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Issue 43

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Brunch Schedule

Monday brunch is *The Mad Hatter* (formerly *Nubi's*) at **10:00am**
The new owner is knocking herself out to accommodate us....

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Wednesday.... We have been doing a bit of moving around on Wednesday... It would be best if you were to contact The club Secretary for our Wednesday brunch information.... A bit confusing...Above me head anyway.

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Our Friday brunch T-Bar Restaurant or the The Good Corner Restaurant

The T-Bar caters to the folks who want less road noise but more in the way of conversation.... Those who go to the Good Corner seem to prefer a good menu whilst being able to sit near all the road noises that are part of the restaurants ambiance.

for more info contact your
editor@udonexpatsclub.com

Our Letter to the Editor



Rambles and Rants by Al Reynolds



Dear Editor of that foreign newspaper,

I hope you can tell just how angry a woman I am simply by the way I addressed your envelope. My heavy hand should give you plenty of insight into my emotional upheaval.

I am looking for my husband who has surely lost himself in what I imagine are the swamps of the so called land of smiles...

Disturbing gossip on Hampton Road at the Green has him taking up with some native girl in a village near your print shop. She is about the age of our youngest daughter so she most assuredly is quite the trollop and maybe jail bait as well. (Sadly my daughter is both but that is between you and me.)

If that isn't enough to put me over the edge I have also noticed that my husband of twenty years (not including the seven years that we slept around) has dipped into his golf membership money to set this little girl up in some sort of enterprise that includes hair dressing/noodle sales/coffee shop salon combo....I would imagine a day care would suit her better..... Off point for sure, but anyway, I am hopping mad at my monstrous husband and am flying over in a few days to start a search for this recalcitrant excuse of manhood. My intent is to find him so I can free him from whatever clutches that woman has on him and to bring him home straight away before he dips into my pocketbook to finance her dalliances further.... I'll be in your office in a flash at which time I will secure your help in locating this hapless husband of mine...

Don't stand me up. I can be as hard on you as I am going to be on that lizard husband of mine when I find him.

Sealed in wrath,
Isabel Chastity Flugas

Dear Isabel,

I can tell you in no uncertain terms that we are most excited and in great anticipation of your visit... Our editorial staff has been looking for a moment like this for a long time. It is not often we are invited to join a man hunt with a chance to witness a run through and the spilling of real blue blood. Won't that be a moment? We are waiting with bated breath.... This is like something out of National Geographic. Actually more like peeping from behind a musty old quilted curtain but we love it either way.

Please indulge us though, for just a moment. If you were to answer a few questions we might be better prepared to find this hapless husband of yours and possibly have him in tow upon your arrival...

But first things first; we couldn't help but notice your anger and we feel the need to take this time to try to coach you into shedding some of that hate and discontent before you arrive and waddle about in our environs poking into every lizard hole attracting attention onto yourself and our staff. We need you to be in a most mellow frame of mind upon arrival....

We imagine your husband has taken up with something short and rather sweet. A woman who can massage a man's ego and administer to his needs in such a felicitous way that any man under such a spell can well be expected to turn his satiated self inwards as he turns his wallet outwards all for his girlfriends gratification and his total amusement... That is probably what your husband has done and for whom we are looking.

If this sounds like the man for whom we search he is probably indistinguishable from all the other lost souls who have moved here to take up with the native fauna and lost their way in similar fashion. Thus, we will be better equipped to find your husband if you were to provide a tinge more to go on. A hint in the area of height, weight, and perhaps insight into his dressing habits: Does he wear rubber flip flops or leather sandals... Does he wear plain white socks with those sandals or is he a bit extravagant (as we suspect) and wear argyle socks....washed in cold water, air dried. What of the colors? You see he is practically in custody as we speak.

If it doesn't put you out would you mind picking up a few pounds of tea and perhaps a few pounds of dark chocolate on your way out of Heathrow?

Sincerely... The Editorial Crew

Our Dribble Starts Here



Rambles and Rants by Al Reynolds



Thai Massage

Are you going to get a Thai massage?" The Thai massage is the most pain you have ever volunteered to endure and willing to pay for... Thai massages are not for the wimpy.

Unfortunately most people opt for one hour of a "Thai" massage. That's the wrong way to do it. A Thai massage should be endured at least once a week and forever afterwards or until you die because as the weeks progress the pain of the massage will lessen and the benefits will ripen your muscles (I made that up)... However, you must first be sure that your masseuse is a qualified masseuse. In Thailand nothing is as it seems....

A certificate from a prestigious Massage school can be bought in the black market for a fraction of the cost of the school without the inconvenience of learning the first thing about kneading muscle...There are a lot of these certificates out and about and that is the rub. There is a good chance that your masseuse is no more qualified to bounce on your bones than your last jilted girlfriend. But here.... in the land of smiles... they say....My-pen-rye (It makes no difference.... No big deal.)

Here you are... striped down to your clean underwear and laying on clean sheets.... or sheets you are suspecting may have been clean at one time.... there is no time to think further because that is all the time you get before your masseuse/circus roustabout digs an elbow or knee into the first pressure point she can find or has the foggiest idea is there. The next hour is a total loss. Feel free to scream if that helps pass the time.

Near the end when you have given up hope of living through this massage your masseuse/circus roustabout will take the pressure off while she positions your body for flight. You of course will enjoy this moment because this is the first time in an hour that your masseuse has released her iron grip from your spindly body.

Suddenly you will be tossed backward into the air for what reason I do not know.... A good landing is solely determined by the amount of oil sluiced over your body. Upon landing you are finished.

If you can walk you can get dressed. As you recover you will belay your investigation into the suspected authenticity of your masseuse/circus roustabout's credentials because it no longer counts. The happiness of being alive and being able to brag about having a Thai massage is what counts. My-pen-rye ...what difference does it make that your masseuse did/ did not have the foggiest idea what she was doing.

.....

The other night while my wife and I were talking about Thai food at dinner I realized I haven't gotten sick from Thai food in several years. I mentioned that to her on the quiet because I really didn't want to talk about getting sick while we were eating. I just wanted to mention that my stomach must have gotten stronger over the last few years... The food that once caused distress no longer bothers me....

My wife is quick in matters Thai. These are proud people and given the chance, whether it is a discussion about cooking Thai food or having real Thai Dengue fever they take their nationality seriously... She is prepared to fight me dearly over any issue at anytime.

This time though, she must have sensed my sincerity. Instead of sticking me with a pride stick she took another approach and said in a cute way, "You must be half Thai now."

This was a complement. She was telling me that after twenty years of total emersion in this culture I have finally gotten a little bit of it to stick. Even though I can't speak Thai she is hinting that other things can count now... like being able to digest roadside food fare without getting sick...

In the west this would not be a complement... suggesting that I could dive into the back woods of a hill Billy town where the only menu choices would be slithers of pork suspiciously marinated in concoctions unknown before being run over hot coals a tad bit too fast and served with a side order of crickets or slugs with a few hand holds of sticky rice would not be praising my choices of restaurant fare...If I hung at a place like that in the States I would be called mentally disturbed But here... eating food from a roadside kiosk and surviving is kinda like earning a blue ribbon of sorts...

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The Editor's Unabashed Sales Pitch

The cartoon featured here is one of 600 by Al Reynolds published by the Pattaya Trader over a ten year period...

One hundred fifty of those cartoons are featured in four volumes of cartoons that can be purchased from Books Mango (Bangkok Books) or any online book store worldwide....

*The Volumes are titled **Up To You, Volume I, II, III & IV.***

*These cartoons are available in **paperback**, same day mailing.... Just select "Paperback" when you place your order. I can handle that.*

Thanks for the visit.

<http://www.amazon.com/More-Up-to-you-Al-Reynolds-ebook/dp/B00579XFJW>

editor@udonexpatsclub.com

"LOOK SON, I HAVE BEEN TRYING TO EMBRACE THIS STRANGE CULTURE OF YOUR MOTHERS BUT I JUST CANNOT GET IT RIGHT. BUT YOU SHOULDN'T LET THAT STOP YOU FROM ENJOYING THE BEST OF BOTH YOUR WORLDS...

NOW BE A GOOD LAD AND BRING ME A BEER YAI AND A BUCKET OF ICE BEFORE YOU RUN OFF TO SCHOOL...

