

Dearest Margot...

Dearest Margot, we need to have a word...

No, it's not about how you shrunk my t-shirt; my favourite one with the bird.
And no; it's not about how you made us four hours late to Joe's birthday party,
one cocktail sausage was left, not a great situation
when both of us are vegetarian.

It is definitely not about that time you spilt tomato soup down my grandma,
even though she can no longer eat tomatoes without experiencing some trauma.

It's about all the times you have made me smile
and made me laugh so hard I nearly wet myself in the supermarket aisle.
When the going gets tough you have always been there
with comfort, warmth and cheer when life seems so unfair.
You provide so much kindness whatever the time
and know just when I need that glass of wine.

My dear Margot we have had so many adventures...

So, the thing I want to say is; let's keep enjoying our friendship forever
or at least until we get dementia!

By Stephanie Cross