Get it right you wanker. It was pissing in Lungsiakan, mildly mizzling in Penistanding, not a drip downward bowling and dry as a dead drongo's donger in Sanur, thanks to omnipotent wooden eye who also conducted the so-called circle, christening/deflowering virginsand icing SNOWBALLER again. Why? General disrespect and disreputability one supposes, but what a superb exposition of crack. TINTIN BALLS kindly note.

Returned to the fold - KONKORD (is that how you spell it? Unseen since TOM BROWN's run-in with FLASHMAN) and GET LOST with SPOT and TRIPOD. Big welcome back. And HORNY HERRING once more in the running. Miraculous really. And the run? Bit of a ram's horn and bugger's muddle by all accounts, but no one seemed to mind much - so easily pleased are we and, let's face it, the piss produced by PROST is the principal attraction? Innit? Terrifte turnout - good 120 said RINGTAIL - and HASH CASH should be merrily running all the way to the bank.

Whilst everyone else was cavorting around the Sanur suburbs and Suwung tip, I thought I'd check out the population of Glasswings (p 84) previously reported. Not a sausage - just a couple of Orange Tigers, practically all seaside vegetation now cleared, and only birds seen a Striated Heron and a bunch of chattering sparrows. I know I shouldn't go on about it, but long before bypass roads or any kind of road beyond TANDJUNG SARI - sandy horse-riding tracks only - I laid a few trails here thro paddy and mangrove - no edifice between BATU DJIMBAR and Sidakarya, save the naval bordello tucked away in coconut plantation by Blanjong. Those were the days. No one knows where it will be next week - not even JOROK. So see you wankers wherever.