

Do you know Who I Am?

By [Louise Marsland](#)

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Next time you pack your bucket and spade for Margate, leave your attitude at home, relax and have a jol. That's the message from the locals who were confronted by a few individuals with ego issues, using language your client would never approve in an ad and with a swaggering: "Do You Know Who I Am?!"

Yes we know you're stressed because you have such an important job and if you don't win a Loerie your wife won't love you anymore, your mistress will leave you and you won't be able to buy that new holiday home in that other seaside town where all your cronies have designer pads.

But neither the car rental lady dealing with the queues who eschewed the shuttle buses, nor the hotel concierge who helped you find your room because you were too drunk to... know or care how important you are.

And for the locals: next time someone asks you, *Do You Know Who I Am?!*, use a line from this story/urban myth: when confronted with a belligerent passenger in first class on an airline who asked him the same question, the mincing air steward took hold of the intercom and announced: "There is a passenger in seat X, row X, who doesn't know who he is... if there is anyone on this plane who knows him and can assist, please alert the cabin crew..."

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Louise Marsland is Editor of [Bizcommunity.com](#) and she knows who she is - most of the time - deadline being the exception. If you have trouble finding yourself, [Bizcommunity.com](#) will try assist. Contact: editor@bizcommunity.com.

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