Who are you and where have you been?

I don’t know about you but I find it really difficult knowing what to say to someone I haven’t seen for a long time. Because you can’t just go up to someone and say the first thing that comes into your head – well I wouldn’t ‘cos I’d probably -say something stupid like I love you!

When I say a long time, I don’t mean a week or a few days. I mean a year or two. Because obviously if you didn’t see someone for 3 days they’re not really going to have changed very much. And I can handle a whole week ‘cos seven days is only 3 – oops! I mean 4 - days more. (that’s how bothered I am about a week – I can’t even be bothered to count.) Basically, when I go home, I only go for Christmas or maybe birthdays. So when I go home and meet one of my family who, say, is pregnant, and I go back the next year there’s a baby. But there’s still a bump so it looks like there’s still a place for the baby to go back to (like a kangaroo!!) But really, she’s just fat! This isn’t actually something that has happened in my family. It’s just explaining what I meant in the first place about saying the first thing that comes into your head and putting your foot in it, saying something stupid like, “Are you pregnant again?”

Another thing about not seeing someone for so long is that after a whole year you still remember their hair as brown and obviously as time goes on you’re not going to know if they’ve dyed it ‘cos you’re not there, you’re here (or somewhere else where they’re not) and it’s more likely they’ve let it grow and dyed it, and even dyed it again. So when you see them a year later they’ve got blonde hair and brown roots. For God’s sake don’t say,

“Have you done something to your hair?” This can be very traumatic for some ladies. Don’t get me wrong – I do like young ladies and I wouldn’t want to offend them. But it really would be traumatic for them because you’re highlighting their highlights that they don’t want highlighted. It will upset them and the best way to cheer them up in my opinion is buy them a hat for Christmas. And in the immortal words of Ebeneezer Scrooge – “Bah Humbug to Christmas!”

P.S . RIP Tiny Tim!