

## SDJ



## talking WM sense

It's my birthday today, but I'm not going to tell you how old I am, except to say that I'm now safely out of Tom Cruise's mid-life-crisis-fuelled preferred age range (what is Katie Holmes anyway? 14, 15?).

But even more depressing than the fact I'll never see 23 again, is the fact that as you're reading this, I'll be in the office, working, on my birthday. Without even a party hat. There should be a law against it.

Actually, let's lobby for a new law whereby all birthday girls get a government-subsidised cake, together with a mini bottle of champers and a badge that reads 'I've still got it, baby...'

Anyway, given that it's my birthday (did I mention that already?) – and, by definition, the week now just feels like a public holiday – I can't seem to concentrate. I've decided to abandon my usual sensible column (?) to bring you a series of random thoughts instead (hey, cut me some slack, ok, I'm in age-related birthday trauma-hell):

\* What exactly is the point of Paris Hilton? Why is the world fascinated by a spoiled rich heiress with a nasty line in couture, a liking for CCTV sex, and nothing between her ears? I'd like to wake up tomorrow morning with all trace of her vacuous, perma-tanned, freaky

mannequin-grin wiped from my memory

\* Things I hate today: people who erroneously say 'I likes it' rather than 'I like it'; Naomi Campbell; hospital shows like *Holby*; cucumber (green, slimy, tasteless: isn't it just a waste of chewing?)

\* I'm toying with the idea of patenting a mini-mini-bar that fits neatly into your desk drawer. Rather than a sneaky Twix to get you through that 4 o'clock dip, why not slide a drawer open and select a shot of high-grade tequila? I think it could take off. I might be a millionaire this time next year

\* Who set the working week at five days, 9am-5pm (or even later if you're unlucky)? How did that start, does anyone know? Did some ancient committee decree that we'd all have to dedicate the

great majority of our waking hours to the pursuit of profit? Here's an idea: let's rip up the rulebook and set a new working week as Mon-Wed, a very civilised 10am-2.30pm, with an hour's break for tapas. Fantastic!

\* Aren't wedge sandals comfortable? What a sensible fashion trend. Except for the wooden-heeled ones. It's like strapping two garden benches to your feet. Note to shoe-makers: wood has no 'give' in it, ergo, two planks of your best oak ain't good for human feet.

Talking of planks, I'm off to read all about Tom Cruise's latest outpouring of insane love for little Katie. It's the best laugh an office-bound birthday girl can get, without recourse to a party hat...

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