

Sod's Law - A humorous expression of the apparent perverseness of things.(Anything that can go wrong, will go wrong).

There are two phrases that have regularly cropped up in my life since the age of about five years old. The first is 'could try harder'. This was a popular choice by my parents and teachers throughout my school days, mainly reflecting my lack of ability to follow things to their conclusion. Probably the reason why, at the ripe old age of 31, I have a CV which is not dissimilar to the yellow pages, both in size and content. The other, which has become more pertinent as time has flowed on, is my constantly growing relationship with sod's law.

I am that person who is merrily bad-mouthing one of my peers, only to find that the subject has entered the room and is stood behind me as I expand on my ever growing theory as to where the subject should be pulling his or her thumb from. I am that person who has turned up to the 'extremely important to my career' dinner wearing the same dress as the thinnest, most gorgeous woman in the room, which of course then forces me to cover up my embarrassment by drinking like Oliver Reed and throwing up in a table decoration. I also provide a good line in being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

My best example happened on Valentine's Day, of all days.

It was a beautiful day. The weather was warm, for February, and the trees were just showing the first buds of spring. My fiancé and I were driving towards Salisbury in his new car, a little maroon Fiesta, which he had brought back from Germany. It's still a contentious issue, but apparently it was me who suggested driving the back route, along the winding, sun-dappled lanes. I know it wasn't me who started the 'discussion' about who had had the most accidents because, of course, I had had none.

As I gazed out the window watching the birds flitting about their business, and the occasional rabbit bounding through the fields, I could hear his voice droning on at a level only slightly louder than the car engine. A group of deer was grazing alongside the hedge that ran alongside the lane, so wrenching my attention back to matters inside the car, I decided to point them out to the world's most competent driver.

Just as the words 'look, deer' slipped from my mouth, there was the most unearthly crash, and fleetingly, I found myself eye to eye with a large bleeding deer. It was fifty-fifty who was the most shocked as the deer bounced in slow motion over the roof of the car, turning a spectacular 360 degrees, its legs still pumping, propelling it through the air. My fiancé was completely still, mouth slightly open.

After a couple of seconds that seemed to last weeks, the whole interior of the car burst into a display of motion and noise. My fiancé leapt out of the car, and I opened the passenger door slowly but remained seated. We were both talking at once, although with a level of excitement and coherence that resembled the flower-pot men. I could see the terminally injured deer twitching on the road behind the car. I decided that my fearsome trained killer partner should put it out of it's misery and break its neck, but he swiftly pointed out to me that passing rubber neckers would have enough to satisfy their curiosity without the added slapstick of watching him wrestle with a full grown deer in the middle of the road. Besides he had been at the dentist the day 'deer culling' was taught.

Not one to succumb to his rather tactless sarcasm I chose instead to remind him that he was now the only one of us to have had an accident. The comment, as you can imagine,

was not well received. In fact all I got in return was a stony silence all the way home in the tow truck.