

## JUBILEE BLUES

“This pageant looks as though it is going to be a washout, Philip, just look at the rain lashing down; the Bentley’s windscreen wipers are hardly able to cope with the force of it!”

“This type of car isn’t meant to be out in this kind of weather. Neither should we be at our age.”

“Well, Philip, dear, I did say that you could pretend to be indisposed and I would go it alone.”

“You know that would be impossible. Don’t be silly.”

“Here we are at the river. There’s plenty of bunting out for us anyway. Smile, I’m about to step out.”

“OK I’m right behind you.”

“Getting on to the Royal Barge was a bit awkward to say the least. I’m glad the Lord Lieutenant was there to lend a hand.”

“The paparazzi would have had a ball if you had taken a tumble. Or if I had for that matter.. Look at all the damned photographers just waiting for one of us to make a mistake – and there’s that bloody BBC presenter grinning like the idiot he is.”

“Please, Philip, Noblesse oblige.”

“Grr!!”

“Mind how you go, Philip; there’s a step up to this podium.”

“What naff little red velvet thrones. Even the Beckhams would think them crude.”

“It’s thoughtful to provide us with a seat, dear. We’re here for rather a long time.”

“You won’t catch me sitting on those seats. They are already soaking wet. I dare say the colour will run, too. Just imagine if you sat down

in that blue outfit. You'd look like a red-bottomed baboon when you stood up Ha Ha Ha."

"Philip! Behave!"

"Listen to all those little tugs blowing their hooters and cheering us on. That's more like it Oh, and here come the Venetian gondoliers 'Just one cornetto', or should they be playing 'Carnival of Venice'? It's an anachronism, anyway, on the freezing Thames."

"Oh, look ahead, Philip, isn't that that English Olympic oarsman in that canoe breasting the waves?"

"I can't see a blooming thing. The rain's coming down so fast. Shift up a bit, old girl. My head's getting wet because I'm not properly under the canopy. That's better. Oh, you're waving. I suppose I'd better make a gesture. I must remember to make the right one."

"Isn't it good that dear William and Kate are here. She always looks so stylish and elegant - definitely an asset to the family".

"In that red outfit she looks a darn sight warmer than I feel. Do you think I could warm my hands on her coat? Sorry, just joking. Charles looks his usual gloomy self. Camilla is making the best of it, not saying much, I notice."

"Philip, do you see all those little ships, a kind of flotilla. Don't they look pretty - and aren't those two little ships the ones that were at Dunkirk or were they at the D Day landings?"

"They wouldn't stand a chance in warfare today. Give me a good, solid ship like HMS Vanguard."

"Yes, and do you remember Britannia? How I loved that Yacht. Happy days. I still miss her."

“Betty, I really want the loo. Do you know how to get there?”

“No, Philip, you’ll have to wait, like me. Smile and look around and wave and you’ll forget that problem.”

“I bet I won’t. Oh God, let this be over. I make it four and a half hours we’ve been standing here in the perishing cold. I wish I’d brought my hip flask.”

“You worry me at times, Philip”.

“There’s quite a trim sailing vessel going ahead. It may be one of the tall ships.”

“Yes, and there’s a police launch speeding by. I’m glad we’re well protected.”

“There’s the orchestra playing Land of Hope and Glory. Rather comical, the rain is just bouncing off the bugles and trumpets. Smile, Philip. Look appreciative.”

“But I’m not. By the way, I think I locked up one of the corgis in the ante room inadvertently. It’s the one that is always biting David Cameron on his weekly visits. I hope the butler has discovered him and let him out, otherwise he’ll tear the place to shreds. Ha Ha, Fred the Shred, we’ll have to call him. Oh, I see you’re not listening to me – smiling and waving and doing your duty as usual – just like a woman. No time for her husband. Me Me, Me all the time.”

“Stand straight, Philip; they’re playing our tune.”

“Thank God, it must be over. Now I can get back to a stiff whisky before the next pantomime. By golly, I’ve got an awful pain in the nether regions. Perhaps I can cry off that engagement tomorrow”.

“Philip. We’re going now. Are you all right, dear? You look very pale.. Look here we are at the quay and our car is waiting. Just let me give one last wave.”

(To the attendant) “Thank you so much. This has been an extraordinarily interesting afternoon. My congratulations to you all.”

*Sylvia Herbert*