



Devil is into  
Detail

This morning I found a message in my email inbox. Some Body wants to be my friend on one of those social network sites. You know the ones – I have forgotten the name, there are so many – the ones where you can put up pictures of friends and family for everybody else to see.

Two minor problems though. Firstly, I have never heard of Some Body, and secondly I don't have a page on one of those sites. I wouldn't go so far as to say I will Never Ever get one. Chance told me I should stay clear of the twins. I don't mind Never and I can tolerate Ever, but together, I agree with Chance, they are a bit much. And Some Body won't become my friend either. For now I will remain an online hermit.

But anyway, not having a social network page doesn't mean I have no friends. Quite the contrary. Only yesterday the Devil asked me if I wanted to have a drink with him at his favourite soul bar, but I had already made arrangements to look up Chance. I haven't seen her for ages and I am starting to get a bit worried about her. While Devil does like to go out with Chance every now and then, he is much more into her sister, Detail.

Talking about sisters, nobody could be more different than these two. They are actually half-sisters. They obviously have different fathers, but they have enough in common that they can't deny having the same mother.

Chance, the weird bird, is one of my dearest friends. From the wrong angle she can look quite mean and nasty and some of my friends just don't like the look of her. Ultimately she is quite childish and loves to play hide and seek. Alas, we frustrate the hell out of her and it often ends in tears, with some of us saying she is not fair, and her complaining about us not making enough effort. Admittedly, she has some really good hiding places, and more often than not, she is the last one to be found. Chance is right, when she says most of us lot are lacking stamina and get bored easily. They only look in the two most obvious places: right in front at the tip of their shoes, and then in the second kitchen drawer down from the top where all the junk is. If Chance is neither here nor there, they wander off, and forget about her.

Unfortunately Chance is a very sensitive little thing. Ignore her and you won't see her face for a very long time (if ever again). If she were a royal, her title would be: "Queen of the Silent Treatment". On the other hand, if she calls you a friend, you can deem yourself very fortunate indeed. She gives generously. To be frank, sometimes I feel greedy because I take whatever she offers, while others politely refuse, as if she couldn't be trusted.

Strangely, she never takes up an invitation to visit my place. She comes round, but always unexpectedly... when she is in the neighbourhood anyway. I don't mind, so I still try to make time, at least for a cuppa. I honestly love that chick.



My friend Chance  
is a weird bird  
and quite timid.