1st May, 2009

I NEED A P.A.

DEAR DIARY, I've been feeling rather overwhelmed recently. I've got too many projects going on and too much to think about and things to do and not enough time. I even schedule my sleep these days. I work shifts so sometimes, I snatch four hours here and two hours there and convince myself that I can stay awake for 24 hours because I'll catch up at some point.

In one day, I had to take the dog to the vet because his tail wasn't wagging. When a happy dog's tail stops wagging, you know something's wrong. The vet stuck his finger up Snoop's bum, gave him an injection and said that'll be £75 please! After the vet, I went to see my mother. If I don't visually see her on a weekly basis, she says she's going to end up falling down the stairs and no one will find her for days and it will be all my fault (…did I say that I'm not an only child… ?) I personally think that my dad would be behind the falling down the stairs incident but I daren't express my feelings to my mum – I'm not too old to get a clap upside the head. I also had to go grocery shopping because the cupboards were bare. Then there's Spanish classes, the dentist, the chemist and the garage. I go to the garage specifically to get fleeced because if a woman hasn't done a course in car maintenance, she's going to get robbed in broad daylight by the mechanic. This is coming from a woman whose brother used to be a car mechanic. He said most garages would close down after six months if it wasn't for the profit they make from women who don't know their arse from their elbow. My brother says where women are concerned, mechanics lie like a rug!

Anyway, going back to this personal assistant thing, I say out loud on many occasions that wish I had a PA to at least halve my chores and list of things to do.

I know in normal terms, I'd be behaving like a diva if I employed a PA, but if I had the money, I'd pay him or her thousands to help me out. I know I sound feeble and inadequate because there are people out there who have serious adversities to deal with. They have way more children than I do or they might have a violent or disabled partner or maybe an incurable illness, no vehicle, a landlord on their back, depression or no form of gainful income… but I'm not talking about them, I'm talking about me. Me, me, me! Excuse me Dear Diary if I sound selfish, I don't mean to sound selfish, what I'm trying to do here is feel sorry for myself. Selfish is not the aim of the game!

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So I said to my eldest son "I think I need an assistant". He said no mum, I've been meaning to talk to you about this so I might as well tell you now, what you really need is a husband. Well I looked at this boy as if I were seeing him for the first time. A husband? My children have made it crystal clear in the past that if I bring a date home, they'll jump on the furniture, cut a hole in the duck-down feathered pillow and have pillow fights in the living room, scratch his car, play farting and belching games and ride Snoop Dog up and down the hallway in full view of the man in question and he'll never come back to our house again. Now that they're older and almost ceiling height, I fear that they'd just stand over the poor man with the full intent of intimidation. So you can imagine, I was totally shocked to hear my son say this husband thing. He said look mum, I'm 17 now and understand that you're probably going to be lonely when I go to Uni. In fact you look lonely now and I think that it's time you considered taking on a serious relationship. He went on to say that before he goes off to University, he'd like to see me settling down and happy and I have his blessing. This came from my 17 year old.

Needless to say that Mr Misery-Guts my 15 year old said he'd rip his own heart out and throw it against the wall if I ever did such a thing as find a husband. I said to him I've not even met anyone yet. Then Mr Misery-Guts had the cheek to tell me off by saying if you didn't have me and Daniel when you were so young and naïve, maybe you would have chosen a mature man and he would have taken good care of you and married you. I said has it occurred to you that you wouldn't even exist if that were the case!

Damn kids. One blows hot and the other blows cold.

Mr Misery-Guts then described the type of husband he *might* approve of. When he finished I said oh, I see you're describing Jesus.

The only person who'll be anything like what my youngest son imagines is Jesus Christ the Holy Messiah himself, a man who turns water into wine and rises from the dead!

Well Jesus type husband, can you turn that 12 bottle box of Evian into Pinot Grigio please and if you're going to die and come back alive again, can you show me where you've put your life insurance documents dearest, I think I'm going to have a claim or two on my hands?

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