



FRANCESWHITING



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Dump or be dumped

AN INVITATION arrived on my desk last week. It said: "We're looking for stalkers, divorcees, bunny boilers, mistresses, bimbos, playboys, cheaters, lonely sad cows, bastards, two-timers, dumpers and dumpees."

Gosh, I thought, is it time for the annual staff Christmas party already?

I didn't really – and can I just say in advance to my colleagues I wasn't speaking of anyone in particular.

It was, in fact, an invitation to *Dumped! The Musical We've All Been Through*.

Only apparently we haven't. As hard as I find it to believe, there are people out there who have sailed through life without even once being given the flick.

That's right, there are people who have no idea how it feels to be dumped like a school port in the hallway on a rainy day, people who have not had to sit through the words, "it's not you, it's me – oh, who I am kidding, it actually is you".

I know this because I work with them. A few people in the office received the same invitation in the mail, which sparked a bit of a conversation about the ending of relationships wherein several of my colleagues said they had not once been dumped in their entire lives.

"I wonder what it feels like," one quite unnecessarily pretty girl mused. "Must be awful."

Meanwhile, I was sliding lower and lower down in my chair trying to casually disappear beneath my desk before anyone noticed me and chirpily asked: "What about you, Fran?"

I would then have to confess that I know exactly what it feels like to be dumped – and in several languages.

I've been dumped at airports, restaurants and the drive-through at McDonald's. "But can I still have my two all beef patties, special sauce, lettuce, cheese, pickles, onions on a sesame seed bun, Brian?"

I have even, God help me, been dumped in Holland.

That was when I was a young girl working as a nanny there and for a short time was very smitten with a Dutch fellow called Franz-Eric, whose name could also rather adorably be pronounced as Fran's Eric. Unfortunately, as it turned out, he didn't want to be Fran's Eric.

He was quite partial to the idea of being Astrid's Eric and promptly dumped me for Astrid, a German girl whose father was rumoured to be a part-owner of Heineken. I said it at the time and I'll say it again, I hope he

drowned in a beer vat.

I've been dumped on all sorts of dates, including New Year's Eve.

It was the night the fellow I had been seeing sat across from me in a restaurant and outlined his plans for the following year.

He was going to change jobs, travel, become more spiritual and then announced the way to achieve this new life was for me not to join him in it.

While we're here, I should confess I once dumped a bloke I'd been seeing and who I actually quite liked, just to see what it felt like.

Now, if only to clutch at any scrap of dignity I have left after announcing I am a serial dumpee, I should point out that all of these fellows eventually wanted me back.

This includes Ari, who dumped me because he told me I was "too nice", and going out with me was akin to "going out with my sister".

"But she's Fijian," I said, to no avail. Ari was out the door, in the same way as the others.

So I will be going along to *Dumped! The Musical* at Brisbane's Twelfth Night Theatre with bells on. A girl likes to be among her own kind.