

Lost in Translation

Elsie and Mary meet at the bus stop.

Mary: "Hello Elsie, long time no see. How are you?"

Elsie: "Just been to the optician and he said I had a tear in the rectum."

Mary: "Don't you mean retina, love?"

Elsie: "That's what I said wasn't it."

Mary: "Listen, if you're not in a hurry do you fancy a quick coffee?"

Elsie: "OK but I only drink decapitated these days."

In Starbucks

Elsie: "Can you believe the prices now? In Marks they wanted £5 for a small tray of orgasmic blueberries. No one takes me for granite so I gave them a miss. There's a sign saying shoplifters will be prostituted but I saw somebody pocketing an avocado brazen as you like. When I came to pay, the flipping machine said card only which made my blood burn. Even though they say sorry for the incontinence it's still annoying."

Mary: "I know. Everything's going to the dogs. By the way, didn't I see you at the doctors the other day?"

Elsie: "Yes Dr Blake told me I had tattoo diabetes. Ever heard of that? He then interrogated me like the bloody Nazi Gazpacho. He said I had a sexually transmitted disease. I told him straight that me and Ernie had a totally monotonous relationship so he must have got it wrong."

Mary: Did you mean monogamous love?

Elsie: Yes. That's what I said didn't you hear me?"

Mary: How's work at the factory?

Elsie: The job's fine but the food in the canteen is not fit for human constipation.

Mary: "How's that son of yours?"

Elsie: "Jack's OK but I do worry about him a bit. He's started smoking that mozzarella again. He says the weed helps to relax him. He's just back from a

holiday in Venice. It was very interesting hearing how the tourists travel along the canals in those gorgonzolas.”

Mary: “I think you mean gondolas, love.”

Elsie: “Bloody hell Mary that’s what I said. Are you going deaf?”

Mary: “Sorry love. Did Jack bring you a present back?”

Elsie: “Yes, he got me one of the latest transvestite radios. I really do think the world is my lobster now with all the gifts he’s showered on me. My Jack stops me fading into Bolivian. He’s so clever. Like me he has a photogenic memory. The other day he was telling me how all those medieval cathedrals were supported by flying buttocks. He’s very active too. He certainly doesn’t live a sedimentary life. He’s now learning the autistic guitar. He’s really very cultured for an inferior decorator.”

Mary: “Does he take you out much?”

Elsie: “Yes, we go to a nice seafood restaurant but I have to tell him I won’t eat crab or any more of those crushed Asians he likes. But he’s quite headstrong and my affluence over him is very small. Still, patience is a virgin and I’ve made sure that in my last will and testicle he will inherit all my woolly goods.”