It was a dark and stormy night - incandecent lightning and instant concussive reports - so SERIAL OFFENDER must have been mightily relieved to waken Saturday morning to clear rain-swept skies and sunshine and a gentle westering breeze, and so it remained throughout the day. WOODEN EYE had it under control. Lovely occasion and perfect surroundings attracting 120 odds and sods, including all the nice girls (EAT HER & VD i/c parking), bunch of Finlandian pissheads and HARELIP newly returned from Med and Caribbee cruise but no casino. VD set the pace (three hours to lay the short - some said VD actually stood for Verbal Diarrhoea) while long took 1½, 6 & 10 k respectively. All under the seasoned eye of SIXTY-NINER. The WOS was a turbid rage and SOD'S law faithfully followed on concrete. I overheard mumblings re BEST RUN OF THE YEAR citation at next month's VICTOR AWARDS.

Interseasonal rumblings and downpourings and the big cu-nimbs drawing uplift for our Palaearctic birds of passage. Keep your weather-eyes open for the (literally) tens of thousands of hawks coming our way - a natural phenomenon to behold. And the butterflies (superabundance of presently) - from where I am sitting I can see three spectacular Vindula fritillaries, together with Diadems, Triangles and Peacocks sipping nectar from the Curryleaf (Murraya) flowers. Simply sublime. Nature's other gift - a brindled puppy rescued by CHOCOLATE FINGER, and delivered by her and STEPTOE to my door this very morning (9th). It will have a good life in my gaff and garden at PENISTANDING KELOD and I see here a potential HASH HOUND par excellence. A salutary thought - were it not for the HASH and caring HASHERS, the little thing would doubtless have perished.

It was Hari Besar Islam - the Prophet's birthday - also that of Sir Alfred Munnings (1878) President of the Royal Academy and eminent painter of horses, and (let us not forget) and that of SIXTY-NINER - 10.000 beers DOWN DOWN you bastards. Yom Kippur tomorrow: atone.