

There were PUSSY DELIVERY, ROCKS ON & FROCKSSS OFF AND LA BELLA LOUISE, but it was really all about RADID MANGY DOG & BUTTERCUP. YWGMH delivered the eulogy, commencing with 'he was a fucking loony.' He then went on to say that he too was a fucking loony, so that was alright then. They say that great half-a-minds think alike, so there was a certain empathy between YWGMH and RMD, although the latter was marginally more anti-mismanagement, you might say. He was, moreover, a true blue dyed-in-the-wool HASHMAN, performing a diversity of roles from fair young maiden to blowsy Queen Victoria. Yet not everyone was entranced by the strains of I Like Chinese billowing from the boot of BUTTERCUP. That was the name I gave to his mustard-yellow motorcar, derived from the similarly hued Morris Minor belonging to Della Butcher, doyenne of all artists in Singapore. But I digress. Vivat in pace - VIP as opposed to RIP - RMD. ON ON.

As to the run, lovely said I, though word had it that there was a certain superfluity of tarmac. Bear in mind though that PUSSY DELIVERY was called in at the last moment, since MASTERBAKER had been offered a paying job at the LGBT Spiritual Festival down the road. Paid for doing what one might enquire? Masterbaking I suppose. RMD's favourite HASH song delivered by YWGMH - All The Nice Girls - to a fairly attentive audience for once. RINGTAIL let on that there were 109 odds and sods in attendance. Good-o.

NATURE NOTE - The Golden-backed Woodpeckers appear firstthing each day but excavating near the cemetery. A Magpie Robin regularly in the garden: Su thinks an escaped bird, but appears wild to me. Runs now at four - don't argue. It does seem to be getting darker earlier, far darker than I can recall ever before. A correspondent in Singapore informs me that the Magnetic Pole has shifteddalarmingly but ON ON regardless