



I love my single life, my friends and my freedom. So, when casual meeting turns into friendship and starts to develop into a relationship there is a part of me that starts to analyse – I can't help but ask myself is a relationship a good investment?

Now when I say investment, I am talking about time and emotions.

But if time equals money then I should be considering carefully where I spend my time.

Relationships sometime just creep up on you – one week having no commitment and fun, the next you are talking about moving in together – just following your feelings and not a lot of logistics worked out.

Would I buy a house or shares the same way? Would I take my hard earned cash and invest it somewhere without due diligence research? The answer is no, not if I am a person interested in having a lifestyle and a good future.

So how do I research a new potential lover as potential investment? Maybe I look him up on the internet, maybe I ask his friends, maybe I request a CV before the second date or maybe I make a time investment plan. Seems there won't be much spontaneity in any of those options.

When I was younger and had no money and lots of time, I got in an out of relationships in a heartbeat; in the blink of my mascaraed eye. As I moved along life's path I think I got wiser and have less time to play with.

## Are relationships a good investment?

Angela Wynanda

So at the end of a serious and long relationship, I'm sat there asking "Am I better off after that or should I have spent the time on my business or even myself?"

If I lose a lover but a great friendship is what I have left I think it was worth the investment. If I ended up hating him, I feel drained and maybe my time and emotion were wasted after all.

Time I can see passing, but emotions are hard to quantify, hard to give a value to. However, it is beginning to dawn on me that just maybe I can combine my diligent research with my feelings to come up with better choices in partners and ultimately better returns on my investment.

In the meantime, a little retail therapy to improve my lifestyle might be the answer. I can invest some time emotion and money on things that make me feel good and look good. And I like to see my investments hanging in my closet!

After buying a couple of pairs of shoes, a new dress and a really cute jean jacket, I am sitting over a cup of coffee and reconsidering my dilemma in a somewhat soothed state.

There are parallels between investing time and emotion and investing money, and some wisdom in gathering data on potential partners along the way, but the same old tussle rushes to mind - so do I put money first or love first?

Putting business and my self interest as a first priority seems the right thing to do financially and in my head, but my heart and my romantic ideal argue that if I am not happy in love, the rest of my life suffers.

Seems this is an never ending question but an exciting one; so which is the best investment in life – love or money? You decide.

## DROPPING dis & dat



It had been a rough day, so when I walked into the party I was very chalang, despite my efforts to appear grunted and consolate.

I was furling my wieldy umbrella for the coat check when I saw her standing alone in a corner. She was a descript person, a woman in a state of total array. Her hair was kempt, her clothing shevelled, and she moved in a gainly way.

I wanted desperately to meet her, but I knew I'd have to make bones about it since I was travelling cognito. Beknownst to me, the hostess, whom I could see both hide and hair of, was very proper, so it would be skin off my nose if anything bad happened. And even though I had only swerving loyalty to her, my manners couldn't be peccable. Only toward and heard-of behaviour would do.

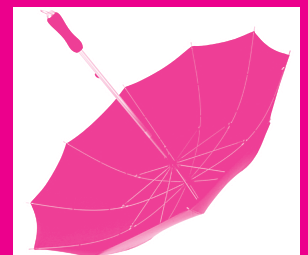
Fortunately, the embarrassment that my maculate appearance might cause was evitable. There were two ways about it, but the chances that someone as flappable as I would be ept enough to become persona grata or a sung hero were slim. I was, after all, something to sneeze at, someone you could easily hold a candle to, someone who usually aroused bridled passion.

So I decided not to risk it. But then, all at once, for some apparent reason, she looked in my direction and smiled in a way that I could make heads and tails of.

I was plussed. It was concerting to see that she was comunicado, and it nerved me that she was interested in a pareil like me, sight seen. Normally, I had a domitable spirit, but, being corrigible, I felt capacitated — as if this were something I was great shakes at — and forgot that I had succeeded in situations like this only a told number of times. So, after a terminable delay, I acted with mitigated gall and made my way through the ruly crowd with strong givings.

Nevertheless, since this was all new hat to me and I had no time to prepare a promptu speech, I was petuous. Wanting to make only called-for remarks, I started talking about the hors d'oeuvres, trying to abuse her of the notion that I was sipid, and perhaps even bunk a few myths about myself.

She responded well, and I was mayed that she considered me a savory character who was up to some good. She told me who she was. "What a perfect nomer," I said, advertently. The conversation become more and more choate, and we spoke at length to much avail. But I was defatigable, so I had to leave at a godly hour. I asked if she wanted to come with me. To my delight, she was committal. We left the party together and have been together ever since. I have given her my love, and she has requited it.



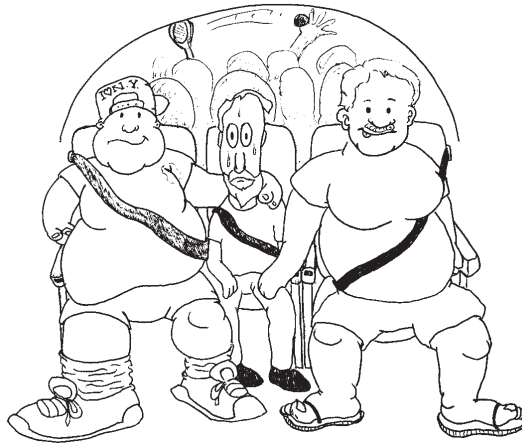
# The Joys of Flying

I'm convinced that the airlines are making flying worse on purpose. Recently I was catching a plane somewhere and was told to join a check-in queue the length of the Cairns Esplanade. After shuffling along for what seemed like several days I was nearing salvation when they announced the flight was boarding immediately and I was to leave the queue and join another 'emergency' queue. All the late arrivals got ahead of me and I ended up with the last seat on the plane, wedged between two of the fattest people on the planet. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

People of my generation often have a very strange relationship with technology. I am happy to have a fulltime and totally committed relationship with my email but abhor the mobile phone. Maybe it was something that happened in my pram and I should blame my mother. More likely it's the hideously chirpy ring tones and the obsession that everyone has for mobiles to be permanently glued to ears telling whoever will listen how fascinating it is to be walking down a street or eating a sandwich.

Anyhow, I had to carry one (a mobile not a spare mother) on this occasion for work purposes but had to turn it off before submitting myself to the in-flight torture. (You'll agree, I'm sure, that boarding a plane is probably the only occasion on earth when everyone adheres to the switch off rule so the airlines must be doing something right even if it is achieved by hinting at mid-air oblivion should we accidentally leave one switched on.)

I made a modest attempt to examine my phone as though I knew what I was doing and immediately subscribed to the Homer Simpson maxim, 'if at first you don't succeed, give up'. My eyesight's not good enough, I couldn't find my glasses and my fingers are too fat to find the right buttons on a device the size of a large gnat. Fortunately,



who should be standing next to me but a young, small fingered Scandinavian backpacker. Perfect, since the machine was probably made in her country. Sure enough, problem solved in a jiffy. Observing the ease with which she disabled the device, made me realise what has probably been apparent to others for ages — the telecommunications industry is run by sharp-eyed, post-pubescent who make mobiles as tiny as possible simply to humiliate us ageing Baby Boomers who have ruled the roost for far too long.

Finally, I was on the plane and stuck between my two lardies with personal belongings forcibly stuffed by the attendant into the only space available for my feet. (I mean, is having a book and CD player behind your feet and not in front really going to make a lot of difference during a crash landing when they've already fallen off due to blood deprivation?) Why aren't planes being constructed to cope with the increase in passenger size? After all, obesity isn't like global warming which you can

try to deny by saying there was a cold spell last week. Having a two tonne endomorph on either side of you on a plane, spilling their fleshy surplus into your pitiful domain, is as evident a truth as it's possible to have. And yet, I swear to the gods, seat space is actually getting smaller! Only when you wander up to the toilet to prevent yourself dying of asphyxiation or deep vein thrombosis or both do you realise what is going on. Half of the area that used to be in economy class has been appropriated so that business class passengers can enjoy some in-flight tennis lessons. The curtain is quickly drawn should an economy prole happen to see this and abductions have been known lest the truth come out and merry hell break loose on the plane.

This was the only flight I have ever been on where all the air host-type persons were middle aged men. I tried to make a joke about how refreshing it was to observe such an inclusive, non-discriminatory (i.e. no pretty girls) staffing policy and was told by Roger that the beauties were all up the front giving business class clients free tennis lessons and that he'd drawn the short straw. It was time to console myself by watching the screen on the seat in front but the passenger felt, not unreasonably from his point of view, that it was time to relax and leaned right back. Some whacky stuff from 'Just for Laughs' collided with my frozen roll and nearly gave me a face injury. Hyperventilating and dehydrated I sought Roger's attention between the reclined front seat and my neighbour's vast girth. Roger must have thought I was asking for a packet of super salty pretzels because that's what I got. Was he trying to make me go berserk just for a laugh because he didn't get to steward in business class?

I attempted, vainly, to drug myself up with alcohol and donned eye shades in keeping with the somnolent herds around me. There are now only two classes of travel on most flights — business and despair!

Denis Walls

## GRAMMAR school!

1. Verbs has to agree with their subjects.
2. Prepositions are not words to end sentences with.
3. And don't start a sentence with a conjunction.
4. It is wrong to ever split an infinitive.
5. Avoid clichés like the plague.
6. Also, always avoid annoying alliteration.
7. Be more or less specific.
8. Parenthetical remarks (however relevant) are (usually) unnecessary.
9. No sentence fragments.
10. Contractions aren't necessary and shouldn't be used.
11. Don't use no double negatives.
12. Eschew ampersands & abbreviations, etc.
13. Eliminate commas, that are, not necessary.
14. Never use a big word when a diminutive one would suffice.
15. Kill all exclamation marks!!!
16. Use words correctly, irregardless of how others use them.
17. Use the apostrophe in it's proper place and omit it when its not needed.
18. Puns are for children, not groan readers.
19. Proofread carefully to see if you any words out.
21. Always check numbered lists.
22. HEADNGS: Check these letter by letter.
23. Never make generalisations, as they're always wrong.
24. Don't use a thesaurus, lexicon, glossary, vocabulary, or synonym finder.
25. Don't use sexist language -- the bitches don't like it.
26. always put a capital letter at the beginning of sentences and a full stop at the end
27. Make shore ewe ewes aye spell chequer!
28. Avoid tautological repetitions of the same thing more than once.

ADVERTISEMENT

## Steve WETTENHALL and LABOR

www.teambeattie.com



Steve on violin, jamming with Rachel Bradley and Peter Crisp at the Yorkey's Knob Festival. (Pic Pam Bigelow)

*"I know Steve Wettenhall understands the need to re-vitalise our local live music industry. He will be a great advocate for the arts in our community"*

- Laurie Ernst - Cairns Musician.

VOTE 1 - Steve WETTENHALL - Peter Beattie's Labor Team.

Authorised by: L Clark 6 Lorikeet Street Freshwater. NOT PRODUCED USING TAXPAYER FUNDS.

GT01-023

NO.ALFP2006-067