

## Preface

2020. So far, it has undeniably been an epic shit show. An epic shit show, we would no doubt not have survived without the real life superheroes of our NHS. We thank you!

However, when a 31-year-old man-child is confined to the four walls of his own home, shenanigans follow. Boredom and a short attention span are a terrible combination, but it seems that people have enjoyed following this slow descent into madness. With this in mind, what started as a series of social media posts have made their way between the covers of a real, grown up book!

You may be asking, why is Day 10 the first entry? Well, that is because, (like most people), I was able to hold it together and keep out of mischief until then. But alas, it couldn't last!

It is probably worth mentioning, a few names that appear in the following pages:

Sarah – my long suffering and wonderful partner in crime, who without her patience and love, none of this would have been possible.

Trixie – Jack Russell. Sleepy. Bit grumpy. Loves her food.

Mojo – naughty fur baby. A bit furry and extremely simple, much like myself.

Frank – beautiful fur baby, crusty old man.

Pacino – chubby fur baby. Lady of the manor. Bit grumpy and a bit chunky.

Beryl – tiny fur baby. Full of mischief, but tiny enough to get away with it.

Arthur – everyone's favourite overworked paramedic. Long overdue for a holiday.

What started as a bit of fun has developed quite the following, and the long-suffering Arthur has gained a fan base of his own too!

Thank you for keeping me company on this wild ride!

As the world slowly returns to normal, stay safe out there boys and girls!



## Day 10

Sarah referred to Trinny and Susannah as "TRANNY and Susannah".

I laughed.

Far too much.

My mind is beginning to unravel.

Me and Sarah played hide and seek.

Learned that hide and seek in a flat made entirely of 5 rooms is shit.

Might turn the couch into a fort later.

So far seen 7 adverts for incontinence/constipation/erectile dysfunction.

Held the iPad to my ear like a really big phone and pretended I'd shrunk to the size of The Borrowers.

Need more coffee.

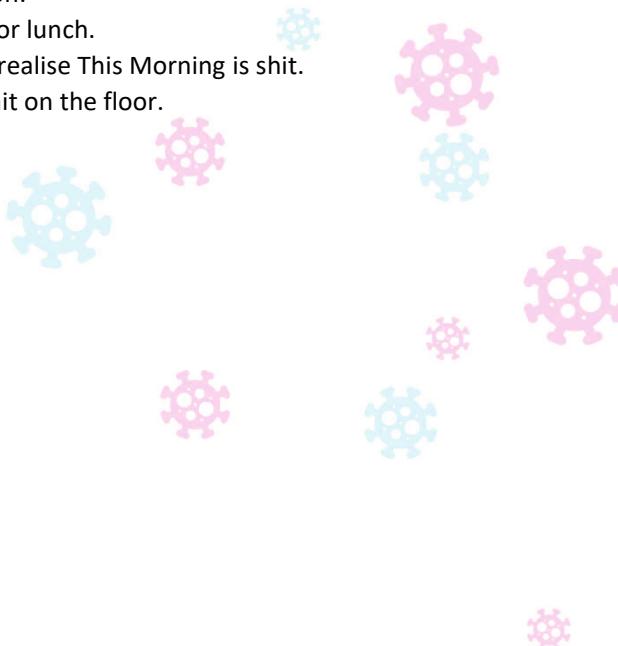
Alternating between hysterical laughter, insane cabin fever and crippling depression.

Bog roll for lunch.

Come to realise This Morning is shit.

Pacino shit on the floor.

I give up.



## Day 11

Planted an empty bog roll tube, but it's not grown into a 12 pack yet.

Leapt off the couch

Discovered I actually cannot fly.

Think I've broken my foot.

Cat looks horrified.

Sarah shook her head and left me on the floor.

Eaten all our lockdown supplies.

Feel a right fat bastard now.

We'll probably starve to death now.

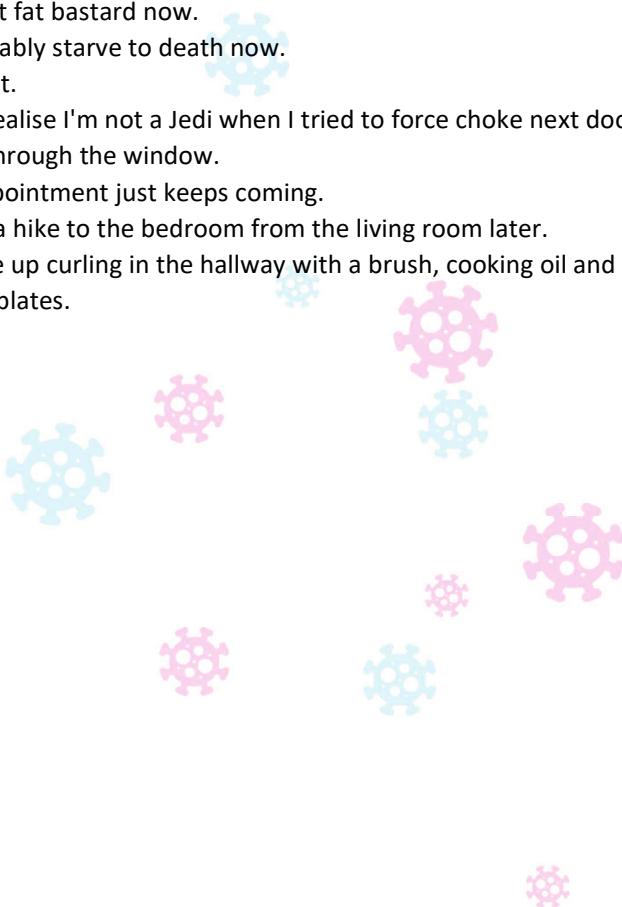
All my fault.

Came to realise I'm not a Jedi when I tried to force choke next doors little mutants through the window.

The disappointment just keeps coming.

Going for a hike to the bedroom from the living room later.

Might take up curling in the hallway with a brush, cooking oil and individual dumbbell plates.



## Day 12

Couldn't sleep owing to having a twat of a cat (some things never change, isolation or not)

Removed all the labels from every tin in the cupboard.

Replaced labels on different tins.

Sitting back for jolly quarantine fun to arise.

Probably more funny if there was more unsuspecting people in the house, but as it's just me and Sarah, it will probably serve to just piss her off.

Looked out of the window.

Picked a lovely spot to be buried when she finds out.

Watched video of Bradley Walsh firing grapes out of a pillow like a cannon.

Attempted to replicate.

We have no grapes.

Replaced grapes with eggs.

Wall is a right mess.

Picked hymns for my impending funeral.

Upped the ante.

Replaced egg with 10kg kettlebell.

Broke window.

Wondered how Sarah puts up with me.

Chose flowers for burial site.

Replaced cereal in box with cat litter.

Got back in bed wearing best funeral suit.

## Day 13

We're out of biscuits.

I've given up.

My figure will probably thank me later.

Lockdown has upgraded my love handles to love levers.

Taken up cosplay.

Started by washing my hands so much there is no skin left on them.

Used bony hand to pretend I'm Skeletor.

Made myself laugh.

Nobody else thought it was funny.

Debated going to hospital with skinless hand.

Realised they probably have more important things going on right now than my stupidity.

Went for a snack to distract myself.

Remembered we've got no biscuits.

Cried.

Counted tiles on bathroom floor.

There's 29.

Threatened to sell Mojo.

He laughed.

Boredom set in.

Took tv apart.

Can't put it back together.

Faced the prospect of lockdown without tv or Playstation.

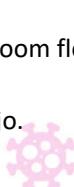
Cried again.

Decided to comfort eat.

WE'VE STILL GOT NO BLOODY BISCUITS!!

Cried again.

Send help!!



## Day 14

Eemptied all the herbs and spices into a bowl and created one big super spice.  
Sarah doesn't look happy at the prospect of turmer-cumi-basi-bay-leaf powder,  
but it smells great.

Discovered if you have an itch, do not put scissors up your nose to reach it.

Mopped up blood.

Threw away blood-soaked tea towels.

Put white bin bag over head.

Pretended to be a ghost.

Tied too tightly.

Passed out.

Woke up in heap on kitchen floor.

Started a load of washing.

Washed everything together to save time.

All our clothes are now pink.

Everything matches.

Put on pink clothes.

Jumped around kitchen.

Pretended to be a marshmallow.

Was less fun than anticipated.

Put oven gloves over head.

Pretended to be cocker spaniel instead.

Pissed up couch.

I'm now spending the rest of the quarantine in the bin store...



## Day 15

Woke Sarah up for breakfast this morning.

Apparently running through the room with a hairdryer yelling "PYEW PYEW!!"  
whilst pretending to be a stormtrooper isn't funny.

Superglued a random drawer shut for a laugh.

Put bread under grill to toast.

Took a picture of my bare arse.

Printed 100 copies.

Covered office walls with them.

Laughed.

Sarah saw them.

She didn't laugh.

Used 4 letter words indicating I take them down.

Quickly.

Looked for spatula to scrape them off.

It's in the drawer I glued shut.

Swore.

Loudly.

Checked on toast.

Grill not switched on.

Swore some more.

Took Sarah 2 slices of untoasted bread.

She laughed.

I didn't laugh.

Sarah came to use hairdryer.

Fuse has gone.

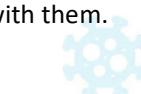
Went to fetch replacement fuse.

This too is in the same sodding drawer!!

Swore even more.

Karma hates me today.

I give up.



## Day 16

Tried the isolation TV guide today.

9am - PE with Joe Wicks.

Gasped.

Panted.

Heart racing.

Sweat buckets.

Shook.

Then actually turned the telly on.

Fuck. That. Shit.

He's too excitable and far too fucking loud.

Especially for that early in the morning.

Prick.

Collapsed in a heap.

Sarah hoovered round me.

11am - Science with Maddie Moate.

Pen and paper ready.

Dead excited at learning how to make a nuclear bomb.

Deeply disappointed when it was dropping fucking softmints in a bottle of coke.

11:30 - Dance with Oti Mabuse.

Fuck off.

I'm not over Joe Wicks yet.

Bastard.

Saw a link to a website for maths with Carol Vorderman.

Eyes lit up.

Thought it was Countdown.

It wasn't Countdown.

Didn't realise Richard Whiteley had stopped presenting.

Rushed in and told Sarah.

She told me to get a grip, he's been dead 14 years.

I'm devastated.

Needless to say, it might be a great way to entertain your kids, but I'm not doing it again tomorrow.

Ate bodyweight in cheese.

Fuck Joe Wicks.

Again.

## Day 17

Got sick of being woken up by the cat.  
Stuffed ears with cotton wool before bed.  
Went to sleep.  
Nailed it.  
Woke up.  
Thought I'd gone deaf.

Shit myself.

Literally.

Changed bed.

Saw Facebook posts about people painting rainbows in their windows.

Gave it a try.

Drew a big cock on the wall in wipe off pen

Wasn't a wipe off pen

We now have a cock on the wall in black Sharpie

Sarah (understandably) went mad

Scrubbed it off

Removed Sharpie cock

Also took 3ft of paint off the wall

Discovered the door stopper twangs when you pull it back and let go.

Did this for an hour and a half.

Sarah was (again justifiably) less than impressed.

She threw a book at me.

Hit me in the face.

4 hrs later...

Woke up with a bloody nose.

Wrapped tea towel round head.

Pretended to be a pirate for a bit.

Yelled "Avast matey!!" at Sarah every time she entered a room.

She stopped finding it funny pretty quickly.

Got bored.

Coated the sides of the bath with butter.

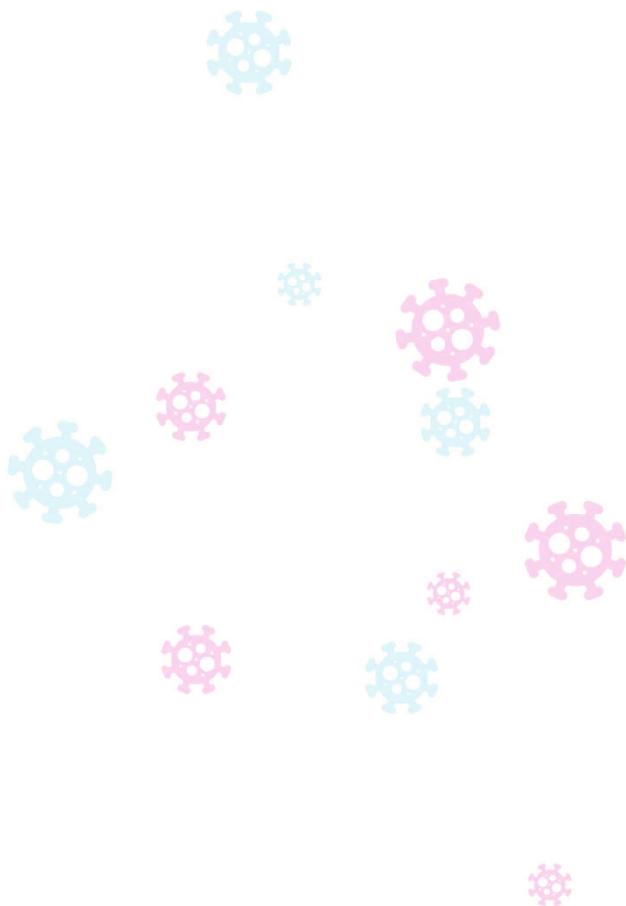
Sarah went for a shower.

Heard a crash.

Saw life flash before eyes.

Wasn't Sarah.

Mojo ran off looking dazed and confused.  
Sarah was laughing.  
A lot.  
Mojo hissed at me.  
I'm sleeping with one eye open tonight....



## Day 18

Cabin fever set in.

Desperate for some fresh air.

Opened the window a little bit, but not enough for the idiotic cat to escape through.

Put my head through like a dog on a car ride.

Got head stuck.

Yelled for Sarah.

She appeared.

Took photo.

Left me there.



2 hrs later...

Freed myself.

Wondered how dragons blow out birthday candles.

Decided to play Avengers for a bit.

Pretended to be Thor.

Sarah told me off for running round the flat with a hammer screaming “ODIN!!”

LOKI!! VALHALLA!!”

Went round the house and set clocks back by 3 hours.

We are now 3 hours late for...fuck all.

Turned the kitchen bin into a Dalek.

Apparently pushing it round the kitchen screaming “EXTERMINATE!!” is not only really annoying, but terrifies the cat too.

Watched a YouTube video about microwaving a ball of tin foil to make it completely smooth.

Did not realise it was a parody.

Reports of a small explosion in the Winnington Village area are greatly exaggerated.

Spelled out rude words in condensation on the mirror.

Watered fake flowers.

Sat on floor by letterbox.

Waited for postman.

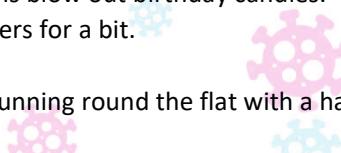
Barked when he posted letters.

Heard loud swearing from the other side.

Stood up and waved.

Can't lip read.

Think I made out the words “stupid hunt”.

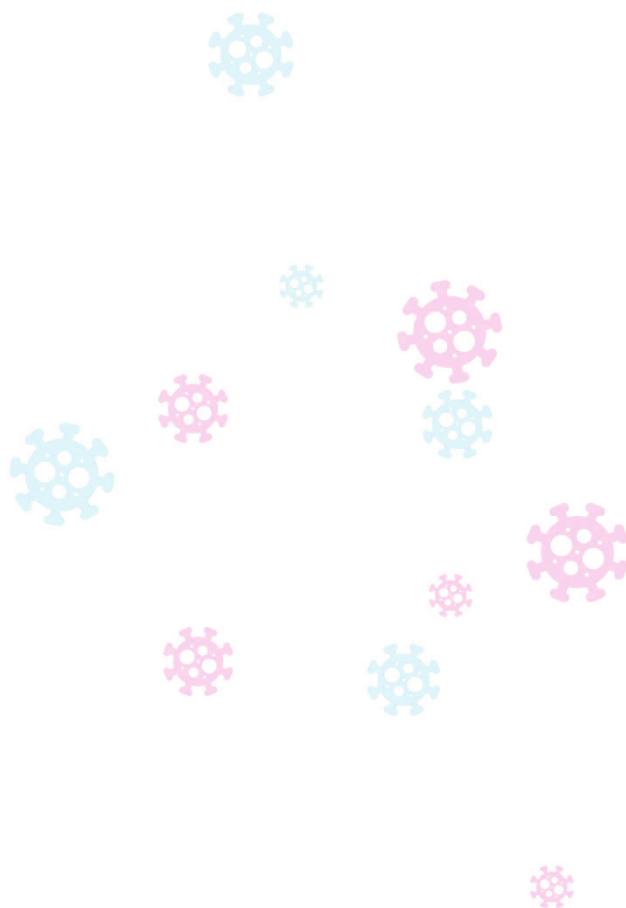


Laughed.

Sarah rolled her eyes.

Mumbled something that looked like “cupid’s punt”.

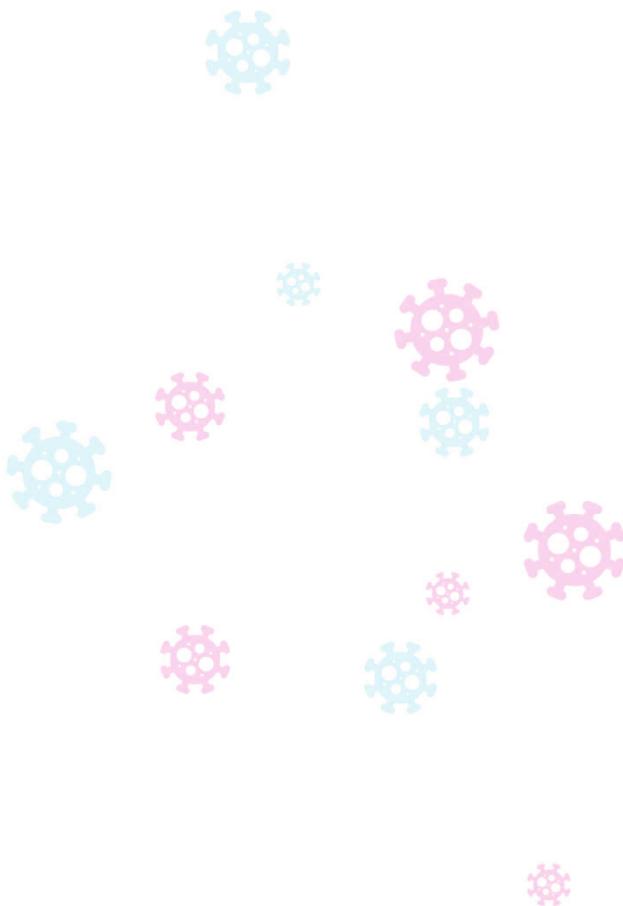
Roll on tomorrow...



## Day 19

Learned a valuable lesson today.  
Don't make coffee while tired.  
Or, if you do, pay attention to what you're grabbing.  
Replacing milk with Lenor put a royal shitter on my morning.  
Fairly sure my fridge has facial recognition.  
Every time I walk past it swings open.  
Can almost hear it saying, "What now fatty?"  
Being responsible.  
Using opened food up before starting something else.  
Ended up with a mustard sandwich.  
Took up drums with pots and pans.  
Not sure if Sarah approves.  
She's sat in the bedroom crying.  
Incidentally, this started about 5 minutes after I started playing.  
Looked up "How to play drums with utensils" on YouTube.  
Watched video.  
Watched recommended video.  
And another.  
And another.  
6 hours later and I'm sat here watching the Peppa Pig and Scooby Doo  
backyard boxing final while eating what can only be described as a Ready  
Steady Cook meal made of an egg, pasta, tartare sauce, 2 ice cubes and a flip-flop.  
Mojo got in a cardboard box.  
Saw an opportunity for some peace.  
Sellotaped it shut.  
20 minutes later, and he still hadn't actually noticed.  
Gave this new practical joke of standing in front of the fridge with your jacket  
on backwards a try.  
Didn't realise Sarah was aware of said practical joke too.  
She deliberately walked past me.  
Lots.  
Epic fail.  
Left me stood there like a twat.  
Cooking tea.  
Sarah asked what we were having.  
I said duck.  
She didn't.

I threw a cottage pie at her.  
He doesn't have much of a sense of humour lately.  
Probably didn't help that it had just come out of the oven.  
If anyone needs me, I'm hiding under the bed.  
Don't tell her.  
Shhhhh!



## Day 20

Probably need to have a shave.

Lockdown means I look like I've been muff-diving Chewbacca.

Played Buckaroo with the cat.

Simple concept.

Wait for Mojo to be asleep.

Take turns placing Cheerios on him.

Put as many on as possible before he wakes up and kicks them onto the floor.

Sarah currently holds the record with 51.

He hates us today.

Introduced the neighbours to my kind of music.

I say introduced.

Waited until 4am.

Cranked up the volume.

Blasted Slipknot through YouTube.

Sarah woke up not long after.

She looked annoyed about something.

Presumably the cat had been misbehaving or something and that's why she was awake.

Decided to unleash a little creativity.

Thought I'd capture a childhood memory.

Made pictures out of pasta.

Sarah was really pissed off.

Apparently, it needs to be raw pasta.

Not the pasta she had cooked and was halfway through eating.

Descended into full mental breakdown.

Started dressing like Mad Max.

Cut the sleeves off a leather jacket to really get into character.

Sarah was really pissed off.

It was hers.

Painted face with tribal warpaint.

Sarah asked me to put down her mascara and stop calling it tribal warpaint.

Looked in mirror.

Didn't look like Mad Max.

More like a really angry Julian Clary.

Clingfilmed over the toilet seat as a practical joke for next time Beryl tried to drink from the toilet bowl.

Didn't realise Sarah would need a wee before that happened.

Anyone know how to get rid of a black eye?

## Day 21

Refreshed my origami skills.

Made a swan.

Then a paper plane.

Then 879 balls of screwed up paper.

Wrote a children's history book.

About the Kennedy assassination.

"As JFK went on his way, to a dead important place,  
Some fella in a bookstore, shot him in the face.  
It's really bad and sadly, JFK is now dead,  
The people that were passing by, got hit by bits of head!"

Probably not going to take off, but still...

Today's imaginary adventure was being a pirate.

Pulled up the laminate flooring.

Buried a box of odds and ends as treasure.

Sarah hit the roof.

Apparently, we needed the floor intact.

She said lots of words I'd never heard before.

Lots of them rhymed with "duck" and "hunt".

I didn't even know she knew that many words.

Made a nest on the sofa.

Ate bodyweight in biscuits.

Didn't shave beard.

Decided to use Sarah's hair straighteners instead.

Burned my lip.

Screamed like a girl.

Sarah came running in.

Took one look and burst out laughing.

Not sure what set the whole thing off.

The burned lip.

The crying.

The flinging of the straighteners into the wall.

She stopped smiling fairly quickly.

I apparently "owe her a set of GHD's".

Washed up.

I'm in trouble again.

Substituting washing up liquid for a bath bomb doesn't make the same kind of bubbles.

Also, pots and pans "don't need time to relax".

Waited for Sarah to go for a shower.

Covered floor and t-shirt in jam.

Lay on the floor.

Waited.

Sarah screamed.

Loudly.

She wasn't amused.

Neither were the neighbours



Or the ambulance crew.

Some people have no sense of humour.

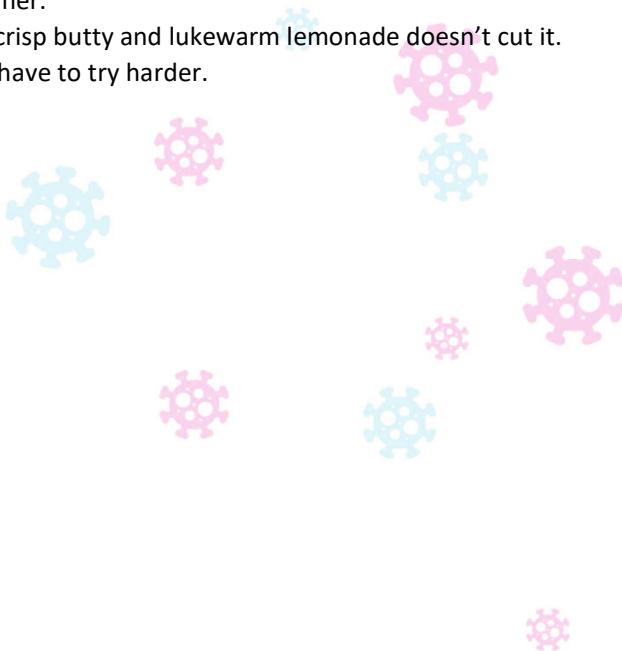
Better behave myself for the rest of the evening.

Tried to apologise.

Made dinner.

Seems a crisp butty and lukewarm lemonade doesn't cut it.

Going to have to try harder.



## Day 22

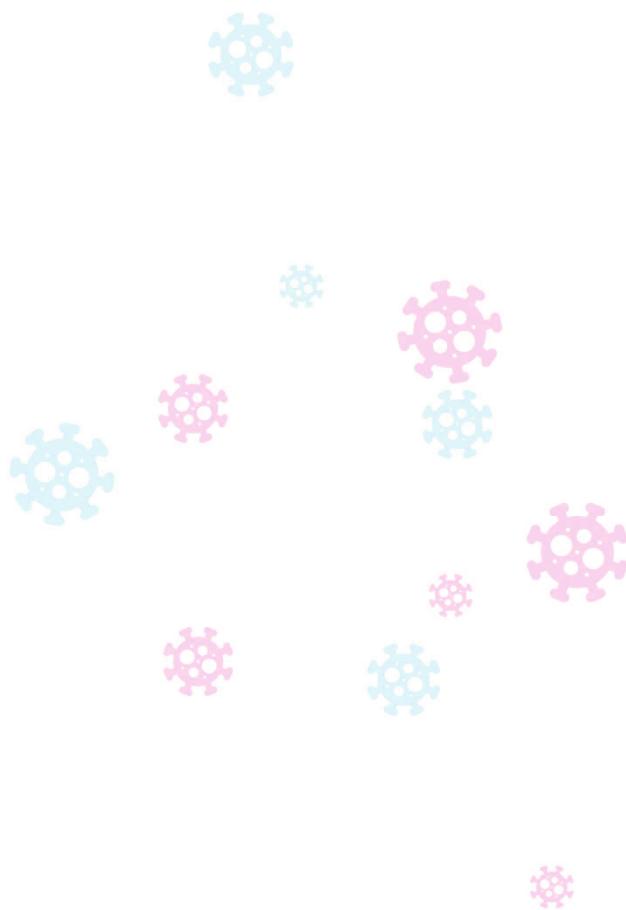
Made a suit of armour out of cardboard.  
Doesn't offer the same protection as the real thing though.  
Ran into the wall to test durability.  
Fairly sure I have concussion.  
DVD's make great frisbees.  
Wanted to play 'Knock-a-door run'.  
Not allowed out of the house.  
Played 'Knock-a-floor run' with the flat upstairs instead.  
They didn't know they were playing.  
After 20 minutes of me thumping on our ceiling, I heard raised voices.  
Couple of minutes later, upstairs front door slammed.  
Then, there was a very grumpy man at our front door.  
Not sure who he was.  
Didn't answer the door.  
Social distancing and all that.  
Soon after he left, upstairs front door slammed again.  
They're so noisy.  
Pretended to be a sniper.  
Aimed BB gun through the letterbox.  
Waited for target.  
Waited ages.  
Nobody went past.  
Got really grumpy.  
Remembered we live in a cul-de-sac during the biggest lockdown in social history.  
Gathered Sarah's teddies.  
Re-enacted the American Civil War.  
General Paw-ge Washington is my favourite.  
Sarah walked in to find me dishing out battle strategies to 15 stuffed animals.  
Think she's a bit worried about me.  
She rolled her eyes, walked off and wittered something about sectioning idiots.  
Don't know who she was talking about.  
Took Senokot and Imodium at the same time to see which would win.  
To get the desired result, had to take quite a lot of each.  
Think I may have taken too many.  
Felt a bit funny.

Woke up to find yesterday's paramedic telling me to "stop ducking about" and that they were "sick of this kickhead's stupid games".

Sarah kept apologising to him.

Not sure what she's done to upset him.

I'll ask her later ...



## Day 23

Decided to scare Sarah when she woke up.  
Got in her wardrobe.  
Intended to burst out and surprise her.  
Was a little enthusiastic.  
Got in at 3am.  
Underestimated how long I would be waiting.  
Fell asleep.

Sarah opened the door, not to a scary surprise, but to a grown man sleeping on the floor of her wardrobe.

Not scary at all.

Epic fail.

While she made coffee, I sellotaped over the shower head.

Theory being it would shoot everywhere and there would be japes galore.

This was not the case.

Covered it too tightly.

Sarah turned the shower on.

Water pressure backed up and blew the shower head off the wall.

Water now pumping into the flat.

Emergency plumber wasn't impressed.

Neither was Sarah.

Or my credit card.

Comfort ate our Easter eggs.

Now I need to replace them before Easter.

Can't go out to replace them because of the bloody lockdown!

I've ruined Easter.

Had a staring contest with Mojo.

He won.

He currently holds the record at 9-1.

Smug shit.

Filled the sink with water.

Threw 50 tea bags in.

Apparently making 60 litres of tea isn't a great time-saving idea.

It's "wasteful and irresponsible".

Especially as neither of us drink tea.

Fuck's sake.

Was only trying to help...

## Day 24

Peeing on the thermometer and running round the flat yelling “I'M PREGNANT!” didn't go down too well.

Rushed in to tell Sarah the great news.

She was on the toilet.

Apparently, this particular joke “could've waited”.

I disagree.

Took the bins out.

Saw the next-door neighbour on the way.

Got chatting.

Found out he was the father of the obnoxious swamp creatures roaming about a few days ago.

Sorry, I meant CHILDREN.

When Bruce Lee throat punched people, it was considered cool.

When I did it to him for having shitty children, I “ruined his birthday”.

Pffft.

Double standard.

Felt a bit guilty.

Called an ambulance.

The paramedics are starting to get a bit shitty with me now.

“Not this trucking fell-end again!”

Pffft.

Grumpy bugger.

Went back into the house.

Sarah had a bowl of Cheerios.

Apparently, throwing in a handful of Gummi Bears and re-enacting the end scene from Titanic wasn't the calm breakfast she had in mind.

I'm “not funny” today.

Pffft.

Felt creative again.

Turned a pack of naan breads into slippers.

Hollowed them out.

Feet in.

Job done.

Sarah is working.

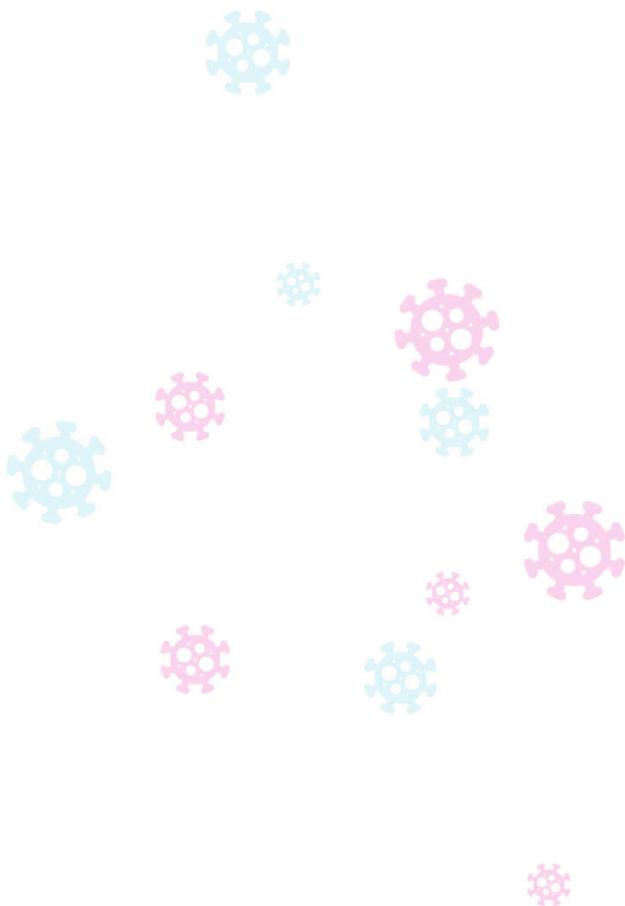
I'm bored.

Crushed up some digestive biscuits.

Hid round the corner.

Blew biscuit powder at her.

Shouted “I grant you 3 wishes!”  
Seems she only has one.  
Involves me and something to do with a “pluck cough”.  
Not too sure what she meant.  
She looks annoyed though.  
Pffft.  
Off to build a den under the bed...



## Day 25

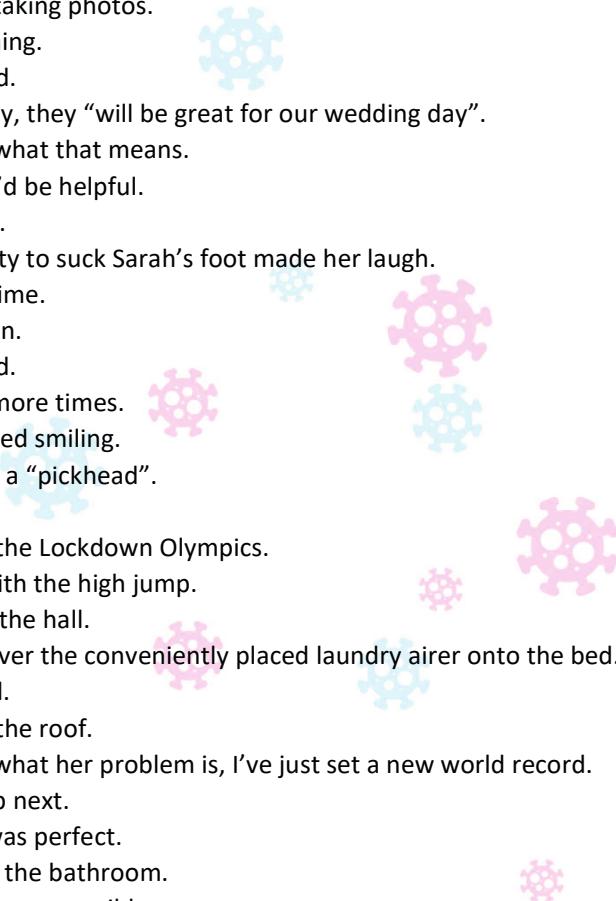
Running out of ways to entertain myself round here.  
Established that lockdown's shit.  
Watched wrestling.  
Ignored safety message.  
Tried it at home.  
Practiced my pretend chair shot on Sarah as she was coming out of the bathroom.  
Looked really convincing.  
She hasn't moved for a while.  
She has really committed to the 'injury'.  
She must secretly like wrestling too!  
Got a bit worried.  
Called ambulance.  
Arthur the Paramedic was really angry this time.  
Apparently, he couldn't believe it!  
Me neither!  
A wife that enjoys wrestling so much, she's prepared to commit to this level.  
I learned today that big wrestling companies actually use special chairs.  
Not wooden barstools.  
Don't think it was necessary for him to call me a "chucking puppet" though.  
It was an honest mistake.  
He also told Sarah that for her own sanity, she was to get as far away from me as possible.  
Seems like silly advice.  
We're on lockdown.  
Furthest she could go is the bedroom.  
Pffft.  
She went for a lie down anyway.  
She must have been sleepy.  
Took her some soup.  
Apparently, she prefers it when it's opened and not still in the tin.  
Fussy!  
If that wasn't enough, it has to be a flavour she likes as well!  
I never get any thanks around here.  
Might stop trying to keep us entertained.

## Day 26

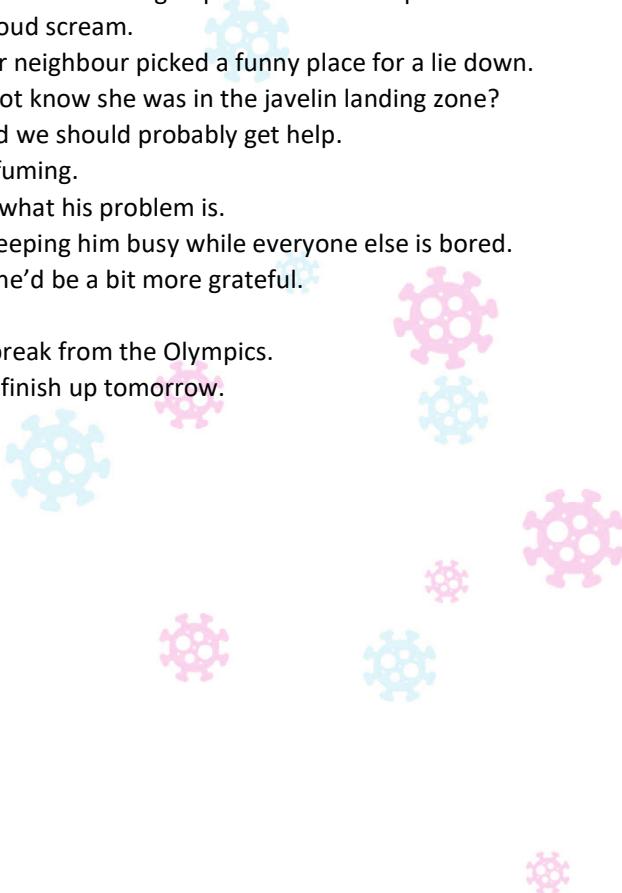
Working on entertaining myself without pissing Sarah off.  
Or injuring her.  
Or having to call an ambulance.  
Today started by pretending to be a snail.  
Not sure what Sarah was expecting when she got out of the shower.  
Fairly sure the sight of me lying naked on the kitchen floor, covered in cooking oil with a cardboard box on my back wasn't it though.  
She kept taking photos.  
And laughing.  
Quite hard.

Apparently, they "will be great for our wedding day".  
Not sure what that means.  
Thought I'd be helpful.  
Hoovered.  
Using Hetty to suck Sarah's foot made her laugh.

The first time.  
Did it again.  
She smiled.  
Did it 47 more times.  
She stopped smiling.  
Called me a "pickhead".  
Pfffft.  
Invented the Lockdown Olympics.  
Started with the high jump.  
Ran from the hall.  
Jumped over the conveniently placed laundry airer onto the bed.  
Broke bed.  
Sarah hit the roof.  
Not sure what her problem is, I've just set a new world record.  
Long jump next.  
Hallway was perfect.  
Started in the bathroom.  
Leapt as far as possible.  
Crashed face first into the door.  
Woke up.  
Saw Arthur the Paramedic.  
He is less and less happy to see me every time.  
Miserable bugger.



He put his hand on Sarah's shoulder.  
Not sure why.  
I hurt myself and she's the one getting sympathy.  
Arthur's weird.  
After he left, the Olympics continued.  
Javelin.  
Opened the front door.  
Ran down hallway.  
Launched broom through open door into car park.  
Heard a loud scream.  
Next door neighbour picked a funny place for a lie down.  
Did she not know she was in the javelin landing zone?  
Sarah said we should probably get help.  
Arthur's fuming.  
Not sure what his problem is.  
We are keeping him busy while everyone else is bored.  
Thought he'd be a bit more grateful.  
Pffft.  
Taken a break from the Olympics.  
Probably finish up tomorrow.



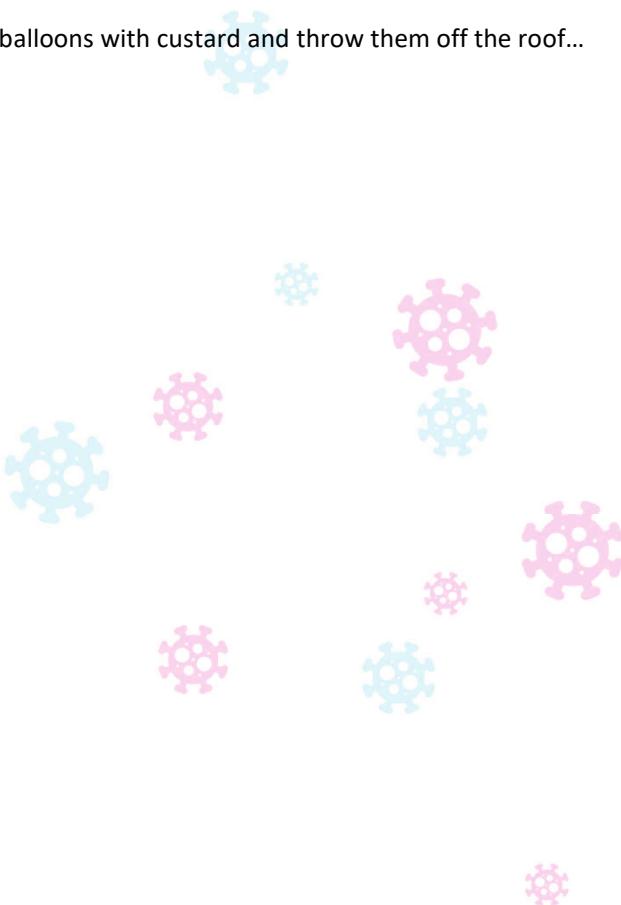
## Day 27

Woke up to Sarah holding a pillow over my face.  
She must have been stopping any Coronavirus getting in while I was asleep.  
She's so thoughtful!  
Lockdown Olympics final today.  
Next up, discus.  
Opened front door again.  
Launched plates into car park.  
Sarah went mad.  
Apparently "they were our best china!"  
Didn't realise we had china, never mind 'best' china.  
Hammer throw next.  
Dressing gown belt tied round the handle of 10kg kettlebell.  
Game on.  
Stood outside.  
Started spinning.  
Sarah appeared and offered me a coffee.  
Lost concentration.  
Let go.  
Loud crash.  
Next doors car windscreen smashed.  
Alarm blaring.  
Got scared.  
He's built like a brick shithouse.  
Ran back inside the house.  
Hid.  
Heard a knock on the door.  
Fella from next door doesn't look happy.  
Apparently, me pretending his windscreen was nothing to do with me is trumped by the fact he "saw me do it".  
Stepped outside.  
Ran away.  
Incidentally, set a world record for the last event.  
The 5000m.  
In the opposite direction of this large fella.

4hrs later...

Snuck home.

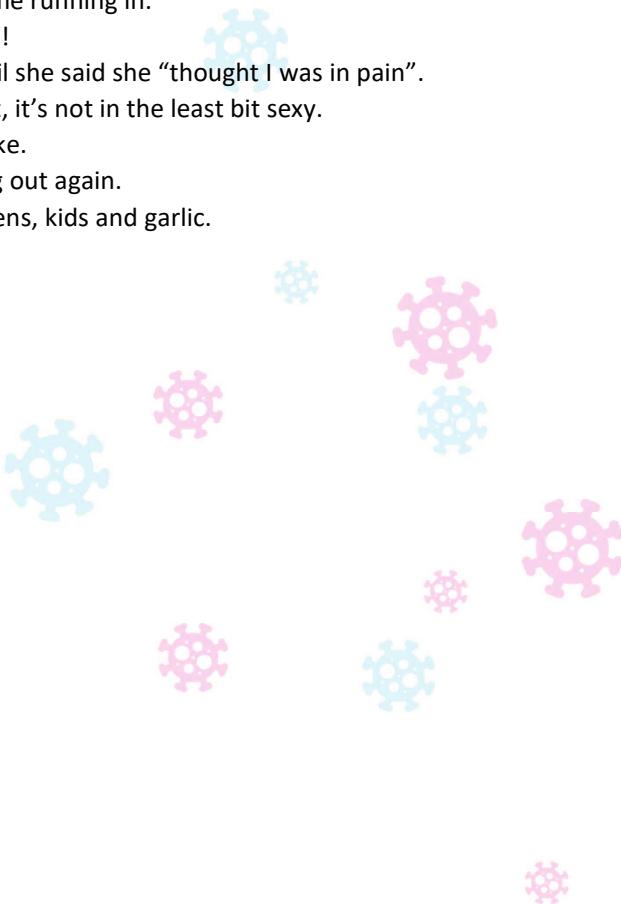
Sarah has no sympathy for my plight.  
She thinks the whole thing is hilarious.  
We didn't have any Olympic medals.  
She gave me a digestive biscuit instead.  
That'll do me.  
She reckons this is the wakeup call I need.  
I'm "supposed to be a 31-year-old man", and "start behaving like one" etc...  
She's probably right.  
I will.  
Off to fill balloons with custard and throw them off the roof...



## Day 28

Managed to get out of the house today.  
Did our hours exercise.  
Fuck doing that again.  
Too out of shape for that shit.  
Can't believe people do it for fun.  
Went to the river.  
Sarah took some pictures of nature.  
And dogs.  
I pushed some kids in the river.  
They shouldn't have got so close.  
Social distancing and all that.  
Plus, it's a legitimate excuse to try and drown children.  
Winner.  
Sarah said we should forage while we were out.  
Enjoy nature's bounty.  
She looked for wild garlic.  
Found some.  
I looked for wild bacon sandwiches.  
Didn't find any.  
She's just showing off.  
Next, she'll tell me "bacon sandwiches don't grow on trees".  
Pfffft.  
Saw a moor hen performing mating call.  
It worked.  
3 ladies appeared.  
Told Sarah I'd test its effectiveness when we got home.  
She laughed and looked terrified.  
Passed a chap on our walk.  
It was Arthur!  
Didn't recognise him at first.  
He didn't seem to want to chat to us.  
Well, me.  
He smiled at Sarah.  
Ignored me.  
Grumpy bugger.  
Came home.  
Opened door.  
Fell over cat.

Crashed into floor.  
Threw wild garlic everywhere.  
Place stinks now.  
Don't understand why people go outside through choice either.  
Wouldn't have had any of this trouble if we'd stayed in bed.  
With bacon sandwiches.  
Practiced moor hen mating call.  
More of a squawk really.  
Sarah came running in.  
It worked!  
Well, until she said she "thought I was in pain".  
Turns out, it's not in the least bit sexy.  
Fuck's sake.  
Not going out again.  
Bloody hens, kids and garlic.  
Pffft.



## Day 29

Watched Britain's Got Talent last night.

Jesus Christ.

Never again.

At least 90% of it was shit.

If that wasn't enough, some little kids signing and singing nearly broke me.

I'm an unstable wreck.

Blubbering like a kid who's had its hamster put to sleep.

Got to thinking, me and Sarah should get an act together for next year.

Practiced with some basic stuff first.

Started with a trust fall.

Told Sarah to shut her eyes.

She did.

I stood behind her and said "fall".

She did.

Forwards.

After a crash and a scream, I called an ambulance.

Guess who turned up?

You got it.

Arthur.

He said something about "early retirement".

I say good for him.

Sarah's got a broken nose.

Arthur's advice was "stay away from this 'chucking kidiot'".

His advice to me was to "not touch anything. Ever".

Spent a fortune last night on the teleshopping channel.

Got a super king size mattress, 3 months of collagen injections and a Rug

Doctor on the way.

Haven't told Sarah yet.

We don't have a super king size bed, neither of us use collagen, and there's no rugs in the flat.

I blame the slick presenter.

Smarmy bastard.

I saved 83% though!

Wait 'til I tell her I'm ordering a 4-man kayak.

She'll love it.

Should probably try sleeping at night instead of watching TV shopping.

I blame it on not having the right mattress.

Airtight defence right there.

## Day 30

Interested to know how much weight I've put on during lockdown.

Googled BMI.

Put a dumbbell on the scales for a laugh.

Apparently, it's morbidly obese for its height.

Laughed.

A lot.

Got on the scales myself.

No numbers.

Just the words "one at a time fat boy!"

Confidence is shot.

Cried.

Comfort ate.

2 packs of biscuits, a chocolate cake, 4 Dr. Peppers and half a box of Cheerios later...

Don't feel better about myself.

Full though.

Feel a bit sick actually.

Carried on with our BGT audition ideas today.

We decided to give magic a try.

Sarah came up with the idea of a take on axe throwing.

I stood in front of the dartboard.

She has lots of sharp stabby things.

She must need the practice.

She threw a couple of darts.

And a full set of steak knives.

It could just be me, but it looks like she's smiling.

Quite a bit.

They are getting closer to my head.

She's quite good at this.

It will definitely build the tension for the audience.

I could swear I heard her mutter "3 bloody weeks with this chucking puppet!"

That's such a coincidence.

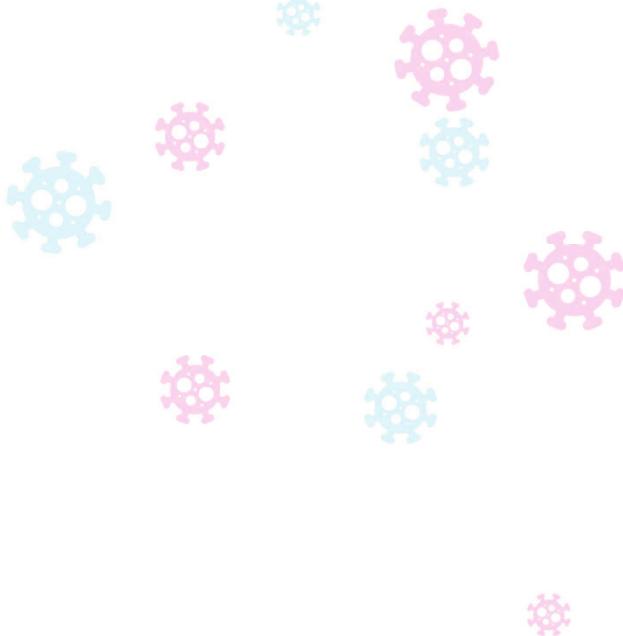
We've been in lockdown for 3 weeks together.

Maybe that's how much practice she needs?

Meat cleaver next.

She's dead good!

That one got REALLY close!  
Ear feels wet.  
And a bit sore.  
Went a bit dizzy.  
Woke up to see Arthur!  
He looks happier this time.  
He's smiling and everything!  
Heard him say "good on you lass".  
Don't know what he was talking about.  
Couldn't really hear him properly.  
Feels like my heads all bandaged up.  
Going for a lie down.  
I think we need a different idea for our audition.  
My ear really hurts.  
Sarah is curled up with a coffee.  
Don't know why she keeps smiling...



## Day 31

Decided health and fitness is paramount during lockdown.  
Made an obstacle course for us.  
Spent ages devising a unique challenge.  
Got it ready for when Sarah woke up.  
Put masking tape across various points of the bedroom doorframe to start with.  
Thought it would be cool to squeeze through the gaps.  
Waited for her to get up.  
Heard a crash.

Remembered I'd spent that long making the course, I'd forgotten to actually mention it.

She sounds grumpy today.

I've noticed she's taken to calling me a "stickhead" a lot during lockdown.  
Loudly usually.  
And angrily.

Seems a bit unnecessary.

Opened my mouth to tell her about the bucket of water perched on top of the bathroom door.

Heard a splash.

Never mind.

She's found it.

She came into the bedroom.

Very wet.

I laughed.

She stormed out.

Came running back in.

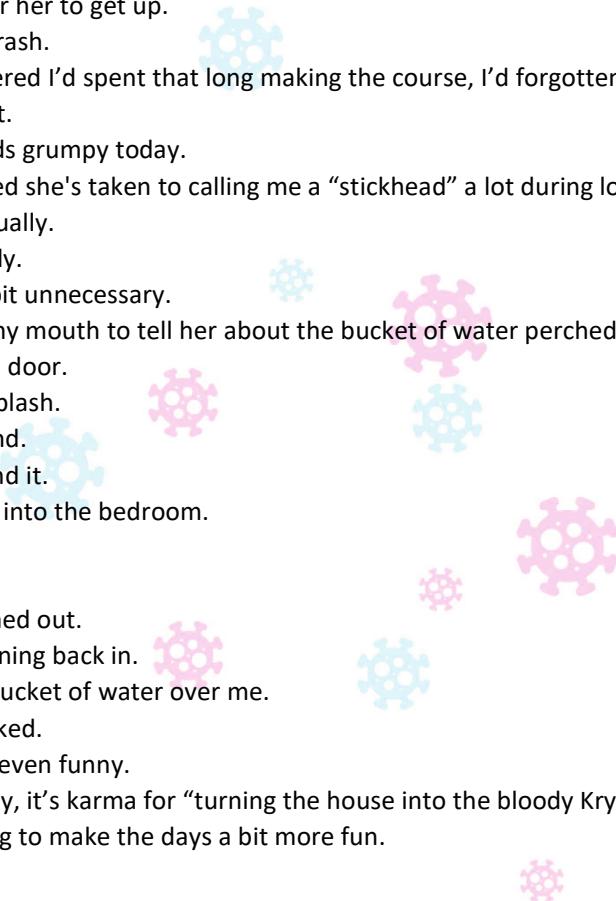
Threw a bucket of water over me.

Bed's soaked.

She's not even funny.

Apparently, it's karma for "turning the house into the bloody Krypton Factor".  
Only trying to make the days a bit more fun.

Pffft.



## Day 32

Covered the end of Sarah's lipstick with chili sauce.  
Wonder how long it will take her to notice?  
She's got no right to kick off.  
It says 'tingle' on the tube.  
I'm just helping it work better!  
Dicking about with office stationery.  
Wrote helpful messages on Post-Its and dotted them all over the flat.  
They're everywhere.

Turns out, we don't need reminders for stuff like "open me" on every door handle, or "this is you" on the mirror.

Still.

I had fun.

Tied the sleeves of my jumper together behind my back and pretended to be a mental patient.

Ran round the flat cackling like The Joker.

Apparently, this is not acceptable to the people on the other end of Sarah's video conference.

Heard a lot of tutting.

And name calling.

And the word "unprofessional".

A lot.

Pffft.

Arseholes.

I'm bored!

Had some children knock on the door asking for Easter eggs.

Apparently "the Easter bunny's not real and your parents don't even love you. Fuck off" was 'harsh and unwarranted'.

2 hrs later...

Had some people at my door.  
Seems I upset their little swamp creatures earlier.

Something about Easter bunnies.

Pffft.

Apparently "the pub's never opening again, and your face looks like a punched lasagne. Fuck off" was 'harsh and unwarranted'.

Pffft.

If they wanted fairy stories, they picked the wrong door to knock on.  
I miss going outside.  
Not that I would even if I could, but I still miss having the option.  
Today's shit.  
Very grumpy.  
Off to eat a Pot Noodle and do some colouring in.



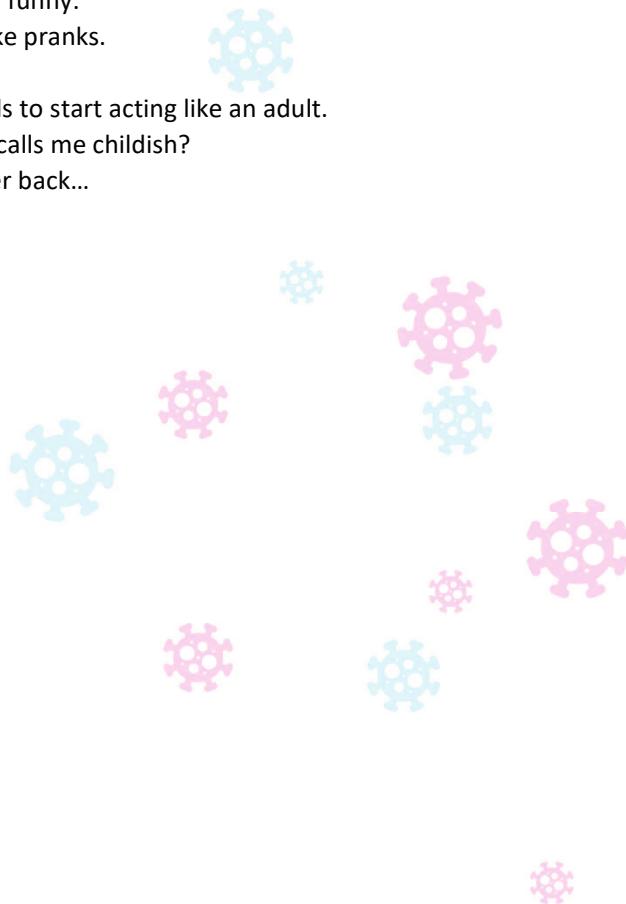
## Day 33

Decided to behave like an adult today.  
There will be no shenanigans of any form.

10 minutes later...

Adulting's shit.  
I'm beyond bored.  
Needed milk.  
Went out dressed as a combination of my two favourite movie characters.  
Spiderman and Michael Myers.  
Turns out, running to the shop with a balaclava and a butcher's knife wasn't the wisest decision.  
Never seen a SWAT team before.  
Or a police helicopter.  
I explained.  
They didn't think it was funny.  
They're as miserable as Arthur.  
Decided to amuse myself round the house.  
Trixie has come for a visit.  
Got on her back and pretended she was a pony.  
Turns out, Jack Russell's don't have much in the way of a sense of humour either.  
Aimed my laser pen at Sarah from out of sight.  
Leaping at her and pushing her to the ground shouting "SNIPER!" didn't go over well at all.  
Pfffft.  
Don't know why she had to call me "juvenile".  
Everyone's so miserable lately.  
Swapped the salt and sugar over.  
Waited for fun to happen.  
Got bored.  
Made a brew.  
Put salt in.  
Tasted awful.  
Remembered Sarah doesn't even have sugar anyway.  
All time backfire.  
She thinks it's hilarious.  
It wasn't even funny.

Decided to stand outside and see what all the fuss was about.  
Put my shoes on.  
Stepped into the hall.  
Slipped on my arse.  
Felt the bottom of my trainers.  
They're covered in cooking oil.  
Sarah's crying with laughter.  
Looks like she's played a prank on me.  
Not even funny.  
I don't like pranks.  
Pffft.  
She needs to start acting like an adult.  
And she calls me childish?  
I'll get her back...



## Day 34

Laziness has started to set in.

Rather than throw balled up paper into the bin, downloaded an app so I didn't have to get up.

Saw how people have been using their time in lockdown productively.

Bit ashamed.

I haven't been.

Some people have exercised.

I've put on 28lbs.

Some have learned a new language.

I'm slowly mastering English.

People have tidied their homes.

I've plotted a course through the mess.

Decided to be nice to Sarah all day.

Pamper her a little bit.

Ran her a bath.

Dropped a nice bath bomb in it.

It said 'Finish Powerball' on the box.

Next to the dishwasher seems a strange place to keep the bath bombs, but still...

Made her a sandwich.

Went above and beyond.

Scraped the mould off the bread and everything!

Sliced some cheese.

Dropped it on the floor.

Picked the cat hair off.

Put it on the sandwich, (the cheese, not the cat hair).

I'm sure it will be fine.

It's the thought that counts.

Helped her with her hair and makeup.

Apparently, shampoo doesn't go in the face, and foundation doesn't get massaged into the scalp.

Pffft.

Was only trying to help.

For the record, I think she looks lovely.

Found myself shut out of the bedroom while he "gets this bloody stuff off".

Pffft.

Had a crack at indoor skiing.

Sarah came into the hall to find me stood on 2 placemats off the dinner table,  
pushing myself along the floor with an umbrella in one hand, and a chair leg in  
the other.

Didn't really work.

Tried snowboarding instead.

Sarah shouted at me.

"GET OFF THE IRONING BOARD!"

Made me jump.

I got off.

Well, fell really.

Crashed headfirst onto the floor.

Opened my eyes to see Arthur!

Apparently, he's retiring.

Job's got too stressful for him lately.

Poor guy.

He was telling me about "some pillock who keeps calling him out for stupid  
accidents".

I wonder who it is?

If I see them, I'll be having words.

Arthur is lovely.

He works hard.

I'll miss him.

Maybe we could invite him over before he leaves.

Suggested this to him.

He went really pale.

Hope he's ok...

## Day 35

Tried the toilet roll challenge on Sarah.  
Stacked them in the bathroom doorway.  
Again, forgot to tell her.  
She came out of the bathroom.  
Burst through a wall of toilet rolls like a deleted scene from Pat Sharpe's Fun House.  
Got called a 'stickhead' again.  
We've set the bar early today.  
Wanted to play marbles.  
Have no marbles.



Sarah says I lost them a long time ago.  
Not sure what she's on about, but she was laughing.  
Used Maoam Pinballs instead.  
Was working well.  
Til Mojo started chasing them.  
And Pacino ate one.



Can't have anything in this house.  
Got caught up in childhood nostalgia.  
Watched Pokémon.  
Decided to recreate.



Looked for something to throw at the cat to 'catch' him.  
Grabbed a snow globe.  
Threw it.



Missed the cat.  
Hit the floor.  
Smashed.



Cat screamed.  
Ran off.  
Floor's covered with water.



And glass.  
Sarah's gone mad.  
I can understand why.

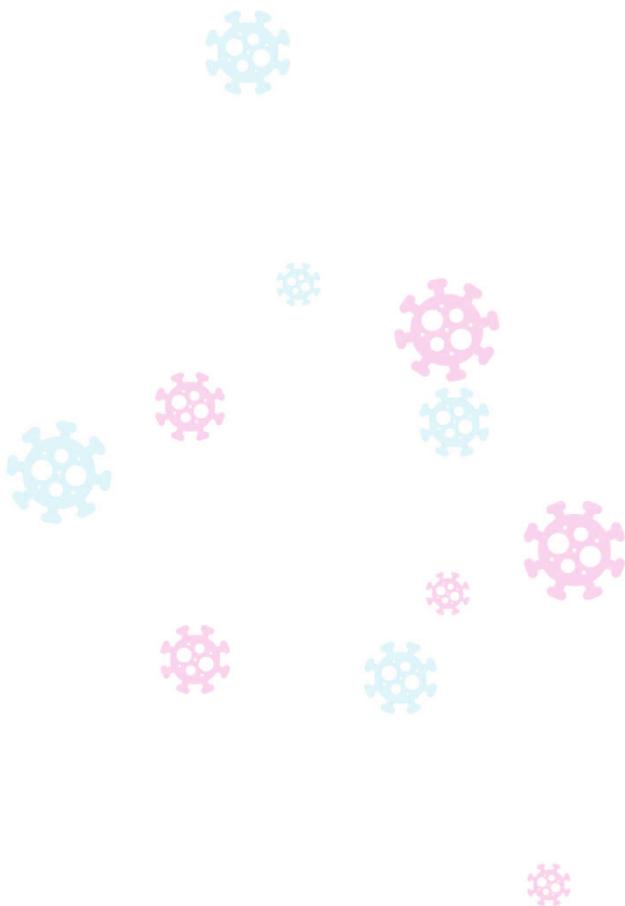


From 2 feet away, I really should have caught him.  
I've let myself down.  
Turned the kitchen into a rave.



Well, tried.  
Grabbed a torch and flashed it on and off.  
Burned some toast to make smoke.

Set the smoke alarm off.  
Doesn't sound much like a rave.  
Just really irritating.  
Can't get it to stop.  
Sarah said something about leaving me.  
She can't go anywhere, we're on lockdown.  
She's silly...



## Day 36

Sarah had some shopping arrive today.

She got some 'crème'.

It said Loreal on it.

I like cream.

Not this stuff though.

Tasted like shit on my cake.

You don't get much for the price either.

She went mental.

Apparently, it's for hair.

Pfffft.

Decided to learn a new skill.

Took up knitting.

Wasn't very good at it.

Managed to tie my hands together with wool.

Sarah's dead chuffed.

Apparently, it stops me "wreaking havoc".

Don't know what she means.

I am however, a bit stuck.

Asked her to help.

She didn't.

Want a biscuit.

Can't move my hands.

Shit's getting serious now.

Waddled over to the cutlery drawer.

Opened it and tried to grab a pair of scissors.

Clattered everything in the drawer.

Dropped most of it onto the floor.

Apparently, this level of noise was annoying enough to prompt Sarah to come and help.

She's freed me!

Aha!

Decided to play a trick on her.

Put my hands in the washing up bowl.

Pretended I'd cut my thumb off.

Screamed.

She ran over.

Showed her I hadn't.

She's got no sense of humour lately.

Pfffft.  
Tried to get to Narnia through the wardrobe.  
Ran at it like Harry Potter belting towards Platform 9 and ¾.  
Hit the back of the wardrobe.  
Bounced back out into the bedroom.  
Sprawled out on the floor.  
Mojo wandered over.  
Licked my face.  
Pissed on my head.  
Wandered off again.  
Lost my remaining shred of dignity.

Pfffft.  
Made a start on dinner.  
Chopped some vegetables.  
Cut my thumb.  
Screamed.  
Bled.  
Sarah didn't believe me.  
Apparently, she's "not falling for that again".  
I'm in serious pain here.  
Lost a lot of blood.  
Passed out.  
Arthur is here!  
He spends as much time here as us lately.  
He must like us!  
Pointed this out to him.  
Asked if he wanted to move in.  
He went white and passed out.  
Poor Arthur!



## Day 37

Ordered a massive pack of stick-on googly eyes.

Stuck them on every single item in the fridge.

The milk now freaks me the fuck out.

He looks like the bloody Joker.

Creepy bastard.

Me opening the fridge must be the same reaction as a Jehovah's Witness knocking on my front door, because everything inside looks terrified.

I'd say I miss them turning up.

I don't.

Not even a little bit.

Bored.

I'll say this, whilst it's absolutely shite being stuck in the house, my mobile gaming time has shot right up.

Beaten my high score on Candy Crush.

And Farm Heroes.

And Candy Crush Soda.

And Gardenscapes.

And Candy Crush Jelly.

Completed 7 Pokémon games start to finish.

Deleted Candy Crush.

Started again.

Still beat my previous score.

Saw popular videos on YouTube of people making obstacle courses for their cats.

Decided to give it a try.

Shut the cat out of the hall.

Spent a good hour balancing odds and ends from wall to wall with narrow paths between them.

Corks, pen lids, cans of deodorant etc.

All meticulously placed.

Fiendishly designed, I stepped back to admire this feat of engineering.

Opened the door.

Let the first cat in.

Obviously, fate dictated this was Mojo.

Wandered over to the course.

Sniffed the first item.

Crashed through the whole thing.

Demolished it in 3 seconds flat.

Waste of bloody time that was.

Pfffft.

Decided to play a game with Sarah.

We have plastic cups.

We had a game of beer pong.

Let me explain.

Beer pong for a recovering alcoholic...is shit.

All my cups were filled with juice instead.

Which is great.

And sensible.

But not practical.

After 10 minutes of playing, I've never pissed so much in my life.

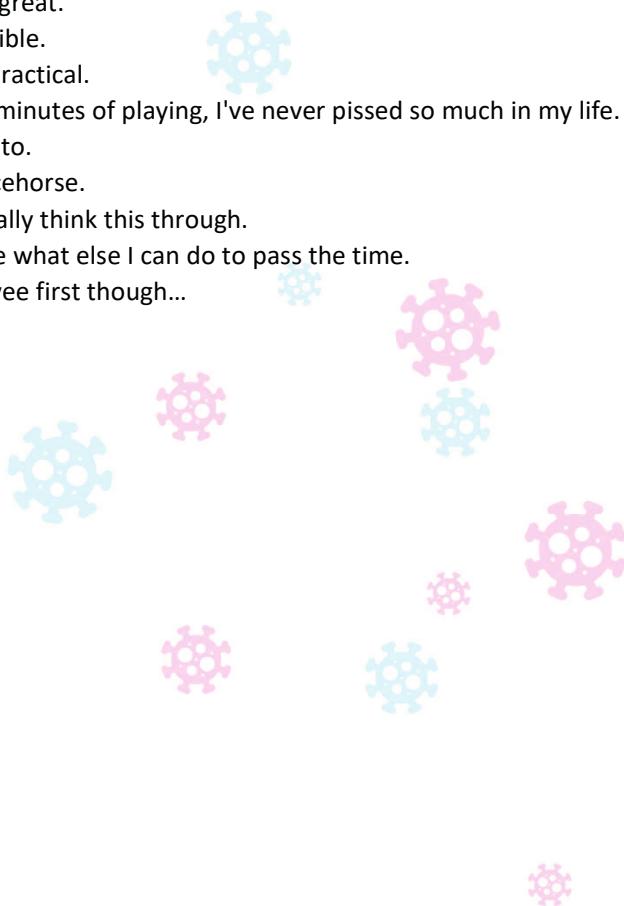
Neat Vimto.

Like a racehorse.

Didn't really think this through.

Off to see what else I can do to pass the time.

Need a wee first though...



## Day 38

Watched the new series of SAS: Who Dares Wins last night.

Love it.

Especially when it's celebrities getting screamed at.

Reminded me of a technique they use to wake them all up.

They throw a flashbang grenade through the door at 2am.

Thought I'd see what happened if I tried it.

Obviously (like most people,) I don't have any flashbangs handy.

Decide to utilise what we have in the house.

Waited 'til Sarah was flat out.

Crept into the bedroom with a balloon, a pin and a flashlight.

Got as close to her head as possible.

Popped the balloon and flicked the flashlight on and off as quickly as possible.

Sarah cleared about 3 feet.

Apparently, this "wasn't clucking funny!"

After my experiment, I had to spend the rest of the night on the sofa!

Bit extreme.

Woke up a little while ago.

Sarah looks dead sleepy.

Poor woman.

Told her she should rest.

She said every time she tries, some bellend wakes her up.

Just you wait 'til I see whoever she's on about.

Made ice cream sundaes for breakfast.

Sarah didn't look too keen.

More for me then!

Scooped ice cream into the bowl.

Covered with sprinkles.

Grabbed some strawberry sauce to finish the whole thing off.

Generously covered the whole thing.

Looked at the bottle.

Tomato ketchup.

For fuck's sake!

Tried to see if I could fit in the washing machine.

I could!

Shit.

I'm stuck.

I can't get out.

Double shit.

Yelled.

Sarah wandered in 5 minutes later.

She clearly doesn't love me anymore.

She's on the phone.

Not sure who to, but she's describing an idiot she knows.

Not sure who she means, but surely this is more important!

For some reason, the Fire Brigade are here.

Some burly fireman walked in, looked at me and put his head in his hands.

Apparently, he knows Arthur!

Seems Arthur is proud to be my friend, because he's told the fireman all about me!

Well, "warned".

Anyway, the nice man helped me out.

He had to cut the washing machine to pieces though.

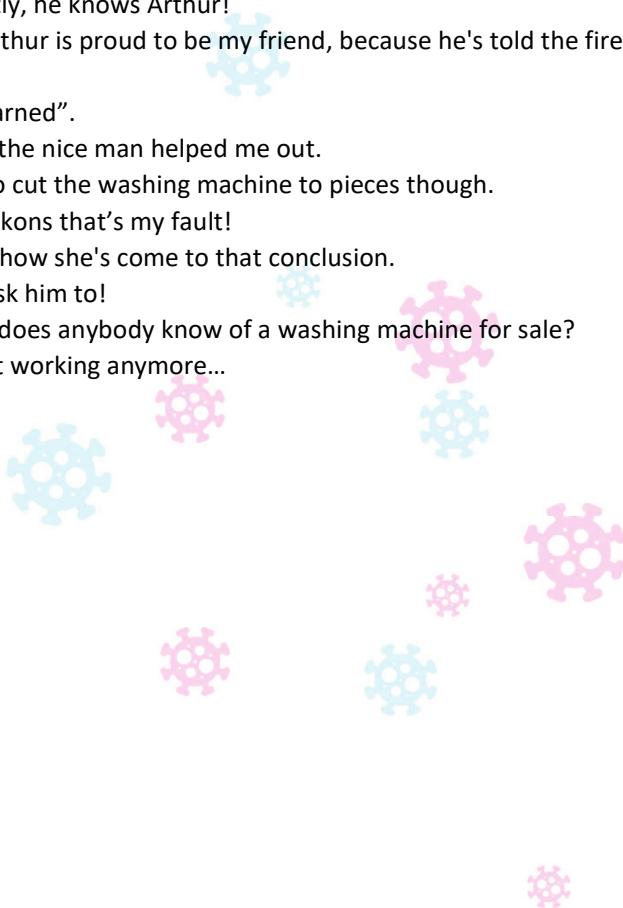
Sarah reckons that's my fault!

Not sure how she's come to that conclusion.

I didn't ask him to!

Anyway, does anybody know of a washing machine for sale?

Ours isn't working anymore...



## Day 39

Decided to turn today into an episode of F.R.I.E.N.D.S

Decided to call it “The One Where Lockdown NEVER FUCKING ENDED!”

Recreated the scene where Joey puts on every item of clothing Chandler owns.

Struggling to breathe.

It's not cool.

Or funny.

I just look fat and round.

Well, I AM fat and round, but still.

Fatter and rounder...

Did a few bits around the house.

We don't have a garden.

Mowed the carpet instead.

Sarah's hit the roof.

Apparently, a penalty area in the bedroom floor wasn't something we needed.

I beg to differ...

Put steak knives between each finger.

Ran around the flat pretending to be Wolverine.

Been told to stop before I hurt myself.

Or someone else.

Pffft.

Sarah is so sensible.

I can't do it.

Tried once.

Was shit.

Not sure how she manages it.

Hats off to her.

Read somewhere that people smoke banana skins to get high.

Apparently, there is a whole scientific process to it.

Not just sticking the whole thing in your mouth and lighting the end.

Sarah walked in.

Took one look at me.

Fell about laughing.

Apparently, I “look like Tommy Cooper”.

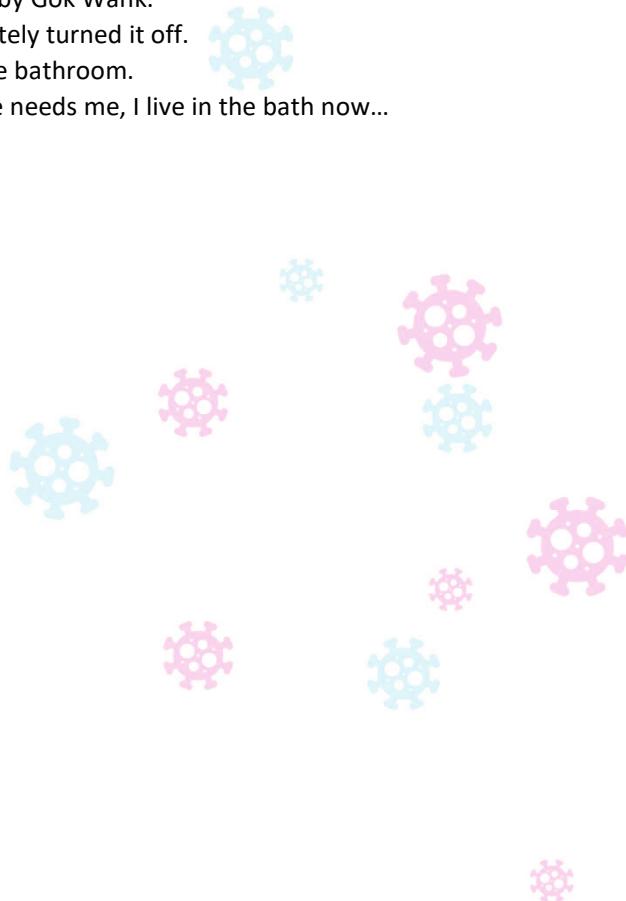
When Trixie grabs Sarah's slippers and trots round with them in her mouth, its “cute”.

I gave it a go.

Looked a royal twat.

Double standards.

Wondered what colour a Smurf goes when you choke it.  
Decided to expand my cultural horizons.  
Downloaded a Shakespeare play.  
Got about 50 pages in.  
Fuck. That. Shit.  
Fruity weirdo that Shakespeare guy.  
Rather listen to Coldplay and beat myself to death with a shovel.  
Flipped on the telly.  
Greeted by Gok Wank.  
Immediately turned it off.  
Hid in the bathroom.  
If anyone needs me, I live in the bath now...



## Day 40

Sarah is using her time in quarantine wisely.  
She's learning a new skill.  
Walked into the bedroom to find her learning sign language.  
Didn't realise.  
Thought she was challenging me to a game of charades.  
Apparently yelling "2 words! Movie! Second word, blue!" is really distracting.  
I've been banned from the bedroom.  
Tried to follow suit and learn something new.

2 hrs later...



What in the absolute awful buggering party piss is Backgammon?

I'd rather take a cheese grater to my arse cheek.

Clearly invented by a drunk person with the IQ of a door handle.

Talking of door handles...

Waited for Sarah to go for a wee.



Took the handle off the bathroom door.

She can't get out.



She was banging on the door for a good 15 minutes.



NOW she needs me!

Decided to let her out.

She's getting dead good at this sign language stuff.

She showed me a sign where you hold your middle finger up.



She's dead enthusiastic about this one.



Went to the kitchen.

Saw a burglar walking past the window.



Ran over.

Threw myself at him.

30 minutes later...

I'm on the couch.

Apparently, I knocked myself out running full force at "some shady bloke".



It was the mirror.

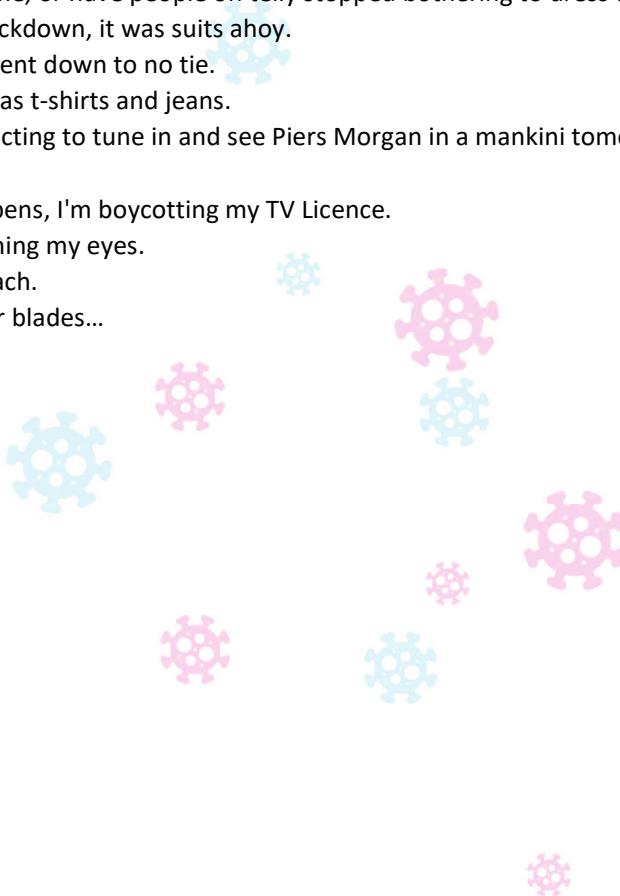
Arthur is fuming.

Apparently, he "wasn't even working today!"

Still found time to come and check on us.

I asked him if, because he'd come inside, this meant he'd have to spend the rest of lockdown with us.

He went dead pale.  
Said something about “risking it for a biscuit”.  
He wants a biscuit!  
Went to grab him one.  
Came back.  
He'd gone.  
Ungrateful bugger.  
Was a Garibaldi and everything!  
Is it just me, or have people on telly stopped bothering to dress the part?  
Before lockdown, it was suits ahoy.  
Then it went down to no tie.  
Then it was t-shirts and jeans.  
Half expecting to tune in and see Piers Morgan in a mankini tomorrow morning.  
This happens, I'm boycotting my TV Licence.  
And washing my eyes.  
With bleach.  
And razor blades...



## Day 41

While lockdown is still going on, I've decided to actually do something with my unread books.

I built a fort with them.

Glad to report, no mankini clad Piers today.

Eyes are safe.

Bit disappointed this meant there was no Susannah Reid in a bikini either though...

Thought I'd better stop taking the piss out of the people getting in shape.

Got the home gym equipment out.

Started with the resistance bands.

Anchored them under the door.

Started exercising.

Got bands to full stretch.

Sarah opened the door.

Not sure what happened next.

All I do know is that I nearly shot through the bloody window.

Got a raging lump on the back of my head.

I think she did that on purpose!

She's been properly grumpy while lockdown's been on.

Waited for headache to subside.

No wonder I don't exercise.

That shit's dangerous!

Curled up on the sofa with Sarah and Trixie for a rare snuggle.

Was all going really well.

Til I had to fart.

Couldn't hold it in any longer.

Tried to blame it on the dog.

Sarah's having none of it.

Apparently, the sound gave me away for a start.

And the look of relief on my face...

Sarah looks disgusted with me.

So does Trixie.

For some unexplained reason, so does Mojo.

Think I've managed to finish the internet.

Like, completely.

Watched every single video on YouTube.

Read every post on Facebook since its conception.

Had a healthy breakfast.

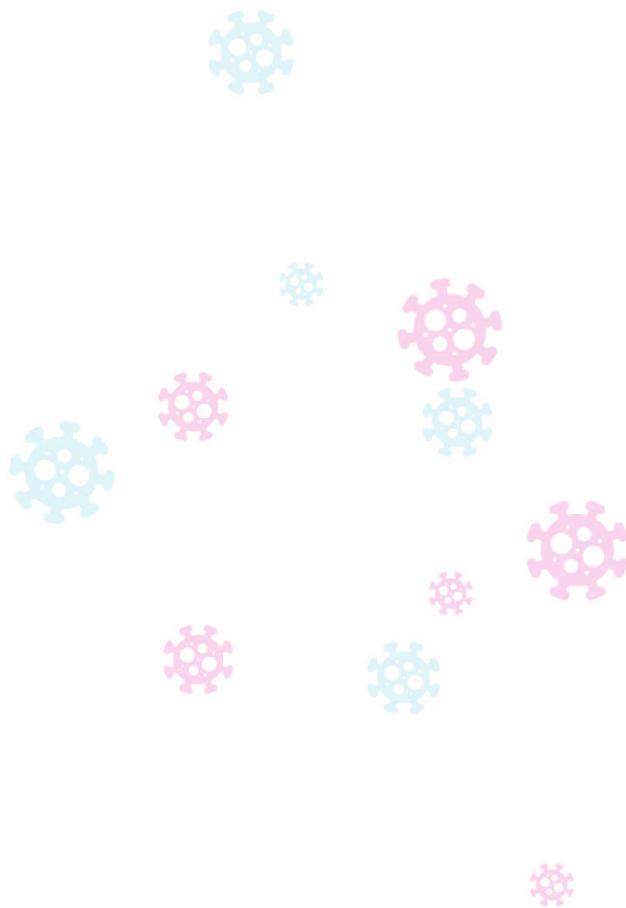
2 coffees, 5 croissants, 1 full English and a Twix.

Many people feel this is the opposite of healthy.

However, I had intended on having 2 Twix's, so it was a demonstration of self-restraint.

Proud.

Off to look judgementally through the window at neighbours going on their second walk...



## Day 42

Watched James Martin's cookery show.

Picked a few recipes to try.

I'm fairly sure the man is made of at least 95% butter.

Safe to say, if lockdown doesn't kill me; heart disease will.

We've been binge watching classic TV shows since we have plenty of time on our hands.

Sarah has got me into Spooks.

It's amazing!

I want to be in MI5.

I'm not spiffy enough though.

Nor do I have exceptionally middle-class hair.

Starting to lose my grip on reality.

Saw someone in 2 different TV shows, years apart.

Convinced myself the actor was actually a time traveller.

Enough telly for today.

That being said, I have changed my life's ambition.

I want to be one of those TV shopping folks you see roaming about the empty studios of ITV at 3am.

As an attempt to learn this craft, I've started practicing round the house for when lockdown is over.

Been following Sarah round the house attempting to sell her random household items.

The sofa.

The bath mat.

Mojo.

Her own handbag.

She laughed for a bit.

Then rolled her eyes.

Then progressed to looking murderous.

Apparently, I "always take things too far".

Not sure what she means.

Decided I should probably do some exercise.

Put FIFA on.

That should do it.

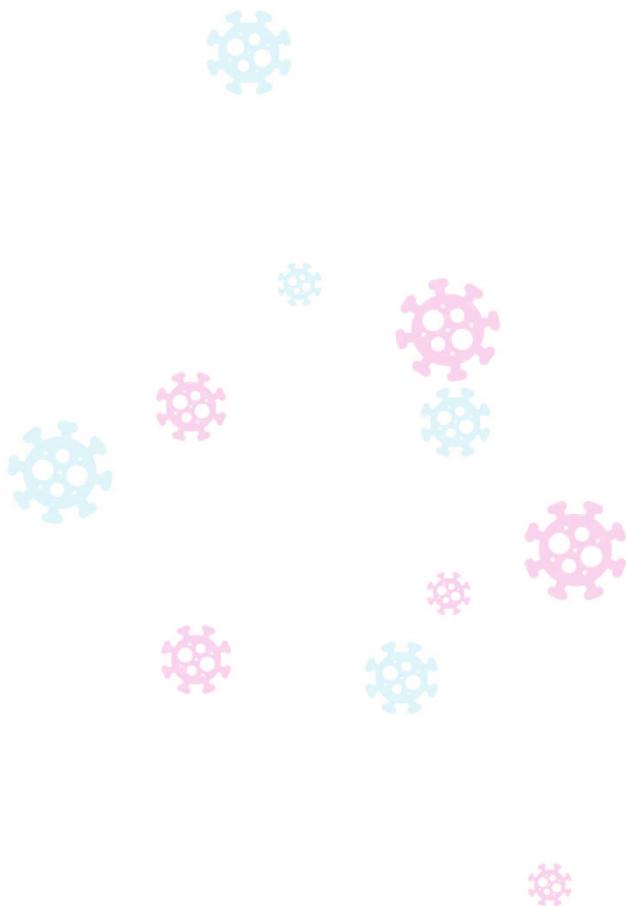
Getting healthy without all that running around.

After all this exercise, decided I'd earned a treat.

2 Pot Noodle's and a cheeseburger.

Remembered James Martin's teachings.

Fried the cheeseburger in butter.  
Poured more melted butter into Pot Noodle.  
Feel violently sick.  
That man is a walking advert for a heart attack.  
At least if that happens, it would be a so-called “legitimate reason” to call  
Arthur.  
Actually considering it.  
I miss him...



## Day 43

Found a great new programme on Netflix.

Everyone's been talking about it.

Some scary looking guy with a clear meth addiction and an unhealthy obsession with tigers.

Gave it a go.

It was proper weird.

Last time I watch anything with David Attenborough in...

Decided to approach lockdown in a positive way.

Followed the cats shining example.

Napped on the floor.

Spent all day eating.

Knocked a load of shit off the table.

Poo'd in the corner.

Sarah's gone mad.

Apparently, I need to "grow up and stop being disgusting".

Spoilsport.

Started a game of 'I Spy'.

I went first.

Sarah didn't guess.

Gave her the answer.

Told her it was her turn.

She said no.

I went again.

She didn't guess.

Gave her the answer.

Told her it was her turn.

She said no.

I went again.

3 hrs later...

Told her it was her turn.

She said no.

She looks really annoyed today.

I went again.

Sarah screamed at me that I was "the most irritating human being ever created, and she couldn't believe how she'd made it this far into the quarantine

without killing me, chopping me up into pieces and burying those pieces so deep they'd never find them".

That's a bit harsh.

If she didn't like 'I Spy', she could have picked the game.

Thought I would get inside the hollow part of the sofa and jump out.

Give Sarah a fright.

Opened it up.

Got in.

Waited.

And waited.

Still waiting.

Went to get out.

There's something heavy on top.

Shouted for Sarah.

Heard something about a "practical use for my weights".

Not sure what she means.

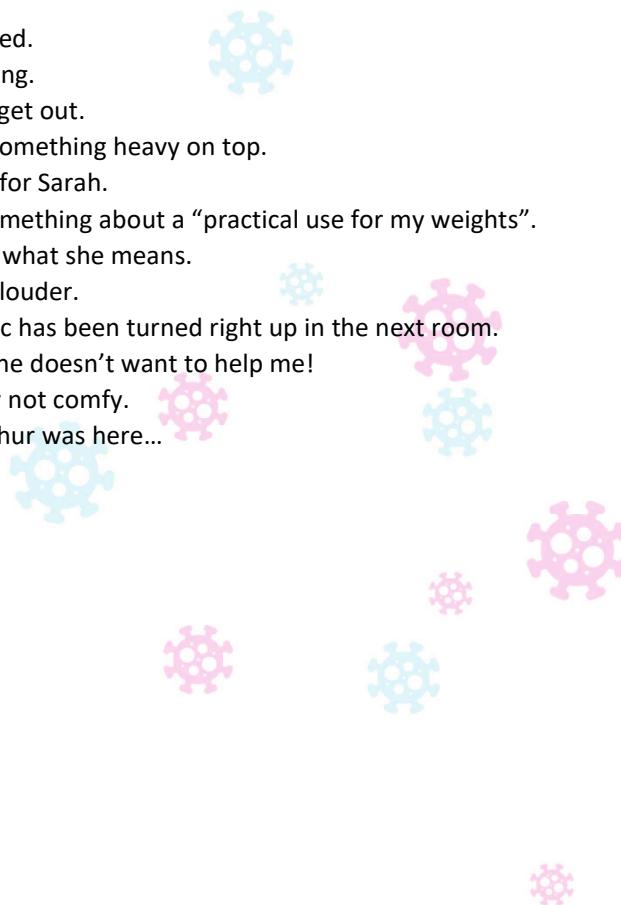
Shouted louder.

The music has been turned right up in the next room.

It's like she doesn't want to help me!

I'm really not comfy.

Wish Arthur was here...



## Day 44

Had to make an unavoidable trip out today.

Apparently, we need to eat during this lockdown thing.

Fully prepared myself.

Mask.

Gloves.

Apron.

Hazmat suit, assault rifle and full belt of hand grenades.

Ok, maybe not the last one.

Would have been funny to see peoples faces though.

Bet the shops would have been pretty clear when I stepped in too!

This 'outside' room is massive!

Got to the shops.

Grabbed my basket and put a few bits in.

Rounded the corner.

Load of people in the aisle.

Got a tickle in my throat.

Coughed.

Cleared the aisle.

Everyone vanished in a cloud of toilet paper and tinned beans.

Must remember that little trick for when this is all over.

Got home.

Went to the top of the 3-storey communal stairwell.

Opened the window.

Jumped out.

For the record, a carrier bag does not work as a parachute.

Not even a bag for life.

Shame on you Tesco!

Broken both of my legs.

Sarah's called Arthur.

She's not bothering to ring the hospital anymore.

They always send Arthur anyway, so she's cut out the middleman.

He's put casts on for me.

Apparently, Sarah "should get a bit of peace now lass".

I'd love to know who's been disrupting her days so far!

Lockdown may be less than ideal, but I will never, EVER, make a fucking TikTok.

Grown men in their 30's and above prancing about and pouting.

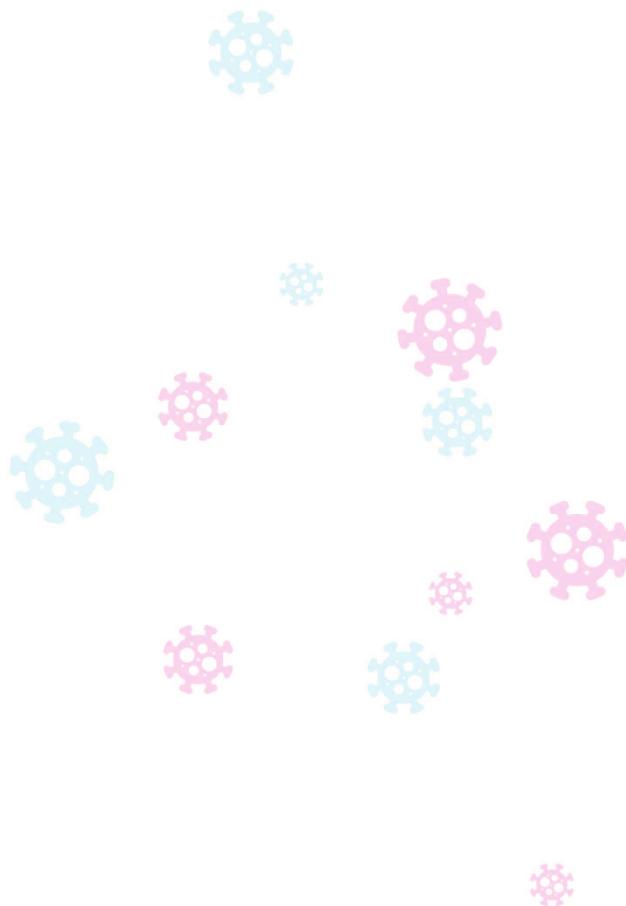
Get a fucking grip.

It's not that bad yet.

I've taken the much more sensible of putting sweaters on the cats and re-enacting the American Civil War with teddy bears, Action Man toys and empty toilet roll tubes.

If anyone asks, I'm studying history...

Stop judging me.



## Day 45

Sarah gave me a little bell to ring if I needed anything (on account of my broken legs,) while she gets some work done in the office.

Apparently, she meant for things I couldn't get up for, like a drink.

So far, I've asked her –

Why do men have nipples?

How big is the sky?

How much wood WOULD a woodchuck actually chuck, if a woodchuck could indeed chuck wood?

Whatever happened to Professor Green?

Why is it cute when kids jump on the bed, but as an adult you should know better?

90 minutes later...

If you weren't supposed to pick your nose, why does your finger fit perfectly inside?

Why DO birds, suddenly appear every time we are near?

Can E45 be substituted for toothpaste in an emergency?

Sarah's taken the bell away...

Something about ramming it somewhere otherwise...

It's fine, I'll just shout things to her instead.

"WHEN WILL LOCKDOWN BE OVER?"

"I'M BORED!"

"ARE WE NEARLY THERE YET?"

"MY LEGS HURT!"

She came stomping in.

She looks dead stressed today.

I wish she didn't work so hard.

She deserves some time to herself.

I asked her if she wanted to stop working and come and spend some time with me instead.

She went white.

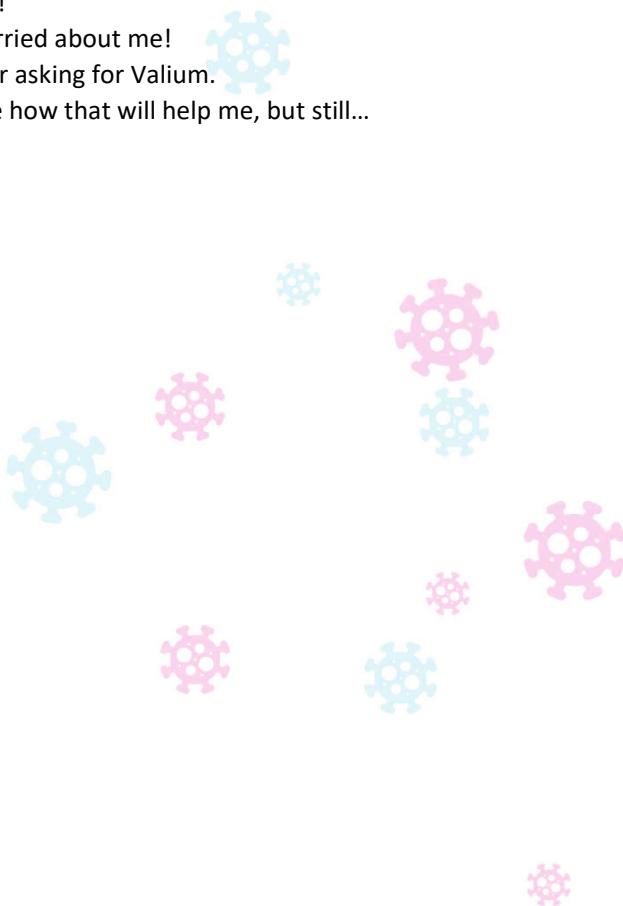
Decided I would help her and make her some lunch.

Wobbled to the edge of the sofa.

Dragged myself up by using the chair.

Plaster casts seem to be taking the pain away, so maybe I can still walk to the kitchen.

Took 2 steps.  
Fell on my face.  
Tried to shout for help.  
Well, muffled by the floor, anyway.  
“HFFLLFLFP!”  
Sarah didn’t come.  
She must be busy.  
I heard her on the phone to the doctors.  
Bless her!  
She’s worried about me!  
Heard her asking for Valium.  
Don’t see how that will help me, but still...



## Day 46

Set myself a project I can do while sat down.

Decide to make Frank a nice retirement home out of a big cardboard box.

Sarah thinks this is dead cute.

I fear I may have gone too far though.

After cutting holes in it for a door and a window, I decided to put a few extra features in.

T-shirt lining the bottom.

Chimney made from toilet roll tube.

Little cat sized wallpaper on the inside.

Billiards room.

Wine cellar.

Jacuzzi.

Amazing what you can do with an empty MuscleFoods box!

Frank seems to like it.

Discovered if I take it slowly, the casts support walking small distances!

Aha!

There's no stopping me!

Wandered into the office.

Didn't realise Sarah was in the middle of a video conference.

Remembered I was naked.

Well, that's me never able to look her work colleagues in the eye again.

The laughter was a bit unnecessary though.

Sarah instructed me to go and do something where I can't cause chaos.

That's not really fair, I can't sleep any longer.

Decided to give Call of Duty another blast.

Turns out I'm still not very good.

Started telling off other players that were cheating, better than me etc.

Hadn't realised I'd been getting louder and louder.

Sarah came through to make a coffee.

Still on the video conference.

I am now (still) naked, sat on the couch screaming "DO THAT AGAIN AND YOU'LL GO THE SAME WAY AS CAROLE BASKINS HUSBAND, AND YOUR MUM AND DAD DON'T EVEN LOVE YOU!"

Apparently, I'm supposed to be a grown up.

That's not fair.

Nobody told me!

## Day 47

Discovered the best way to get around is to drag myself along the floor.  
Covering myself with cooking oil helps speed that process along.  
You know, laminate flooring and all that.  
Sarah walked in as I was sliding towards the kitchen.  
Apparently a 31-year-old man pretending to be a slug is quite a funny sight.  
Apparently, she's put a video of it on YouTube.  
Seems you search for "my idiot boyfriend loses plot".  
Sarah's got work to do.  
Amused myself.  
Sat on the floor.  
Big bowl of Cheerios.  
Cartoons.  
Blissful.  
Sarah came in.  
Made a coffee.  
Called me a "man-child".  
Left.  
Discovered it's possible to make a tiny medieval catapult.  
Tablespoon and a pen.  
Tilt tablespoon over the pen.  
Load with chosen projectile.  
Slam other end of spoon into table.  
Job done.  
Sat there using everything I could find.  
Found a bag of frozen peas.  
Had a great time.  
Went for the mega shot.  
Loaded spoon with big handful of peas.  
Fired.  
Sarah walked in.  
Peppered her with a hail of little frozen bullets.  
She screamed.  
Called me a knob.  
Told me she's had enough.  
Apparently, I have to pack my bags.  
She must be taking me on holiday!

## Day 48

In a Marvel kind of mood today.

Decided to work out once and for all who my favourite hero is, favourite villain etc.

Kept Sarah up to date throughout every step of the process.

She looks thrilled.

Funny how thrilled and bored look so similar.

Explaining to her in infinite detail who everybody is.

However, I need coffee to be able to speak properly.

I know this because I can't make words yet.

Just tried to explain who Thor's friends were.

Attempted to say 'Asgardians'.

Actually said "Ass Cardigans".

Case in point.

Went full on George of the Jungle.

Started eating coffee powder for a more potent effect.

It's not good.

Tastes like shit without water, milk and sugar.

Crept up behind Sarah and tapped her on her head with a kitchen roll tube.

Bonk!

Made me laugh.

Made Sarah laugh too.

Bonk!

Giggle.

Bonk!

Bonk!

Bonk!

She punched me.

Pffft.

More upset she took my tube away.

Decided to play sports inside.

Played fetch with Trixie.

Threw a tennis ball down the hallway for her to go and retrieve.

Cute as anything.

But...

When I use said tennis ball to play baseball in the living room?

Oh, I'm the bad guy.

I'm "irresponsible".

I'm "immature".

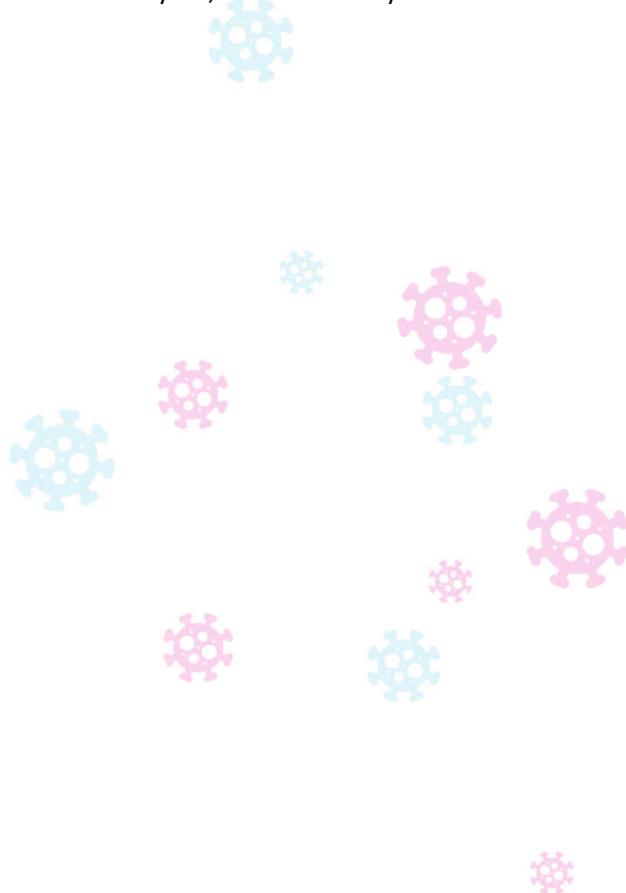
Pffft.

Got a home run.

Just because the TV doesn't work now, the window's cracked and the bookcase has tipped on the floor?

Small price to pay for success I say.

If I have to suffer for my art, so should everyone else...



## Day 49

Mojo decided to wake us all up this morning.

Thoughtful of him.

His preferred method was getting stuck in a carrier bag and running around like an idiot in a panic.

Charging about like Casper the Friendly Ghost with a crack problem.

Tit.

He's fine now.

Feet up like nothing ever happened.

Tit.

Thought I'd give it a go.

See what the appeal was.

Put carrier bag on head.

Ran round like a lunatic.

Couldn't see.

Ran face first into the wall.

Sarah called me a tit.

ME!

Think I've broken my nose.

Blood's pouring out of the bag.

Wish she'd show me a bit more sympathy sometimes.

I'm so bored.

And now a bit sore.

Apparently, it's "your own fault, and if I help you, you won't learn".

Pffft.

Tried to stem the blood.

Can never remember if you tilt your head forwards or backwards for a nosebleed.

Tilted backwards.

Choked.

Tilted forwards.

Bled on carpet.

Cried.

Sarah's on the phone again.

Apparently, Arthur was having a lie-in.

He sounds grumpy today.

Thought he'd be happy to come over.

It's been a few days.

He turned up.

He's muttering to himself.  
Something about "the Hippocratic Oath", and "testing his patience".  
Asked him to stay for breakfast.  
He looks murderous.  
Not sure what's up with him.  
I make a mean scrambled egg.  
Offered him some.  
Because of my nose, it sounded more like "scrabbled eggth".  
He's looking at me weird.  
Don't know what I've done to upset him.  
I think he's a bit ungrateful sometimes....

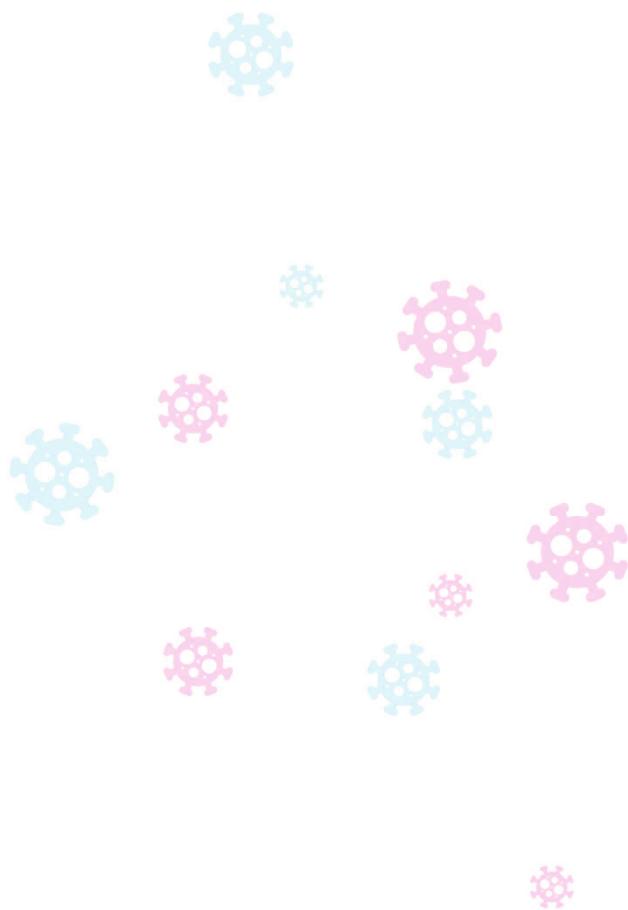


## Day 50

Made some toast.  
Cut the middle out of each slice.  
Poked my face though.  
Told Sarah I was “in-bread”.  
She smiled politely.  
I thought it was hilarious.  
Clearly need to work on my stand-up routine.  
Learned that Holly Willoughby has quit Celebrity Juice.  
Found myself not caring.  
Not even slightly.  
Fantasised about slamming Keith Lemon’s head in a car door.  
Made me feel better.  
Saw many Facebook posts about people with kids assuming those of us without  
get plenty of rest during lockdown.  
These people clearly do not have a Mojo.  
50 days in, and I’ve had about 20 hours sleep.  
Discovered our casserole dish is just the right size for a cat sized coffin.  
Just a thought...  
Wrapped myself in toilet paper and pretended to be a mummy.  
Apparently, it’s “not funny, it’s wasteful”.  
Had cold pizza for breakfast.  
We didn’t even have pizza last night, so I have no idea where the fuck that’s  
come from.  
I seriously need to re-evaluate my life choices.  
Turned the hallway into a bowling alley.  
A dozen empty drinks bottles and a watermelon.  
Jackpot.  
Took a big swing.  
Released said watermelon.  
Missed all the bottles.  
Watermelon hit the front door.  
Exploded.  
Went everywhere.  
Sarah’s fuming.  
Said as soon as lockdown’s over, she’s leaving me.  
Leaving me to what?  
She can’t leave me to function as a grown up by myself.  
I’ve not had enough practice.

Better put things right.

If anyone needs me, I'll be scraping watermelon off the ceiling...



## Day 51

Have been observing Trixie's behaviour when we take her for a walk.

Every time she does a poo, she scrapes and kicks the grass next to it to cover it.

Most of the time, she sends the poop itself flying, but the intentions are good.

For clarification, DO NOT try this as a human being!

Sarah is livid.

Bathroom is a right state.

I'm in serious trouble.

Apparently, people:

- A. Don't do their business on the floor.
- B. Don't kick it everywhere.
- C. Should know better.



2hrs later...

Bathroom is pristine.



Brushed.



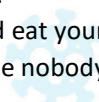
Mopped.



Wiped.



Sanitised.



You could eat your dinner off that floor.



How come nobody ever puts that theory to the test?

Well!

I did!



Again, I may have got things slightly wrong.



It seems the analogy doesn't extend to soup...

Pea and Ham soup.



Bathroom floor is green.

For fuck's sake!



I'd just finished cleaning.

2hrs later...

Round 2 of Man vs Bathroom.

Man won.

Mojo walked in.

Promptly threw up.

On said sparkly bathroom floor.

I didn't know I knew so many swear words.

Mojo lives outside now.  
Permanently.

45 minutes later...

Nobody is allowed in the bathroom.

Ever.

I've mopped that sodding floor more times than I care to count today.

Put everything back in the broom cupboard.

Walked into the kitchen.

Found that our delightful kitties have knocked over a vase, a jar of pasta sauce, and a bottle of wine.

Floor's filthy.

I give up.

If anyone knows where to source a new mop from, I'd be grateful.

Ours is in about 7 pieces now.

Also, on an unrelated note, is anyone rehoming cats?



## Day 52

Decided to be Mickey Mouse today.

Put Sarah's bra over my ears.

Ran around the room squeaking "I am the mascot for an evil corporation! Oh-ho!"

It amuses everybody.

Well...me,

And possibly Mojo.

It's hard to tell with him.

Put some real time and thought into my professional wrestling career today.  
Y'know, for when this is all over.

Apparently, laying a big teddy on the sofa and performing a flying elbow drop from the windowsill is "all kinds of irresponsible".

Sarah told me to stop otherwise I'd hurt myself.

Explained to her that I needed to practice and it would all be fine.

She told me it was my own fault if I hurt myself.

I won't.

Balanced on the windowsill.

Prepared to jump.

The doorbell rang at exactly the same time as I jumped.

Scared the shit out of me.

Missed the sofa.

Faceplanted the floor.

Think I've broken my nose again.

Sarah seems to be loving the words "I told you so".

Seems a one-bedroom flat isn't the best place to practice after all.

Bet The Rock didn't have this to contend with.

Tried explaining to Sarah that I was just like The Rock.

Except without the money.

Or fame.

Or good looks.

Or charisma.

Or muscle.

But apart from that, we are exactly the same.

She's looking at me funny.

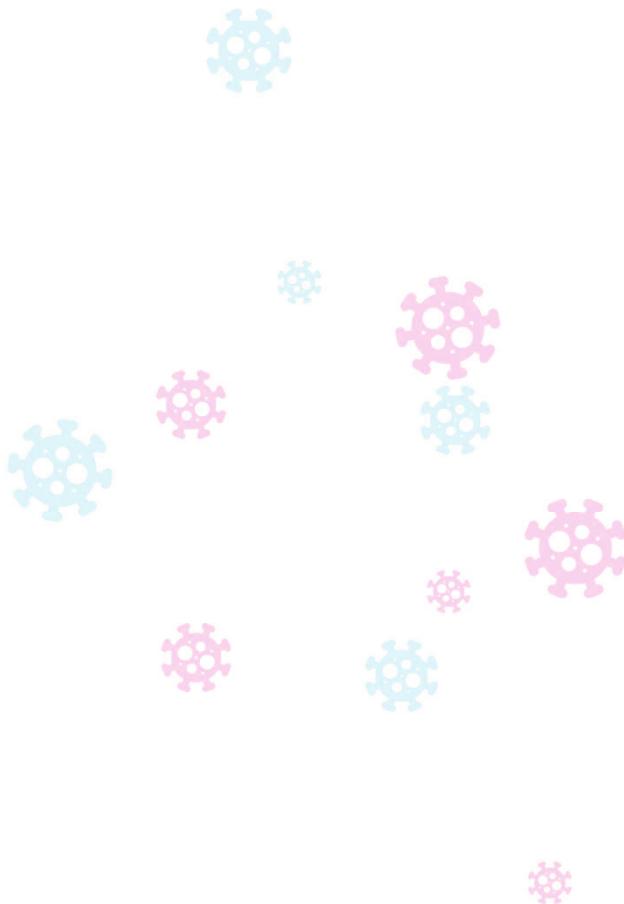
Anyway, I've given Arthur a bell, see if he can come and help me with my nose.

He was talking so loudly, I had to hold the phone away from my ear.

He's so grumpy!

He said he'd come, but only to laugh.

Wonder what's so funny.  
He looked at my nose.  
Asked me if I was "trying to set some kind of record".  
Told him I wasn't, but I'd consider going for most beermats stacked on my own head or something.  
He said I'd missed the point of the question.  
That being said, I've always wanted to be in the Guinness Book of Records.  
I'll put some thought in tonight and start my world record attempt tomorrow!



## Day 53

Attempted to cut my own hair.

Discovered very quickly that cutting your own hair in lockdown, is like attempting heart surgery because you've played Operation once.

For the lives of everyone around you, DO NOT DO IT!!

You WILL look a twat.

Made a right hatchet job of mine.

Not the journalism term.

Looks like I've actually been attacked by a hatchet.

I resemble a victim of Little Bighorn.

Not eating crap seems to be going well. No cake for an hour and a half.

Admittedly, we now don't HAVE any cake, but still....

I feel like I've turned a corner.

Turned a corner straight into the fridge.

Bastard.

This happens a lot.

Now sat on the couch with a full roll of chocolate biscuits, 3lbs of cheese, 2 share size bags of Doritos and a trifle.

Fucks sake...

Scales are going to hate me.

As is my waistline.

And probably now my heart.

But I mean, trifle though.....

Worth it.

One of the phases of SAS selection involves periods of torture to test the candidates resistance.

Between such sessions, they put headphones on the candidate of distressing noises such as metal scraping against metal, babies crying, loud bangs etc.... All designed to chip away at the mental stability.

Pretty brutal stuff.

I tried to work out what noises I would find this distressing were I in that situation.

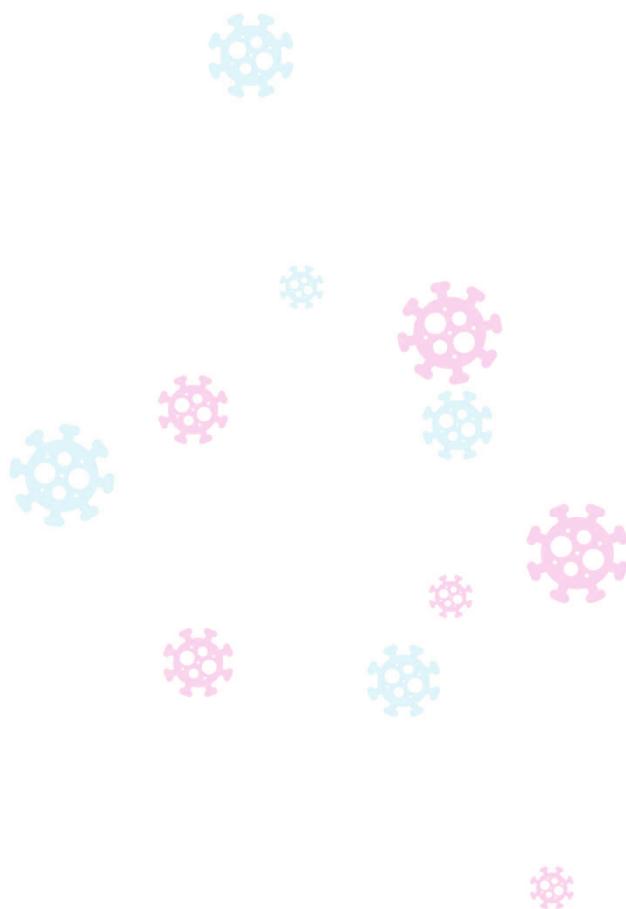
Beryl's claws scraping the litter tray when she's trying to cover a shit from 2 feet away would definitely be right up there.

Probably my brain screaming when we are out of cake would be another.

Then my hips and stomach screaming "WHAT HAVE YOU DONE YOU FAT PRICK?!?!" when I eat said cake.

In fairness, all they would have to do is play Coldplay music through said headphones.

That would have me broken and sobbing for my mum in no time.  
To quote a favourite comedian of mine, "there's more evil in the charts than an Al Qaeda suggestion box".  
This is a broad statement, not one I find completely true.  
However, in the case of Chris Martin in this analogy, he may as well be Osama Bin Laden himself.....



## Day 54

Did some thinking about words.  
Wondered why they give conditions the names they do.  
Why does lisp have a fucking S in it??  
That's just cruel.  
And don't get me started on why dyslexia is so hard to spell AND has a bloody X chucked in there for banter.  
Tight bastards.  
Saw Elon Musk in the paper.  
Seems he's christened his kid ED-209 or R2-D2 or something ridiculous.  
Pretentious twat.  
Seems to be all the rage these days.  
Calling your little mutant something mental.  
Batman.  
Hashtag.  
Chardonnay.  
Apple.  
Dyson 3000 Carpet Cleaner.  
Why do they do it, when Gary's are bordering on extinction??  
The world needs more Gary's.  
I might set up a charity.  
Save a Gary, Get Your Title into Trend!!  
Mind you, then the charity would be called SAGGY TIT.  
Perhaps I won't.  
I'd have a kid and call it Roger.  
Even if it was a girl.  
Just for shits and giggles.  
Sarah's in a thundering mood today.  
Seems I rolled over in the night and managed to whack her in the eye.  
She's been walking round like an angry pirate all morning.  
Seems even unconscious I can piss her off.  
Rich is very talented.  
Woke up to a coffee though which was nice.  
Shame it was boiling hot and appeared to have been thrown over my pillow.  
While my head was still sleeping on it.  
Ahh well, it had the desired effect.  
I'm very awake.  
And possibly have 3rd degree burns but hey.  
Swings and roundabouts.

Wondering if Arthur would come and help me out.  
With a skin graft.  
Gave him a call.  
Got his answer machine.  
He's fuming with somebody.  
Evidently "that accident prone, timewasting, moronic bellend can piss off!!"  
I like Arthur.  
If I find out who's upsetting him, I'll give them a swift slap.  
I like to help where I can.  
Ah well, off to suck the coffee out of my pillow.  
Should be cool enough to drink by now....



## Day 55

Saw an advert for Felix cat food.  
Cute little black and white cat.  
Little bit mischievous.  
Rolling about.  
Being a bit cheeky.  
But, it's incredibly cute so it's all ok.  
Looked away from the tv at our house and our 4 little hellspawns.  
Oh how wrong those adverts got it.  
The living room looks like an explosion in a cat toy factory.  
Pictures are hanging off the walls.  
The floor is an obstacle course of individual pieces of cat litter.  
The couch cushions have been shredded.  
Pacino is trying to eat Beryl.  
Mojo is currently sinking his claws into Sarah's leg.  
Frank walked in.  
Threw up out of protest.  
Gave us all a filthy look.  
Walked out.  
Talk about painting an unrealistic picture.  
Cheers, Felix.  
And people wonder why I have trust issues.  
Taken an idea from others during this lockdown.  
There's lovely pictures of people putting rainbows in their windows.  
Messages of support for the NHS.  
Motivation to passers-by to help get through this tough time.  
Gave it a go.  
We now have a message in the bedroom window and the living room window.  
The first says "We used to be nice people".  
The second says "Send Help!! (or wine)".  
Spooks has been rubbing off on me a bit too much.  
The only way to enter a room now is a stealthy forward roll.  
Then hiding under tables taking instructions from an imaginary earpiece.  
It's great!!  
Well.  
It was.  
Didn't see that Sarah was walking through with a tray with her breakfast on it.  
Dickhead here rolls through the door, screaming "GET DOWN PRIME MINISTER,  
THERES A BOMB!!"

Wiped Sarah out.  
She screamed.  
Tray went everywhere.  
We're both covered in milk, orange juice, coffee and cereal.  
Sarah reckons I'm a "fucking hazardous juvenile arsehole!!"  
Bit mean.  
I've just saved her life.  
She hit me with her tray.  
Cats licking up the milk.  
Sarah's sweeping up cereal.  
For the second day in a row, I've been scalded by coffee.  
In retrospect, this probably hasn't been my best idea.  
This is what real life looks like.  
Make an advert out of that Felix, you lying bastards.....



## Day 56

Having a crack at getting in shape during lockdown.

I keep seeing videos of people making the whole process look so effortless.  
(Fuck you Joe Wicks. Shouty little garden gnome).

That is not the case in this house.

Joe Wicks does not have 4 of the naughtiest cats in history.

Started with some deadlifts.

Wondered why the bar was so heavy.

Opened my eyes to find a chunky cat hanging off each end.

Googled "hernia".

Scrapped deadlifts.

Moved onto sit ups.

Did one.

Fuck.

That.

Shit.

They are far too much like hard work.

Pfffft.

I'll just stay fat.

I'll bulk out everywhere else so nobody notices that fat belly.

Genius.

Decided to work on my arms instead.

Anchored a resistance band under the door.

Started working on triceps.

Got the band to full stretch.

Feeling the burn.

Mojo managed to hang off the door handle.

Door swung open.

It's not an exaggeration to say I flew across the room.

Into the window.

Think I've broken my nose.

Again.

It's about the 5th time this quarantine.

I don't feel like exercising anymore.

(Fuck Joe Wicks).

My workout has evidently been sponsored by Benny Hill.

Decided to finish off with a healthy breakfast.

Went into kitchen.

Reached for the kale.

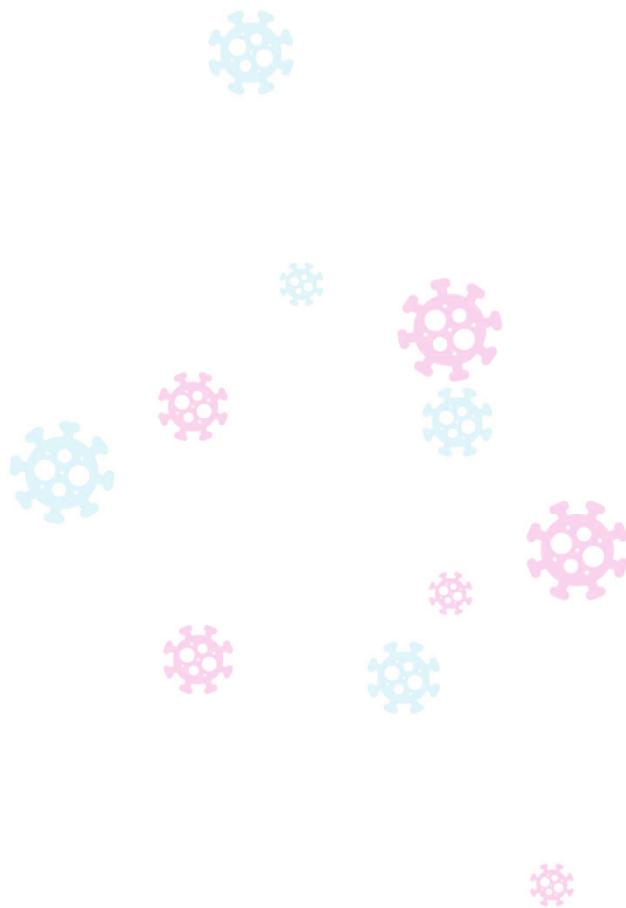
Breeze blew me in the direction of chocolate.  
And cheese.  
And jam.  
And a Full English.  
Shame.  
Hate it when that happens.  
(Fuck Joe Wicks).  
So.  
One sit up and a fry up later.  
I don't look like The Rock.  
That's incredibly disappointing.  
Googled it to check it was right.  
Apparently you have to exercise more than once.  
I did not know this.  
And eat healthy stuff, EVERY DAY!!  
Fuck off.  
And fuck Joe Wicks.  
Wanker.....



## Day 57

I'm beyond sad today.  
Suffered a soul crushing loss.  
I'm inconsolable.  
Never known heartbreak like it.  
I've finished my box set.  
Ate bodyweight in cheese.  
That's got sod all to do with being upset.  
I'm just fat and that was breakfast.  
Seems that it is a Bank Holiday weekend.  
What do people actually do on a Bank Holiday??  
I just used to drink myself into a coma for 3 days.  
Doesn't have the same effect with coffee or juice.  
I just end up needing to wee every 6 minutes.  
Embarked on a task.  
Decided to make a scale model out of matches.  
Went for somewhere cultural.  
Unique.  
Historically important.  
Obviously, I've decided on the Love Island villa.  
Only because when I've finished, I can fill it with little Love Island people.  
Then burn them all alive.  
Braindead fuckwits.  
Sarah bought herself some flowers the other day.  
Seems she can't have anything without the cats eating it or knocking it over.  
After eleventy trillion times of picking the vase up, she decided to put the flowers outside for safety.  
They're in the flower bed in front of the window now.  
2 hrs later...  
Noticed a large group of people congregated outside our window.  
All wearing black.  
Looking sad.  
Seems they've misunderstood the meaning of the flowers.  
Caught part of their conversation through the window.  
"I knew he'd been winding her up, but I didn't think she'd kill him!!"  
Arthur was there too.  
He looked really happy.  
First time I've seen him smile.  
Evidently this flowerbed is my grave.  
Decided to have a bit of fun with this.  
Went and put my suit on.

Burst out of the front door.  
Asked if I was too late.  
Never seen 8 people pass out all at the same time before.  
Off to find a new box set.  
Better be a long series.  
Not ready for another heartbreak just yet...



## Day 58

So with my newfound love for spies and secret agents, Sarah and I decided to take the online tests to check your compatibility with MI5.

Needless to say, it looks like the nation is safe.

Thought I'd explore my capabilities a bit further.

Decided to see just how my spy skills measure up to the ones you see on the TV.

### 1 - The James Bond Martini Test

Watched a clip of the famous 007 martini being slid down the bar into his outstretched hand.

Looked pretty easy.

Made a coffee.

Slid it along the worktop.

Spilled coffee everywhere.

Burned myself.

Mug fell on the cat.

Smashed.

Cats soaked.

Floors covered in bits of mug.

Fucks sake.

1/10

### 2. The Car Bonnet Slide

Went outside.

Found a neighbours car.

Weighed up the jump, roll & slide technique.

Ran towards the car.

Jumped.

Tripped over the hem of my pants leg.

Fell into the car.

Faceplanted into the windscreen.

Smashed the glass.

Bounced off onto the floor.

Neighbour came out.

He's hit the roof.

Apparently "I'm trying to be a Spook" doesn't cut it.

Turns out he's actually quite violent.

I now have a broken nose.

Again.

Suppose you never really know who you live next door to.

This hasn't gone well.

-4/10

### 3. Planting A Bug

Got a load of sticky tape and a bag of Revels.

These will be my pretend bugs for surveillance.

Going to try and bug the house without Sarah noticing.

Just like the real thing.

Went into the bedroom.

Planted one inside her bedside lamp.

She walked in before I was finished.

Apparently "fuck off, I've not finished yet!!" isn't what a real spy would say if they were caught.

Sulked off and tried to bug the rest of the house.

I think I did quite well.

I'm sure she won't notice them.

Especially not the one in the centre of the tv screen.

Or the one I cunningly stuck to her back.

A moderate success.

4/10

### 4. Subtly Wearing An Earpiece.

This one should be fairly straightforward.

All I have to do is not be noticed.

Put a pair of earplugs in.

Can't hear a thing.

Seems real spies only wear them in one ear.

Apparently, wandering round the house half deaf and with affected balance isn't the most subtle.

Bumped into the door frame.

Stumbled backwards.

Fell over yet another cat.

Crashed to the floor.

Yelled out.

Think my covers blown.

Catastrophic.

-9/10

All in all, I do not think a career in MI5 will be calling any time soon.

On a completely unrelated matter, does anyone have any odd jobs the need doing??

I have to raise some money to pay for a car windscreen.....

## Day 59

When the lockdown is over, can everyone do the world a favour??  
Can we just not tell Gemma Collins??  
Silly bitch.  
Just leave her in her house.  
Forever.  
Just tell her the lockdown is still on.  
She's stupid enough to believe it.  
Apparently she wants an OBE.  
Seems she's been "keeping the nation entertained during lockdown with her antics".  
I want her to have an OBE too.  
An Orange Bitch Extinction.  
Found a video about medieval MMA online.  
It's amazing!!  
2 guys in full suits of armour, swords and shields kicking the fuck out of each other in a cage.  
Makes me think.  
Humanity really is fucking bored.  
What kind of morons find this shit entertaining??  
I think you know the answer to that.....  
2hrs later...  
Fashioned a suit of armour from old cardboard boxes.  
Shield is the bin lid.  
Sword made from a rolled up newspaper.  
Game on!!  
Ran into the bedroom.  
Clobbered Sarah with said paper sword.  
She screamed.  
Shit.  
Forgot to tell her we were playing.  
For reference, shields do fuck all against partners who have reached the end of their tether.  
She's really not impressed.  
Took shield off me.  
Hit me with it.  
Snapped sword in half.  
I can testify that cardboard armour does not protect ones gentlemen's parts either.  
They're currently hiding in my throat somewhere....

Pfffft.

Was only trying something new.

1hr later...

Decided to stay out of Sarah's way for a bit.

Went and watched some tv in bed.

Not heard from her for ages.

Went to go and look for her.

Wardrobe door burst open.

Out she leaps wearing a clown mask.

Scared the fucking life out of me!!

Bloody lunatic!!

What...the....hell is she doing?!?!

Threw my coffee over myself.

Bum made scared noises.

She's laughing hysterically.

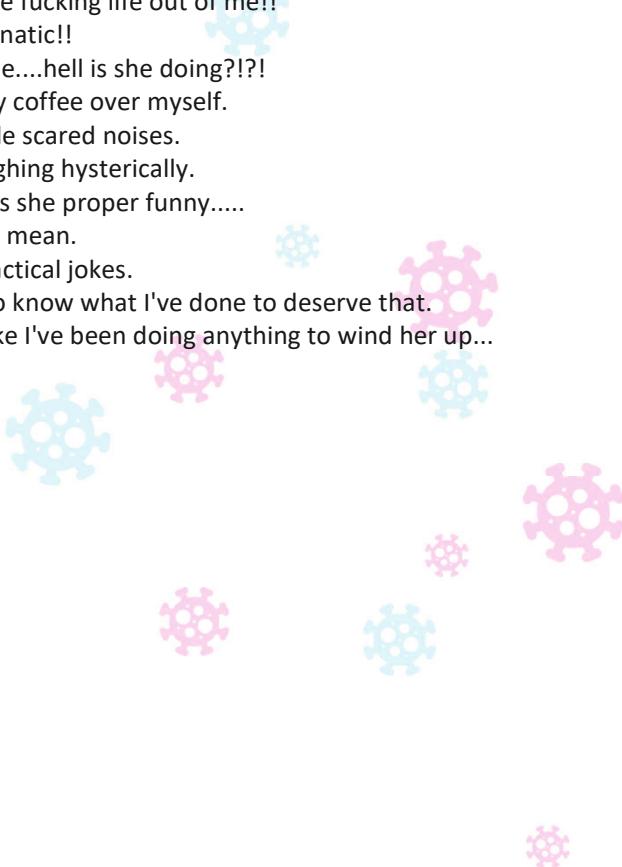
She thinks she proper funny.....

She's just mean.

I hate practical jokes.

I'd love to know what I've done to deserve that.

It's not like I've been doing anything to wind her up...



## Day 60

So it's been 2 months.  
I'd love to say my life has actually changed.  
It hasn't.  
I was always an antisocial bastard.  
Social distancing??  
Been doing it for years.  
And emotionally distancing.  
Shame I haven't mastered distancing from the fridge.  
Fairly tight pants these days.  
Hoo-whee!!

Daren't wear a belt and a tie at the same time anymore, or else I'll turn into a string of sausages.

Rediscovered 'The floor is lava'.  
Gave it a go.  
Jumped from the sofa to the chair.  
Exhilarating!!  
Chair back to the sofa.  
Wow!!  
Went for the big one.  
Sofa to the dining room table.  
Risky business, but so is falling into boiling lava.  
Jumped.  
Missed.  
Ploughed into the floor.  
Blood everywhere.  
Don't think my nose is ever going to recover once this is over.  
Gave Arthur a quick ring.  
Apparently he's "been sectioned".  
I asked if this is like going on holiday.  
Apparently it isn't.  
Seems somebody "pushed him too far".  
Bastards.  
Selfish bastards.  
Asked Sarah if we are allowed cake for breakfast.  
She said yes.  
The 'its 5 o clock somewhere' rule applies to a lot more during lockdown.  
That shall be my new excuse.  
For everything.

Burst in on her having a wee.

She screamed.

I said "its 5 o clock somewhere!!"

Drew Iron Man on the office wall.

Sarah's gone mad.

"Its 5 o clock somewhere!!"

Held a wedding for two of my teddies.

Threw confetti.

Well, cat litter.

Sarah's crying in the corner.

"Its 5 o clo...."

"SAY THAT AGAIN YOU SILLY BASTARD AND I'LL DROWN YOU IN YOUR OWN BATHWATER!!"

She's really grumpy today.

Tried to cheer her up.

Decided to make her breakfast.

Made pancake batter.

Poured it into circles on the floor.

She's hit the roof and asked me what the hell I'm doing.

Apparently "the floor is lava so I can cook without using any electricity" isn't a viable answer.

She's sat in the corner drinking gin while rocking and crying.

She must have had a bad night sleep.....

## Day 61

Next doors pointless inconveniences must be bored.

Sarah says I have to stop calling them that.

Apparently the appropriate term is "children".

Pfffft.

Bastards.

They've been playing a game that's evidently called "thunder about doing laps of the flat, yelling incoherent shite to one another" again.

Not sure how long this game lasts.

It's been going on for 3 days now.

Also makes it hard to tell which one of them is winning.

Not sure what the rules of the game are either.

I do hope that they include me being allowed to hide round a corner before clotheslining the little bastards out of their shoes....

Sarah suggesting going out and telling them Father Christmas isn't real.

I laughed at her.

Realised she was serious.

What the hell does she mean, he's not real?!?!

I'm crushed.

It seems that people actually buy each other Christmas presents, and just pretend it was him.

What the fuck??

Actually, that makes sense.

The last 3 Christmas days, she hasn't had anything to open from me.

I just assumed she was on the naughty list so Santa hadn't bought her anything.

This makes a little more sense now.

Oops.

Flicked on the telly.

Saw a bit about Adele tribute acts and how their careers are over now she's lost so much weight.

I might become a tribute act.

Gave it some thought as to who.

Tom Hardy body double.

No, that wouldn't work.

He's beautiful and looks like he doesn't eat cake.

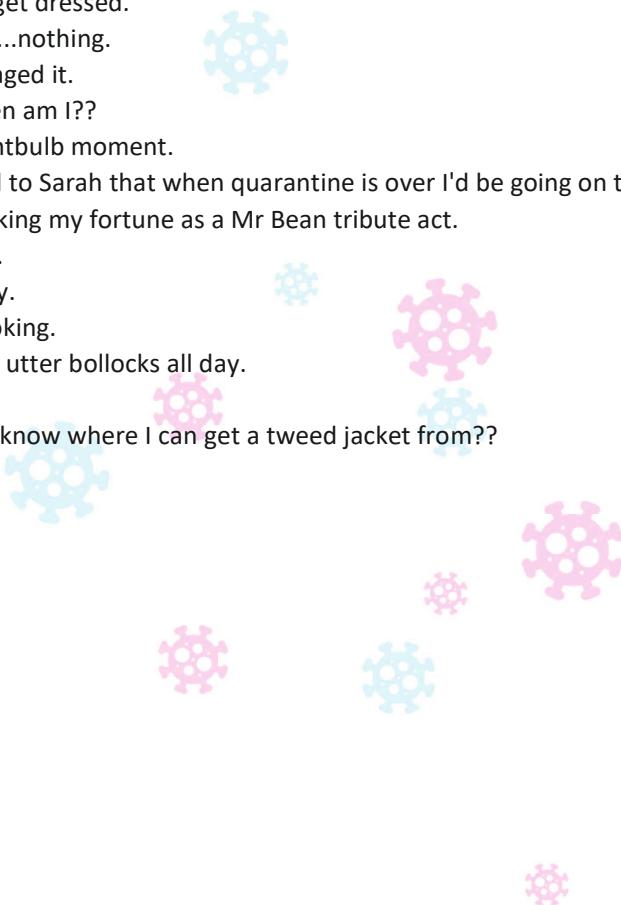
Pfffft.

Lewis Capaldi??

Nah.

I can't sing and I'm not that funny.

Bear Grylls!!  
No, I can't hunt.  
I wouldn't even know the natural habitat of biscuits.  
Denzel Washington perhaps.  
No, he's a bit taller than me so people would notice the difference.  
Hmmm.  
I'll give it some more thought later.  
Had cake.  
Went to get dressed.  
Fell over....nothing.  
Still managed it.  
What even am I??  
Had a lightbulb moment.  
Explained to Sarah that when quarantine is over I'd be going on tour.  
I'll be making my fortune as a Mr Bean tribute act.  
Dark hair.  
Bit clumsy.  
Goofy looking.  
Mumbles utter bollocks all day.  
Perfect!!  
Anybody know where I can get a tweed jacket from??

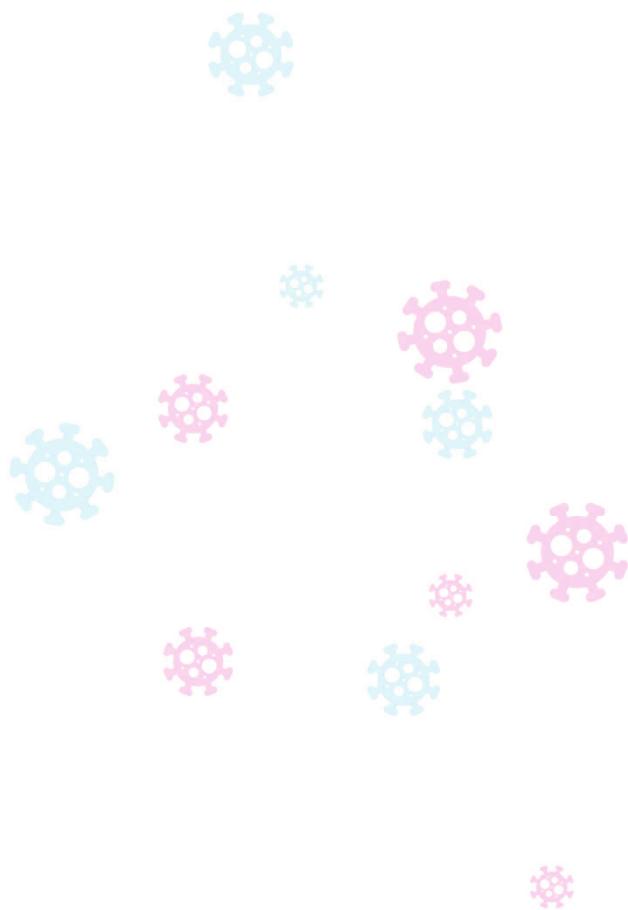


## Day 62

Lockdown is starting to stifle my creativity.  
It's getting harder to find ways to keep myself entertained.  
The things I have been doing seem to get me into trouble.  
Decided to behave and just watch some telly.  
Not being funny, but as if lockdown wasn't challenging enough, daytime tv  
does not help.  
People are already struggling.  
How the fuck are the Loose Women going to help??  
Aren't people suffering enough??  
Looks like the Spice Girls in a wind tunnel after their Botox has worn off.  
The only way Janet Street-Porter and Co. will be useful to Coronavirus is if they  
gather round their cauldron and whip up a vaccine.  
Beyond that, my lockdown experience isn't being improved at the thought of  
Denise Welch getting the WD-40 out for a creaky romp with her 83rd new  
toyboy and Stacey Solomon's night sweats.  
There's not much on the other channels though either.  
Think I've seen every episode of Can't Pay? We'll Take It Away! ever created.  
At least everyone's safe from them during lockdown.  
Haven't paid your rent?  
No worries.  
Just answer the door naked with no PPE on.  
They'll soon fuck off.  
Been watching a load of quiz shows too though.  
Trying to keep my mind sharp.  
Got every single answer on an episode of Tenable yesterday.  
Dead chuffed with myself.  
There's hope for my mind yet!!  
Maybe it hasn't completely turned to jelly yet!!  
Told Sarah the great news!!  
She didn't look impressed.  
Turns out it was a repeat of the day before's episode.  
Fucks sake.  
Thought I was doing dead well.  
Not going to bother anymore.  
Next she will tell me that Charles Ingram hasn't just won Who Wants To Be A  
Millionaire!!  
Pfffft.  
Anyway, I've got a busy day ahead today.

Off to grab a family size sharing box of biscuits, and settle in for a morning of Blockbusters from 1983 and an hour learning about Coleen Nolan's vaginal dryness.

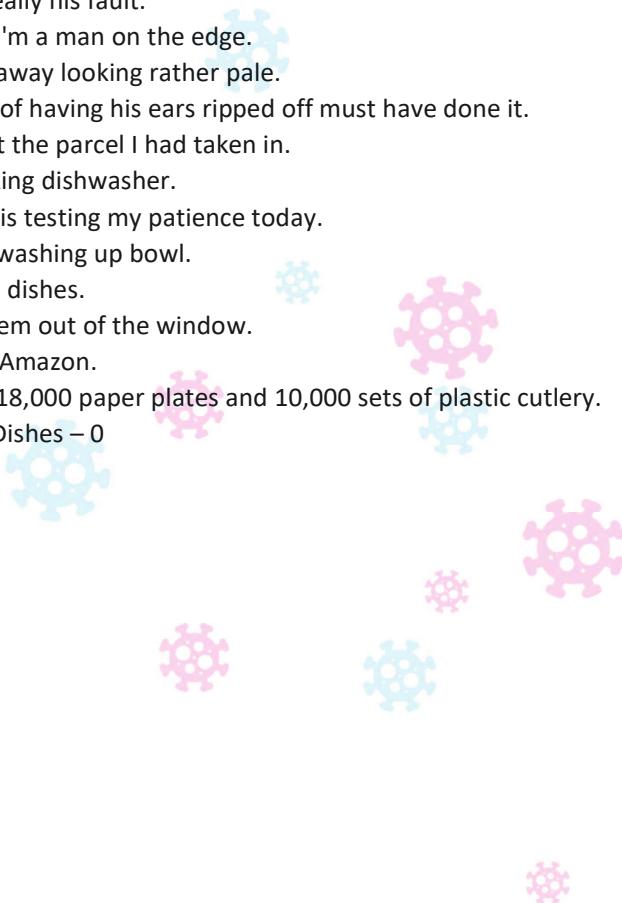
Wish me luck.....



## Day 63

I've upset Sarah today.  
I woke her up.  
Ordinarily forgivable.  
Not today.  
Ran into the bedroom brandishing a leek, threw a glove at her, and challenged her to a duel.  
At 3am.  
Didn't go over too well.  
She used the words "cluck cough".  
Quite a bit actually.  
Hmmm.  
I was bored.  
Decided to make it up to her and do some housework.  
Started with the pots.  
Ran sinkful of hot soapy water.  
Dumped pots in.  
Put my hands in.  
Screamed.  
Forgot to put cold water in.  
Topped up with cold water.  
Put hands in again.  
3 seconds later, face started to itch.  
Dried hands.  
Scratched face.  
Hands back in washing up bowl.  
Phone rang.  
Dried hands.  
Answered phone.  
"Have you had an accident in the last 3 years??".  
Got sweary.  
Threw phone.  
Smashed.  
Fucks sake.  
Hands back in washing up bowl.  
Mojo starts trashing the place.  
Dried hands.  
Grabbed Mojo.  
Shut him in wardrobe.

Hands back in washing up bowl.  
Doorbell rang.  
Screamed.  
Loudly.  
Dried hands.  
Answered door.  
"Next door isn't answering, can you take a parcel??"  
Poor DPD guy.  
Wasn't really his fault.  
Even so, I'm a man on the edge.  
He went away looking rather pale.  
Prospect of having his ears ripped off must have done it.  
Looked at the parcel I had taken in.  
It's a fucking dishwasher.  
Universe is testing my patience today.  
Emptied washing up bowl.  
Gathered dishes.  
Threw them out of the window.  
Went on Amazon.  
Ordered 18,000 paper plates and 10,000 sets of plastic cutlery.  
Rich - 1, Dishes - 0



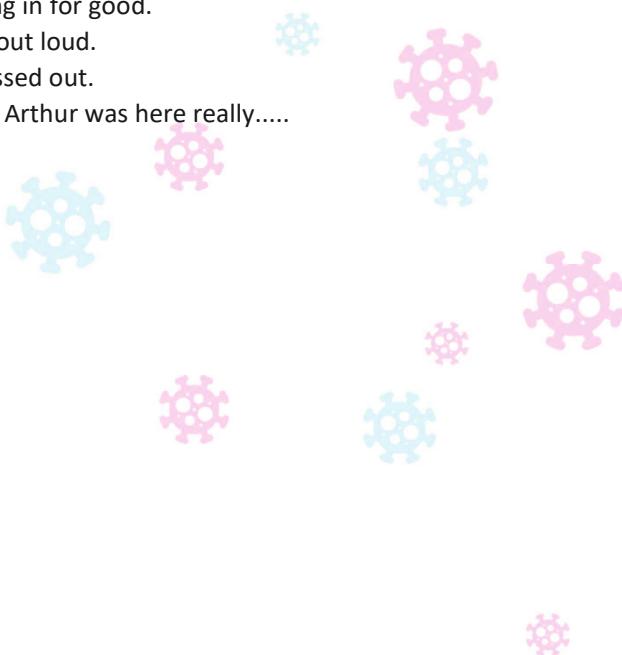
## Day 64

Decided to venture outside today.  
Use my hours exercise.  
Asked Sarah if she wanted to come.  
She said she'd stay home.  
Use the time to get some work done.  
Fair enough.  
I've opted for the 80's dress code.  
Pink fluffy leg warmers and matching headband.  
Very Olivia Newton-John.  
Said goodbye to Sarah.  
She closed the door after me.  
What's really weird is, as soon as it shut I heard a few sounds.  
The lock clicking.  
Excited cheering.  
Corks popping.  
And they all seemed to be coming from our house.  
Weird.  
Skipped off to the park.  
Nice to see everyone taking social distancing seriously.  
Whenever someone saw me coming, they crossed over the road.  
Very responsible of them!!  
Decided to test my cardio.  
Sprinted flat out for as long as possible.  
3 seconds and 15 feet later and I'm done in.  
Fuck.  
That.  
Shit.  
Why do people do that for pleasure.  
I'd be pushing it to escape from a bear, never mind for fun.  
Still, its 1.5 seconds and 5 feet further than last time.  
Progress.  
Collapsed in a heap.  
Blacked out.  
Woke up on my front doorstep.  
Arthur found me!!  
Seems they've let him out!!  
Dead chuffed to see him.  
Seems the feeling is not mutual.

Apparently he'd only gone for a jog to clear his head.  
Then he saw some chunky, ultra-camp, unfit idiot fall over and he knew it was me.  
I can't even argue with his description of me.  
Seems Sarah's enjoyed her mornings work though.  
Must be thirsty work though.  
There's 2 empty bottles of Prosecco and half a bottle of gin in the kitchen.  
When she saw that I was back, she looked really pissed off.  
Not with me, with Arthur.  
Wonder what he's done wrong?!?!



Arthur looks mortified.  
Not sure what's going on, but they both went very pale.  
Must be thirsty work carrying me home, because Arthur is joining in the gin drinking too.  
Needless to say, I won't be exercising again tomorrow.  
I'm staying in for good.  
Said this out loud.  
Sarah passed out.  
Good job Arthur was here really.....



## Day 65

I've decided today shall be a musical.

Whenever I enter a room, I'm going to spontaneously burst into song.

25 minutes later...

Sarah looks murderous.

Seems you CAN hear "clang clang clang went the trolleyyyyyy!!" too many times.

I've themed the song to match whatever action is being completed round the house at that moment.

Sarah went for a shower.

Burst in and erupted into "Singing in the Rain!!"

I don't remember the next line being "get out of the bathroom you tit!!".

Maybe she knows a different version to me.

She's gone into the office to get some work done.

Apparently legging it in, in lipstick and high heels and belting out "working 9-5!!" is quite distracting.

Sarah turned Coronation Street on.

Me - "This is the greatest shooooooooowww!!"

That might be overstating it a bit, but still.

Apparently I can't sing and dance, and this level of buffoonery is not helpful during lockdown.

I've decided to combine three of Sarah's greatest loves.

Our cats, music and me!!

Got the team together for a full scale furry rendition of Cats, the musical, from start to finish.

She looks terrified.

Made sure she was watching.

Shouted "Action!!"

I started to sing.

Beautifully I might add.

Mojo fell over.

Beryl walked off, bored.

Pacino wandered off in the direction of the food.

Frank issued the death stare to all of us.

Incidentally, so too did Sarah!!

Ahh, I tried.

Maybe musicals aren't for everyone.

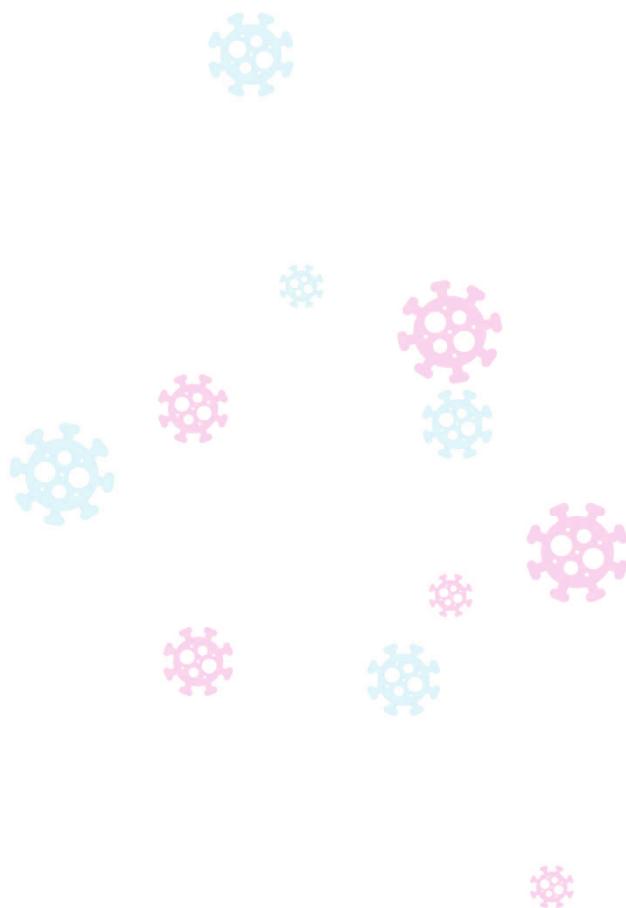
Apparently, it's more than she's "been stuck inside for 7 weeks with a juvenile delinquent with what appears to be ADHD, who is incapable of sitting still for more than 10 minutes, or making it through more than 3 days without dragging a retired paramedic over for his latest in a long line of clumsiness induced

injuries and has the attention span of a goldfish!"

Not sure who she's talking about.

Can't even remember what she said to be honest.

Right, off to see how high I can bounce if I jump from the top of the wardrobe onto the bed....



## Day 66

Today has consisted mostly of a little game I like to call "chucking random shit and seeing how far it flies".

Opened the front door, and away we went.

Findings are these:

Toilet brush - 8 feet, not very aerodynamic

Fresh leek - 45 feet, good balance of weight, impressive distance

Mojo - minus 4 feet, very scratchy and bitey, objects to the game, made me bleed and casually sauntered off looking smug.

Sarah's hair straighteners - 4 feet, side note (unplug from the wall next time), didn't fly well and made Sarah scream. DO NOT REPEAT!!

Tin of beans - 59 feet. Great for channelling your inner Crocodile Dundee.

However, smashing of glass and shouting from neighbour gives me cause for concern.

Golf club - 32 feet, took more of a boomerang trajectory than a straight one.

Water balloon - 40 feet. Childhood favourite. Pure nostalgia. Will adapt this and fill with bleach when next doors semen demons are wreaking havoc outside the flat.

Science can indeed be fun.

30 minutes later...

Knock on the door.

Neighbour has turned up.

Looks furious.

Apparently a tin of beans came crashing through his living room window.

Exploded on impact.

Showered the dog in tomato sauce.

Dog jumped.

Knocked their telly off the wall.

Wife passed out.

Apparently, this is MY fault!!

Not sure how, but ok.

I tried to explain this was all conducted in the name of science.

He wasn't having it.

Called me some awful names.

Pffft.

Interesting discovery.

If you unleash your inner psychopath, people leave you alone.

Quite quickly actually.

I need to remember this for after the lockdown is over as well.

Leaving the house with a tinfoil helmet, in nothing but underpants and a hockey mask should do the trick.

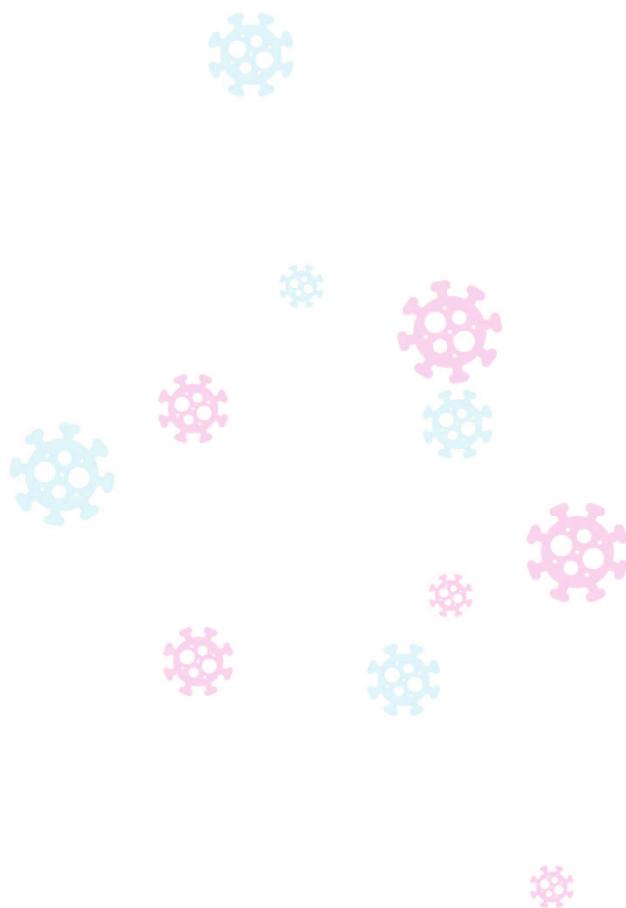
Anyway, I'd better get on.

Somehow I've been stuck with a bill for a window, a 55' telly, and a St Bernard's trip to the groomers.

Pffft.

Lockdowns shit.

They'd better not release a sequel.....



## Day 67

Turns out, if as a human, you're caught short and poo in the cat litter tray and then blame it on said cat, nobody believes you.

So I've heard anyway.

Boredoms taking effect again.

There are 3,917 holes in the sieve.

Made a sandcastle out of cous cous.

Didn't work.

There's just grains of cous cous all over the floor.

Sarah's gone nuts.

Saw a video online of a guy having a penalty shootout with his cat.

His cat saved 8 out of 9.

Pretty impressive.

Thought I'd give it a go.

Put ball on floor.

Took run up.

Kicked ball.

Mojo didn't even try.

Ball sailed clean through the window.

Sarah was in the middle of a video conference.

Heard the smash.

Came running in.

Looked at me.

She gets a funny purple vein in her temple when she's really pissed off.

I blamed the cat.

She didn't believe me.

I stand by it though.

If he had made the effort and actually saved it, the ball wouldn't have hit the window in the first place.

So it is kind of his fault.

Made a Slip and Slide in the hallway.

Covered the floor in cooking oil.

Great fun.

Went for a wee.

Heard a scream.

Seems I hadn't told Sarah.

Shit.

Went into the hallway.

Sarah's upside down against the front door.

When did my life turn into an issue of the Beano??

She's not happy today.

Told her she needs to chill out and relax.

Apparently earning money to keep us afloat is "more important than pissing about".

Might have a point.

Thought calling me "a man-child" was a bit much though.

Went into the communal stairwell next to the flats.

After 10 minutes or so, I've found out the hard way that constructing a zipline from the 3rd floor into the carpark out of string isn't advisable.

Neither is attempting to use it with a coat hanger.

Limped back in.

Covered in blood.

Sarah has absolutely no sympathy.

She's mean.

I've been placed in solitary confinement.

Apparently I'm staying here until I can be trusted to be a grown up.

Seems I will be here until I die then.....



## Day 68

Next doors little oxygen thieves were out again today.

Little twats are getting cocky now.

They come right up to the window and stare in in between rounds of yelling and chasing each other with sticks.

Stood in front of the window.

Waited.

Let the horrible bastard get really close, its little nose touching the window.

Banged on the glass and shouted "BOO!!"

It shat itself.

I've never laughed so hard in my life.

It ran off crying.

Good.

Turd.

If it comes back tomorrow, I'll up the ante.

Zip tie it to its brother, and then the pair of them to the nearest lamppost.

And people say I hate kids.....

Pffft.

Actually, no, they're right....

Its animals I like.

At least they can be domesticated.

Not like these two feral little goblins.

Discovered if I lie down, I don't look as fat.

If anyone needs me, I'll be lay on the couch for the rest of eternity.

Mojo is on fine form today.

Managed to shut himself in the cupboard with the cat food in.

Heard a thumping.

Went to investigate.

Opened the cupboard door.

Little bastard burst out like something from The Shining.

Scared the life out of me.

Swear to god he's like Pennywise on a budget.....

Off to play a game of "Find All The Shit He's Hidden During The Night".

It's our daily scavenger hunt.

So far, I've found 3 dish sponges, a cardboard sleeve from a ready meal and a rubber glove.

Give me strength....

## Day 69

Had porridge for breakfast.

After 20 minutes of choking it down, Sarah came in and laughed at me.

Apparently you need to add water and milk to the oats.

Not just eat them dry, straight from the packet.

Pffft.

That wasn't me making my usual 'pffft' noise.

I'm trying to spit the dry oats out of my mouth.

Windy as anything today.

Doesn't faze me.

Does mean we get a little bit of peace from next doors crotch nuggets.

No games of army.

No running around screaming nonsense at each other.

No staring in through the windows.

This is wonderful.

Weather is on my side today.

Not only is the wind deterring feral hump dumplings.

It's also messing with the aerial so the telly isn't working properly.

Ordinarily I'd be fuming.

However, Loose Women is about to start.

Anything to save me from Janet Street-Porter's face and Colleen Nolan's voice.

Decided to entertain myself with board games and cards.

Best way to keep myself out of Sarah's hair for a bit.

Shit by yourself though.

Cluedo - doesn't work, you already know who's died because you were the one who put the cards in the envelope.

Snap - just broken my own fingers.

Scrabble - similar to Cluedo, you already know what letters the other players got.

Chess - don't even get me started, too intellectual and Harry Potter has given me unrealistic expectations of what a game of chess should involve.

Monopoly - not bad actually, if you disagree with opponents hotel placement, you can just throw them off the board.

Wish I could be responsible like Sarah.

She's the only reason lockdown hasn't finished me off.

She's a good egg.

Plus she puts up with me.

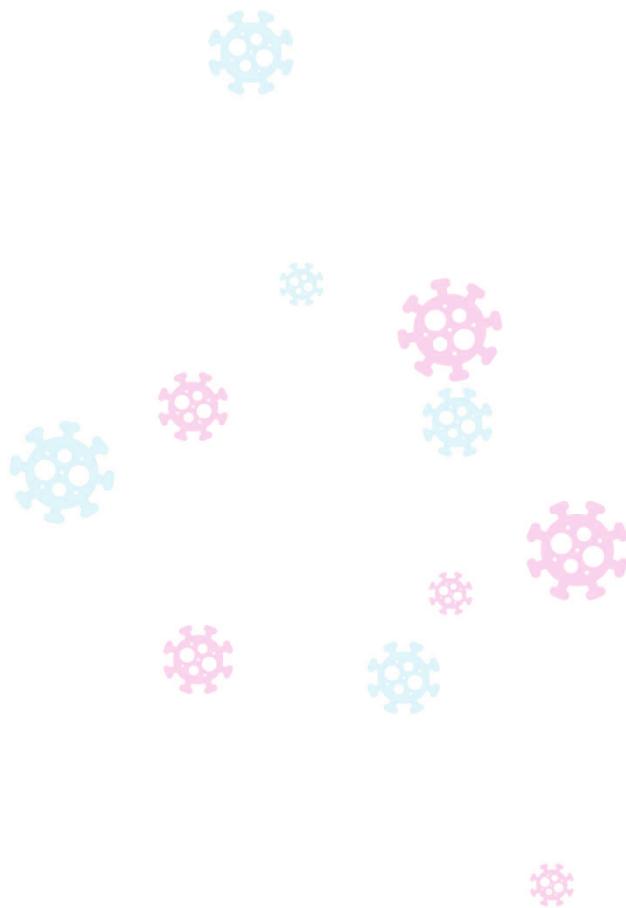
And she feeds me too.

Just need to work on my attention span now.

Hang on!!

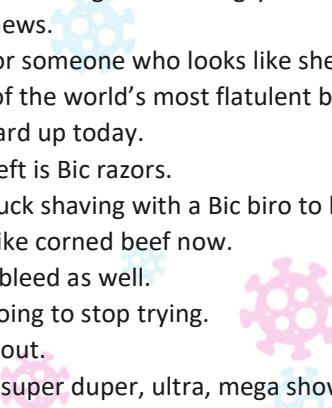
There's a lady in the house!!

Says her name is Sarah!!  
She seems nice!!  
Asked her if she wanted to play a board game.  
She said she's busy.  
Apparently "work takes priority".  
Pffft.  
(More porridge)  
Well, if that's the case, I'm off to see what Noughts and Crosses is like on your  
own.....  
Pffft.....

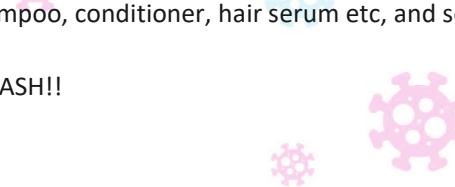


## Day 70

Bit windy today.  
Put some windchimes up.  
Thought it would have a relaxing tinkly effect.  
Took them down after half an hour.  
Thought I'd developed fucking tinnitus.  
My poor little bird feeder is empty.  
Fairly sure that too was the wind.  
Either that, or Winnington Village has a hungry Pterodactyl kicking about.  
Saw Priti Patel on the news.  
What an ironic name for someone who looks like she's just sucked a fart directly from the arse of the world's most flatulent bulldog.  
Thought I'd tidy my beard up today.  
Looks like all we have left is Bic razors.  
I think I'd have better luck shaving with a Bic biro to be fair.  
Neck and cheeks look like corned beef now.  
If corned beef were to bleed as well.  
I cannot adult, so I'm going to stop trying.  
Thought I'd help Sarah out.



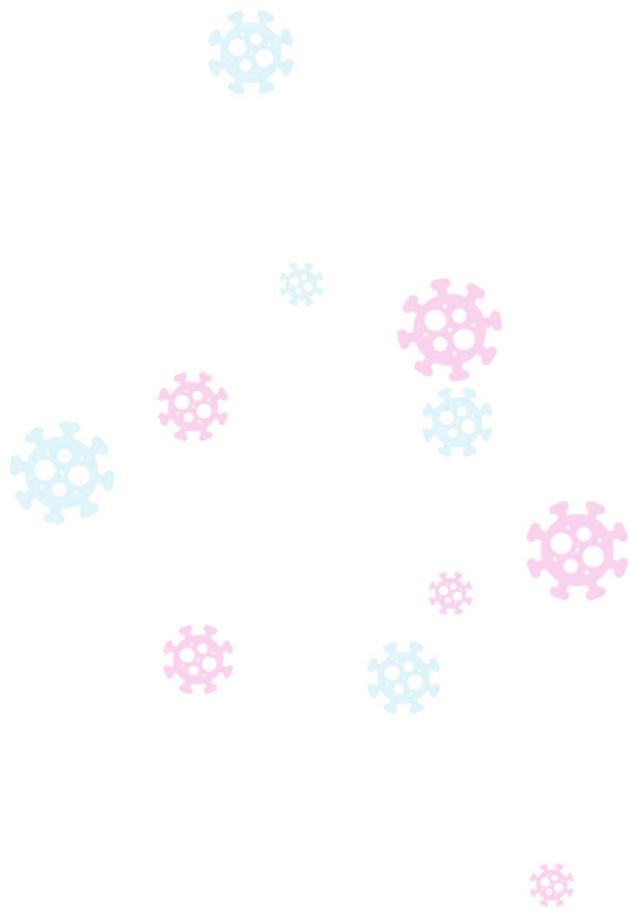
Decided to make her a super duper, ultra, mega shower product.  
Got all her bottles, shampoo, conditioner, hair serum etc, and squeezed them all into a jug.  
Now she has, MEGA WASH!!  
Showed her.  
She went white.  
Screamed.  
Passed out.



I knew she'd be happy, but I didn't think she'd be THIS happy.  
I must have done good!!  
Wanted to make sure she was ok.  
Gave Arthur a call.  
He came over.  
Sarah told him what I'd done.  
He went white.  
Screamed.  
Passed out.  
Wow!!  
This must have been an amazing idea!!  
Why has no bloke thought of doing this sooner??

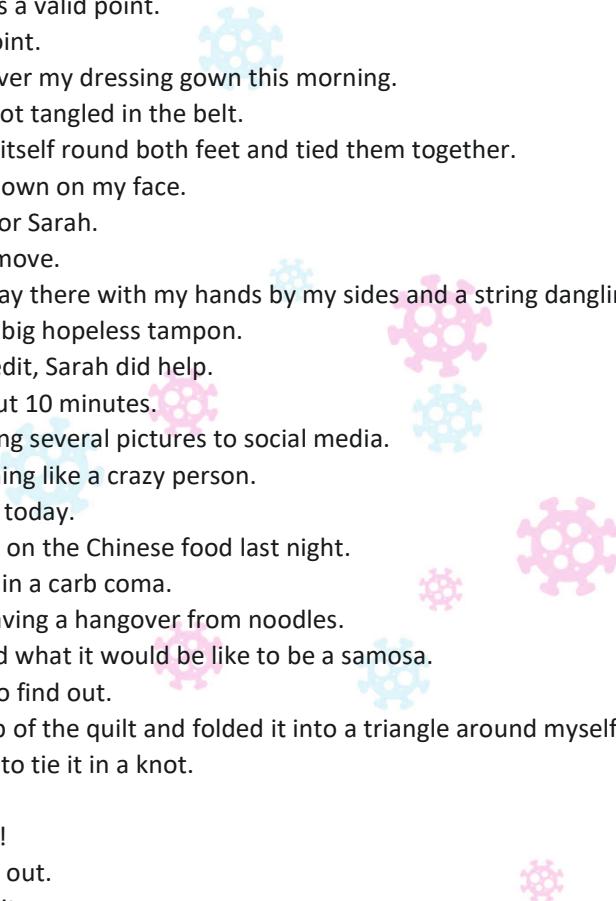


While Sarah and Arthur try and calm their excitement down over a mug of brandy each, I'm off to apply for Dragon's Den!!



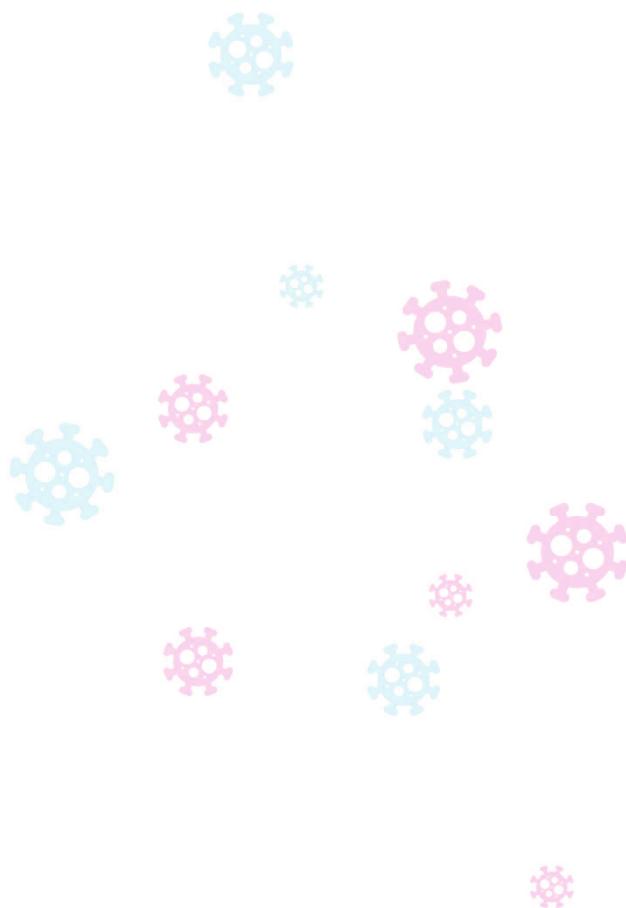
## Day 71

Seems Dominic Cumshot is in trouble.  
He's been trotting off on his holidays during lockdown.  
That's bad form.  
We've all been locked in.  
Sarah's not happy about it.  
Apparently, if he's allowed out, it's not fair that she's been putting up with my  
bored antics for months.  
She makes a valid point.  
Case in point.



Tripped over my dressing gown this morning.  
Got my foot tangled in the belt.  
Wrapped itself round both feet and tied them together.  
Crashed down on my face.  
Shouted for Sarah.  
Couldn't move.  
Was just lay there with my hands by my sides and a string dangling by my feet  
like some big hopeless tampon.  
To her credit, Sarah did help.  
After about 10 minutes.  
And posting several pictures to social media.  
And laughing like a crazy person.  
Overslept today.  
Overdid it on the Chinese food last night.  
Ended up in a carb coma.  
It's like having a hangover from noodles.  
Wondered what it would be like to be a samosa.  
Decided to find out.  
Lay on top of the quilt and folded it into a triangle around myself.  
Managed to tie it in a knot.  
Shit.  
I'm stuck!!  
I can't get out.  
Double shit.  
I just resemble a parcel the stork would bring.  
Shouted Sarah for help.  
What is it with her??  
Every time I'm in dire need, she posts potentially embarrassing pictures to  
Facebook and Instagram first!!

She has no sensitivity!!  
Anyway, I've got to go.  
Matt Handjob has just popped out of Number 10.  
Need to see if they've sacked Dominic Scummings.  
If they haven't, lockdown must be over and Sarah is free!!



## Day 72

Been up 15 minutes.

Already in shit with Sarah.

Evidently tipping 2 whole bags of flour onto the floor and making snow angel's wasn't big or clever.

Seems it was more "wasteful and irresponsible".

Pffft.

Was fun though.

Tried to lighten the mood with a snowball fight.

She was having none of it.

Ok, so using eggs as snowballs wasn't the brightest move.

Still.....

Flour, eggs, just need to throw a handful of chocolate chips about, and I'll have a tasty recipe for floor brownies....

People on the telly box haven't been very nice about that Dominic Scumbag fella.

Actually managed to make Sarah laugh.

Waited for Cumshot to come on the telly and then said in my best squeaky voice "he's not the messiah, he's a very naughty boy!!"

Between him, Matt Wankchops, Professor Jean-Claude Van Damme, Pretty Rough Patel and all the rest of the posh folks, I have to be honest, the people in the telly box seem more clueless than me!!

Must be bad, Sarah has said that with all that's going on in the world, she'd rather stay in here with me.

Christ.

Outside MUST be bad....

We've decided to make a fort so the scary posh fuckers can't get us.

Cake (the one I made on the floor earlier), crisps, gin and pop.

We are sorted.

Anybody needs us, we will be in Fort Mojo for the rest of the day.

Password is "Cummings Is A Twat".

God speed everyone...

## Day 73

Losing track of days.

On not sure, but I think Christmas is next week.

Seems lockdown is starting to lift a bit.

There's more people outside.

Not that it makes a difference to me.

I'm still hiding behind the curtains dressed like a feral Walter White.

Just for clarification, that does not mean we've got a meth lab in here.

Although, we need to make money so....

No Rich!!

No meth labs.

Think Wish is a bit strapped for business.

I used to get an advert once a week for cheap trainers.

Now I get a dozen a day for all sorts.

Teeth whitening kits, gym equipment, a 1 million candle power torch and naughty underwear just to name a few.

On the face of it, that could actually be my lockdown survival kit.

Interesting....

Thought I'd light a few candles before.

Scented ones too.

Make the house look like a fairy grotto.

Didn't go well.

Set fire to my beard.

Panicked.

Ran into the bathroom and dunked my face in the bath.

Sarah was in it.

Shit.

Sorry!!

Apparently the atmosphere of a relaxing bath is ruined somewhat by girly screaming, the smell of burning hair and your partners face being plunged into the water by your feet.

I can imagine it would to be fair.....

Trixie thought it was a game.

She jumped in the bath too.

Water everywhere.

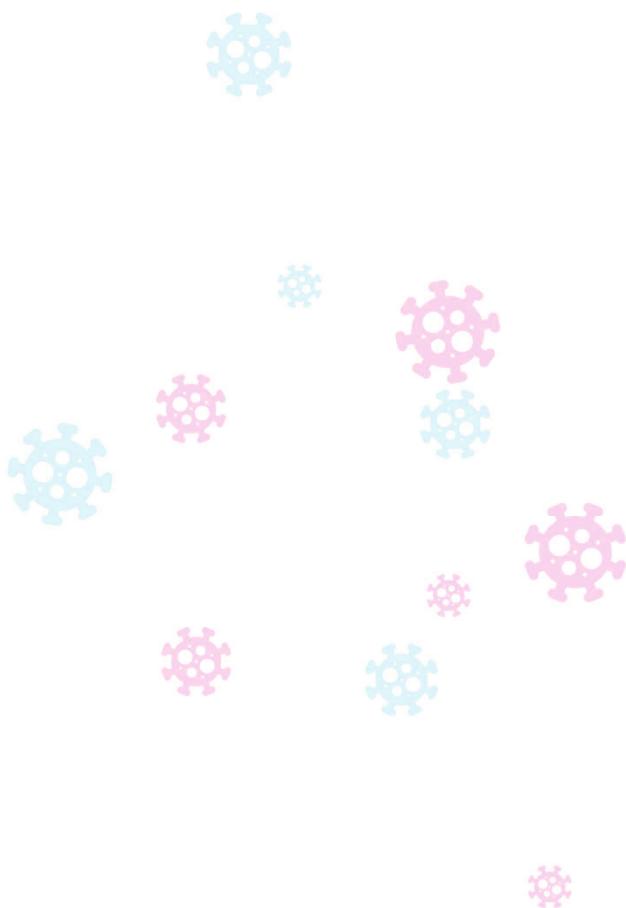
Sarah yelled.

I got soaked.

Mojo panicked and fell in as well.

Essentially we have a bathful of pet soup.

Sarah doesn't look very relaxed.  
She stormed out.  
Said she's leaving.  
I told her to wait.  
If she's venturing outside, she'll need a big torch, a gas mask and a taser.  
Just off to browse on Wish...



## Day 74

Went outside again today.  
Don't see the appeal myself.  
Learned a few things though.  
Was shocked to discover that most women on the estate don't actually look like Snapchat filters.  
It's almost like they look like normal people.  
Surely that can't be right??  
No dog ears, no big round glasses and freckles, no horns or halos, nothing.  
Seems they actually do have bags under their eyes, slightly wild hair and no makeup on.

Who knew??

Also learned that if a feral child comes trundling over on its bike, growling at it and telling it The Tooth Fairy isn't real doesn't go over well with its keeper.

Sorry, parent.

"Hope you're happy!!"

Pal, I haven't smiled since 2001, what do you think??

Got into a barking competition with next doors dog.

It barked, so I barked back.

Repeated.

Many times.

It wasn't until the neighbour poked their head over the fence that my deception was uncovered.

"Steve, that weird bloke that threw a tin of beans through the window is arguing with the dog!!"

This lot really do not have a sense of humour.

Pffft.

Got back home and asked Sarah if she needed any help with work.

She said no.

Apparently it's best all round if I don't touch anything.

Ever.

Pffft.

Can't see what harm it could do.

Kept her company in the office anyway.

Drummed on the table for a bit

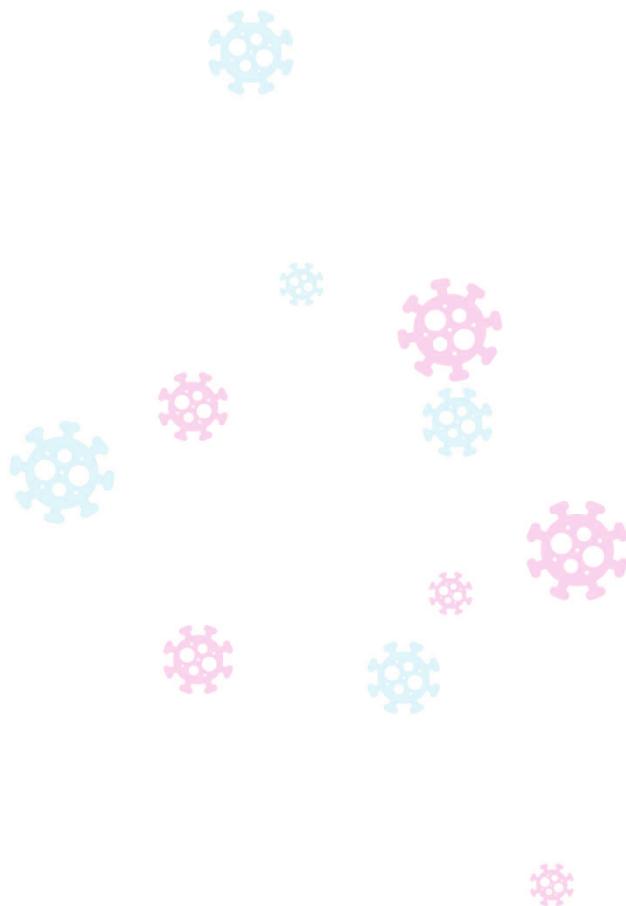
Seems that's really distracting and annoying.

Thought I'd have a go at building a house of cards.

They wouldn't stay up.

It's easier if you tape them together.

Not sure why nobody has thought of that before.  
Tried wobbling the table to make sure it stayed standing.  
It did!!  
Sarah is really grinding her teeth lately.  
She's turned a funny colour too!!  
Reckon I should probably leave her to it for a bit.  
Skipped into the front room to play Grand Theft Auto...



## Day 75

So today has got off to a blinding start.

Woke up.

Went to the bathroom.

Its only about 15 feet from the bedroom.

Made the usual naked dash in to grab my dressing gown.

Didn't expect to see a dozen workmen through the back window fixing the fence.

Thought the laughter was a bit unnecessary.

And the pointing.

"It's like a dick but smaller!!"

Pffft.

Everybody's a fucking comedian...

Started training for the Olympics today.

Not sure what to go for, so I've practiced a few disciplines just to be sure.

110m hurdles - not the same in a 20ft hallway. Had to do it in instalments, end to end. Not really feasible. Unlikely.

Discus - grabbed the good china. Opened the window. Remembered last week's javelin mishap. Decided against it.

Kayaking - got in a big cardboard box on the floor. Used Sarah's umbrella as a paddle. Reasonably successful actually. Scooted round the floor like a madman. Might be in with a chance here.

Gymnastics - turned the couch into a pommel horse. Then realised I'm not the least bit athletic, coordinated or bendy. Definite no.

Archery - Sarah said no. I'm not to be trusted with anything sharp. Probably for the best.

Wonder if they do Olympic standard Tiddlywinks yet??

Made a list of celebrities I'd like to punch in the face.

- Alan Carr

- Chris Martin

-

-

-

-

Ok, so it's not an extensive list.

It's more an excuse to punch Alan Carr in the face.

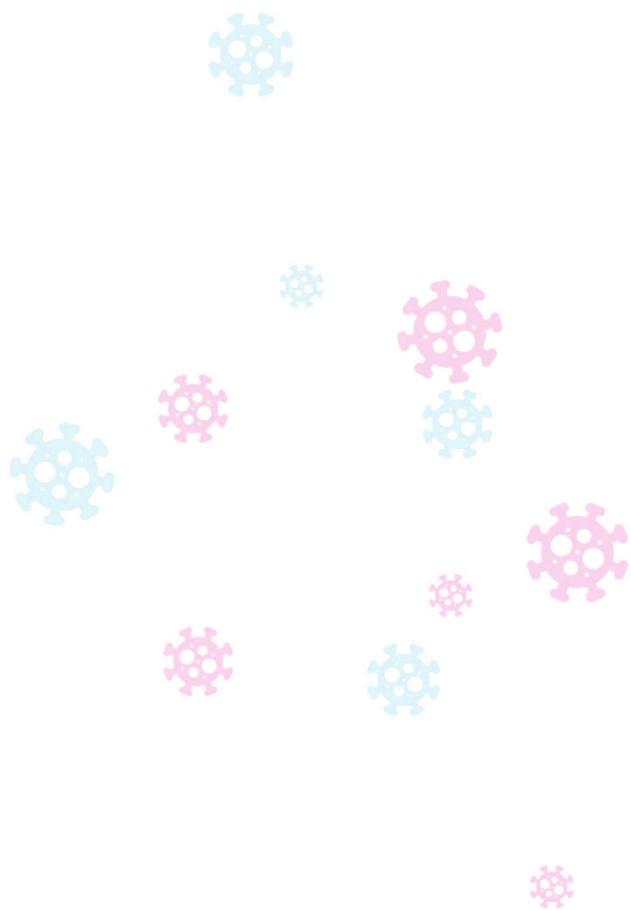
Not that you need an excuse.

Surely??

He's that irritating that I'd imagine he's used to it by now.....

Better go.

Need to practice my hammer throw.  
Apparently this isn't done with an actual hammer.  
That could have been disastrous.....



## Day 76

Went out again today.

Pffft.

Nearly bloody melted.

Not a fan of this heat shit.

How people can go on holiday and lie in the sun for hours I'll never know.

Look like a fucking lobster.

We went to see my mum.

Took Trixie.

Journey went like this.

09:55 - left house



09:57 - went back for hat

09:58 - left again

09:59 - went back for wallet

10:00 - hunted for wallet

10:09 - found wallet

10:10 - set off again



10:13 - Trixie did a shit

10:14 - went back for poo bags



10:17 - cleared up poop



10:19 - complained about heat

10:20 - Sarah complained about heat



10:22 - Trixie complained about heat

10:23 - asked if we were nearly there



10:23 - Sarah said no

10:24 - sulked

10:26 - asked if we were nearly there



10:26 - Sarah said no

10:27 - wanted ice lolly



10:27 - we had no ice lollies

10:27 - threw myself to ground in overly dramatic tantrum befitting a 3 year old



10:28 - Sarah and Trixie carried on walking and left me

10:29 - ran after them

10:33 - complained feet hurt

10:34 - complained about heat

10:36 - asked if we were nearly there

10:37 - Sarah pushed me in canal

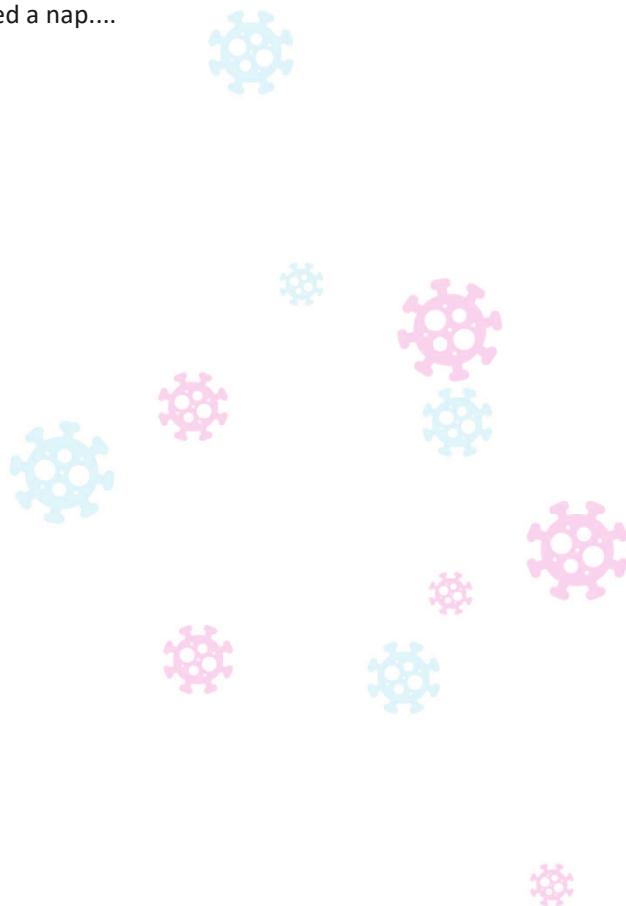
It has been a hot and grumpy day.

Not being repeated again soon.

Pffft.

Off to get ice lollies.....

Pfffft.  
Shop sold out of ice lollies.  
And ice cream.  
And choc ices.  
Fucks sake.  
I've made do with a glass of flat, warm lemonade.  
Ahhh.....refreshing!!  
Pfffft.  
I am getting cranky.  
Must need a nap....



## Day 77

Decided I wasn't going to do a single thing that could get me into trouble today.

No shenanigans.

No bored stunts.

No outlandish new hobbies.

No upsetting Sarah.

Logged into social media.

Scrolled through to see how all my friends were doing and what they were up to.

Saw a quiz suggesting you pick a colour, and it will give you a result that defines your personality.

Harmless enough.

Finished it.

Chose red.

Apparently I'm "unpredictable, impulsive and often reckless".

Well I never!!

I've never been so insulted in all my life.

Saw at the bottom links to similar quizzes.

Had a go.

~ 4 hrs later ~

So many quizzes!!

I now know a wide variety of information about myself.

This includes : what I'd go to prison for, what kind of potato I am, who my celebrity lookalike is, and what my job was in a previous life.

Apparently I look like Gollum from Lord of the Rings, I'm a Rooster potato, was a tax collector in a past life, and would go to prison for flashing in public.

This is stunningly accurate.....

The internet is a weird place.

Haven't caused chaos all morning.

I'm so bored.

How do people live like this?!?!

Saw a loose thread on the sofa.

Pulled it.

Kept coming.

Carried on pulling.

Pulled and pulled and pulled.

Got it!!

Looked at the sofa.

There's a 2 foot hole in it now.

Sarah's going to hit the roof.

Laid a cushion over the top of it.

Hoping for the best.

As long as she doesn't move the cushion, there's no need for her to ever find out.

Went for a shower.

Heard an angry yell.

She's moved the cushion then....

Shit.

I wonder if I stay in here long enough, if I could drown myself rather than face the music...

