

Wedded BLISS?

By Mieka Smiles

HOLIDAYS really bring out people's idiosyncrasies don't they? However, rather than berate my husband Chris, in this month's column it is very much me in the firing line.

As a wedding present from my mum and step-dad Kevin, Chris and I were treated to a once-in-a-lifetime American adventure.

Yep, the four of us jetted off for two weeks in Floridian sun, leaving gloomy Britain far behind.

And now we are back it would normally be Chris' ridiculous holiday behaviour getting a smug post mortem.

But, as it happens, on this trip away, roles were reversed.

My most annoying habits were on bold display while Chris gained himself a golden boy pat on the back.

It all started when the four of us met at my parents' house to head to Newcastle airport.

With the cases safely packed into the back of the taxi my mum pipes up: "I hope Jack doesn't mind we didn't get to say goodbye – he was fast asleep and snoring when I left him."

"Oh Jack won't mind," replied Chris, catching on with lightning speed.

"Who the bloody hell is Jack?" I asked, getting increasingly annoyed.

I got digs in the ribs all round.

Was it a new secret codename for my 21-year-old little sister?

No. It was my mum's perhaps not-so-clever attempt to let the taxi driver (and his possibly roguish connections) know the house would not be empty while we were away.

All I did was spoil the cunning rouse (I'm still not convinced, however, 'Jack' was the best name to pick mum).

Next I really came into my own.

I did the traditional British thing of dressing comfortably in a tracksuit for the journey.

Black, baggy and velour – I was definitely coming last in the style stakes.

But I didn't care.

I bragged and boasted to anyone who would listen how comfortable I was.

"Oooh, it's just like wearing my pyjamas," I gloated to the rest of my rigid-denim wearing party.

But I was laughing

on the other side of my



face when our luggage failed to arrive...and I faced two nights dressed in my garbage getup in glam Miami.

"You'll look lovely in anything you wear," said Chris, genuine smile in place.

An episode of prickly heat also threatened to finish me off.

While Chris was sunning himself poolside, I was howling in pain with fiery-red rash on my neck.

Chris calmly consoled me and headed to the nearest pharmacy for a cream to help fix it.

The next crisis came after I was bitten alive by mosquitoes in desperate attempt to remedy extreme overeating by 'jogging it off'.

Shame I chose to do my exercise after a tropical monsoon.

But as ever, Chris was at the ready, doling out the antihistamines.

He came to the rescue yet again on our journey home. I was ready to slash open my plane seat in revenge for it failing to go back as far as its counterparts (in my mind anyway).

Without so much as a roll of his eyes, Chris was on hand to swap.

So, in conclusion, I guess there is no real moral to this rather pitted run-down...other than just to let you know, husbands can come in rather handy on holiday.

I, however, really don't.

What are your relationship stresses? Email me at Mieka@citylivingnortheast.co.uk

PERFECT SET

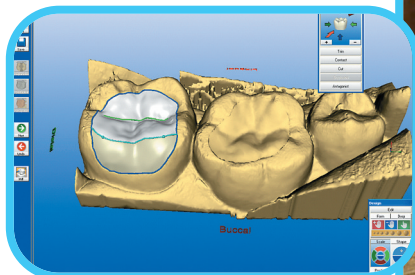
LEANNE CAMPBELL, 25, A SALES EXECUTIVE, FROM WALLSEND, WANTS A PERFECT SET OF CHOMPERS. THE **COSMETIC DENTAL CLINIC** TEAM HAS TAKEN UP HER CHALLENGE AND EACH MONTH SHE WILL COMPLETE A **TREATMENT 'DIARY'** SO WE CAN GAUGE HER PROGRESS.

ENTRY 4: "I was looking forward to this appointment as my teeth were set to benefit from one of the most advanced dental technology available. Dr Andy Stafford was introducing me to the new CEREC system, a truly groundbreaking dental system.

This machine really is something else. A special camera was used to take a high definition image of my teeth. From this picture the machine produced a 3D image of my teeth that appeared on the screen right in front of me. This gave me a feeling of being more involved with the whole procedure.

Within 15 minutes it had carved my fillings from ceramic blocks and they were ready to be fitted into my predrilled tooth.

I have never seen anything quite like it, I could not take my eyes off the remarkable machine working its magic.



This treatment was my favourite so far as all I needed was the one injection, which meant less drilling and less time in the dentist chair. And of course I was left with my new beautiful ceramic fillings. Goodbye metal mouth!"

● The Cosmetic Dental Clinic is at 2 Old Eldon Square, Newcastle. For more information contact: (0191) 260-3688 or visit www.thecosmeticdentalclinic.com.

