

Recipe for the blues

Rescue your four plastic ducks from the drawer, grab a bottle of decent whisky, a snifter and head for the bathroom. You have no ducks? I'm sorry but ducks are a must. Go to your nearest store and purchase some, four, yellow. If you own no yellow ducks I'm not surprised you're feeling down. Why four? Two would look lonely. Three is a crowd. Four is two pairs, beats color and a trio anytime.

While you fill the bathtub, have a tot. Undress, have another tot, glance sideways to the mirror and repeat after me: my, but that's a fine figure of a man/woman, whatever. Have another tot. Glance again at the reflection with the killer looks and have another tot.

Once the bathtub is reasonably full, test the water and float the ducks. Don't dump your ducks in without checking the water temperature first; they're delicate creatures. Without forgetting the bottle and the snifter, lower yourself into the water. You'll notice the ducks will get out of your way; that's a sign of respect, love and recognition.

While the ducks cavort about you, have a tot or two and indulge a little culture; attempt a few bars of 'Una Furtiva Lagrima' or let rip 'La donna e mobile'. If your voice is a little iffy, try a little Shakespeare.

Glare at the ducks and pronounce, in your sternest voice:

Thou hast committed adultery.

Have a tot, relax and adopt a gesture of bonhomie before continuing:

But that was in another country.

And, besides, the wench is dead.

Bow to your floating admirers and count them. How many? Sixteen? Get out of the bath. Steady. Grab the towel rail. Watch the slippery tiles. Glance at the blurry shape in the mirror. What a nice figure...etc. Go to bed and remember that somewhere, a struggling writer felt close to you when penning these lines.

