(On a bus in Kensington, BBC staffer Arthur Calder Marshall ‘heard’ a fellow-passenger remark that war had broken out in Debenham’s. As the bus neared the store, Arthur, half-hoping for a scoop, got off only to see a newsvendor’s poster announcing ‘War in the Lebanon’. Here is one of my Calder Marshall moments…)

Ken Dodd dead, the newsman said. 
Leicester police investigate 
motorway service station: 
grim find in back of van. 
Strange, I mused, as one does: 
he usually dies on stage. 
Is this Doddy’s final curtain?

It had been a scorching day; 
all windows were tight closed, 
Death due to heat exhaustion. 
so said the RSPCA. 
Without compunction, 
as one does, I thought 
he should have had the strength

or gumption to open one. 
Perhaps he couldn’t reach. 
Why was he there? I wondered, 
as one does. Dossing down 
from sleep to death unknowing; 
or suicidally inclined to 
finally pull down his blind?

Why the RSPCA? Paramedics on strike again? Then a summary enlightened me: 
how absurd! I’d misheard. Not Ken Dodd. 
It was ten dogs that died. I sighed. 
Glad that Doddy hadn’t died? 
Sad for those hot doggies fried? 
Or maybe just because. As one does.
As one does

Written by PAG
Tuesday, 30 September 2014 22:17

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