

## THE WORLD CUP WILL MAKE ME YOUNGER

I love this time of year. It's littered with public holidays, meaning we have to work a bit less. Yay! At this time someone usually points out that, since comedians only graft a few minutes every night, I'm essentially unemployed anyway. That's why I can never retire, because it would mean I'd have to stop not going to work.

It's also getting nearer to the world cup. I believe Bafana Bafana are going to win it. I know that may sound optimistic, but South Africa has a secret weapon. We have so many trade union members, that it's only a matter of time before we find a decent striker. World cup month is also my birthday month. I'm Cancerian, with a Capricorn moon, and I don't know what rising, but at my age I'm grateful for anything rising.

I started worrying about time passing, so I went to a health food shop for elixir of youth. I was met by an assistant who looked one step away from shedding that toxic condition called life. The only stage remaining between him and nirvana was cadaver. Somewhere during his monologue about how milk is cruel to cows, I developed a craving for fatty red meat, even if only to induce a massive heart attack so I didn't have to listen anymore. Then I almost tried gym. Almost. I'm sure they're very nice places. It's just that if I wanted to sweat and groan doing a pointless, painful, repetitive exercise, I'd simply apply for a new ID from Home Affairs.

So I've decided that the way to beat age is attitude. The pessimist sees the glass half empty; the optimist sees it half full. And folks like me who can't see the glass properly anymore had better see an optometrist. You bet I'm getting specs. I don't want to miss an instant of the world cup fun. Not the matches, I'll be watching overseas tourists getting around by taxi, learning hand signals and trying work out where they're going. Discovering that, in a taxi, what side of road you're on has nothing to do with where you're going.