

67 today!

Tuesday, 06 December 2011

On the 6th December 1944 my poor Mum, exhausted by this tiny brat of a baby who kept peeking out, looking at the world, thinking "this is a big mistake" and going back inside, finally allowed the doctors and nurses to grab me with a huge pair of forceps and I was dragged, kicking and screaming, into the world.

"Oh my God you've paralysed him" she cried.

"No, don't worry, he will settle down", they said, and I did, all my little limbs and bits, except for one miniature nerve on the side of my lip, which gave me a rather attractive, individual smile that I carry to this day.

And now, 67 years later, I celebrate the happiest life any human being could ever have had.

Happy birthday Me!