

Greenmount – January 2008

The kitchen refurbishment restarted on 3rd January following the collection of the remaining tile shipment on the previous day. The tiling came to an abrupt halt on the 7th, having realised we were two boxes of tiles short (it's often been said that I was always a tile short) and these were subsequently ordered.

The radiator wall was completed on the 4th January, which is just as well, because the plumber arrived on the 7th to fit the radiator. Now, that's what I call planning.

It was the middle of January before the kitchen was completed and my bank balance is now correspondingly depleted. While I doubt we would recover the expenditure if we sold the house, it is a worthwhile investment because Jenny spends a lot of her time in the kitchen and she can now do so with the luxury of being able to find what she needs easily without things falling on her.

The fitting of the new door knobs to the doors downstairs was painstakingly slow and hit yet another snag. It seems that the thread on some of the replacement bolts does not match that on the receptors. I think Carlisle Brass should change its company name to Carlisle Burks. In spite of the difficulties, I have not only finished this task but also completed the finishing touches to the upstairs door knobs as well, which is not an unremarkable feat, considering I fitted those knobs a couple of years ago.

I have been busy converting yet more LPs to CD and my latest addition to the set is two second-hand LPs, obtained from one of the local charity shops in Ramsbottom, of folk music by an even more local group called Lancashire Fayre.

Another major development is that Barbara, my sister in Sheffield, is now up and running on Broadband and she has downloaded Skype software, which she has installed, complete with web cam, herself. We can not only talk to each other but we can see each other as well – and for free.

So come on all you other people out there with Broadband, let's see you (literally) on Skype.

This month, it seems to be the turn of my teeth to cause me yet more grief. I have developed extreme sensitivity in my top back teeth on both sides and regular brushing with Sensodyne does little to improve matters. In fact, the only beneficial treatment seems to be the consumption of alcohol. So it's not all bad news, then.

A trip to the dentist has detected one cracked filling and one in the process of disintegration. Another opportunity to inspect the dentist's ceiling at close quarters has arisen on 11th February, when my dentist is planning on filling both teeth, on opposite sides, at the same time. There's a lot to be said for such an attractive, versatile woman, but not when she's holding a drill.

Having eventually soothed my teeth to the bearable level of occasional discomfort, I searched for other opportunities to inflict self-torture. I started cleaning the conservatory at last. This job is normally completed in the pre-Christmas flurry of activity but this year we

ran out of time. We moved the target to the end of January, in time for Anne and Wilf's stay and all was going according to plan until a session at the Old School to help sort VHS videos for the coming Jumble Sale proved too much for my back. It did start to improve after a few days but a couple of further twinges since then have done little to speed the recovery process. I was thinking of going to see the physiotherapist again and Matthew has given me the card of an osteopath.

The new dehumidifier is working well and both dries and heats the air in the conservatory. The old dehumidifier started icing up and is now in the garage awaiting either repair or disposal. One should draw no parallels from the fact that I also spend a good deal of time in the garage.