

Juliet's Lockdown Diary #Week 3

Pre lockdown it was almost a badge of honour to claim you're just too busy for any form of self improvement.

It's certainly the excuse I used to make. I've always thought it would be a beautiful thing to walk into a hotel lobby after being at a posh shindig and strike up a tune on the always vacant pianos that live in such spaces.

I even have a keyboard in my flat which sits in the corner fulfilling its destiny to make me feel bad about myself. In nearly a month of lockdown I haven't played a note on it. It turns out I like the idea of playing the piano but hate the notion of learning how to play it. It's quite a relief to come to this understanding of my abject laziness and I feel perversely proud of myself.

So if you're feeling low about the novel you're not writing, the language you're yet to learn or the six pack that's made no progress, worry not. These things in life were simply not for you. Give it up and appreciate yourself, even if your place in the world is to be a lazy pie munching slob but nice to your mum: it's enough.

Who could fail to be charmed and cheered by the efforts of Captain Tom Moore who by pacing his garden in his 99th year has raised £21 million and counting for NHS funding. Apparently the Prime Minister is working out how to honour him and it looks pretty likely a knighthood is in the offing. It's been a charming and quintessentially British event to behold.

Yet whilst the Prime Minister is recently humbled by his latest hospital stay and apparently 'forever in debt' to the staff who saved his life, he might want to hang his head in shame that the NHS is in need of charity donations at all. Boris doesn't need to be perpetually owing the medical staff who treated him.

Although it's likely that Boris will have little understanding of anyone who enters into a highly trained and demanding profession knowing there's no chance of getting rich on it. NHS staff want something really simple and BJ is the very man who can square up with them should he choose to. A decent salary, an affordable house and safety at work seem to be the things that could inject a bit of love and joy into the NHS staff and just about everyone else.

After the second world war Captain Tom worked as the managing director of a concrete company. I wonder what he would make of the Castle Terrace Car Park becoming a B listed building? A few months ago I joined a closed Facebook group: The Brutalism Appreciation Society, where this news has gone down pretty well. If like me you love to see grown men have a hissy argument over nothing, a group dedicated to concrete architecture is for you. If someone posts a picture of say, 1960s modernism that can't quite be defined as 'Brutalism', good Lord does it all kick off.

During a particularly delightful 'toys out of the pram' moment recently one poster said to another: "I hope you poop bricks." A multi-layered quip as bricks are seen as an impure building material when it comes to the classic definition of Brutalist architecture. You had to be there...

Naturally children find social distancing a confusing concept and it's upsetting for them not to see family and friends. Sesame Street has tried to help out with a social distancing episode where all the characters meet on a zoom call. Very cute, although I've never watched much of Sesame Street myself

mainly because the giant chicken looks pretty terrifying, particularly the way his feathers bounce up and down when he walks. Creepy.

At the other end of the innocence spectrum, Strictly Come Dancing, possibly fearing Covid-19 might make all their dancers dead from the waist down, are considering self isolating their pro-celeb dancing couples so they have time to rehearse before the next series, which, for a show that claims to be 'family friendly' is a bit like throwing a bottle of tequila into an AA meeting.

If you're feeling lonely you'll definitely wish you were self isolating in Iceland. The forestry commission there has advised people to hug a tree. A quaint idea and act that ought not to be rushed, they say. You want to give your tree of choice a good five minute cuddle. The forestry service has also put a series of photos on its [website](#) to demonstrate the many ways you can hug the tree of your dreams. Casting my eye over the pictures I can't help but hope some of those trees were at least treated to dinner first.

Winners of the lockdown have to be reality telly poppets turned Instagram influencers, who now have plenty of time to fulfil their job description of taking photos of themselves in their underwear. Thank heavens for their income prospects that ASOS are still delivering thongs. I wonder what the career trajectory of this profession is, considering mainstream soft porn is a relatively new concept. Will these women keep posting photos of their backside into their 80s? If so, my scepticism of the cellulite busting fake tan they love to flog may be my biggest regret.

My congratulations to Danielle Jones, who has already taken her career as Instagram model and dancer to more intellectual heights. I'm not sure what kind of dancer Danielle is but I'm guessing not classical ballet. @missdrome_ if you are made of stern stuff.

However you can't deny this young woman has an appreciation of the arts. During her daily exercise Danielle introduces her fans to the many art installations of her home town, Glenrothes. Apparently there are over 170 of them and Danielle highlights these attractions by flashing her boobs in front of them in a bid to educate her followers and 'cheer them up'.

Job well done?

Danielle says, "Its been very well received." Bless!