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East Dorset Antiquarian Society

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BULLETIN 4 – March 2021

Maybe 'March winds doth blow and we shall have snow' but, unless the longer range forecasts are very wrong, it's not going to happen. We are really seeing all the signs of Spring now, evenings are getting lighter and will get lighter still when the clocks change on the 28th (though really time to stop pretending to 'save daylight', I think). It's helping to lift my spirits and, I hope, yours too. Whatever the Government's 'roadmap' says, it also feels rather less locked down to me. Although there are obviously still lots of restrictions, things are easing and the future looks a lot more positive.

Partly for those reasons, this may well be the penultimate Bulletin. The other reason is that I'm running out of things to include and not really seeing very much new that seems suitable. Of course, if you send me lots of interesting items we can, perhaps, continue to Bulletin 6 in May.

I continue to be very grateful to those credited for their contributions. The main articles are:

- **Lawrence's Water Tank** by Len Norris.
- **Lady Anne Clifford and her Castles of the North** from Gill Broadbent. By the time you read this Gill should be on the way to (or even in) her new home in the Cheddar area and I'm sure we all send our best wishes. She and Allan will remain members, so I'm sure we'll hear more from them.
- **The Mary Stanford disaster and my family** by Judith Pursell.
- **The Problem of the Fetish** from me. I hope that title intrigues you.
- **The Brave, and Not So Brave, Squirrels** from Alan Dedden.
- **How Football Sounds to People That Don't Care – explained by Archaeology**, which someone sent me years ago when I took up archaeology more seriously (I've updated it slightly and, no, I'm not interested in football).

Please send contributions to Geoff at the address above

Geoff Taylor

West Dean Gardens, Chichester (Carrie Davidson)



EDAS AGM: a summary and list of the committee will be in the next newsletter. Meanwhile: Peter has managed to reduce the number of members who have neither provided a Gift Aid form nor confirmed that they aren't taxpayers to 8. All have been sent forms and reply-paid envelopes, so I do wonder why they haven't returned them.

If you are one of these people please reply to Peter as soon as possible.



A bit out of date now but I liked the photo and it does remind us of how things were not so long ago (well, a bit further north at least).

Lawrence's Water Tank

Len Norris has been having a clear-out (I imagine many of you have been doing the same) and sent this picture of some water tank foundations that he'd taken about 20 years ago. Well, that's not very interesting is it? Ah, but it's one that TE Lawrence built near to his property at Clouds Hill a bit over 90 years ago. A bit more interesting then?

In fact, this is one of a number of photographs Len took, with the best ones having been donated to the T. E. Lawrence Society and now housed at Magdalen College Library & Archives, Oxford University. That's where the Society's archives are held, based around the papers of Jeremy Wilson, who was Lawrence's official biographer. The Society will be publishing a couple of Len's photographs in their next newsletter. Quite a bit more interesting, I think.



But, what really fills out this story is an article from the Dorset Proceedings in 1999¹. In summary, this was a fire tank and a swimming pool, as well as providing the water for Clouds Hill. Of course, back in the 1930s there was no mains water, nor electricity, at the cottages on the heath around Clouds Hill. Lawrence had the tank built to take water from a nearby spring and provide up to 7,000 gallons when full, used domestically and to guard against heath fires for his and nearby cottages, apparently not uncommon at that time. Then a greenhouse-like construction was built over the tank and it also became a swimming pool. You'll have to read the article for the full story.

Sadly, Lawrence was unable to use the water much until he left the RAF, and he was killed only 8 weeks after he returned to live at Clouds Hill. But Len's donation has added another strand to information for those researching 'Lawrence of Arabia'.

1. Fern, K. 1999. Lawrence of Arabia's Fire Tank/Swimming Pool at Clouds Hill, Dorset. *Proceedings of the Dorset Natural History and Archaeological Society* 121: 142-145.

Len Norris

Lady Anne Clifford and her Castles of the North

East of Penrith, standing on its own above the A66, is a colourful pillar. Wondering why the pillar was set up in what appears to be an isolated location led us to the story of Lady Anne Clifford, a 17th century noblewoman who has left her mark on the northern counties of England. The monument is known as the Countess Pillar and was erected in 1656 by Lady Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset, to mark the place where, on 2nd April 1616, she said her last goodbye to her mother, Lady Margaret, at a location that was at the time the gateway to Brougham Castle.

The pillar is approximately 4.3m high – a stone octagonal shaft



surmounted by a cube with a pyramid on top. On the surface of the cube facing the A66 are heraldic shields relating to the Clifford family. Sundials are carved into the other three sides. An inscription on the pillar expresses the wishes of Lady Anne that money be given to the poor of the parish in remembrance of her mother. The stone where the alms were to be placed is still there at the base of the pillar.



The title of Baron de Clifford was originally created in 1299 for Robert de Clifford by writ, which meant it could be passed down through both male and female lines. Among the lands owned by the Clifford family in the 17th

century were estates and five castles in old Westmorland (now part of Cumbria) and in North Yorkshire, namely: Skipton, Appleby, Brougham, Brough and Pendragon.

The castles were originally built between the 11th and 13th centuries in response to the threat of Scottish retaliation following the Norman takeover of previously held Scottish lands in the north. Their presence reflects the complex and turbulent years of British history, with the fight for control of the Borders. Ownership of the castles swapped from side to side until 1189, when they were taken back into Crown ownership by King John. He granted the castles to Robert de Vieuxpont and, with the marriage of de Vieuxpont's daughter Isabella to Roger de Clifford in 1269, Brougham and Appleby became part of the Clifford estates. In 1333 when de Vieuxpont's second daughter, Idonea, died childless, Brough and Pendragon also passed into Clifford control.

The castles were again pivotal in the 14th and 15th centuries during the various conflicts that affected the north. The problems with the Scots continued! The castles alternately suffered periods of attacks and neglect, followed by repair and rebuilding. The Scottish victory at the Battle of Bannockburn gave Robert the Bruce the impetus to undertake many raids into England, attacking the castles in his attempt to force Edward II to recognise an independent Scotland.

During the Wars of the Roses the Cliffords fought on the side of the Lancastrians. They were declared traitors by the Yorkist king, Edward IV, and their lands confiscated. The situation changed with the Battle of Bosworth Field in 1485 and the defeat of Richard III – the Clifford title and estates were restored but, again, the castles were to suffer years of neglect. Henry Clifford even slighted his own property, Appleby Castle, in 1569 during the revolt of the northern Catholic nobles, to ensure it could not be used by the rebels. It wasn't until the arrival of Lady Anne that the Castles were repaired and refurbished.

Lady Anne was born in 1590 at Skipton Castle in North Yorkshire and was extremely proud of her Clifford heritage. Today privately owned, at the time of Lady Anne's birth Skipton Castle was held by her father George Clifford, 3rd Earl of Cumberland. George died in 1605 and, due to the existence of the 13th century writ, Lady Anne, as his only surviving child, expected to inherit the Clifford family lands. However, in breach of the writ, her father left his estates to his brother Francis and to Francis' heirs.

Lady Anne refused to accept offers of a settlement put forward by both Francis and his son Henry and entered into a long legal battle in an attempt to reclaim her rightful lands. However, all her attempts were unsuccessful until the deaths of Francis in 1641 and his son, Henry, only two years later. To Lady Anne's good fortune, Henry died without leaving an heir enabling her at last, at the age of 60, to regain her lands. Unfortunately, at the time of Henry's death, the Civil War was raging in England and, as a supporter of the Royalist cause, it was not until 1649 that Lady Anne felt safe enough to travel to the north. When she did, she found her estates had been badly neglected and the castles were in an extremely poor condition. She based herself initially at Appleby Castle and began the enormous task of restoring and repairing the estates and castles, remaining on her northern estates until her death.



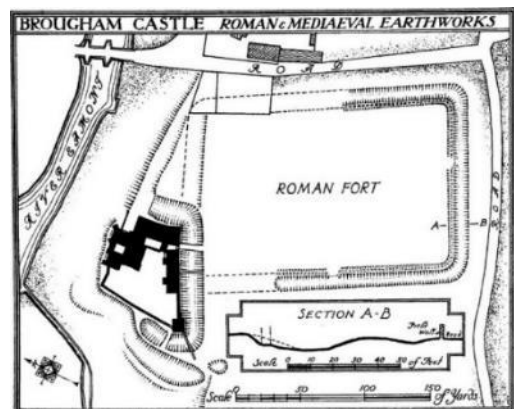
The 12th century Caesar's Tower at Appleby Castle

Three of the Clifford-controlled castles, Brougham, Appleby and Brough, lie along the strategic east-west road across the Pennines which follows the ancient Roman route from York (*Eboracum*) to Carlisle (*Luguvallium*). The earliest constructed of these three castles is that at Appleby, thought to have been built in the late 11th century by Ivo Taillebois, Lord of Westmorland. It was built on a ridge overlooking the River Eden, on a site which had previously been used by the Romans as a signal station (there is no getting away from the Romans in Cumbria). Like Skipton Castle, Appleby is privately owned, today run as the Appleby Castle Hotel, where guided tours of the main medieval buildings can be taken.

The most westerly of the three, Brougham Castle, lies a short distance south of Penrith. It is in the hands of English Heritage and open to the public. Those who were on the EDAS field trip in 2007 will, I am sure, remember their visit to the Castle (left) with its impressive keep and unusual double gatehouse. It is located at a strategic position near the confluence of the Rivers Eamont and Lowther, on a site that was previously occupied by a Roman fort (*Brocavum*). The fort was located at the junction of the main north-south and east-west Roman routes, a road junction that is still



important for traffic today.



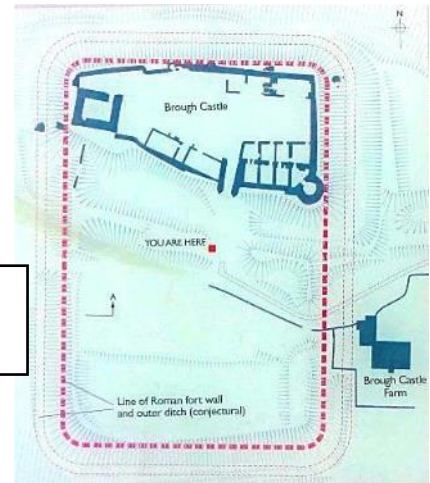
Once in control of the Castle following his father's death in 1282, Robert Clifford had made Brougham Castle his principal seat. He was made 1st Warden of the Marches and, as such, was responsible for defending the English border against further Scottish incursions. He immediately set about strengthening the defences of the castle and increasing the height of the keep. Unfortunately, Robert was killed at the Battle of Bannockburn in 1314, but further additions were made to the castle by his grandson, Roger. With the gradual arrival of peace over the Borders, little additional building work was undertaken until the arrival of Lady Anne Clifton, who transformed the castle from a military stronghold into a comfortable country residence.

Located to the east of Appleby, Brough Castle is also under the stewardship of English Heritage and has free entry for the public. The exact date building started is uncertain, but is thought to have been at the end of the 11th century. Brough Castle was also built on the site of a Roman fort (*Verteris*), which occupied a strategic position on a ridge at the western end of the Stainmore Gap. Garrisoned by cavalry and men-at-arms, Brough also suffered attacks by Scottish forces in 1314 and 1319. In 1521 it was left as



a ruin following an accidental fire and remained so until Lady Anne began renovations in 1659.

Brough Castle and plan of the Roman Fort around it.



The fourth castle restored by Lady Anne Clifford was Pendragon Castle. This is located to the south of Kirkby Stephen in the Mallerstang Valley, a remote, windswept upland area, empty except for the occasional farmstead and lots of sheep. A local legend, which could explain its enigmatic name, suggests the castle was built by Uther Pendragon, father of King Arthur. It is possible that this legend recalls a 5th century chief and his resistance against the invading Saxons, but there is no evidence to suggest use of the site before the construction of the Norman keep during the reign of William Rufus.



Although referred to as a castle, Pendragon is more accurately identified as a fortified tower house. It stands on a scarped and raised knoll overlooking the River Eden. Today it is a picturesque ruin and is privately owned. The crumbling walls have recently been consolidated, but access is only permitted to the outside of the remains as the interior is not safe. The tower was attacked by the Scots in

1341 and again in 1541, when it was left uninhabitable. Lady Anne rebuilt it in 1660 and added the curtain wall and outbuildings, occupying the gatehouse from 1663 to 1674.



Lady Anne died at Brougham Castle in 1676 at the age of 86. She is buried in St Lawrence's Church in Appleby in an impressive tomb bearing 24 heraldic shields which set out her lineage.

On her death the estates and castles passed to the Earls of Thanet, with Appleby Castle maintained as their prime residence in the area. Pendragon was abandoned, with the tower being dismantled in 1685 and the stone sold off. Brougham suffered the same fate, with usable material being sold off in 1714. Brough Castle was maintained a little until the early 18th century, when parts were de-roofed and the material also sold off. The stables, gatehouse and hall were occupied for a short time, until about 1735, and used as the manor court. Later in the 18th century part of the Clifford Tower built by Lady Anne was demolished and used to provide stone for Brough Mill. A sad end for all these buildings that have had such an important place in the history of the United Kingdom.

I haven't covered Skipton Castle, where Lady Anne was born, as it is far to the south at 'The Gateway to the Dales', so isn't amongst our usual visits when 'up North' and I've no recent photographs like many of those above. The last Royalist bastion in the north, it fell in 1645 after a 3-year siege and was slighted by Cromwell. Lady Anne's skilful rebuilding and restoration was marked by planting a yew tree in the courtyard in 1659, which still remains. The castle remains too, privately owned and lived in but open for visits. The Clifford's banner flies over the castle with the approval of the present Lord Clifford.

Gill Broadbent

The Mary Stanford disaster and my family

Marjorie Watts was born on 20 October 1908, daughter of Alfred Ernest Watts, Chartered Accountant, and his wife Lilian. Her brother, Charlie Watts, was a supporter of Oswald Mosley in the 1930s. My great grandmother, Emily (known as "Hattie") was housekeeper to Alfred and Lillian, who lived in Lordship Lane, East Dulwich. When they went down to their house in Rye, my great grandmother would go with them.

My great grandfather, George, walked out in 1922 and left Hattie and his 9 children, after putting the youngest two into an orphanage. He also found Hattie the live-in job with the Watts, according to family gossip. My grandmother, Lilian, was their oldest child and already married when George left, so she stayed in the house in Summerfield Street, Lee (part of Lewisham), and looked after the children. She very soon rescued her two young sisters from the orphanage, and brought them up with the rest of the family.

When Lilian's first child - my mother Kathleen - was a teenager (about 13yrs old, I think), she caught rheumatic fever. The doctor told my grandparents that they should send her to convalesce by the sea, but they couldn't afford it. However, when Hattie told the Watts family about this they insisted that my mother should go down to Rye with them for the summer. Whilst they were there, Hattie told my mother the story of the Mary Stanford Lifeboat disaster. This would, I think, have been early in the 1930s, 2 or 3 years after the event.

Unbeknown to her family, Marjorie Watts, then aged 19, was courting one of the fishermen of Rye Harbour, Leslie Clark, who was 24. My great grandmother was in on the secret, and would cover for Marjorie when she went to meet Leslie. Needless to say, this would have been completely unacceptable to her parents, but she was prepared to take the chance in the hope that they would not find out. As with most of the fishermen of Rye Harbour, Leslie and his brother William were members of the Rye Harbour Lifeboat crew.

On the night of 15th November 1928 a fierce storm arose, and two vessels collided in the Channel – the SS *Alice*, registered in Riga, and the German vessel *Smyrna*. The *Mary Stanford* lifeboat was launched at 5am, and it is probable that two important factors led to the disaster that ensued. Firstly, the boat was propelled by the crew rowing while facing forward so they didn't see the recall flare go up behind them – another lifeboat had already reached the ships in distress. Secondly, they were testing out new life jackets, which were stuffed with kapok (fibre from the seed pods of a tropical tree, as shown).



They arrived at the accident, and seeing that the incident was being dealt with they turned and rowed for home. At some point the lifeboat capsized, and all of the crew were thrown into the water, where their kapok-filled lifejackets soaked up the seawater. Too heavy to stay afloat, they all drowned.



Marjorie joined the rest of the village on the beach the following morning, as the bodies washed up one by one. One member of the crew was never found, and practically every family in the village had lost a relative that night. Marjorie helped to pull Leslie's body from the sea.

The house that the Watts owned, the Watch House, was directly inland from the lifeboat house, which was never used again. Today it

stands forlorn on the shingle beach.

Marjorie never married, and my family lost touch with the Watts after my great grandmother died in 1937, but in the 1960s my mother was working in our grocer's shop in Lewisham, when Miss Watts walked in. She didn't make herself known to my mother, and my mother was afraid to say anything to her, so she left with her purchases and my mother never saw her again.

During the late 1980s/early 90s I took my mother for a drive down to the coast, and we decided to drive past the Watch House. We didn't stop, but I now



wonder if Marjorie was living there at the time. Sadly I may have missed a chance to meet her. Miss Watts certainly lived her later years in the Watch House, looking out at the abandoned lifeboat station. She died in 1992 aged 84.

The Mary Stanford Lifeboat Memorial in Rye churchyard is carefully looked after to this day, almost a century later.

The picture below shows most of the crew, and Leslie is third down on the right hand side.



Judith Pursell



The Problem of the Fetish

No, not that sort of fetish.

I've been having a clear-out too. I came across this when sorting out and dumping University material from a dozen years ago that I've never looked at (a lockdown pastime). I can't even remember why this was in an archaeology degree course, but it was. These are 2 quotes which are supposedly explaining what a fetish, in its original meaning, actually is, the first from an article titled *The Problem of the Fetish*:

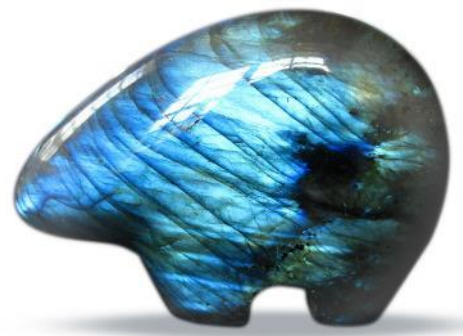
- "Gesturing as it does toward a beyond that guarantees its own futurity as well as toward a past moment of origin, the fetish more generally is never positioned in the here-and-now and therefore confounds essentialising strategies ..."
- "... the African culture of the fetish represented a moment just prior to History, since the fetish was precisely the object of the Spirit that failed to participate in the idea, which never experienced a negation and *Aufhebung* to a truth beyond its natural materiality."



Well, 'it's English Jim, but not as we know it', but then these are by a couple of academics who clearly had travelled too far into the alien landscape of theory. The second one at least gives some inkling of what we're talking about, but a dictionary definition makes it clear in rather less words:

"A fetish is an inanimate object worshipped for its supposed magical powers or because it is considered to be inhabited by a spirit." You have to wonder about some academics.

Fetish bear carvings were known among Native American tribes, and the one pictured is labelled as being a Zuni one (a Pueblo people from New Mexico). However, it's actually a modern commercial item made from Labradorite, a stunning mineral from Madagascar that I'd not seen before.



Geoff Taylor

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The Brave, and Not So Brave, Squirrels

As I look down my garden from our lounge window, I see two large oak trees at the back of our garden. These trees are the last in a line of trees that extend along the backs of our neighbours' gardens to the right. They flourish in what might be called a winterbourne that runs along that line, but that seems a bit



grand for a small ditch that sometimes has water in it. Along the left hand side at the back (our neighbours' gardens on the left are not as long as ours) there is a patch of open ground with shrubs and a few silver birch trees. Then there are more trees of various sorts across the backs of the gardens on the left.

I mention all this because it describes the route a small group of squirrels takes several times a day through the trees. Well, almost. The problem they have is that there is a gap. The first and second silver birches are not quite close enough for an easy jump.

Most of the squirrels go to the end of a silver birch branch about 25ft up and launch themselves across the gap, and so far have managed to grab a flimsy branch on the next tree. Having grabbed the branch they cling on as it bends under their weight and swings for a second or so. They then scramble up the branch and into the tree and then onwards.

One group member is not quite that brave. Having got to the first silver birch, it descends into the shrubs, works across to the next tree and climbs back up to re-join the group. It's way better than daytime television, just a pity they are greys and not reds.

And, despite this having been written 6 weeks ago, I've not been able to get a picture of them jumping – they obviously know when I have the camera ready and do it when I don't. If I do manage the shot it will appear here. Meanwhile we have these socially distanced red squirrels in Scotland.



Alan Dedden

A quote I liked, though nothing to do with anything here, really:

The surest sign that intelligent life exists elsewhere in the universe is that it has never tried to contact us. (Bill Watterston)

How Football Sounds to People That Don't Care – explained by Archaeology

Firstly, imagine every time within a day that football is mentioned by someone else. Secondly, replace it with something that you don't want to hear about every day. Say... Archaeology. Then, think carefully about how an average day would pan out.

So, you awaken to the clock radio. It's 7am. Just as you awaken, it's time for the news and archaeology already. Not news and other historical investigations, like library restorations or museum openings (unless there's another event happening), but just the news and archaeology. More tablets found at Vindolanda, Trump impeachment news, new dig announced in Cirencester, unknown Mayan city discovered. Exciting stuff.



The stands under excavation at Bradford Park Avenue's old ground. © Neville Gabie

Time for a bite to eat over the morning TV. More news. More archaeology. Yes, you are aware of what is up with Trump. Fine. Now the archaeology in video format. Video of people dusting off some skulls and bits of pottery. All well and good, but archaeology isn't your thing. It would be nice to hear about something else.

Even when it isn't archaeology season, the media follow noted archaeologists. They drive fast cars, date beautiful women, advertise fragrances, and sometimes they go to nightclubs and act in the worst possible way. Scandals erupt as the tabloids follow these new celebrities when they're not searching the past for answers. It is entirely possible you can recite the names of certain researchers, even if you don't pay attention to archaeology. You don't know what transfer season is, but you know that someone was transferred to a dig in Peru for a sum of money that could fund the London Underground for two whole days.

Out of the car at 8:55 and into work. What are the colleagues talking about, I wonder? Oh, Jones dropped a 3,890 year old pot and smashed it? What a useless idiot! Someone should do something unpleasant to him. And don't even ask about the unfortunate incident in Athens two years ago - you'll be there all day! Breaking a pillar like that! We don't talk about that here, mate. What? You don't want to discuss the finer points of the prevalence of phallic imagery in Pompeii? Is there something wrong with you?

The drive home from work. Every thirty minutes, no matter the station, someone mentions the archaeology. Best sit in silence. Drive past a huge billboard with a black and white picture of a rakishly handsome archaeologist draped over an impossibly beautiful woman. He's winking at you. Trowel in his left hand, supermodel in the right. Jurassic, by Calvin Klein.

And now the pub. A nice pub with a beer garden. Posters in the windows. LIVE EXCAVATION AT THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS! All of it on a huge TV with the volume up too loud. Drunken people yelling at the screen.



Roman villa found under football pitch at Brough, East Yorkshire, in 2020.

"SEND IT FOR CARBON DATING, YOU USELESS *****!" "WHAT ARE YOU ON, MATE? DUST THE ANCIENT MEDALLION GENTLY! SMELTING METHODS OF THE TIME PRODUCED VERY SOFT AND IMPURE METALS EASILY PRONE TO DISFIGURATION!" All this from two men out of a crowd of twenty. One lousy drunken idiot and his chum ruin the image of other archaeology fans. Carbon dating report from the lab updates on TV, read by men employed because they've been following the beautiful science since they were a boy. The drunk chimes in again. "WHAT PHARAOH'S REIGN DID YOU SAY? DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS SAYS ABOUT THE UNDERPINNINGS OF OUR THEORY OF AGRICULTURAL DEVELOPMENT OF 4TH MILLENNIUM BC EGYPT? GET IN, MATE!" A cheer cascades through the

building and you can only wonder why.

Best go home and avoid anyone who might be drinking and singing. You once met a disagreeable chap who threatened to beat you up because you didn't watch the archaeology. "Not a late Palaeolithic era supporter are you? Think you're better than me? I'll have you, you scrawny!"

To bed. To repeat the cycle tomorrow. The inescapable, inevitability that wherever you go, someone, somewhere, is just dying to talk to you about the archaeology.

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The Bottle Inn, Marshwood

Marshwood is northeast of Lyme Regis, almost in Devon, and the Bottle Inn is variously described as a pub since the 16th or 18th century. The thatched building dates from 1585 according to the plaque over the entrance. It seems to have closed and re-opened at least a couple of times over the last decade, and I'm not sure if it's open now (or if it would be if allowed).

I hope it is still running, as it has several claims to fame, initially as the first pub in the area to sell bottled beers, in the 18th century. It's also the venue for the Annual World Nettle-Eating Championships, usually in July, but dependent on the nettle harvest. It started in 1986 as the result of a light-hearted bet between two farmers as to who had the longest nettles.

Contestants come from all over the country, and even further, one even from Australia. They aim to eat as many 2ft long stalks of stinging nettles as possible in an hour. The record is a total of 86ft; apparently the stinging isn't too bad once you get munching. No mouth-numbing substances are allowed, but beer is encouraged.



The building in its car park, once used as a school, became a shop which the pub owner said sold everything from a mousetrap to a car. When challenged, it is said that he obligingly sold the person a mousetrap and his own Rover 100.

'Textspeak' – Common Abbreviation used in Texts

This came from getting a text with an abbreviation that I didn't understand. No surprise perhaps, but I found that there are loads more abbreviations used in texts than I would have thought – see the list of over 450 [here](#) for example. I can't believe even the most ardent texter knows all of them, or even a high proportion.

With touch screens, and given how good predictive text is getting, I suspect many of these are no longer used. Why some exist is hard to understand anyway – why is it difficult to write "baby" instead of "bby"? New ones apparently appear all the time and there are fashions too – so do make sure you're not unfashionable.



Anyway, I thought it would be educational, perhaps even amusing, to give you just a flavour of some.

a3 anytime, anywhere, anyplace

b4n bye for now

bfb bitch from hell

cth cleaning the house

eg evil grin (or for example!)

fo you can guess this (it ends with off)

g2p got to pee

hago have a good one

idk I don't know

indtd it's a nice day today

lmgty let me Google that for you

lol laugh out loud (why not 'lots of love'?)

np no problem

nw no worries or no way

otb off to bed

rmv results may vary

ssinf so stupid it's not funny

tbd to be decided

tldr too long, didn't read

ugtbk you've got to be kidding

ypos you piece of s*#t (there are worse ones)

aas alive and smiling (care when typing)

bbiam be back in a minute

bol best of luck

diku do I know you?

fyeo for your eyes only

fwiw for what it's worth

giar give it a rest

icymi in case you missed it

imao in my arrogant opinion

jic just in case

lmk let me know

myob mind your own business

nrn no reply necessary

nvm never mind

pu that stinks

slap sounds like a plan

tbc to be confirmed

tbh to be honest

toy thinking of you

wiifm what's in it for me?

Dear Lord,

So far today, I'm - doing all right.



I have not gossiped, lost my temper, been greedy, grumpy, nasty, selfish, or self-indulgent. I have not whined, complained, cursed, or eaten any chocolate. I have charged nothing on my credit card.

But I will be getting out of bed in a minute, and I think that I will really need your help then.