

Freud loves twitter

I spent last week on twitter looking for other survivors. Like a divorcee back in the dating game, I came out on the twittersphere as @survivingwk No sugar added.

Hi. Exclamation Mark. Capitals.

Day 1: confused and embarrassed, 3 followers including my mum, I'm just a tagline to you.

Day 2: realise I'm the fat girl in the kitchen at this twitter party, tried to be funny, felt like speed-dating.

Day 3: some boundary issues cropped up (mine not yours) and by Friday I kept asking people if my eyes are bleeding.

Day 4: fell out with my phone, there's something wrong with it, it's me, not you, do you hate me?

Day 5: Noticing signs of digital life Samsung offers me a phone upgrade to a 'life companion' and I stare guiltily at the phone now rotting in the bottom of my bag.

Then @Lucyvfreeman happens. April 24th 7.35am tweet "*My mum lives in a village. Only exciting thing that ever happened was a vibrator on White Elephant stall being sold as a v slow egg whisk.*" I snort loudly and fall off my seat, awkward as I'm on the 453 going over Westminster bridge at the time. A tweet has sent a psychic tickle through my body, reminding me of who I am (a hick), my mum and the unutterable pleasure of a village jumble sale. I liked people again, no sugar added.

Turns out that twitter is not all psychic marshmallows and advertising and the very best part is when people just say what's on their mind. 140 characters or no, sometimes it's possible to communicate the deep stuff lite. I think Freud would have loved twitter.