

Continued from Page 24

But wait a minute, that doesn't explain why she was already living with another falang. She could get away with this when her buffalo was targeted in her sights. Obviously everyone else saw this as a problem.

Not so, Hagar explained, giving many explanations to anyone stupid enough to listen, or slow enough not to escape. Many times I felt the will to live ebbing away!

The girl's father had a business deal go wrong, she claimed. Years ago, the sob story would have involved a sick buffalo but now Thailand is business oriented - the sales pitch had moved upmarket. The story was how Daddy's shrimp farm bit the dust and the bank was foreclosing on the debt. Has anyone ever heard of a Thai bank foreclosing on anything? They just add interest and wait. This was not a problem to Hagar - we old regulars did not appreciate the subtleties of the situation. Another indication that the buffalo hunt is going successfully. He understood, of course, so there wasn't a problem. We'd all had a version of "the sick buffalo story" spun to us before. And a buffalo in

love never lets facts get in the way when narrating how his beloved is only doing the right thing by her family. Questions of what sort of dad sends his daughter out to work bars to help himself out of a 'business deal' gone wrong go unanswered...

Hagar even denied that his beloved had ever been a bargirl. I tried to get through to him again, I am a bit stupid too. I told you that maybe I was a buffalo! Her other client, coming back and employing her services through a bar wasn't even a wake-up call. This didn't matter to Hagar because of the Really Stupid Bastard gene. However, he had to accept that she had been a bargirl. This gene, however, is one of the most powerful known to man. He did not accept that she was still a working lady. Maybe previously, but for just a short while and only because it was to save her father's land, but even then she wasn't that sort of girl because she was a cashier who reached the heady heights of manager, all without getting her hands dirty, so to speak. Has anyone ever met such a gifted or lucky female?

Yet, here was a man who was having sex with someone in Pattaya and not having to pay for it, according to him. Everyone else thought, what a good position to be in. Free sex in Pattaya - now that is something to shout from the rooftops, even if it was only snatched meetings when the other falang was unaware of where his trophy was! That said, thinking you've got exclusive rights to a working bargirl is just a tad naive. So why did he always have a long face? In fact it was so long people started to call him Shergar. At around this time he should have changed his name to Arbutt. Every time anyone questioned his explanation of the situation his response was "ah but.....". There was always another reason why anything we said was wrong. I am a slow learner, however even I know when I'm onto a loser. Yet never did he say "this one is different".

We should have given up on Hagar much earlier and just allowed him to wallow in his own gloom but stupid people, such as myself, always try for too long. Smarter folks, like other friends just laughed at him

for not taking good advice and then repeated that old Thai adage "up to you". I now know that this is the correct route, even though it may sound callous to those who have not already been through the procedure.

So the moral of the story is don't get involved with buffaloes. They are slow and dense and also want you to join the herd and think like them. Bullsh*t is everywhere. Only other buffalo remain. So the buffalo hunt is now over. The creature caught will only lose money, if he is lucky. Some lose their hearts, or their minds, if they weren't lost already, and the Really Stupid Bastard gene continues its work.

Obviously this piece is entirely a work of fiction. The names, characters and incidents portrayed in it are the work of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to any bargirl or falang, living or dead, whether found at the bottom of a condo wrapped in gaffer tape or not, is entirely coincidental.

.....Is that OK, lads?

oo0oo

Continued from Page 23

think I've come to the wrong meeting". When the audience settled down a bit, the next person stood up and said, "I think I'm at the wrong meeting also as I followed him".

The sharks are circling.... This has been a month for visits. The weather has been fairly kind and fares are very reasonable at this time of year. I have had the privilege of witnessing two friends come to grips with the local night scene over the brief period of their stay. Now it has been quite

awhile since I have been out on the prowl, for want of a better word, and I must say that it can get a bit scary. Our two illustrious lads asked me to show them around and I duly did this for the first couple of nights and then left them to their own devices. After a couple of days one showed up with how one local venue owner described it, "When this girl enters the water, all the white pointer sharks get out". This then involved a quick crash course into what to look out for and the modus operandi of this particular species of predator. Realising that one of these

babes-in-the-woods had contacts here, the girl promptly took her mark off to Hat Yai for some one on one counseling. Round 1 to her.

Three days of pressure tactics that would make a timeshare salesman proud followed and when they arrived back on Phuket one could see that it was taking its toll. Luckily, our lad was not silly and although he had been through a rough time recently with the finalisation of his marriage, he certainly wasn't going to accede to her demands. You see what she wanted was a new car, not any car mind you

but a brand spanking new 1.5 million baht variety. Now this all comes about after a five-day liaison. Give me a break! That works out to 300,000 baht per day. Now I have nothing against a lass trying to earn enough to support her family, but this is just taking the p***. She hated it when he was anywhere near the rest of his friends and in a short time alienated all of them. But she hung on, undaunted by the fact that everyone looked at her for what she was, a hardcore money grabbing so and so.

Continued Page 27