

Now I'm 64...

Saturday, 06 December 2008

64 years ago my young Mum consented for the doctors, who had waited for several days whilst I popped my head out, looked around, thought "this is a serious mistake" and had gone back in again, to grab me with forceps and pull me into a world of smash hit singles and false allegations.

When I emerged I was paralyzed down one side (due to the forceps pressure) but they said "don't worry; it's only temporary, it will all settle back to normal".

And it did except for one tiny little nerve which gave me a highly attractive but slightly crooked smile with a fractionally uneven upper lip.

Over the years observers of how highly attractive I was tried and failed to emulate the look. Elvis Presley. Hugh the Welsh News Reader...

But I remain a one off...

Happy Birthday to me - 64 today!