

Mosquitoes, Mary, Martha and Me

Saturday, 02 March 2013

I hate to turn this into MeMeMe (read Three Months) but the superb Brenda Blethyn/Hilary Swank/Richard Curtis film hit home to me (please send a few mosquito nets to Africa the moment you finish reading this, if not before).

In Morocco this winter, on my second day there my rental car wouldn't start. My fault; I'd left the sidelights on.

It was a Friday. Lunchtime. Everyone in the mosque. So I had to sit and wait for a couple of hours. No airconditioning (flat battery). Hot sunshine. Windows down. Patient, relaxed, enjoying the heat.

And what I didn't realise was... the mosquitoes were enjoying me. That night I had about a dozen bites around my waist. Itched like hell. Night after night. Big, crusty, red, infuriating.

They lasted for weeks. Still, now, three months later, I have light blue bruises there. They have faded, almost gone, but I can see the marks.

Just to show you how easy it is to get nipped by the bloody things. Fortunately they don't seem to have killed me or even given me malaria. Every summer I get bitten (Rome is worst).

So watching this film, hearing the facts, hit home even more than the simple, beautifully done movie would have ordinarily done. Now please give a few pounds, Euros, dollars, dirhams towards mosquito nets to save a few lives in Africa.