

25th February 2011

ARRANGE ME A MARRIAGE

DEAR DIARY, I wish my family would arrange me a marriage.

I've met one wrong man after the other. Sometimes they're wrong from the start. Other times they turn wrong after a few weeks. The clever ones don't bring out the wrong for several months, but it all ends up the same way. **My bitter tears.** If I keep on making the same mistake time and time again, I'm going to end up 'spinster-old', in a rocking chair, sitting by my dusty window, surrounded by my 50 cats.



I've really, seriously started to think that if my family took over and found me a husband, I wouldn't have to go through all this damn nonsense. Sometimes, I wish I were born in



Mumbai instead of Battersea! That way, I would have no choice but to get involved in an arranged marriage. And can I just add here, I know that NOT all Indian marriages are arranged. Also, I'm very sorry for the thousands of women who have been forced into unsuccessful arranged marriages to ugly, bossy, violent, 65 year old first cousins and such like. I'm not talking about those God awful doomed arrangements. I'm here, talking about the ones that

work. I guess that goes without saying doesn't it.

Going back to me, me, me; my parents and family know me the best and they would know what kind of man was right. They'd have my best interests at heart. My sister knows how indecisive I am and she also thinks that I'm tenacious and creative. My brothers know how spoilt and moody I can be but they also know that I'm loyal and loving. My favourite cousin knows I'm a hell raiser because we've painted the town **red** on many, **MANY** occasions. In fact, me and my cousin Caroline would have to murder each other if some of our '**red**' secrets came out but at least she's well aware that I'm happy to raise hell when looking for lots of debauched fun. My best female friend knows how sensitive I am and my best male friend has heard all of my dirty jokes and horror stories. My people just GET ME so I know they'd be best placed to collectively find me a husband.

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Why all the concern and urgency to tie the knot you may ask? Well I'm kinda thinking on a regular basis these days, that by now, I ought to be ready to settle down! I'm ready to settle in theory, just not in practice. I guess self-induced mistakes of the past may be putting the fear of God in me but then if my arranged marriage went horribly wrong, I wouldn't have myself to blame.



I could put it down to my family not getting it right or being born under a bad moon.

My close family and friends could look for the right "type" without people retching at the term *type*. When women talk about type, people think they're stupid idiots but what's the point of putting me with someone who's skinny and short when I like thick-set and tall?



Now as a single woman seeking a husband, you can't run around with fist full of lists with your type written all over it, but family can. If my sister had a tick list as long as your arm, no one would get away with saying to her stop being unrealistic you silly cow because she could just say "it's not for me, it's for my sister". I once made a joke to a guy about my ideal man 'tick list' and he looked at me like he wanted to drown me in a vat of fat.

So that's it, I take myself completely out of the selection process because in the past, I made allowances for guys who drank too much or partied too hard and I just know my dad wouldn't stand for any of that nonsense. My mother would never allow me to go out with someone who was lazy. My sister would take care of the "he's a real gentleman" aspect. My brothers would be the ones to deal with personality and responsibility. Whoever my best friend chose, I might be inclined to choose the opposite because she might get fanciful ideas about him herself and I don't want any fisticuffs or drama on my doorstep.



I'll just make it clear to everyone that I don't want a man who's anything like my least favourite ex boyfriend. Lloyd was an alcoholic manic depressive. This man loved a drink 24/7. That's what you get for dating a man you meet in an off-licence.

Lloyd was always unsteady on his feet and he was always cussing, fighting, drink-driving and talking about suicide. I'd actually see him draining the contents of other people's glasses if they sat there unattended for too long. He had so many issues that a psychologist would go mental trying to work him out. The poor psychologist would end up drinking and chain-smoking side-by-side with Lloyd! Lloyd

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was a bitter man who hated everything and everyone except Jack Daniels, Wray & Nephew and Vladimir Vodka!

So I say yes to an arranged marriage. Where do I sign up?

August Mayfield