

APOSTROPHE TRAGEDY

I was typing some stuff out on the computer the other day - mainly email addresses (something I do in my spare time as part of my therapy) - when I discovered that there is a murder going on that nobody wishes to speak of or explore.

The murder of the surname apostrophe.

Now I consider myself very lucky that my surname is Crotch (ok... a little lucky. Ok - not lucky at all) but at least technology isn't killing me softly by evicting my apostrophe. Try typing in an email address like O'Sullivan or O'Halloran or even O'Mygoodnessthechips - you can't put the apostrophe in. You are no longer allowed to. It has been discarded like odd socks after a marathon.

(Could you imagine running a marathon, the pain, the angst, and every time you looked down you'd well up in disgust with yourself because when you got dressed in the dark that morning - remember marathons normally start at 5 or 6am - you'd put on odd socks. And you were reminded every stinking step of the way. What if they weren't even both sports socks? Like you'd put on an old brown school stocking sock and an anklet. All the other marathoners were probably laughing at you too...)

It won't be long you know until the apostrophe will be homeless. People will start not even putting it in their real name. They'll drop it because a computer told them to. And you know what that means - that means apostrophe's on the streets, homeless, rattling beggar tins and pleading to be included once more in the English language.

So everybody, I say we pledge to make the surname apostrophe unmoveable. A rock. We cannot let progress take another victim. No more my friends - we have to say no to extinctions like the snub nosed lorikeet of east Venezuela; or the flat footed farm hens of inland Arkansas; or even the one armed bandits of southern Australia. We can't let the apostrophe disappear.

Then again we could always make them run marathons...