

Bourne toWrite...

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What Crisis?

by Sue Hitchcock

My husband has one great talent – the ability to wait. Me? Not so much. The pandemic was made for him, giving him an excuse to do nothing, or at least to settle comfortably in the sofa, armed with a book or the TV remote control. He even discovered how to read the Guardian online. What more could he want?

He has always been thin and fit, so has never bothered with exercising, but I need to walk and the instructions were to take a walk every day especially during lockdown.

We intended to survive so we followed the rules, ate lots of vegetables and took a walk each day. It might have become boring, but things don't always work out as you'd expect. Fear of contagion made my man very circumspect. I mean literally, he looked around all the time, fearing to walk within two, or more likely six metres of anyone.

It gets tricky, people walking down both sides of the street and others fiddling about in the back of vans, delivering food or other newly inaccessible essentials. It was only about a month into lockdown when he had his accident. Finding himself in the road with an oncoming car, he decided to hop back onto the pavement and was looking around to see if I was out of harm's way, when a tree root, minding it's own business, obstructed his toe. He did a face plant, a nosedive, a spectacular flight onto the pavement. Blood was pouring from his forehead and dribbling across the kerb and into the gutter. He didn't move and I panicked, fearing the worst.

Rescue came almost instantly, as the lady from the house nearby emerged and took charge, explaining she was a medic. Her husband too was a veterinarian and he produced a chair and called an ambulance. By the time it arrived the woman, who turned out to be my husband's dentist, had done all the first aid you could hope for.

The injury required six stitches and looked grotesque, but in time things heal. In this case it was rather a long time. Twice a week for the next month or two, my husband had to have his wound inspected by the nurse at the G.P.'s surgery, till it finally sealed up and began to fade, by which time the rules for lockdown had begun to ease.

Now we began the waiting game again, along with a new variant. New hope! A vaccine! Not much longer! Then would you believe we had a repeat! My husband tripped again and a new pattern of scars had to be mended, now including his nose. When will it ever end?