

WHY I HATE SUMMER

We all have our favourite seasons, and here, **Neil Richardson** gives ten reasons why Summer is his least favourite time of the year.

1. It is either too hot or it is raining. There are seldom really balmy days when it is warm enough to relax without feeling beaten to death by the sun's rays or driven inside by constant rain.

2. The mosquitoes play havoc with my skin. They are surely increasing in number and effectiveness. Some evenings, I sit in the garden and the sensation of tickling is followed by a sting and then the after-effect, a white swelling arises on my skin and stays there irritating me for days and sometimes weeks. The latest strain of mosquitoes are also very clever. They don't bother to fly around looking for someone to bite, they find a nice dark spot in my bed and wait until I lie down before having their fill of my blood supply.



3. Whilst I don't mind people playing tennis or watching it on the telly, there is something irritating about the way in which Wimbledon dominates for two weeks of the year and then everyone forgets tennis for twelve months again.

4. How can they organise the World Cup every four years and always in the summer? Football is a winter game and should be played in winter time. Perhaps then these teams from southern climes would be less of a threat to our beloved England team?

5. I am allergic to dust and cats. Dust proliferates in the summer. In some lights you can actually see it cascading about like a waterfall. Get some good rain on the dust, please.

6. Whilst I admit that Greenford is a nicer place without the schools operating because the traffic is reduced to manageable proportions, it is irritating that there are no normal activities for people to enjoy and they are forced back into gardening or drinking in the garden.

7. Everyone moans about the weather. I suppose they moan about it all year round, actually. The best way to deal with the weather is a) don't think about it; b) don't talk about it; c) don't watch the weather forecast on telly.

8. The price of ice cream goes up, especially on the streets and on the beach. Market forces, I hear you say. What a liberty, I reply.

9. Sandals! I ask you? Strange footwear. My memories of sandals are difficult to write about. One day, I entered a beach urinal wearing sandals. As I stood there, the automated flushing started, leaving me with very wet feet. I can imagine what everyone thought when I emerged on to the beach again!

10. Beaches! What a disaster area. Crowded, uncomfortable, unhygienic, full of sales personnel, acres of unsightly flesh, sand in your food, screaming children... Need I go on?