

Juliet's Lockdown Diary – #Week 4

During an international pandemic the Duke and Duchess of Sussex decided to send a letter to all the British newspapers they hate, to say: 'We're not talking to you any more.' As if they ever were? We all know, Harry and Meghan hate the tabloid press, victimised as they are.

One group they detest most of all are paparazzi photographers, so they must have been royally hacked off when they did their recent do-gooding stint in Los Angeles. Like the poshest form of Deliveroo, the semi-royal couple delivered food to underprivileged people.

Now, I'm certain they had no idea they were being followed by a paparazzi photographer.

I'm also convinced that when they saw the pictures of their highly charitable endeavours in the press, they would be utterly affronted at the blatant invasion of their privacy.

There are two types of paparazzi photographers: the utterly rubbish ones who take photos of celebrities at terrible angles doing things they don't want anyone to know about, and the others, at the talented end of the spectrum, taking pics of famous people looking hot on beaches. In the UK that means exercising in parks and shopping in Waitrose. The skilled level of this trade also manage to take clear and flattering photos of famous people doing good deeds, whilst cheekily invading their privacy.

Sadly for H&M, they fell victim to the latter: what lovely lucid photos of their private, but caring, efforts we were treated to, and without any of their bodyguards in sight. The vile snapper managed to get footage of them going into a stairwell and (oh so sneakily) photos of them from above, once again with no security in tow.

Goodness me, that photographer should set up some sort of online course of how to take great photos of famous people who hate snap monkeys.

Here's another thing: American people seem to have an easy market for guns, yet H&M knock on a random door where anyone could shoot them, yet they've left the security guards in the car parl. The Duke and Duchess of Suffolk, not only charitable, but insanely brave. 'Duke and Duchess, Harry and Meghan' sounds okay in 'British', but in LA they're like characters from a Jackie Collins novel.

One tabloid newspaper outlet they failed to exclude from their list of press who will be excluded in future is The Sunday Sport. Still in print with women like Jackie from Northampton flashing her fabulous breasts. Better to put plastic in your boobs rather than the ocean, right? Will the editor of the Sunday Sport be flattered by this omission? Nope, probably not.

Home schooling is going okay apart from Maths, or Math, as my daughter calls it. I showed her The Donald's recent press conference where he suggested, supposedly sarcastically, that we might inject Dettol to combat the coronavirus. "No more Americanisms!"

I'm a terrible teacher because we're also learning French and I'm an insufferable snob, so she's learned several French words where we only use the English when not speaking another language. Serviette? Napkin, you fool! Yes, she's going to grow up confused with an inferiority complex but getting a

private education for free, as I see it.

Who better to teach my offspring the wonder of numeracy than Carol Vorderman? I've signed up for her online maths lessons and ordered her sold-out work books on Amazon. For those of you too young to remember, Carol originally became famous for being a maths whizz, not just the most intelligent panellist on Loose Women with too much botox and a suspiciously peachy backside.

On the front side of the online corona helpline, we have Gwyneth Paltrow, purveyor of expensive tat and wackaloon in chief. She's recently revealed her 'must buys' for a lockdown date night. These include gold cutlery, pink pots and pans and a rice making machine. You could make the rice in one of the pink pots, surely, as its possibly the easiest thing to cook? There's also a hairdryer involved, sounds like a riot. Just the thing to get the endorphins flowing.

The generation who don't remember Carol's academic heyday are also unaware that Gwyneth used to be a serious actress, indeed she once won a Oscar. Interestingly her date night recommendations don't include her 'signature' candle, which has the scent of, and to preserve your embarrassment, but more importantly mine: a very private part. Wise move, because what woman would ever buy that candle? Only men would purchase it, which makes Gwyneth due for another gong: most upmarket sex worker ever.

Tunnocks fear they will have to stop production of not only their fine Caramel Wafers but also Teacakes. Hoots Mon! Tunnocks Teacakes are like a wide walnut whip, without the walnut, in other words, perfect. Who wakes up and wants to eat a walnut? Perverts, that's who. I found a trio of 'walnut whips' at the back of a cupboard the other day, some Johnny come lately Marks & Spencer version. So I took off the walnuts, ate the chocolatey marshmallow mounds of heaven, then I felt guilty. We shouldn't be wasting food so I made a

beetroot, feta, rocket and walnut salad, dressed it with a balsamic reduction, my best Andalusian olive oil and a hint of Dijon mustard. It was a triumph. My daughter rather enjoyed it while I had fish fingers, chips and beans.

What's summer going to be without everyone's favourite telly programme Love Island? I've never seen it but get the premise of hot people in skimpy swimwear getting it on with each other. They mostly fall on the less than intelligent side of the spectrum, which is surprising when you think of all the books they could get through whilst having their numerous tattoos done.

Not to be deterred by a global pandemic, the thoughtful producers of LI have muted the idea of the series coming to the Scottish Highlands. I'd take it one stage further and keep the island feel going. I hear St Kilda is pretty free at the moment and feel a more authentic approach to island life might make for far more entertaining viewing.

In traditional fishing communities you don't take a wife for her astounding figure and tramp stamps, oh no, far better to have one who could knit you a cosy jumper with a unique pattern with which to identify your washed up rotting corpse.

Sweater on, your Mrs would wade through the rough seas to carry you onto your boat so you didn't get wet. What pride these men must have taken atop their wife's broad shoulders. And when times are tough, there's always gull eggs to fall back on for teatime. Its a ketogenic diet, don't knock it.