

## Mars and Venus at Christmas

Only last week I was again forcibly reminded that men are from Mars and women are from Venus. My wife had just finished baking some wonderful dish or other in the oven (she reads this column!) when she called me to say that she had left the oven on and could I turn it off. Well I would if I knew how. I looked at the dials and knobs, none of which said on or off, twiddled a few, but the oven remained on. "Which knob is it?" I asked. "oh, leave it to me, if only you would learn how to cook!" Well if there is a kettle, frying pan or tin opener available I can, but ovens? Nah, I'm from Mars

So, a few days later I met a female client who fulfilled most of mens' fantasies in that she was extremely pretty, perfect figure and a former gymnast; well my work has to have some perks boys! She was also blonde but by no means dumb.

However, whilst advising her that the tow bar on her car would have to be removed, she said, understandably I suppose, that taking the hook off should be easy. "Well yes it is" I replied "but the entire bar needs removing, not just the hook" and went on to explain what a tow bar consisted of and that behind the bumper was a metal bar. Her baby blue eyes glazed over but not before she said "so there are some metal bits behind that pretty part at the back of the car?" Yes, she was definitely from Venus

### Navigation aids

It is the time of year when many folks leave their homes to visit family and friends by car, hoping once again to have a merry Christmas without too many rows over noisy kids, wrong presents, too much booze and lousy TV. It is customary for men to drive and the better half to sit and watch the world go by whilst endlessly chatting. In times past she may have helped to read the map, but modern technology has made this redundant as this poem demonstrates

**I have a little Sat-Nav  
It sits there in my car  
A Sat-Nav is a driver's friend  
It tells you where you are**

**I have a little Sat-Nav  
I've had it most my life  
It's better than the normal ones  
My Sat-Nav is my wife**

**It gives me full instructions  
Especially how to drive  
"It's 30 miles per hour" it says  
"You're doing 45"**

**It tells me when to stop and start  
And when to use the brake**

And tells me that it's never ever  
Safe to overtake

It tells me when a light is red  
And when it goes to green  
It seems to know instinctively  
Just when to intervene

It lists the vehicles just in front  
And all those to the rear  
And taking this into account  
It specifies my gear

I'm sure no other driver  
Has so helpful a device  
For when we lock the car  
It still gives its advice

It fills me up with counselling  
Each journey's pretty fraught  
So why don't I exchange it  
And get a quieter sort

Ah well you see, it cleans the house,  
Makes sure I'm properly fed,  
It washes all my shirts and things  
And-keeps me warm in bed

Despite all these advantages  
And my tendency to scoff  
I do wish that once in a while  
I could turn the damned thing off

In the story of the birth of Christ, Mary is the only female mentioned. The male players mostly made their way to Bethlehem on foot or on the back of animals, with only the stars to guide them. This is not lost on the ladies of the world, one of whom penned this little gem

### THREE WISE WOMEN

WOULD HAVE ASKED FOR DIRECTIONS

ARRIVED ON TIME

HELPED TO DELIVER THE BABY

BOUGHT PRACTICAL GIFTS

CLEANED THE STABLE

MADE A CASSEROLE

AND THERE WOULD BE PEACE ON EARTH

Wonder if Christ was responsible from bringing us from Mars and Venus to bliss on Earth?

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