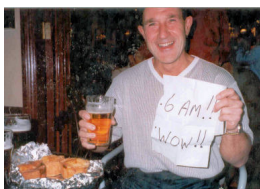


Are you looking forward to our holiday next week I asked Cautious Carol (my wife) whilst we were driving home from our Wednesday badminton session. Yes she replied and it won't be long now will it? Oh by the way did you know that we are giving Kevin a lift to the airport? Kevin, which Kevin, do you mean Pork Pie Kevin. Yes she said, his flight is 30 minutes before ours from the same terminal. I've said we will set off a little sooner, take the big car, detour past his house to pick him up, drop him off at the departures entrance, park the car and see him later when through customs. She informed me that we needed to be up at about 3am and set off from our house about 3.45 prompt to be nicely on time. I thought she was joking and witheringly said, perhaps we can set his alarm clock for him and cook him a full English breakfast whilst he's in the shower. This is no joke she said, just do as you are told. Ah well I thought, at least he will be sharing the cost of the petrol.



We set off on time, a little weary but nevertheless on time, waited at the designated spot and sure enough P.P.K. came trooping down the road to meet us. Who's that with him I remarked. Oh didn't I tell you, his little brother is coming with us as well, it must have slipped my mind to mention it said my loving spouse. Little brother I answered, look at the s s s size of him, that's Big Stuart alias Pork Pie Man, I hope he's not wearing that flippen pork pie suit, boots and hat. In no time at all their cases were in the boot and we were on our way to the airport but at no point during the conversation was there any mention of sharing the petrol costs. The pair of them even had the nerve to ask to be woken up when we arrived and promptly 'nodded off' for five minutes whilst I concentrated on getting there safely. I turned to Carol and asked if I had 'Billy Muggins' tattooed on my forehead but to make matters worse she told me to keep quiet so as not to wake them up!!!

We were soon following the signs for departures and I felt sure that at any minute they would slip us a 'tenner' to go towards the car parking costs but no the pair of them were out of the car before you could say 'Crispy Pastry', said see you in the lounge and with a cheery wave disappeared through the revolving doors towards check in. I immediately took my monetary dilemma up with Cautious Carol but she could offer no way of solving my dilemma over finances.



[REDACTED]