

Just Another Day in Lockdown

It's been over a year now, hard to believe, I know. My capacity for compliance has been tested to the full, but my abject fear of dying from the virus still trumps that, so I continue to join the queue of conformance. I'm on the wrong age of safety, so they still have my obedience. I comfortably socially distanced from my dirty dishes, but the rest was challenging. Strange times for an erstwhile rebel who challenged so much in a lifetime of defiance. But for now, this rebel has no cause!

How to fill each day offers many similar outcomes. I live on my own, but being alone and lonely are choices, even to us isolated. Yesterday I stayed in bed until noon. I was awake from 9am listening to the radio, but getting up offered nothing that remotely resembled interesting or positive. Stephen Nolan seems to have been slabbering on about the Bobby Storey funeral almost as long as the pandemic itself. He justifies his obsession by telling us all that he represents and gives a voice to all of us. To demonstrate that he invites a one-sided cohort of nay sayers including Jim Allister and Jim Wells who spew anti-republican bile at each opportunity. Then his phone-in offered us the civilian wing of the bile show, a rotating dozen or so nyammers who are either the only ones who phone in, or are Nolan's chosen few. I turned him off today. I immediately felt less tense, angry and homicidal! Well done me.

Next, I just lay there checking the Google news on my phone. But I only get the news that Google thinks I should read. I think they call that algorithms, but to me it seems more like conditioning or brainwashing. But I read it anyway and saw the recurrent themes. I pondered on this and partly grasped the plight of the conspiracy theorists who have been saturated in extreme, dangerous and hate-filled lies until they surrendered and submitted to become followers of these incredulous and outrageous theories. It's like a black and white 1950s B-movie. Going by my news feed I am in danger of trusting Boris Johnston, playing for Celtic and joining the cast of Coronation Street! Granted that's not Qanon standard, but scary all the same, especially as Celtic didn't win the ten in a row that was touted as their destiny at the beginning of the season. Just my luck to be signed up now!

I digress. Back to my day, the sofa dominated the afternoon after the bed was finally vacated. Changing out of my pajamas was an option, but I declined. Some days I dip into daytime television. That's never a good sign. I watched emotional adults salivating over pieces of tat at local antiques markets and bidding enthusiastically for plated silverware, 1960s retro junk, broken chairs and whatever other shite they could somehow enthuse about. Seeing them in blue and red Bargain Hunt fleeces drooling and going orgasmic when they made a profit of eight pounds on a £60 outlay, made me think that bed was a better option. The winning team made a net loss of £4 and yelped and leapt around like Lottery winners on cocaine. At the end, when the presenters, the winners and the losers all collectively kicked up their legs in Tiller Girls' fashion, I just wanted someone to shoot me, or at least confiscate my television and confine me to my

Alexa playlists for ever! Unlike the news feed, at least I chose those songs. But alas, no joy, so I was stuck with the TV. Next, I found myself indulging in Judge Rinder where close family and best friends tout on each other to retrieve small debts. It was like Jeremy Kyle with a legal framework but without the intimidation, shouting, walk-offs and tear-ups! Watching these 'moment of famers' disgrace themselves trying to get a few bob by hanging out their dirty washing in public was cringeworthy and nauseating. Judge Rinder's need to make fun of plaintiffs and defendants alike for self-gratification and to entertain the viewers was also annoying but it probably ensured future ratings. For me this was just cheap and demeaning and not what you expect from a judge, unless, of course, you were charged with the Guildford or Birmingham bombings in the 1970s. One famous judge wanted to hang the innocents then. In fairness to Rinder he appears to be a gentle soul.

Next up was the game show, Tipping Point, well named based on my already exasperated state, where contestants answered questions in the hope of knocking discs over the edge to win non-life changing money. I could take no more and turned the TV off before I fell off the edge of my sofa with no monetary reward ensuing!

But I was back at it for the local and national news programmes at 6pm. They offered nothing of a positive nature either, and affirmed that the state I live in was just as polarised, bigotted and hopeless as it was when Nolan was on earlier. The national news led with renewed violence in the middle east. For decades I have watched reporting on the Israeli, Palestinian conflict. In 1947/48 the Palestinians were pushed off their land to accommodate Jewish refugees that the Allies appeared not to want to house, even after the horrors and extermination inflicted on them by the Nazis during the Holocaust. Their answer was to put them on someone else's land far away and out of their road and perpetuate another conflict. One country was encouraged by the western super powers to become totally dominant, was equipped with a huge army, state of the art weaponry and eventually nuclear bombs and allowed to kill and eject their neighbours virtually at will. The other country fought and continues to fight back for return of its homeland, statehood and equality and freedom and are seen as terrorists. The news just reports on casualties and doesn't often refer to the David and Goliath nature of this conflict or its causes. It's interesting that David in this case is not a Jew. I find myself hoping he finds the perfect stone once more! I also found myself ashamed that the so-called land of the free funds this Israeli domination and turns a blind eye to such apartheid and creeping genocide.

Next up was the Tory government telling us that it's best to leave a public enquiry on the pandemic, the failings of the government's approach and the huge death toll of almost 130,000 humans until after it's all over. Correct me if I'm wrong, but is that not Boris telling us just to continue dying and he'll find out the reasons why after we're all dead?

Finally, it was time for Emmerdale and Corrie and for the first time in the day I found myself optimistic and back in the real world, full of flawed people, ridiculous drama, cheats, liars and cliff hanging endings. Really? Unfortunately, tomorrow really is another day!

