

## The Collins Threes Hit Town

So here I am one EVO in the park, enjoying a late snack – a ZEP, a couple of ZAS and a FEG of orange washed down with a glass of WAI – and thinking about some programming changes I need to make to my latest APP when up comes this ALF and asks me if I have a ZOL to spare. I don't do drugs, and he's one of those pretty SIF looking OUS you feel someone ought to VAG, so I just IGG him. 'I could trade you some TIX for an Elton John concert' he says, 'or I've got a YAG here that might be useful if you had a laser'. 'Do you think I'm DOF or some sort of WOF?' I say. 'What do I want with KAK like that?'

'Look, mate', he says, 'I wouldn't ask, but I've just found out I've got a MYC'. Well, I'm a sucker for a hard luck story, and I had an uncle who died of cancer, so I say 'Look, I can spare you a SAV, chock full of APO, and YAE slice of PAV, just don't eat them too fast, I wouldn't want you to URP over me.' 'Man, that's EXO, that's really SIK', he says gratefully, and I'm quite touched and let him have my CAG as well in case it rains, and give him a few SOM I still have in my pocket from a trip to Kyrgyzstan.

Off he goes and I'm just settling down to some peace again when up come a couple of girls from a local college. 'Hello', says one, 'I'm Sharon and this is Tracey my BRU, she's a BOI and I LOU her so don't go getting any ideas. We were wondering if you could take our photo because we need a NEG to develop.'

'Sure', I say, 'Got a camera?'. 'DUH', she says, 'left it at home. Sorry, Tracey.' 'Don't worry, DOY', says Tracey, 'We can get one FAE the shop ONY time'.

We get into CAZ conversation. 'What are you doing at college?' I ask. 'Oh, we're having very different EDS', says Sharon. 'I'm studying the effect of various AGS on ECO, while Tracey's doing Hebrew. She already knows BES and has written lots of FES and today she got her own YAD. Show him, Tracey'. Tracey whips out a pointer and pokes me with it. 'AUE', I say (I learnt a bit of the Maori REO when I was staying with an IWI in New Zealand). Tracey lets the pointer FAA. 'You'll have to excuse her', says Sharon. 'We're on our way to judo class and we're a bit full of our KIS. Well, must be getting along.'

'OK', I say, 'I hope you JOL, and JAI you at the judo. Perhaps you could CAA me some time.'

I'm just getting back to my snack when along comes a TEC talking into a MIC. He stops to ask me if I've seen anyone go past carrying a PLU. 'Stolen from a shop', he says. 'Those things are really valuable, they have such a high TEX value, you see.' 'Sorry', I say, 'I wouldn't know the DIF between a beaver-pelt and a rabbit-skin.'

I decide that if I want some peace I'd better go home. When I get in the first thing I do is DEG the HOM that I'm trying to grow on the kitchen window-sill, then I cook myself a really nice fish supper – fillets of AHI, ONO and AUA wrapped in AKA leaves and cooked in a UMU, then served with MEE. After that I listen to a bit of EMO on my hi-fi, then go to bed. It's been a long day. ZZZ.