



Editorial

It's been a busy month. First, Hillary asks me to write a speech for her, then George calls and wants me to drop everything, fly up to Maryland and meet him at Camp David. I also got a call from some dude named Obama, but I mistakenly thought it was that Bin Laden guy, so I put the phone down. Hey, I don't keep up with American politics that well, maybe that's why George asked me to help with his speeches?

For the first time in years, I haven't really been looking forward to summer. If you live in the DR, you'll understand why – summer is just too darned hot. Back when I lived in a cold, temperate country – seems like a long time ago - winter was a big long drag, and summer always seemed too far away – and far too short.

Now, when summer comes, nearly every day is too hot to spend outside, but I'm not

complaining. Apparently, alcohol is a coolant.

Is it just me, or does anyone else always miss the beginning of a film when you switch on the TV in the evening? On one particular channel, they often repeat the same film immediately afterwards, so you end up watching the beginning of the film after the end. It does tend to explain a few things, except you get a bit confused when people you saw die are later still alive. If you're really dumb like me, you then watch the whole film again, just so you understand it all.

Then I still don't remember it. Maybe it's all those cuba libres I mix too quickly in the advert breaks.

Trumpy did call us up to complain about the main article in the June issue. He kept going on about abogados this and abogados that. I told him to get his avocados to talk to my avocados.

I didn't understand what he was talking about, so I made up some words as well.

It seemed to calm him down, and he ended up asking me if I wanted to go on the Apprentice.

I said, "Look Donald, thanks for the offer, but I'm nearly 90 now. I was an apprentice chimneysweep back in the 30's, before I graduated to Liz Taylor's lovetoy. I'm just too old to go back to learning and stuff like that. Learning is for kids. I like my life the way it is. I just sit around all day wasting time,

collecting other peoples' pensions, and pretending to be really important on website forums."

"Occasionally, I dictate some words into my iPod, and then my monkey types it up. What could be sweeter?" I think he understood my point.

I also had a chat with Stefani Schaeffer last Tuesday, who was overseeing Trump's Cap Cana project. She seemed really nice and offered me a good deal in one of her condos. I couldn't accept the offer as I was married, but I said I wouldn't repeat anything. She's a lawyer after all.

To top it off, Max Dout rang to complain as well. He said now the IRS are after him for some of the US\$56 billion. Apparently the CIA have tapped his phone – don't they tap everybody's?

We had to ignore his complaint. Our duty is to our readers. We're here to tell the news as we see it, when it happens, even if it doesn't.

While I'm on the subject, we are looking for some more monkeys. I don't mean 'monkeys' as in some sort of derogatory word for people – I mean the actual furry things that swing in trees, steal bananas and play the drums. We find that monkeys do actually type pretty well, and they work for peanuts. We bought a computer program called Vista from Microsoft that sorts all their meanderings into legible text. Every so often Vista crashes and the monkeys lose

loads of work. But we dangle a couple more peanuts over their thick skulls and they churn out some more illiterate nonsense. We even let them choose what to write about – saves me having to bother.

So now we need some more monkeys, as two ran away last week. I've heard reports that one is working in a restaurant in Cabarete, but as long as he's supervised, he should be ok – just don't eat the mondongo. The other one is sitting in a tree outside my window peering in. He's just teasing me as he's too far away to get at. If only I had a catapult or one of those harpoon thingy's that locals use to catch fish down on the beach. Monkey pie, anyone?

Check out Dodgy Dave's Spanish phrases. He's been watching a lot of old films lately, and I think they've affected him, permanently. He suggests using some of his phrases on the airport customs' guys. Rather you than me! He seems to be in a world of his own some days. I guess that's better than him being in a world of *my* own, because in *my* world, I'd get all the monkeys to jump on his head whilst singing German nursery rhymes. Not that I have anything against nursery rhymes, but it would be funny to watch. In *his* world, I guess that doesn't happen – but who knows? Ask him if you see him.

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