

7th May, 1997

WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?

DEAR DIARY, my friend Deborah said she had a heated argument with her boyfriend last week about the washing up. Deborah does all of the cooking because her boyfriend can't cook, won't cook, so as far as she's concerned, if she has to do all of the cooking, he has to do all of the washing up. But time and time again, Deborah can't get to the sink when she needs to because there's a pile of washing up that's been left. When she needs to wash the vegetables or clean and season the meat that she has to prepare for dinner she has to do the washing up first. Also a lot of the cooking utensils are dirty too so she ends up doing everything which she resents. Robert always says to her "just cool, leave it, I'll do it in a minute" but she doesn't want it done in a minute, she wanted it done yesterday.

Well they fought about the washing up and Deborah was winning the argument saying that she works longer hours than he does, she's often really tired and wouldn't mind if he even attempted to prepare a microwave meal sometimes or prepare a salad and cold meats or just soup and bread so that she wouldn't have to search around the cupboards and fridge in order to cook every single solitary day. She said he was lazy, selfish and inconsiderate and he'd better change.

Then Robert said to Deborah – shouting at the top of his voice – "d'you know what I hate about you, that f***** pink head-scarf that you always wear to bed. You've been wearing it to bed for three years now and it's never been washed and it's p*ssing me off. If I see you in it one more f***** time, I'm going to drag it off your head, tie it around your neck and strangle you with it" and then he stormed off!

Deborah said her eyes were wide like two full moons; she couldn't quite make what she heard catch up with her brain to digest this new information in real time. One minute she was discussing the washing up and the next she was being strangled by her head-scarf! Obviously they've got a problem that's bigger than the washing up or a pink head-scarf for that matter.

They're still not speaking to each other a week later.

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