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Airton
SKIPTON
North Yorkshire

6/2/1993

Tales from an Iterant Jobber Letter 14

Dear Reader,

Did I send you a copy of my Christmas round robin? I'm sure I did because it was at your request and like a good and faithful friend your every desire evokes in me a wish to see it fulfilled. I'm sure you'll agree that it bears no resemblance to this one I've enclosed to you from Charles Fox. Despite its cynicism it's nevertheless so true that I thought you would enjoy reading it.

What, you must be saying to yourself, is that daft guy up to—two letters in a brief space of a few days, he must be crazy about me or just crazy—well you're the best judge of that!

I hope you have received my Valentine card and my short letter and please agree with the sentiments expressed, knowing me, knowing you what else can I be but romantic?

With the approach of our holiday together my thoughts are constantly focussing on you like a moth to a candle and my imagination takes over in top gear with a result that would make the dust cover of a lurid novel read like an Enid Blyton book. Picture the scene..! 'See our intrepid traveller extract himself from the copious buxom bosom of a virgin to travel thousands of miles to fall desperately into the welcoming, passionate embrace of his femme fatale at Miami airport—threshold to vice city herself. Follow in their footsteps as they mingle in a rich potpourri of ethnic groups, South Americans, Cubans, blacks, white Anglos and descendents of the Spanish Main. Hold your breath as they savour the flavour of the Latin enclave of dives, dens and nightspots of little Havana. Watch their taste buds explode amidst a torrent of mouth watering and exotic International cuisine. Let our lusty lovers lead you through the alligator-infested steamy fetid swamp lands of the Everglades armed only with their trusty mosquito repellent. Pursue them as they wade through moss-draped forests, mangroves and swamps in steamy heat so severe that only their primitive, passionate desire for each other could match it!' Phew! I'm exhausted already aren't you?

Well, in truth I must write this letter hastily in order that the enclosed voucher reaches you in good time. The bad news is that they have misspelt your name but they have assured me that it will be OK but, just in case, I've taken a zerox copy of it and together with my old voucher at least we'll be able to get a car. I'm sure you'll be able to get the car early with this voucher as long as you get it in time so I'll post it first thing in the morning—it is now 1am. I've developed a lousy cold but in a way I'm glad as I shall be fully recovered by the start of our holiday. I am really looking forward to it—can't wait. I know we shall enjoy each other's company once more, and in such exotic surroundings. Don't you just love the English language, take the word "cherish" its derivative's from middle English, from the old French "cherir" and everybody knows the term of endearment "ma Cherie", my love, so all I can say is au revoir, till we meet again,