

# LETTER FROM PATTAYA

By Hybrid Harry.

*We always welcome comments. Topics to cover as well. If you neglect to tell us what interests you - well, up to you as the girls say. Otherwise we shall continue to indulge. We remind our readers to send any such instructions to [pattayatrader@pattayatrader.com](mailto:pattayatrader@pattayatrader.com).*

Dear Reader,

## ANNUAL HOLS

I am rushing to get this scribed before I slip away on a mystery trip to exotic destinations. For a very reasonable sum, my travel agent has promised me two fun-filled weeks of delicious food, women and song in two stand-alone unique tourist destinations.

The trip starts off in a business class lounge at the Old Bangkok Airport (well it will be old by the time the new airport opens one of these years - just check with Auntie Patty Trayder as to which year). All I have to bring is my passport, a change of clothes, golf clubs, swimmers and the standard accessories for nocturnal activities (nightshirt, bedpan and candles).

I just hope it is not one of those scams such as an Aussie friend of mine went on a few years ago on the Swan River in Perth. He responded to an advert for a riverboat cruise by paddle steamer, with jazz band and chicken dinner for \$50 a head - to be paid on departure. He paid his money to a heavily-disguised accountant on the run from former Sicilian bosses, as did a further 630 passengers. The boat pulled away with jazz band playing and proceeded to sail all of 500 metres to the next pier. They arrived there to find one solitary chicken dinner sat on a single folding table. Not even a chair. Everything was provided exactly as was advertised.

Hopefully, my travel agent has not got similar ideas - and I look forward to not telling you next month all about the two urinals at Don Muang where I spent a week at each, eating Big Macs and reading Playboy Magazine whilst listening to piped music.

## FAVOURITE CORNERS

One of the great things about living in Asia is the street life that goes on around where we live or work. We are all free to hang out at a corner restaurant or shop without intruding on anybody's territory - whilst watching life pass by.

I have probably told you about Dero's Corner in past missives. This is a garden restaurant/store/hotel that is located close to the beach. I live nearby and should it be raining or I have limited time, I am quite partial to a cup of coffee or can of beer at my corner shop as an alternative option. It is very much self-service and there are a couple of tables to sit at to both catch the breeze and the local gossip.

Fortunately (or otherwise), just around the next corner is a "gentlemens' club" that operates in the afternoons and early evenings. The hostesses there tend to enjoy their meal breaks and smokos at the corner shop's tables, scoffing the fried cockroaches, frogs and geckos that the adjacent noodle shop incinerates on a daily basis. Must be good for their libidos. So, it is not unusual to front up there for an eye-opening beverage just past noon and be surrounded by scantily-clad bimbos clicking around on stilettos with deep cleavages and legs to die for. An unusual start to a day.

Evading the daily deluge of a very perverse and very premature rainy season, I took up my usual position there one day last week. There was hardly a seat to be had. The local butch bird was getting a tattoo to one of her manly shoulders. I did not realise that they have a dial-up "Tattoo to go" service. There the young sadist was, complete with travelling tattoo gear, imparting a delicate devil on to some willing flesh. As I am not particularly keen on needles, I have never watched the process before. It all seemed less bloody that I had envisioned and together with the delivering ice block boys, five ladies of the night (who work days), two or three locals and a clutch of soi dogs, we watched the buzzing needlework take shape. No wonder that there are so many tattoos to be seen all over pulsating Pattaya - every tattoo session is party time. Funnily

enough, I couldn't see this sort of thing happening at a corner store in Birmingham, Brussels or Bilbao. I guess that is why we are here.

## NEW STAR ARISES

Regular readers will recall that I sometimes reflect on the walled compound in which I exist. Commonly called the "Alcatraz of Asia" by fellow inmates, I reported last week that we have recently been invaded by incestuous pussies and bitches (apart from the regular short-time hussies and hisses that turn-up to offer immediate physical relief for a purple note or two).

All is well on that front (animal-wise) with no new births to report other than a new batch of soi puppies. There was just one death last month - a roaming rat who made a fatal wrong turn through our front gate. Little did he realize that all his relatives had been seen off a long time before. In fact, our cats are getting so numerous and hungry that we are thinking of importing mice.

But the new star. I don't know why I have never mentioned her before as she has been here for the past two years. I suppose it is that she has gradually merged into the Alcatraz scene, but now her antics are causing concern. A close relative to most of the maids and manservants that serve we inmates, she has taken to strutting around the pool bollock-naked. Worse than that, she has been spotted taking a quick pee into the pool's drainage channel.

Perhaps Meow will improve by the time she is three. But on the intelligence front, she is as smart as a button. Born with a opera-singing voice, she did self-imposed voice exercises from the start (she cried incessantly for her first six months). Now she is a pure comic, mimicking the elderly inmates to a tee - better than a Minah bird.

I can tell you a lot more about her and hopefully, will do so, if and when I get back from my mystery trip (alongside which urinals we were taken to). Have a good month at your corner store and don't forget the umbrella.

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