

# UNATTAINABLE resolutions

**A**nother year is almost over and I can't escape the feeling that the past twelve months will be memorable for all the wrong reasons. After re-reading the resolutions I made on Jan 1st 2004, I realised that too much time was lost in search of the unobtainable or the simply ridiculous.

For example I could only have been naïve or blindly optimistic when I confidently wrote "Ross and I will fly to Spain in March and we'll be engaged when we get back".

For the record I actually parted company with said Ross (now ex-boyfriend) in February, during a not-so romantic expedition to our local supermarket.

From what I remember, there was no hint of the impending disaster that was about to engulf us, until we reached the delicatessen counter. What began as a simple disagreement over whether to buy Brie or Cheddar, soon descended into a monumental slanging match, with no overall winner.

To every one of Ross's accusations of selfishness, I reminded him of his previous infidelities and the many times that I had forgiven him. That should have been enough to stop the bitter outflow, but by now Ross had moved into third gear.

After a brutal dissection of my limited housekeeping skills, he rounded off his tirade by announcing that he was returning home to Scotland. At that point we both realised that not only was our relationship doomed, but that too much dirty linen had been aired in public.

A fortnight later, Ross really did return to the Highlands where he remains to this day, forgotten and sadly, not missed.

After that experience I assumed that a resolution could only succeed if it was realistic. But according to the Psychologist and the Osteopath (my two best friends), no goal is too high.

As we sat in my garden enjoying a mild autumn afternoon, the Psychologist revealed how, at the age of ten, she fulfilled a New Year's resolution of coming top of the class.

'The great thing about it was that I didn't have to lift a finger,' she grandly announced.

As neither the Osteopath nor I could work out how she did it, she gleefully explained; 'I was one of five girls in a class of fifteen and I sussed out which boys were good at the main subjects.'

With a lingering mischievous grin she revealed how they did her homework with bribes of kisses and sweets. Not only was she top of the class but she even scooped the academic prize for the year. 'How unprincipled,' I ventured.

'I disagree,' she retorted. 'It just goes to prove that anyone can fulfil a resolution if they really try.'

Then the Osteopath chimed in with her own 'confession'; 'One of my colleagues had a really attractive patient whom I fancied. So we arranged for her to tell him that I was the only person who

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could help his back problem. And I did!'

We held off from asking how she 'cured' him, but the glint in her eyes left little to the imagination.

As the afternoon light gave way to the darkness of the evening, we pottered back to the house discussing our resolutions for 2005. Apart from health, wealth and happiness, what else could we possibly need?

'A fast car – so that I can make a quick getaway from some of my patients,' said the psychologist. 'An extra pair of hands,' added the Osteopath, with a heavy sigh.

'I've had so many clients recently I've been feeling overwhelmed.'

I didn't hesitate to reveal what tops my wish list, although I hadn't banked on the reaction.

'Silvio Berlusconi!' exclaimed my horrified girlfriends. 'Apart from the obvious he's the Premier of Italy, he's already married.'

'So?', I asked sheepishly, trying to defend an indefensible. " 'Didn't you both say that no goal is too high?'

I quite like the idea of marrying a multi-billionaire who runs a small country.

Roll on 2005!