

Oct 28th
FCM
Penicuik

A warning to parents and Guardians

Paterfam: (warming his toes, last person seen, last MS dispatched, last proof read)

'Now, I shall read for an hour.

Sweetheart: (sweethearting) No father, tell us a story, come Baby Brother?

Baby Brother (hammering on chair with spoon) Shan't!

Sweetheart: Well then, father dear, read me a story out of a St Nicholas book.

Paterf (does it weakly) 'Once upon a time...

Sweetheart (with the guile of her relentless sex) Isn't it about time another Nicholas book was coming. It's such a time since I got the last.

Paterf (endeavours to change the subject) Go and see if your mother is asleep.

Sweetheart: You promised you would buy one from the man that has them to sell as soon as they were out - now you did!

Materfamil: (not asleep, far from it) And you said you would get me all the Pseudonymns as they came out and Oillie was the last I had - and there's the Independent library and a lot -

Pater (early grey and sinking into an untimely grave) O certainly, anything else you would like?

Curtain falls on the poor man feeling wistfully at an empty purse. He has his want to and they run in expensive directions such as Tennyson Friends and other things, but he is obliged to sit down and write to his publishers to send him Nicholas new volume and recent Pseudonyms and trust that one day in the far future he may get paid. But not yet - not yet - if he had a steeple at his meeting house he would go and fall off it in the approved manner. As he has not, well, he does as he is told.