

## **Never a dull moment**

Before I retired I wondered what it would be like joining the over sixties age group. Now I know.

It's been a bit like like being a teenager with more responsibility and quite a bit of experimenting.

The first experiment was with my hair. I stopped dying it and let it go grey and aged about twenty years.

It was such a shock when I come across that older woman looking back at me in the mirror. Back came the hair dye.

What a great relief it was not to have to get up in the early hours and squash into an underground train with all the commuters heading to work. Oddly now if I have something planned I spent most of the previous night checking the clock to see if it's time to get up. Why is that?

I did think retirement would be all about relaxing but soon found my time was taken up with decorating, cleaning, ironing, gardening, shopping, visiting children, looking after grandchildren. On the days we were left us alone I must confess we didn't get dressed and watched box sets on TV.

Determined to get fitter I joined a keep fit class for the over sixties. The tutor was a small spritely lady aged about 80 wearing cycle shorts.

Under her guidance I was able to bend and stretch and stamp the spider. This involved stamping on one foot. She asked everyone to clear a space around me so I had a clear view of her on the stage. I felt rather sorry for Amrit, who ended up being squashed by the stack of chairs to accommodate this.

I'm afraid I wasn't up to the skipping so just walked quickly across the hall joined by three Asian ladies who confessed they didn't do it either.

Next I signed up for swimming lessons for the over sixties at the local leisure centre and for the first time in my life I learnt how to do the crawl and back stroke. I discovered how much I enjoyed learning something new especially as I was told I was a natural swimmer. It did wonders for my ego. After all compliments seem to be something you give rather than get as you get older.

Inspired by my success at swimming I decided to take some more classes. I had recently hemmed some curtains for my daughter. After I finished the first one I had to wait a week before I hemmed the second one. This was to allow the holes in my fingers to heal up.

So I decided to enrol in a sewing class to learn how to sew properly. At the first class I spent two hours pinning a pattern on my material and taking it off again. I now know how to iron a paper pattern and lay it on the material the right way. I had to lie down for a rest afterwards, I was exhausted.

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