

BOOM BOOM BABY



BY BOB ANDREWS

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A divertissement and a moral tale

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Being the story of Brian, his Thai girlfriend Boom and their adventures in Thailand and England, told mostly through an exchange of letters between Brian's doting mother and his loving aunt.

Any resemblance to people living or dead is not at all coincidental.

Pattaya, Thailand
July 20th

Hello Mum,

You'd like it here, there are lots of great bars and even a bingo palace. Next year, I'll bring you—promise.

I've made some very nice friends, and the Thai people are very friendly and looks after me well.

I don't much like the food, but you can find places what serve the kind of food we eat at home. Even fish and chips!

The picture on the postcard shows the beach where I swim. It looks a bit crowded, but it's not as bad as that place in Spain we went to two years ago. Can you send the card on to Auntie Ethel? I don't have her address.

How are my rabbits?

See you next week. Lots of love,

BrianXXXXXX

13 Hawthorne Crescent,
August 1st

My dear Ethel,

I hope this letter finds you as it finds me, in reasonable health, though we are having a lot of rain. Not so much as you are having, dear—we see so much now in the News about the floods in Australia. And you complained so much when you first went to Australia about the heat and the drowt. It's even turned quite cold here and I have to wear my wooly jumper most evenings. Not very good for my arthritis, as you know.

I think you and Albert made the right decision to retire in Australia, and not just because of the weather. England is going to pieces, dear. The problem is people like you and Albert are leaving and complete foreigners are taking over. Mr. Jelly, the grocer on the corner of Victoria Street, told me the other day he was stopped outside his shop by a white man and asked if he spoke English! And Mr. Jelly was born here. I said well I never!

I do miss you and Albert and thank you for the invitation to visit. But I don't think I could survive the air journey, nor the heat. Give my love to Albert and tell him I hope he's enjoying not having to work any more.

Thirty years in the foundry must have been quite enough.

I'm sending you a postcard I got from Brian, who is on holiday in Thailand. He's never been that far from home before and I worry so much about him. You were always his favorite aunt, and although he doesn't have your new address you see that he still thinks of you and asked me to send his postcard on. He seems to be having a nice time and to have met some nice friends. I do hope so. He has so few here and I do so wish he'd meet a nice girl and settle down. He's 50 next month, you know.

I'm sending you a recipe for peach crumble after finding Australian peaches in the supermarket. They must be cheaper where you are and they make a very nice crumble.

Lots of love to you, dear, and to Albert,
Your loving sister Florrie

Pattaya, Thailand
August 10th

Hello Mum,

Hope you got my postcard. This one is to say I shan't be home this week as I planned. I like it here so much that I went to the visa office and got an extenshun. I can stay for another month—whoopee!

Can you ask Dr Bramwell to write me off sick for a few weeks. Tell him I've gone down with malaria or something. And can you call the works and speak to Mr. Davis the foreman and tell him I shan't be back on Monday because I'm not well.

Oh, and Mum, can you send me some money. I'm down to my last ten pounds travelers cheque. They say the best way to send money in a hurry is to ask Weston Union to do it. There are branches all over the place, you're bound to find one somewhere in Manchester. They're even in some of the shops here.

Lots of love,

Brian

P.S. Sorry about the blotches on the card. I'm writing in my friend's flat and there's this funny smelling sauce on the table and it gets everywhere.

Hawthorne Crescent
August 24th

Dear Ethel,

I'm that worried about Brian that I tried to phone you last night, but I couldn't get through to Wollongong. You haven't changed your number have you.? Anyway, I'm sending this letter express. It's still expensive, but I have to share my worry with someone—when I told Mr. Grout, the builder who's working on the house over the road and who I give a cup of tea to now and then, he wasn't surprised Brian was in trouble in Thailand. When I told him Brian wasn't in trouble but had malaria or one of those strange illnesses he just laughed and said it sounded like something his friend had picked up over there. Asian Fever, he called it. I've heard of Asian flue, and I certainly hope Brian hasn't got that. Old Mrs Fothergill had a dose of that and she died, poor soul.

Marjorie next door says Thailand has terrible crime and every second person has AIDS or is on drugs. Brian says he's staying on another month and I'm worried sick about what might happen to the poor boy. I don't know where he's staying and I don't know how to contact him. Perhaps the English ambassador there can help. Didn't Albert once know

somebody working for the English government? Can he help out?

Hoping to hear from you soon,
Your loving sister Florrie