

FRIDAY WRAP

#2.48.1

'A Glimpse of Humour'

25 November 2011



Harbour Wall, Kalk Bay 8 April 2011

Wrap

- ~ Rap -- to talk., *conversation*.
- ~ a piece of thin, flat bread *that can contain anything* eaten as a sandwich.
- ~ Signaling *the end (ie of a week)*
- ~ *Under wraps* – *secret*.

Fussin' and a Frettin' in Cape Town

In this day and age when I/we (older folks) should be taking it easy, isn't it amazing how certain things can still work on your nerves, still irk you, still *strips your moer*?

You may approach things in a calm and civilized manner but you amaze yourself as to how quickly you get on the

defensive and get ready to attack. And it happens so quickly.

You may not animate your anger or verbalize it but it spoils your mood so-o very quickly and you end up irritated even if you won't admit to it. And don't let them keep 'dik' with asking, 'Are you cross?' and you say, 'No' but you are thinking, 'Can you just shut the fluck up and carry on!' And it can happen almost anywhere and anytime.

I am one of the coolest people I know and I am known not to lose my cool easily and I have the ultimate in patience (though my wife won't agree) but there are some things that irritate me beyond belief. **Beyond relief.**



Harbour Entrance

Let me try to make a list..

En Route

That is one of the reasons I come to work by train. I would go crazy in the traffic every morning.

One thing I use to fret about in the morning is the hot-shits straight out of college, young girls in their fancy cars. They probably studied and now have permanent jobs and daddy bought them a car as they have their driver's licence now. Because daddy's little girl can't ride public transport, nowise! The daddy does not know what a danger they are on the road to other drivers. And they do it all, drive in the wrong lanes, change lanes haphazardly etc etc.

Am I guilty of it? Maybe. My daughter is working a few months now but she works in Mowbray and her mother takes her to work and fetches her. If she does go with the car she works from 0900 till after 1800 so she does not get traffic. And she drives better than most, if I can say so myself. She has her licence since 2009. Anyway.

The other one is the guys that use the road as their own personal race track. These speed freaks put your life in danger. I once, a long time ago, had a

guy on my bumper and driving very fast. The traffic was standing dead still ahead and I braked. Hard. When I looked in the mirror he was nowhere to be seen. I looked to my right and there he was, standing sideways on the verge. I hope he learnt his lesson.

And don't talk about the cost of parking! It is horrendous! My monthly MetroPlus ticket cost R194, that is less than some people pay for parking!

These days I get on the train, get a seat, and read my book. Get off the train and have a stroll to work. Easy-peasy. Ne Anwar?

I don't get to work all agitated and flustered, needing a toilet, coffee and Panados, all at the same time, *before* you can start working.

But you will be surprised how many people put themselves through this just to not use public transport as if it is diseased or something.

But don't let me get started on the trains and Metrorail..

At Work

There is a saying that, 'You can choose your friends but you can't choose your family', you can change it slightly to: 'you can choose your friends but you can't choose your colleagues'. Not if you are not the boss.

Colleagues are defined as 'people you work with' but I must say there are plenty that you easily befriend. Others stay just that, 'colleagues'; People who you are friends with at work but will never invite to your home. No, not you, if you are reading this and you work with me, you are my friend. Anyway.

Then there are the other colleagues, a sort of liquorice allsorts. All kinds of personalities put in the same pot to work together. And you really have all kinds;

- The '**Avoid-where-Possible**' - who, if you see them in the toilet you make a bee-line to the toilet on the next floor rather than go in that toilet with them. Or the ones you avoid having a conversation with.



Boat at rest

- The **'Loudmouths'**; the ones who you can hear on the other side of the building.
- The **'Too-Quiet'** one's (and you don't actually know what they do).
- The **Talk-to-Themselvers**. Yup. You know who.
- The **'Hot-Shits'** straight out of college. They can't be taught anything as they know everything already and we, the older generation, don't actually know sh*t. Probably the same one's who drive so sh*t poor.
- The **Fake-Accenters**. They go to Australia for three months and come back with an accent you wouldn't believe and can't find their way around Cape Town.
- The **I-Know-it-alls**. They actually know everything. They work so on your *gat* you want to *moer* them. Explaining something to you that you have been using for fifteen years as if you don't know shit.
- The **Woefully-Distressed** who always have loud (sometime troubled) conversations on the phone and you know more about them than you care to know. (And you worry about it because you don't know how the story ends and you can't possibly ask.)
- The **I-Don't-Ever-Get-It** guys (you have to explain everything, even two line jokes). They are totally devoid of humour. And they want you to apologies for your indiscretions too. My Ass!
- The **Holier-than-Thou**. Best avoided if you do not want to offend. And they offend very easily. Armchair Imaam and/or Elevator Preacher. They frown upon anything. Anything is against their moral values. They always know better.
- The **'I-have-it-better-than-you'**, they always have a so-o much more exciting life than yours, even if you climbed Mount Everest the weekend or ran a sub two marathon they would've had a more exciting time at home than you ever had. You know what I'm talking about Stefan?



Harbour

- The '**Laugh-too-Loud-Anytime**' and it makes you cringe and you are scared to crack a joke.
- the '**Remote Foreigners**' talking a strange language on the phone hiding in a disused corner. We have plenty of those, they are all good guys.
- The '**All-over-the-Show**' guys. They got so many fingers in so many pies that they can't even pick their nose or scratch their *ss.
- The '**Contractors**' and Consultants who gets employed for their expertise but who you must actually teach before they can be productive.
- The '**Pissed-off-at-my-Job-Everyday**', they are always bad-mouthing his/her job, always looking for another job etc. Though these days these ones are hard to find.
- The '**Glamour-Pusses**' who think work is a fashion show. Damn. We don't have any of those on our floor. Okay, maybe one. And the ones who think they're '**Glamour-Pusses.**'
- The **Jaded Gigolos**, still on the prowl at work. *Sim Percy, você está recebendo uma menção honrosa.*
- The **Suck-up-to-the Boss** or even better the **Bosses Bitch**. It may be a male or female.

- The **Boss**, who is sometimes more confused than everybody in the office but plays a mean game of Poker/Pool/Dominoes/Chess (we have a good guy boss, but you know what I mean).

You can probably all add to the list.

I just mention all the different categories but that does not mean they get on your nerves. But sometimes they do.

At Play

You are surrounded by a circle of friends and those closest to you tend to be there because they do not cause any Fussin' and a Frettin' in your life. If they do, you tend to push them to the back of the circle. True?

When friends come with a lot baggage you tend to try and avoid them. But sometimes you can't. Sometimes they come disguised. Sometimes they are friends of friends or relatives of relatives or worse relatives of friends or friends of relatives. Phew!

The '**Offenders**'. They come into your space sometimes and have an outburst or act provocatively and offend all those within the circle. Sometimes everybody around them as well. Sometimes so ruthlessly that you avoid that person from that day forth. And there can be many reasons for their outburst or



Kalk Bay

provocative act. Almost anything can set them off and you best avoid that person forever.

Sometimes they are more offended by your non-participation in their outburst or provocative act than anything else and try to make you feel guilty about the situation. And often they forget about the situation and treat you normally Oh-so-o quickly.

You are still offended and they already wrote it off as a situation best forgotten. But we don't, do we? We forgive but we do not forget.

- The **Re-actors**. Or the one who reacts to something you say and get so-o offended that not even the sea can wash off your contamination. And I can't figure out why, for the life of me, they are offended. So we push those to the edge of your circle. To the furthest point. You make an innocuous, innocent joke and the person hates you forever and refuses to speak to you for three years. Maybe it's just because they owe me money.

At Home

Here you must actually practice extreme patience. Because at home you are surrounded by your closest family who you love and respect but this does not mean they can't get you Fussin' and a Frettin'.

Noooo! Home is where your patience gets tried the most.

How come the people closest to you can get you frettin' and a Fussin' so quickly? Is it the proximity?

Our children, all grown up, sucker punch you sometimes. Just when you think they can't outdo the last sucker punch, they get you with another one.

But I remember.

Did you drive around on a cold winter Sunday night at 2200 to make photo copies/ buy red stickers/ note book/ look for pictures of a didgeridoo etc? And all this on a Sunday night.

Did you work on their 'Project' (they got a month ago) until 0200 in the morning because they forgot that the due date is tomorrow? While they sleep?



Brass Bell

Did you get the big fat tears of something 'life-changing' they 'need' because all the other children have one? And you go and put yourself in debt to get it and you see it ignored on the shelf before you even finish paying for it?

Or they take up a sport and it lasts for a month and you end up with a bag full of equipment that nobody wants. That's why 2nd hand sporting goods shops exist.

My daughter nagged for an entire End-of-the-year school holidays because she wants to do fencing at school and needs all the equipment. We told her to join first and then we will discuss it. She walked in to enroll and saw someone she did not like and that was the end of her need for fencing. We have karate suits, surfboards, wetsuits, cricket bats, pads gathering dust at home. All parents have a similar story. Learn from this all you pregnant ladies. Thea?

And don't let them still gang up on you? They get their mother or father to

beg their case.

With the older children; did you have to wait up till ver-ry late because you have to fetch them from a friend's birthday or bioscope or wherever? And you go in your pyjamas?

Did you have to take your child to 'work' early in the morning and/or fetch them late at night? And if you do the calculation it is actually more expensive in time and petrol than what they earn? But you do it anyway because it is a life experience.

Or they sucker punch you with the cost of something they require that you know they can't afford so it has to come out of your pocket? And you don't know where the money is gonna come from. And there is zero-return-on-investment? Remember those Floral Arrangement Classes?

And the relief you feel when they finally grow up and start staking their claim in this big, wide world and they relish in their own independence.

Not that you stop frettin' and a fussin', nowaise. They still your children. You still complain if they come in late if they are twenty or thirty five or fifty five because, we as parents still wait up and only get some decent sleep once you know your children are safe in their beds and asleep. My mother thinks nothing of admonishing me for something. Yup, she may be in her eighties but she's still frettin' and a fussin'. And she can do that with pleasure and it is something I appreciate and treasure.

Oh yes.

At Home.

And the more people that is in your house the more frettin' and a fussin' there is.

I won't even mention what it is like to live with your in-laws or the delinquent brother-in-law/son-in-law/stepson. Not that I can speak of experience but I hear when others talk.

And don't get me started on your spouse! That is a Wrap all by itself. But it will never get written. Shoo, I got out of that one alive.



Homeward Bound

Everywhere else

Taxis.

And don't get me started on Taxis! That is also a Wrap by itself.

Taxis everywhere in the world are a law unto themselves alone. They disregard road etiquette and all signs and speed limits. But then again if you are in a taxi you expect them to drive like that.

Not recklessly, but you want them to get to your destination as quickly as possible. You actually feel cheated if the taxi driver obeys all the rules. So before you get into the taxi you say all the prayers you know because you are trapped like a bug on a twig in a fire.

And don't you think Taxis must not be allowed to have hooters? Then they would probably scream and shout out of their window. Oh yes, they already do that. No, scrap that idea. But taxis with hooters make me think of sniper rifles.

Up in smoke.

And in our modern times where smoking is not allowed almost everywhere you still get the smokers who flaunt the law. No, I am not talking about you, you know who you are. I have not allowed smoking in my house since the

early nineties. I never smoked, not even a puff or a suck. Cigarettes! Peer pressure was nothing on me. Not to some of my other 'so-called' school friends, they were led willingly up the garden path and smoked anything that can be rolled up or can be fed into a hookah pipe (it makes you Sheesh-gerook so to speak). But let's not talk about 'lost' friends who are so far off the beaten path they are lost in the sand dunes.

Anyway.

And these days all buildings are completely smoke free inside. You have to go outside and ten metres away from the entrance before you can smoke. But still they do. There use to be arguments in the train with people wanting to smoke in the no smoking carriage. And one thing I am not scared of is, telling anyone that smoking is not allowed; unless the smoker is bigger than me. Or scarier.

There used to be a guy that regularly came and fogged up the toilet, until one day I heard the guy lighting up in the cubicle. I banged on the toilet door hard and loudly and I told him I am calling security. I did not smell smoke again. Maybe I scared him or maybe he got another job but at least the toilet is smoke free. Anwar was that you?

Shop till you Drop

These days shopping and shops have lost its fun value. In the old days shopping was fun. These days it is just a chore. In the old days you had trained permanent staff at your beck and call. They have been replaced by a surly, sullied bunch that does not have to get trained as to how to pack a carrier bag. And ask anybody in the shop where something is you can be met by a shoulder shrug and maybe, 'I don't know'. The staff does not have to know anything besides what they must do.

Same with the temporary staff in the shops, they don't care if you are going to buy R5000 worth of goods. They don't know where it is in the shop and they don't know who to ask either. They don't care. All they are worried about is when are they going to get paid. Maybe they are the '**Pissed-off-at-my-Job-Everyday**', always bad-mouthing his job.

It is said you must employ people that believe in and is passionate about what they do. Not people that only want to earn money. I find that so-o true.



False Bay in all it's splendour

Frettin' and a Fussin'

1. The **Ignoramus**. And these days nothing irks me more than people who go against sound reasoning. You know the ones that do things against sound logic. The ones that do things so stupid it astounds you. You know the ones I am talking about. After you are told what they did your jaw drops and you shake your head

in suspended un-comprehension. Like taking down my ID number but they write it backwards.

2. The **Pinocchio's**, they warp facts or blatantly lie until they believe their own lies, not only as the truth, but as if it really happened. They can convincingly tell you a story that you know they sucked out of their thumb or somewhere less savoury. And then they try to impress you that it is not only correct but the truth too and it really happened. Like trying to convince me you were in New York on 9/11 when I know you were standing next to me when we saw it on TV.

3. The **Gossipers**. They deal in all kinds of gossip, second hand is the best for them and they can actually tell the story better than the person being gossiped about. And they create gossip if they don't have anything good and fresh.

4. The **Manglers** the ones who get their facts all mangled up and then try to convince you they know what they are talking about. And no matter how much you try to convince you only tire yourself out. They believe only what they want to believe. They relay bad, piss-poor information as fact.

My Mother always said my late uncle who brought them up did not entertain stupidity and use to avoid stupid people with a passion. I think I inherited that trait from him. Thanks Uncle.

I think that is enough ranting for today. But this is just to enlighten you as to the things that irk me, maybe you can learn something from it.

Anyway, thanks for lending me your ear.

Oh yes, that is another thing I find irritating, people that lend stuff and don't return them.

Oh yes, and stupid people with cellphone. Cellphones users should have an IQ test before purchasing one.

Damn, there is still so-o much to write about.

PS. And Saaid, I hate clowns with a passion.