

Father, Dear Father



If you were out shopping today and happened to be in a card shop, it can't possibly have escaped your attention that this Sunday is Father's Day. As the father of two wonderful girls (so they tell me) I'm sure my daughters will have parted with the princely sum of 29p for a card for their auld man (haven't you, dears...?) However, to me, this is just another money-making racket for the card manufacturing and gift industry. And all over the country there will be thousands, nay millions, of sons and daughters scratching their heads over what to buy their pater. This will doubtless include...

A Tie

A plain tie, perhaps is acceptable but some ties depict characters in a cartoon. In my case, I'm sure a Homer Simpson tie will have crossed the minds of my two daughters. Or, worse, Mickey Mouse, or even worse...Goofy. As long as their Hibernian supporting partners don't contribute a green tie, I'll be happy(ish)

Alcohol

Now a nice bottle of alcoholic refreshment always goes down well with this writer. However, a little variety doesn't go amiss. For years I enjoyed a little Jack Daniels (okay, a lot of Jack Daniels) This meant that at Christmas or birthdays or on Father's Day, a bottle or three of the American whisky would be given to me with the words 'I didn't know what else to get you'. In recent years, I have taken to Havana Club and delicious it is too. That said, I still have three unopened bottles from Christmas and my birthday in February...

A Pair of Socks

Like the tie, a pair of socks as a gift usually comes with cartoon characters or, in my case, the words left and right emblazoned on them in the event I get confused when getting dressed in the morning. My daughters think I'm at the senile stage already. When eldest daughter and I ran for a bus on Friday only for the driver to pull away with a smirk on his face, said daughter immediately phoned Lothian Buses. She explained she was with her young daughter – and her 'elderly' father who was well past the capability of running for a bus...

A Book

Now you can seldom go wrong with a book. But titles such as How to Prepare Your Own Funeral, Coping With Dementia and Dealing with Incontinence are, perhaps, pushing the message too far. I can highly recommend Hearts 50 Greatest Games – hugely entertaining, engrossing, a must read, still available in all good bookshops (that's enough – Ed)

Chocolates

Again, you can't really go wrong with sweeties although those who know me know I certainly like my nuts...That said, there is the subsequent guilt as when said daughters see me a few days later there will be the inevitable comments about how much weight I'm putting on, how I really need to go back to the gym and cut back on the chocolates...and the Havana Club and Jack Daniels...

Bearing all this in mind, I'm almost relieved I'll be incommunicado for most of this Father's Day as I'll be attending college on Sunday as I train to become a hypnotherapist and counsellor.

My plan for next year is to put both said daughters into a trance and get them to buy me a Porsche. Meanwhile, I'm going to pour myself a Drambuie. Now *there's* a hint, dear girls...