

The Generation Game

“Gerald, I do love you so much.”

“Oh, how sweet of you dearest, I love you too.”

“It’s wonderful being in love isn’t it Gerald?”

“Oh, golly, yes dearest, particularly with you.”

“Tell me, Gerald, what do you love about me, be honest now.”

“Darling, I just do...I mean it’s hard to explain isn’t it.”

“Gerald, that’s no answer at all. Now come on tell me really why I’m so special to you. Come on now you must be honest.”

“Er, well my dearest, er, since you press me for an answer, well I mean I do, I really do.”

“Gerald, you can’t love me and not know why.”

“Darling, you know I do love you so much. I mean you’re so, er.. .Well, you know what I mean. You’ve got such lovely, such beautiful...surely you must know what I mean my love. Tell me dearest why you love me now that I’ve told you why I love you.”

“Oh Gerald, alright I will tell you why I love you. I love everything about you really. I mean I love your great big house in town and your mansion in the country with its enormous swimming pool, billiards room and beautiful park and lake. I love your boat down at Cowes and I love the way you come for me in the Rolls with its adorable chauffeur. I just love you and really don’t mind about the generation gap. I mean who cares that you’re seventy-two and I’m only twenty-five.”