

Letter from the Romney Hut

24th Aug 2011

Hello Everybody,

Stress, Horace's Girl Friend and Horace of course, have migrated to a country in North Africa, because they were offered an opportunity for Stress to practise her aim, to eat one pound of Goats cheese in under 4 Minutes. Her aim is to come in with an Olympic best of 3minutes 55 seconds. It is reported that the offer of facilities was from a Mr Gaddafi in Tripoli, seems to be a jolly nice man, who promised endless supply of the required cheese. Therefore we will not be seeing Horace and his lady around Birkhill for a while. Just heard that the invitation to Libya has been withdrawn, but an alternative offer from Syria has been accepted.

What's not important.

Bob Lochart and Alisdhair had a top level discussion and decided that since the association of paint observers, whose duty was to watch paint drying, was met with total underwhelming support, a new organisation would be set up called, People of No Importance.(PONIs). PONIs will ensure that the insignificant will know their place and special courses will be organised to ensure that members of the association, learn how to be a nobody. The association does not have either Chairmen or Presidents because immediately they were elected, they would have breached the basic rule in becoming somebody.

Kill All

It has come to my attention that **Head of Toffee, (Target Operational Financial Failure Evaluation Executive)** has been let loose on all railway lines of the realm, from Thurso to Stranraer, Berwick to Keith, to kill weeds, no dandelion, thistle ragwort or doken, was safe any more, if they were anywhere between the cesses.

On the right track

It seems our scheme to relocate the tram lines in Princes Street to the Romney Hut, has been compromised by the City Fathers of Auld Reekie, by their insistence that they will have further use for them. Well we will wait (a Long Time) and see. If the powers that be had recruited James and his Civil's Squad a couple of years ago, the trams would be running now.

Cast Iron Still there.

The lump of cast Iron in the running shed bothy is still there, no one can do anything with it because Twinkle Toes is standing sentry over it, singing it shall, it shall, it shall not be moved.

Discrimination

Serious discrimination is again taking place with the steward's delivery of papers in the sleeper coach every morning. While the chosen few receive the Glasgow Herald, even the Telegraph, the rest of the PONIs have to put up with common tabloids, like the Scotsman and the free metro.

Water Water Everywhere

Us British Railway Rodents have been disadvantaged for a long time, in that whenever we are near the Water column when the tanks of Locomotives are being filled, we were drowned. But it is much better now that a new canvas bag has been fitted over the spiral wound plastic ducting. Mr Ashmole of course has to put his pennyworth in by insisting that the swinging arm be refitted and the ducting insert is not required. I do wish he would not interfere in the mouse world of Hydro manipulation. We need leaky water hoses, not deluges to drown in.

Recruitment

There is a report that we have new volunteer, he says that he wants to run the whole show and has just been made redundant from running a country in North Africa. One cannot but admire his enthusiasm. Does he realise what he is taking on?

Bye for now,

Shaper Mouse