

Aalish breathes again!

Written by PAG

Wednesday, 06 March 2013 22:26

Hello, everyone! I don't know about you, but three action-packed days of Budget Week debates left me breathless with suspense. Would my dear Chief Minister (and the sweet Mr. Teare of course) get their way in the face of those carping publicity-seeking hounds (and bitches, too), always raising questions?

Surely we don't need questions. We need answers. And the Government has the answers - isn't that what a government's for?

I couldn't bear to go into the Wedding Cake - such a tantalising title for one who has occasionally been a bridesmaid, but, alas, never went all the way. So I had to resort to the radio and with Choo-Choo my darling companion - he knows every word you say - and a flask of Earl Grey I listened so intently. And, I must confess, even talked back at the radio (they say it's the beginning of the end when you do that). But I know you can be trusted with my little secrets.

And I cheered at one point. And hugged Choo-Choo. And spilled my tea over him in my delight. It was when that awful woman Kate Thingy was going all round the houses with some long-winded utterance. That lovely Mr. Bell, who had been listening with such patience, actually barked: 'Rubbish!'

What an answer! So masterful. I trembled all over. He didn't waste time with argument or scoring debating points. Just that single word. The put-down of the century. I was left feeling warm all over in a rose-coloured glow. Botox has nothing on Mr. Bell.

Some of the other politicians had a go at putting Kate and Brenda Whatname in their place. There was a neat little dig at Brenda for lecturing like a school mistress. And indeed she was on her high horse. But all things considered, I've said it once and I'll say it again -Alan rules supreme.

'Bye now. And ciao from Choo-Choo.

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Time to go walkies.

AALISH VOGT