

I am sorry; it is all my fault.

Written by Guy Davies
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I need to apologise to the nation as a whole. I am clearly to blame for the load shedding, Zimbabwe, the fact we had no water for most of the weekend, the delays at customs coming through the airport, Jacob Zuma, Winnie Mandela & Robert Mugabe. The traffic on the roads, the state of the roads, other people's driving habits (yes, including Zelle's Damned). The temperature (too hot during the day, & too cool at night). Even, apparently the shape of the world, and the fact that it takes a long time to get here from Europe. Oh, and UK policies (foreign and domestically, obviously) too, as the prime minister and I share the same country of birth. The cost of fuel worldwide, and dreadfully noisy guinea fowl in the trees.

So I am really, really very sorry.

It all became clear to me this weekend. Just when I thought (after getting a year older), that things could not get much worse, I now have the pleasure of my mother-in-law's company for the next 2 weeks. She was quickly able to point out the obvious fact that I am to blame for all of the above (and probably quite a bit more, as the lists are still being compiled).

You see, I made the mistake of removing my family from the 'safe' environment of the UK (and her control), to bring them to this god-forsaken corner of the world (where apparently we are all about to be murdered, raped & robbed, but not necessarily in that order), and I therefore have to shoulder the blame for any conceivable issue related to that. Initially, I tried to make light of my mistakes, and pointed out that while she had been delayed slightly through customs (I am sure she should not be allowed on the plane with her tongue...no sharp items), at least she was not strip searched. While waiting for her to arrive, my helpful son collected some of the tourism literature available at the airport... Nice touch, only spoiled by the fact that the first one he gave her was promoting pink tourism... We seemed to go downhill from there. Initially, I made the mistake of trying to defend the over stretched customs officials who work in a globally unsafe environment, I defended gay rights, and peoples' rights to express their sexuality (and of the person who put the pink tourism leaflets in a place where an 11 year old boy may pick them up...obviously that would have been due to his 50% pure evil genes). But after a while, I decided that I should not even try to defend my mistakes, but just accept my role in them.

I will promise my best to cure the world's problems - can anyone give me the phone numbers for Mbeki, Bush, Zuma, the World Bank, the roads department, customs...and any other of my colleagues in crime? Oh, and someone had better tip off the police and interpol. Their job will be made so much easier if they just come and arrest me as the evil genius behind it all (OK, she did not suggest I was a genius...but I reckon I must be fairly clever to have been responsible for all this).

I openly apologise for everyone / anyone who has lost a job, house, girl/boy (even if same sex) friend, keys, mind, etc. Oh, and don't blame Telkom or Bill Gates if you have problems reading this...we now know who is really to blame.