

# THE MAYORAL HANDSHAKE

It was Sunday morning 5.45am and Harold “the mouth” Berman was asking everyone to line up at the start of the Cape Town marathon. That was my signal to take off my T-shirt and smear on the vaseline.

I had the best parking in the town. Namely, directly outside the City Hall on the same side of the street.

As I have done for the past 23 years, I first apply the vaseline to my armpits and work my way down to my groin doing the left side first. Then I adjust my tackle and do the same to the right-hand side.

Once that is complete I take special care to add a few larger dollops to my crack, as ones cheeks can become very chafed and painful after a few kms.

“Where is this all leading to?” one may ask.

After thoroughly working the lubrication into the correct area, I then placed the vaseline into my kit bag and locked the car door. When I turned around I saw the Mayor, **Helen Zille**, standing two metres from me. I greeted her a good morning and she said something to the effect that I was crazy getting up so early in the morning to run a race.

I replied, “Yes I am crazy, but you must be even more so as you are also up early and are not even running.”

With that she came closer, shook my hand, which I had not yet had time to clean off the excess vaseline, and then she went on her way to fire the starter’s gun.

I’m sure she thinks even worse of me now.

*Wayne Kolevsohn*



Wayne completing his 10<sup>th</sup> and, seemingly, last Comrades in 2004