on the phone in Australia.

I simply explained I must have missed picking it up when the punnet slipped out of my hands as I put it away in the fridge and accused it of hiding inside my nearby boot and craftily lying in wait for me to unsuspectingly put it on.

*Well*-this tale obviously touched the imagination and was enough to send the 5 year old and her 3 year old brother into loud fits of laughter.

Similarly the tale of my many attempts to retrieve a small piece of toast which had become stubbornly wedged in the grill at the bottom of the toaster and refused to be dislodged despite using every means imaginable-a skewer, bread knife, spoon, tongs - to dislodge it, until finally it decided cooperate and shot out across the kitchen- was met with equal delight. They went on repeating the story to each other ad infinitum and adding their own embellishment.

I'm dreading next week's What's App video call, I fear *Silly Grandma* -as I am now dubbed- may have set a precedent.

*Phew! Saved.* The family had been to see an open-air production of *Robin Hood* that week so there was plenty to talk about.

Oh to be in Covid-free Australia now that Summer's there!

### All Round Greetings

For want of any specific information, **Best wishes** to all those Members and friends who have been or are still unwell, a speedy recovery.

*A special mention to Pam Lambert and family who experienced a very worrying time and harrowing radiotherapy treatment last year and after positive news is now on the upward path.*

We wish **all the best** to those younger elements of Players Families as they cope with the continuation of their education and work and who can't have found this year easy.

**Well done** to Cassie Burns on attaining her objective and successfully obtaining a job with Social Services in Sheffield where she now lives with boyfriend Dan.

Belated Happy Birthday to all those whose birthdays were in the intervening months since the last Newsletter, ie. August 2020.

A general **Happy Birthday** greeting to those who will soon be celebrating their 2<sup>nd</sup> Birthday under Covid.

.....  
**Resigned**-Barbara Harris.

Last and not least, Our very best wishes to Barbara whose support and drive will be very much missed.

.....  
Having a positive outlook by Bernie Heanue

Belonging to a *What's App* group over the last year, set up by friends from *Players* has meant a feeling of mutual support and connection. I have found reading the exchange of comments, jokes, shared experiences, routines and watching little videos sent so uplifting.

A reduction in my working hours gave me more time to think and sometimes dwell on the negatives. The loss of a good friend and terminally ill relation, made me feel very down, but a phone call from a member (*Geraldine*) helped me realise that I had much to be grateful for and reminded me of the positives in my life.

Not least the good health that I have in addition to the fact that I still have that daily routine of going to work- though my job is reduced- unlike some who have been unable to leave their homes for weeks on end.

It makes all the difference to have someone to lend a friendly ear and try and understand what you are going through.

On the plus side, I have acquired new skills and hobbies.

I have wallpapered and painted my old *retro* wardrobe. I have also learned how to use an electric sander-I always wear my safety goggles.

All thanks to tips and advice from a good friend who even made and presented me with my very own toolbox!

This time has been a real eye opener for me, both at work and at home and the slower pace of life has made me appreciate things which passed unnoticed before. I have enjoyed leisurely walks in sunshine and equally, perhaps faster-paced ones in the cold weather. People too, seem to engage more willingly in friendly and even more polite exchanges when you are lucky enough to get out.

I've also been able to catch up with friends on the phone who are normally too busy to really talk.

Best of all was a poignant phone call at Christmastime, from a lady in New York, whom I had befriended as a kind of *pen pal*.

She was brought up my current house and treasures the memory of growing up here as a child in the 1940s-50s before getting married and relocating to America. I was very moved to receive a card from her daughter thanking me and saying how it had cheered her mother up.

Oh yes and finally, I managed to secure my mortgage on the 29th of June 2020 which I honestly thought would **not** happen with the Covid situation.

So there were definitely some upsides to 2020 for me!

## DANGER AHEAD...MAYBE – By David Burns

In these COVID times we all, perhaps, have our preoccupations with the matter of risk, and my own thoughts were brought into focus on the subject during a recent lockdown walk.

It was a very cold day and I happened to pass the duck pond on Gill Lane. At least I believe it is called Gill Lane: it is the lane which runs from Stanley Green, under the A34 and eventually down to Bruntwood.

There was quite thick ice on the pond, and it reminded me of an incident a few years ago when I was taking the same walk on an even colder day. As I approached the pond, I could hear shouts of alarm. A young girl –no more than 4 or 5 years old – had moved out into the middle of the ice covering the pond. Those watching stood with bated breath as she slowly crossed the ice and eventually stepped on to land, much to our great relief. Why she stepped out on to the ice, I do not know: perhaps a dare, or to retrieve a ball, or simply to see what might happen. In a sense, it was all- the-more alarming because it was a girl who stepped out: you might expect this kind of prank from a lad, but girls usually play dangerous games of a less physical sort – or maybe I am demonstrating just how much I am out of date.

However, it further reminded me of some of the games we used to play when I was a lad in the 1950's – one of which involved a frozen pond of sorts.

Behind a friend's house, there was an expanse of fields, crossed by a railway track. Beyond the fields, there was what would be called today, a water treatment plant. We just called it the sewage works. The area was quite open from the fields side and to us it was a sort of playground.

Those of a nervous disposition might want to look away now.

There were circular brick structures with a revolving metal pipe framework, pumping water out over what looked like a bed of large pebbles – rather like a giant revolving watering can. It was easy to scramble up the side onto the bed and jump over the 'watering can' as it revolved. We were sometimes chased off, but for the most part no-one troubled us. Apart from getting our shoes wet and trailing a nasty smell all the way home, we came to no harm.

There were also huge settlement beds – pools, foetid and ripe in the summer, but, in the winter - which is what triggered the memory - the beds would sometimes freeze over, and we would play our own version of ice hockey.

Best of all was one season when a surplus of outfall slurry, which usually goes for agricultural muck-spreading, was dumped in huge mounds on the open fields. As this stuff dried, it formed a surface crust which fractured over time into a sort of giant slate-grey jigsaw puzzle.

It was irresistible: how far can I plod up the mound towards the summit, from jigsaw to jigsaw, even though each piece is sinking further down into the morass at each step? Inevitably one lad took a step too far. We retrieved him, but his wellies were never seen again.

*Perhaps on some farm in a forgotten corner of the Black Country, a wellie tree is thriving. We blithely called this game swag-walking, but the wellie incident taught us*

that swag-walking was potentially lethal. It may have taken a few near misses, but we usually recognised dangerous situations in the end.

I worry that in these days of much greater protection of children that they may lose the ability to see danger in places where they are not protected: a perception that if they are not prevented from doing something, then it must be safe. Then I suppose boys, at least, will always be boys.

*Ed : Inspired by David's memories of his derring-do as a youngster, reminded me of this link with the past I made only recently:*

*I bought some grapes from Lidl recently and the label of origin - Limpopo, South Africa. immediately took me back to of reading The Elephants Child from Rudyard Kipling's -Just So Stories when I was young.*

So you think you know who YOU are?

What about this for the ultimate surprise Christmas present.

This year I got a **DNA kit** from my youngest son. I just need to take a swab-ie a sample of my DNA and send it off to set things in motion in order to learn about my ancestors. Not done it yet but will be intrigued to find out when I do.

Help relieve the Monotony and Join in the Players Online Quiz

The first Players Quiz was held successfully on Zoom last night (Saturday 30<sup>th</sup> January) and was won by Margaret Williams. **There will be another in February and please watch out for the invite to participate.**

 M 220 EXERCISE AT HOME	 M 220 JOGGING IN THE PARK	 M 200 TOILET	 M 260 BEDROOM	 M 260 SPARE BEDROOM	 M 150 HAND SANITISER COMPANY GIVE	 M 280 BOX ROOM	 GO BACK HOME								
M 200 BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS	M 180 MIDDLE OF THE STAIRS	 M 180 TOP OF THE STAIRS	 M 200 TOILET	 M 160 KITCHEN FREEZER	 M 140 KITCHEN FRIDGE	 M 150 BROADBAND COMPANY	 M 100 KITCHEN SINK	M 300 GARDEN	M 300 PATIO	 M 320 SHED	 M 200 TOILET	 DON'T TAKE CHANCES	 M 350 SELF LOVE	 LUXURY TAX PAY M 80%	 M 400 SEX
 VISITING	LOUNGE WINDOW M 120	LOUNGE ARMCHAIR M 100	 DON'T TAKE CHANCES	LOUNGE SOFA M 100	 M 200 TOILET	FURLOUGH PAYMENT M 80%	CUPBOARD UNDER THE STAIRS M 60	 COMMUNITY SHOPPER	HALLWAY M 60	 DO NOT GO OUTSIDE					

(Friday Night 29<sup>th</sup> January) News just in.....

Someone in my bubble. News that spells me trouble.  
News that I've been dreading. That Covid is still spreading  
Confirming the fact of my recent contact  
*With someone with the virus.*

It's been over a week since I've seen her, seven days since she's been here  
Since they came to visit, but her news was explicit.  
In short I learned, it was most likely caught, from Leeds, in court.  
Part of her job's defending those found to be offending.

As a lawyer she faces a backlog of cases,  
From sentences minimal to any devious criminal  
But whilst she continues to do her *stuff*  
One of her *clients* has been kind enough- to pass it on

*Covid that is-It's the gift that keeps on giving*

And now she's tested- **Positive**  
I have the news, that I must live  
At home.  
*Confined. It's a bind-* and I admit I hate it  
Not that I ever ventured far beyond my gate-  
It forces me to compromise and briefly devise  
Another way to exercise.  
Perhaps round and round my garden like Major Tom  
But it's only 7m wide and about the same long!

Editor's Comment. *PS-The above reaction to my first real taste of total lockdown was added very much last minute.* Apologies from your Editor if you found it overlong and its content lacking in variety in its content this time. But my heartfelt thanks to the select few members who helped me by contributing their thoughts and articles to this issue. Sadly some were missing.

The objective was to make this issue, hopefully, represent giving a *virtual hug* to the members and form a *Stand-in* for that get-together in the Playhouse bar for a natter and catch-up. It's been 4 long months since the last issue.

I am not even going to hazard a guess as to when the next Newsletter will be. It could be some months. However jot down anything of interest on the back of an envelope for handy reference for the next time I come calling.

We are fast approaching the Covid anniversary and let's hope we can celebrate coming out of it before that happens. Hold on in there!

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