

BEWARE THE UNINTENDED

I have opened the windows to let the rain and air in (although water was dripping anyway) and am listening to a radio programme about how children's playground games travel across Europe and beyond; no-one understands how.

American war songs become cartoon songs, sea shanties become nonsense rhymes, sometimes only tunes remain. Children's minds are beyond our reach, but there are other flowers and birds despite the storm, though Christmas

has been cancelled or postponed. It was not what we meant to happen but that is how it is. This is another letter to you, whoever you are; I needed to tell you how it feels, how it is, before the future arrives and we all move on or turn away.

Rupert M Loydell