

FUNNY: TERRY LYNN DICKINSON

Gosh I need a wee I thought as I entered the café where I was going to meet my pal. After a cursory look round to confirm that she wasn't already in the café, into the loo I traipsed.

Phew that's better, nothing quite as relieving as relieving oneself.

I searched for a table, I sat facing the door so I could attract her attention easily when she arrives. I told the lovely lass who came to me that I was waiting for a friend and will order when she gets here.

Five minutes, 10 minutes; not like her to be late, hope all ok. 15 minutes; 20 minutes; I'm getting a tad worried now, where on earth is she!

I decided enough was enough and called her mobile.

Tring tring, 'Hello', I said.

'Hello', she said.

'Are you ok?' I asked.

'Yes, fine thanks, are you?'

'Yes, I'm worried about you, where are you?'

'I'm in the café'.

'Oh gosh, I must be in the wrong cafe', I said feeling slightly bemused.

'Where did we arrange to meet?' I asked.

'At Hudson's' she replied.

'I thought so, that is where I am. Oh, are you in the conservatory?'

'No, I'm in the front', she said.

'Well, that is where I am'.

'Whereabouts are you sitting?' she asked.

'Middle table'.

Then with a flash that was far from my normal alertness, I turned round and there, sitting behind me, was my lovely pal. I tapped her on the shoulder, she turned, and we both spluttered with laughter.

How on earth could we have missed each other? The question does not have an answer and never will. We ordered our coffee and cake; I had a more than delicious fresh cream Victoria sponge and my pal had a more than delicious looking carrot cake. We laughed all the way through our meet up as to how idiotic what had just happened, still laughing to this very day.

As we were walking back to our respective cars, my pal stopped in the middle of the road, turned her bum to me and asked, 'Is my bum wet?'

Well, I will leave it up to you to decide which one of us is flakey and which one of us is not.