

Just Crazy!

From BAND-AID

Have you ever had a Band-Aid on for so long that you can't tell where the Band-Aid ends and your skin begins?

I have.

In fact, I have one right now.

It's been on for the last six months.

I've grown quite attached to it actually, and it's grown quite attached to me.

We've spent a lot of time together.

I did some calculations and I figured that I've had the Band-Aid on for one hundred and eighty-two and a half days, which is four thousand three hundred and eighty hours, or two hundred and sixty-two thousand and eight hundred minutes, or fifteen million seven hundred and sixty-eight thousand seconds, or to be even more precise, well, I can't be any more precise because my calculator conked out when I tried to figure out how many milliseconds. There wasn't enough room on the screen for all the zeros.

But you don't need to know how many milliseconds it is to know that it's more than enough time for a Band-Aid to get a very serious grip.

It's not my fault I had to leave it on so long.

It's Mum's fault.

If she didn't act like Band-Aids cost about three million pounds each, I'd be able to change them more often. She hides them and if I get hurt – no matter how bad – she'll only ever let me have one Band-Aid and that's it.

If I pull it off too soon and ask her for another one she says, 'Do you think we're made of Band-Aids? Do you think Band-Aids grow on trees? Do you think Band-Aids are handed out free on street corners?' And it doesn't matter how many times I ask her, she won't give me another one. So I've learned to leave them on. But I think I've left this one on just a little bit too long.

I'm never going to get it off.