



FINDING FYODORA

[fyodora](#)

14 February 2014 2:46pm

@laviniaplurabelle

Hello everybody! This is to let you know that I am going in to hospital today and I will be in for a few days. Hope back soon.
Glos Royal, Vascular. Should you call, ask nurse to shout for

Fyodora!

God Bless you all (inc.LBBG!)



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[backstagebear](#) [fyodora](#)

14 February 2014 2:48pm

Good luck with whatever they are going to do to you!



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[spanishscot](#) [backstagebear](#)

14 February 2014 3:02pm

Good luck **Fyodora**, I hope they patch you up quickly and you can be back very soon listening to music with us.

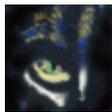


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[searogue](#) [fyodora](#)

14 February 2014 3:05pm

All the very best **Fyo**.
[Here](#) is something to keep you smiling!



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[MonkeyJammass](#) [searogue](#)

14 February 2014 3:51pm

That woz great - but did you notice the *FLASH* seemed to outweigh the *MOB* by 5:1?



• **FriedFish** fyodora

14 February 2014 4:37pm

Really?! There could be a gatherin! Well, *that* would be a first!



• **searogue** MonkeyJammass

14 February 2014 4:41pm

That's because they were "**Putin** On the Ritz" and didn't want to wind up like thePussy Riot lasses.



• **FriedFish** fyodora

14 February 2014 4:48pm

Ward, please, Fyo?

qccglos@gmail.com



• **SeaSal** fyodora

14 February 2014 5:33pm

All the very best for a speedy return to the CAFF!



FriedFish

15 February 2014 4:26pm

The best laid plans, etc

Just back from a dogless walk with Nel' to "Glos Royal", bearin a suitable gift and get well soon card, where we hoped to track down one of our own laid up in "Vascular"

Unfortunately when we got there we discovered that "Glos Royal" means Gloucester *shire* Royal, and they have very recently moved their vascular ward to Cheltenham...

So, Fyodora, if you are reading this. watch out. We're on your case, we think we know where you are, and a second attempt will be made next week...

In the meantime we wish you a **Speedy** recovery - geddit? xFF&Nel'x.



FriedFish

18 February 2014 8:20pm

FINDING FYODORA

Yesterday it was raining, the dogs needed a "proper" walk, and when a friend suggested that in any case Fyodora would most likely be in surgery on the Monday, we decided to postpone our hit on Cheltenham General until today.

The suspicious reception we got at the nursing desk in Gloucester on Saturday - especially when we said we didn't know the patient's real name...well, actually we didn't know what they looked like because, well, we'd never actually met them... Fyodora was someone we knew on line. I was expecting an alarm button to be pressed at any moment and Nel' and me getting escorted off the premises by Hospital Security.

So today we had a plan.

We turned up at Cheltenham with our gift, placed in a large cardboard folder with FYODORA crayoned on it in BOLD. We would walk onto the ward as if we owned it, flash the name about, saying it with a rising terminal.

Not instantly successful - and then we were spotted by a nurse. Damn damn damn it...

Are you all right there? Can I help you?

Er-r-r-r I managed to explain the situation in the vaguest of terms without once using the words internet, on-line, blog, crossword friend, But I did say that we only knew them as Fyodora and that Fyodora had messaged us about being admitted...

This was accepted and kind nurse escorted us into the little six-bedded bays, as we called without success for Fyodora...

There was one empty bed - patient gone walkabout. The one in that bed is quite large, said the nurse. Could that be your friend?

Hmmm. Could be, I said without committing myself.

Ah! There's another ward round here, said the nurse. WE tried it. But no Fyodora.

We were at the stage of talking in disappointed tones - well I suppose we'd better leave it, then (me and Nel.) and apologetic ones - I'm really sorry but I can't help you any further (nurse.) And getting ready to make tracks back to Gloucester, but I thought I'd have just one more go.

To be continued

FriedFish

18 February 2014 9:30pm

...there was a couple of side wards I was sure we had missed out, and leaving Nel' in the corridor, poked my head in the first - no joy. And then the second.

Fyodora? I said, not wishing to disturb the patient with the earpiece plugged in.

They looked at the name, and gave a start! OH! That's ME! I was just listening to the end of a symphony! And who are you????? Oh this is wonderful! This is really nice. Oh I'm so pleased!

I'm not sure who was most surprised - me or Fyodora - or Nel' when she realised that we had found our quarry. I think you could have knocked all three of us down with a feather.

Oh dear. So my cover is blown. Oh dear. But this is marvellous. Really marvellous! When did you realise that...? How did you find out...?

For once, Fyodora was speechless!

The hour and a half gathering, like any other gathering, just seemed to fly by, in grasshoppery excited splodger. There was a lot to laugh about, to confess, to regret, and quite simply to share. Fyo was afraid that not everyone got the jokes, and conceded that sometimes things did go a little too far - (LBBG, are you reading this?)

Fyodora's son arrived and Nel' and I got up to go...

Oh no! Please stay!

So a third chair was found and the ward-party continued.

But eventually it really was time for us to go - we had overstayed the visiting hours, and besides, parent and son needed time together.

Would you be up for another visit? I asked.

Oh yes, please. Do come again...

And so the power of the QCC is felt as a post-operative tonic by one patient tonight laid up in hospital, and by me and Nel' who feel like we have scored the winning goal in the Cup Final.

Post Script.

Our friend is now a member of the QCC GL&PPPS Society, with own copy presented in the big folder with **FYODORA** writ large upon it.

I also have to say that we all agreed that what happened in that hospital ward stays in that ward. Sorry, folks, but that's how it is.

And Nel' and I plan to visit again later this week, bearing gifts to improve the hospital diet.



FriedFish

20 February 2014 7:26pm

'evenin all!

And what an excitin day it has been. And it ain't over yet.

Kicked off with Auriel's mum (my dtr) phonin me, chipper as anything before 9 this mornin. I heard heart-meltin contented baby snuffles down the phone. AAaaawwwwwwwww!

I walked into the Caff, feelin ten feet tall and blimey! What a surprise!

THANK YOU for all your lovely messages, links, texts, phone calls, e-mails, comin at me left right an centre all through the day. I shall copy/paste clip, and send them all to Auriel's mum and dad for them to keep for her.

Then there was this other gatherin to get to in Cheltenham.

Nel, FF, liuqnoj and...of course...**Fyodora**. Looking much better and if not up, certainly at it.

We delivered all your messages and good wishes - (Nel had copied them and printed them off so that Fyo can spend time reading them at leisure.)

There was a real card too, that got to me in time through the post, which I delivered. (Greatly appreciated, Oh Wise One!)

It would seem that Fyo is likely to be in hospital all next week to undergo further procedures, so if anyone wishes to send a greetins card/letter/note/whatever, you could send it to me, and I shall see that it gets to Fyo.

(contact me through qccglos@gmail.com if you need my address. We can sort it out that way.)

And now... a scoop!

I took my camera into Cheltenham today, and FYO agreed to pictures.

They are =>**HERE!**