



**RS Archer** @archer\_rs Fri May 13 09:37:19 +0000 2022

We are entertaining at the weekend. One of the guests is a woman we do not know (new girlfriend of a friend). She has emailed us a list of acceptable meals together with food she,

"...would be upset to see served"

Is this a thing now?

Just spoke to son in law (he's met her). He said,

"O you are going to love her, daft as a bucket of frogs, great entertainment"

OK an update and answers to questions.

Yes she's vegan

She's Dutch but studied in California

I'm told she is "very political"

Her unacceptable foods were too long to list but basically she does not want to see any non vegan food on the table

She is a "learning consultant"

Further info from SIL,

"She's also a believer in Raëlism and that aliens are on Earth in disguise plus she disputes the events of 911 and thinks pets should have the vote via their human companions."

Have shared the email with our housekeeper who will be helping with the food preparation for the dinner party, she muttered to herself and shook her head.

My wife has not taken the email well. She is discussing it in muted conspiratorial tones with our housekeeper.

This is ominous.

There has been a follow up email,

"Would you let me know what arrangements you can make for my support parrots"

I thought it only polite to reply so I wrote back,

"I could buy some peanuts?"

She just wrote back,

"What is the supply chain for the peanuts, are they ethically sourced and organic?"

Late night email check, always a mistake. She has now asked,

"How is your house arranged compared to the celestial compass"

I'm going to bed.

I wrote to her,

"Although we are happy to provide you with vegan food I should warn you other guests will be eating meat, if this makes you too uncomfortable perhaps you should reconsider joining us. I do not know the celestial alignment of our estate"

She replied,

"I am very disappointed and upset that you intend to murder innocent animals and offer their flesh for consumption. I would be willing to conduct a service of forgiveness and reconciliation to ease your karmic pathways and help their souls'

By now I have spoken to our friend and asked him what on earth he's doing with her. He said,

"Once you get past the nutty stuff she's quite nice. Give her a chance."

I have agreed to do so.

I am reminded that among our other guests this evening is Paul, an old friend who owns a cattle farm. My wife suggests we seat them next to one another.

I forgot to mention she also asked for her parrots only to be given,

"Bottled water please for obvious reasons"

I asked if she had a preferred brand of water for them.

She did.

Son in law here, his first words to me,

"So the dolphin woman is really coming tonight ?"

"Dolphin woman, who do you call her that?"

He giggled,

"You'll see, she is brilliant entertainment"

I was obviously not going to just let that go so I pushed him,

"Tell me, why Dolphin woman" He shook his head. I insisted,

"Come on, tell me"

He started laughing and then said,

"She told her bank manager she can talk to Dolphins and wanted a loan to develop a Dolphin phone"

My daughter has joined us, big smirk on her face,

"So I hear you are meeting the dolphin woman tonight. Have you told Mama about her and if not can I do it?"

Dinner this evening has been decreed by management

Foie gras, grilled with grape jam

Beef cheeks with celery salad

Lamb chops, carrots, baked potatoes with garlic cream

Lemon flambé with double cream

Cheese board

For our special guest - a salad followed by a baked potato

Wine will be a Bollinger followed by Château Canon, Saint-Émilion Grand Cru from 2010 and then Cointreau with pudding and cheese

I forget to mention, at lunchtime our Mayor called by for a glass of wine and I briefed him on dolphin women. He will return later with his wife for pre dinner cocktails.

Word has spread and not just the Mayor but a number of other local friends have coincidentally "dropped by". They are all awaiting her arrival, several have cameras.

For those that have followed my posts for some time you will, I'm sure be delighted to read that the lady in the Mayor's office who bought a new dress for the idiot son visit is here with her husband. She was apparently,  
"Just passing"

Dolphin women is here !.....

As is understood here on Saturday evening its 'black tie'. For a woman that means a formal floor length dress etc. She has arrived in a skirt split to the upper thigh and a bikini top decorated with sea shells.

My wife's opening comment,

"Good evening, do you need a room to dress?"

I have just been told,

"My parrots need a place of quiet tranquility for the evening"

So, where to begin?

The parrots were called 'Peace' and 'Hope'. She asked for them to be placed in West facing room with,

"An ability for them to see plants"

Her outfit was ..... striking. The bikini top was, we were told, decorated with sea shells from Nauru and Fiji. Within moments of being introduced she announced that our meal had been blessed by "other powers".

As the amuse-bouche were passed among our guests (salmon and cucumber) she announced them "delicious" despite being told what it was.

I should say that it was quite difficult to understand all she said. She clearly thought she could speak French but at times, as the correct word or phrase eluded her, she switched to Dutch making any conversation a challenge.

Our Mayor and some other local friends were with us at this point and one of them asked her,

"Why do you travel with birds?" She replied,

"They centralise my energy and slow the ions of indecision"

Our Mayor asked,

"I'm sorry I don't understand that" to which she replied,

"Exactly"

I'm not sure if she realised she was the centre of such fascination or was just used to being stared at by people with incredulous looks on their faces. At one point, without warning she burst into song. 'Take a chance on me' from Abba.

In the wrong key.

She was talking with one of our guests and I overheard her say,

"Never underestimate the investment opportunities of violins"

Eventually we cracked and it was my wife who asked the question we all had on our minds,

"I understand you can communicate with dolphins"

Her answer was a surprise,

"Not just dolphins"

My wife, maintaining admirable levels of composure said,

"Not just dolphins! What else?"

"Ducks and geese"

So I heard my wife take a deep intake of breath and she said,

"So you can talk to dolphins, geese and ducks. What do they have to say?"

The response was unexpected,

"They worry about climate change"

My friend Henri (local police officer) offered his input,

"What are their views on the war in Ukraine" She didn't even hesitate,

"Dolphins are pacifists, they condemn all wars"

By now we were moving to the dining room and the first course

Foie gras.....

It is fair to say her reaction was ..... extreme. She pointed, she gagged, she clutched her throat. Her words were a strangled gasp,

"Is that foie gras?"

My wife, ever the gracious hostess said,

"Why yes, the finest this region of France has to offer"

....and then the coup de grâce. My wife said,

"Produced by our friend here Michel" and she pointed to the smiling man sitting next to her. "He is a fifth generation producer"

Now it would be fair to say that Michel did himself no favours here by saying,

"By all means drop by and I will give you a free sample"

She slowly turned to Michel (a mild mannered and very polite man).

"You.....produce....foi....gras?"

" O yes" said Michel, failing to read the mood, "kilos and kilos every year. It sells very well all over Europe"

I swear she turned pale.

Here Michel's wife chimed in,

"Do come and visit it, you can see how we make our foie gras". That was the final straw. From this point on there was only violence, recrimination and flying food.

The first throw was a bread roll, followed by a lemon...

...followed by olives, assorted fruit from the table and then an early Victorian china salt pot and a mustard spoon.

Michel's wife, seeking to defend her husband hit back with a well delivered slap to the face of dolphin women. A slap that reverberated around the dining room. I may not have helped here by shouting,

"O nice hit"

At this point our cat, clearly roused from his sleep rushed into the room competed a fast lap and then exited back to the kitchen.

Henri, in his position as a police officer attempted to introduce calm but was floored by a flying pineapple from dolphin woman. I rushed over seeking to interject but tripped on an olive, falling to the ground.

Another of our guests, Alain successfully disarmed dolphin woman of another pineapple and grabbing her in a bear hug marched her to our front door. She was by now screaming in Dutch about animal abusers and for some reason the Geneva convention.

At this point we realised the evening was going to be more complicated than we thought. A window had been left open.

The support parrots had flown away.

Dolphin woman did not take this well. She called them, she shouted at me, she stamped her foot on the ground. She attempted to kick one of my rose bushes but missed and fell into a nearby rhododendron.

I must end for now the tale but there is more to tell including the attempt by dolphin woman to steal my wife's Tesla. It was an.....interesting evening.

To conclude the story of the evening.....

Dolphin woman extracted herself from the bush and began shouting about animal rights and the "Nuremburg Protocols" plus repeating over and over,

"Did Martin Luther King die in vain?"

Our friend who had brought her in the first place was of course very embarrassed and said they would leave but she was not interested. She upped the volume and started running around the outside of the house and through the rose garden. My wife uncurled the garden hose.....

I should say at this point this is a new hose with a high pressure feed we use for cleaning the solar panels. My wife gave her a warning and then when that was ignored dolphin woman took the full force. She ran away to avoid the hose but failed to look where she was going and..

..fell into our compost heap.

She was now dripping wet, covered in compost and still shouting. She was now accusing us of stealing her birds and saying how she would not now be able to travel on a bus because they were missing. When I pointed out the birds were sitting happily in a tree above her head she..

..said I had planned their abduction all along by luring them into the tree. Our friend who had brought her was now begging her to leave but instead she ran over to the garages and tried to open my wife's Tesla. This resulted in her receiving a second blast of the hose...

.. This second hosing at least did wash off some of the compost, so - silver linings and all that.

After a few minutes she was persuaded to get into our friends car and he drove her away. He sent a text later saying simply,

"Sorry"

The parrots came down of their own accord the following morning when we put their cage out with some food inside. We dropped them back off at our friends house and we could see her watching us from an upper window. She was pointing and shouting but we heard nothing.....

After she had left the dinner and we were all seated the ice was broken by the person who said,

"Thank you for the dinner Cabaret, will there be a singer later ?"