

SEASONAL VARIATIONS ON THE HARDEST WORD

CWG thought it would be traditional to celebrate the Custom of making New Year's Resolutions. But decided instead to celebrate that other Custom: Apologising. Here is a sample of pieces we have collected over the years.

1. From Messages found in Greetings Cards:

*'I know I spoiled your Christmas
When I said I fancied your sister.
Should have just left it at that
So sorry I grabbed her and kissed her.'*
1968

*"I'm so sorry," said the Fairy to the Snowman on the tree.
"This thing between us never can work out, it's plain to see.
You keep looking up my skirt.
And I'm very very hurt:
Because you never say a single word to me."*
1972

"Damian and I wish to apologise. We got carried away and we will send you back your tights and basque once we've washed them. Damian says to thank you for 21 years of so-so marriage."
1981

"Dear Esposita,
Thanks for the lovely party. But I'm sorry I didn't know about your husband's secret share dealing from your child's smartphone. I was bored in the loo and thought it was a game. I'm sure you can make your money back. Perhaps by selling your house. What's its current market value?"
2017

2. From Transcripts of Court Hearings – Thumper County, Tennessee, 1860s

"Sorry? What the deuce am I supposed to apologise for? What is a cat anyway? And why would you think my carriage wheel would have hurt it, whatever it is? As for the children, they should never have been playing on their front porch!"

"Beloved Husband,
So sorry. I have just discovered the cause of the Xmas Nut Roast Catastrophe!
Clearing a cupboard I found the packet of bread crumbs I bought for the nut roast mix but in my sloppy way I forgot to add them to it! And I'm sure I must have made the same mistake last year. But yet... But yet...
Who hasn't overlooked the breadcrumbs element of a complex recipe? Shame on you! No, really, shame on you if your hand isn't up there right now! Scratching the ceiling that no one ever cleans. Scratching flakes of grease from the tragic pancake tossed to impress at a party.
However, I think the absence of breadcrumbs - though regrettable - made no difference to the *flavour* of the dish but only to its *texture*. A minor flaw, I submit. So I am guilty. But I am certainly not blaming anyone else for my sins. Let those among you without guilt throw the first crumb. I rest my case. No? Let me explain once more."

3. Poetry - Two early pieces by US Poet Bill Charlie Bills. 1922

Shucks I am so sorry I ate all the plums that were in your ice box.
Once I had started I just couldn't stop myself .
It takes time to get to know someone and I didn't take the "Miss Wharton: Clairvoyant and Egg
Painter" sign on your door seriously enough to ask.
I wish I had now because My tummy really hurts.

So sorry for overloading your red wheel barrow with manure. Dan the builder says it's not worth the
mending but he told me where to get replacement chickens.

4. From a Suitcase of men's clothes found abandoned in the street. 2022

'To my darling wife-
I am sorry that you did not like the presents that I bought for you this year. You said you wanted a
stress-free Christmas so I thought the Diazepam was a good idea and when you said you did not
want to spend all day hoovering I was sure you would like the new attachments for the Dyson
which it is claimed cut time spent on chores by half. And I obviously made a miscalculation filling
your stocking with the rubber gloves and the dusters. But why you burst into tears when you saw
the new iron I got you I will never understand. It's top of the range and comes with a 5 year
guarantee.
Your loving husband
Ken'

5. A transcription of a recording from a security intercom. 1952

MAN: I must see Miss Kitt. Right away!
DOORMAN: SO Sorry, sir. She doesn't receive visitors without an appointment.
MAN: But she will see me. She wants to see me. She begged me to come here.
D: Are you sure, sir?
MAN: Absolutely.
D: Your name, sir?
MAN: I can't tell you. But she knows who it is. So let me in or I'll put you on the naughty list.
D: Feel free to do that, sir
MAN: You see I've come a long way to see her. She invited me. LET ME IN.
D: I'm so sorry, sir. I can't do that.
MAN: You don't understand. She sings a song about me. A very special song. I *know* she wants to
see me. Miss Eartha Kitt wants to see ME!
D: Please don't shout, sir
MAN: She's very keen to see me. VERY KEEN TO SEE ME!!!
D: They all say that. Now please listen: I have called the police. You give me no option I'm afraid.
(SOUND OF POLICE SIREN)
MAN: I'm going. But I'll be back next year. Just you wait and see. I'm not giving up. I'll be back!
D: I'm sure you will, sir.
EARTHA KITT: Who was that, James?
D: Big man. In a red dressing gown and hat. Big beard. Do you know him? Shall I call him back?
EK: No, leave him be. He'll be half way to Bing Crosby's by now

6. Torn sheet of paper found in a gutter. 2022

"Sorry? So-orry? *Sorry?* What for? I don't understand you."

LT

7. School Notice Board. 20th December

Dear Miss

Me and my freinds are deeply Sorry for causing you inconvince in our formperiod.

We know you was trying to get on with the marking for the SixFormers. Work. So Would except my apalags and on behalf of my two freinds would except theres to.

yours sinserly