Hari Tumpek Landep yesterday: doubtless you all saw to it that your motor-cars were suitably adorned - or motor-bikes. You must all be acclimatized by now, so ICE if you didn't. I wasn't there to CHECK, though I don't suppose anyone noticed, hone of your effing business, but check out The Zul Enigma by J M Leitch p 33 para 4 - www.thezulenigma.com. Pretty apt I might say, if one particularity too many. On my desk a present the cornucopia of every kind of fruit and flower appointed to my trusty mesin titik; barely room for tumbler or ashtray. Bloody marvellous innit.

So what's new? EAT HER and worse half newly christened BOTTOM SUCKER - how most appropriate - last heard of trekking in Tibet. Does make a change from floating on the Dead Sea don't it? Shocking howler last week: - it was USED TAMPON, not USED CONDON for God's sake. I could not have been there to witness red mac and sou-wester donned against elemental fury. And I completely forgot to welcome back ROCKSON & ROCKSOFF from hibernating in blighty since the onset of plague. True blue HASHERS from way back. STEPTOE and CHOCOLATE FINGER's THYLACINE back in the running

Field day yesterday for BOJOG who scored eggs and bananas galore, then stripped bare the papa ya tree. A large (six-footer) alu or monitor lizard caught in the act of scoffing one of my lovely toads under the opium bed. Most welcome intruder but leave house guests alone. Cuckoos, both Drongo and Plaintive, making much noise but I cannot see the buggers. A steady trickle of Bee-eaters still heading west, but all the raptors have dispersed. As I scribble, the Swift Peacock flutters round the daun kari laying. She must have deposited 50 eggs at least. Let's hope one or two survive, for the bulbuls (Yellow-vented) are nesting in the same tree. The Little Spider-hunter hammers awy all day long - speeded up Chiffchaff. Seasons are clearly changing - all blue sky and fluffy stratus drifting NW.