

Discontent

Of course, I remember the first Winter of Discontent. No, that can't be right. That was in the reign of Richard III. Ages ago. Anyway, I remember a previous Winter of Discontent, dead bodies lying unburied in the street, all that. And now they're saying we're heading into another one.

In Brighton the binworkers came out on strike and won in a couple of days, while the post workers nearly came out, the threat being enough to force some sort of deal. The funny thing is that it takes a strike before those in authority get what everybody else knows, that we can't cope without these public service workers. The seagulls know, too. Some say it was the seagulls wot won it for the binworkers with their dawn raids on defenceless bin bags, spilling their messy guts out. For goodness sakes, we can't let visitors see our uneaten muesli, sanitary products and stuff we really should be recycling on display over the pavements!

The Royal Mail is no less essential. Perhaps we write letters to a distant sister recounting the squire's latest bid to get beneath our bodice, we've got Facebook for that, but I expect some Christmas cards even though I think it's humbug. I like humbugs. And I appreciate the courage of the postie having leafleted houses and had to battle with sharp-flapped letterboxes positioned at back-breaking angles by sadistic architects.

It would be nice if those who rule us desist from trying to cheat and squeeze those who really make society run. Even if it takes a Winter of Discontent.

Phil Mellows is online at
www.philmellows.com