

'Fings Ain't Wot They Used To Be'

Modern life is a minefield and no more so than for those born at a time when things looked very different.

Cwg has recently carried out an in-depth survey to ascertain exactly which situations in our everyday lives cause us the most anxiety and stress. Here are our findings.

A Mr. G.O. of Blackheath Borders has told us how he was a bit short of cash (in Blackheath?) and was advised by a good friend to go to a pawn shop. Mr. O being unfamiliar with such notions went to a porn shop by mistake and inadvertently came home not with the few pounds he required but with a vibrator and some sexy underwear. To make matters worse he thought the vibrator was an electric hand held blender, tried to make leek and potato soup with it and ending up with his first course on the ceiling.

Similarly, a Miss. P.S. of Catford responded to a plea for 'organ donors', hoping she might contribute to a fund at her local church to improve musical provision. She found out later that she had misunderstood the request, not being very familiar with on-line activities, and that 'organ donations' referred to an NHS initiative and before she knew it she had given away one of her kidneys.

Likewise a Mr. M.Z. (Not his real name) of Penge, approached TikTok to buy an alarm clock only to be disappointed to discover they didn't sell them and a Mrs. S.S. Of Hither Green was hoping to buy bird seed and was equally dismayed to find that Twitter did not sell that either.

A Mrs F.N. of Bellingham reports that she went into her local supermarket only to discover that since her last visit the company had gone completely vegan and instead of the pack of sausages she had hoped to buy and the mince required for a Shepherd's Pie she had been forced to purchase 'tofu burgers' (whatever they are) and coconut flavoured 'cheeze'. 'My husband will go barmy' reported Mrs. N. in tears. 'With Easter just around the corner they have stopped selling Cadburys Crème (sic) Eggs because of the Crème'.

Indeed supermarkets for some of us are now unhappy and disturbing places in which to find ourselves. What do you do at the self-service checkout when the screen does not seem to recognise a bunch of bananas and tries to charge you for a Radox Relaxing|Orchid Essence Foam Bath Gel instead? And when you ask for assistance the attendant morphs into someone resembling an Officer in the Gestapo. An even more worrying situation has now emerged due to the long waits for NHS diagnostic services. It seems some misguided customers are stripping off hoping to use the self check-out cameras to scan the problematic parts of their anatomy. They then become angry when no subsequent image is available and Staff are concerned about hygiene issues arising for other customers.