

Video Diary

By
Wayne J. Harris

(speaker is a middle aged woman, wearing expensive clothes, jewellery and thick make up. Her neckline is very low and her small breasts pushed up as high as possible to maximise the effect. Her neck and fingers are full of bling.)

Hello darlings. Happy Christmas and a Merry New Year. (giggles)

Anyway I've decided to move into the 20th century and write you all a video diary. Those round robin letters are just *so* last century? Now you can see my face as well! Aren't you lucky?

(looks down at notes and adopts a serious expression)

So, how are you all? I hope you're as well as me, and if you're not, at least you'll have this diary to cheer you up. I must say it feels very good to be doing so much for all of you. My boyfriend, George, has just given me a great, big present of a bunch of flowers and a bracelet (she holds her wrist forwards), which are much better than chocolates which will only make you fat. Aren't I clever to have such a wonderful boyfriend? And he's an architect which is so much better than a banker because everyone knows they're evil, aren't they? Even if they do give out diamond necklaces.

I was going to use that new thing on the computer – what was it called tweet? Twat? Twit? Twitter? Anyway, I tried to use it but it wouldn't let me enter more than a few sentences which is a pity because I had so much to say. Also, it seemed to think that I had no followers at all, which is just plain silly. What could it know about my life? Trudi wanted me to sign up to facebook so I could see all about her and her boyfriend the banker but that sounded very egotistical and I decided not to encourage her attention seeking behaviour. So no facebook for me. I don't want everyone to think *I'm* egotistical.

I've just been on a special course on comedy writing. I was the cleverest there, of course, but the others simply didn't understand me. All those poor people struggling so hard to be funny and clever when I only had to be myself. The tutor muttered something about doing the exercises and, of course, he complimented Trudi for her nasty little piece about an egotistical woman, based on herself, of course. But he only liked her because she was wearing that dreadful low cut blouse. Everyone kept looking down her cleavage and that's why they cheered. I could get the same attention if I was a strumpet like her. I got a good laugh from everyone when I read my piece, although they laughed at all the wrong bits.

Anyway, I'm looking forward to Christmas and all those presents but nothing ostentatious like big jewellery - no diamond necklaces or that sort of thing. I wouldn't like to be a big show off like some other people I could mention but won't.

And now to parties. It's important that you all keep to the schedule I sent out, especially you, Trudi. No changes like last time. I was starting to think that you deliberately held your party when I couldn't make it. We all know it wasn't really a surprise - bankers simply aren't that good at keeping secrets, are they? And let's face it you couldn't fit that many people in your little house, so no outrageous claims, Trudi. You couldn't possibly have had more people at your party than were at mine. Anyway, George is the one to organise my surprise party so he can make sure it fits in with my diary – so please check with him as to when it's on.

And now to your lives. Please you must tell me how you are, but, please, not in so much detail. I don't need to know all about your children, Trudi. Just a few highlights of things that would interest me. And everyone else, of course. Send me letters or emails and perhaps the very brave might want to try a video diary, too, but do learn how to get it right. After all, look at how some recent attempts have turned out, full of pretend surprise parties, diamonds and bankers. They're just not that interesting to the rest of us, are they?

Anyway, enough from me. I'll also enclose a picture of me so that you can put it up in pride of place and tell everyone that you know me.

THE END