

Somehow I'm Writing Six Lockdown Diaries

Somehow I'm writing six lockdown diaries. Normally that would be extra, even for me, under everyday circumstances.

Yes, I keep a sort-of journal, hard-backed and impressive looking, remembered guiltily, from time to time.

And there's the nice handbag diary with the William Morris cover, for appointments, that my mother-in-law gave me for Christmas. (No comments please. I forgot coffee once.)

And there is the shared calendar on the stacked freezer with Zoom play-date times, and work-from-home meetings, and dutiful reminders to call family and friends. And that I can't help but annotate, with little quips and ephemera, small reminders of our once-upon-a-time day-to-day lives. (Just to know that it is all actually real.)

And the emailed home-school homework diary? Does that count? Where I have to explain what and why or how. Didn't Kipling say something about that? And, of course, there isn't a dog to blame when homework is late so there has to be some way to brief the teacher about what actually happened that night Pip was supposed to make Stonehenge from loo rolls. (Best not to ask. Trust me on that.)

And if you think about social media, well, maybe that's a diary, isn't it? Logging our meals, how the avocado pit is doing (a root now, thanks), what birds we can see from the bedroom windows (six), all the small celebrations from a successful shop, the various tags and people and events I follow and share and try and delight in. I suppose someone could say exactly what we've all been up to for the whole quarantine, right down to when we finally found flour and I could try a sourdough starter (tasty, thank you, #YeastMaster now).

And there is a notebook I keep by my bed, the one I whisper to each night. Quiet things. Secrets. To get them out of my head.

Somehow I'm writing six lockdown diaries. And none of them are true.

321 words