

A gentleman with a glove

A Gentleman of Class – that's me. Moustache trimmed, eyebrows raised, just in the correct position to demonstrate my class.

So, you can imagine my upset when I was told to appear for the 'sitting' wearing protective clothing due to the current situation.

I was not happy.

But I did not want to miss the opportunity, so I went along, complete with a white protective collar, which almost strangled me, I can tell you.

I took out one of the 'compulsory protective garments' and held it in front of me by way of a protest, in a slightly effete manner, I have to admit, as if to say, 'You have your rules, but I have my dignity.'

Then he had the cheek to comment, 'You look as though you've got a bit of a sulk on.'

'Sulk on', me? I was so angry I wanted to slap him, but then I realised that it would be breaking his ridiculous distancing rules.

So I told him what I thought of him. Unfortunately, that made him so angry that he threw one of his paintbrushes at me, so hard that it stuck in the wall above my head. If I didn't know any better, I would say that it looks as though I am being hanged by an invisible rope, causing my eyebrows to stand on end.

But he refused to take the offending brush out of the picture, saying that it symbolised his superiority.

So I asked him, 'Why me?'

'Because' he replied in that officious tone of his, 'It's lockdown and we all have to take precautions, even privileged people like you.'

When it was all over, I was expecting, of course, to be situated next to other pictures which would provide a contrast to my glorious self. I wondered if I would be beside *Dead Game* or, better still, *Kippers on a Newspaper*. But who does he put me next to? A painting of the glorious Cassiobury House and two pictures of the beautiful Lady Jane Hyde!

So I stand here, poor little put-upon me.

A gentleman with a glove.