

Splendid day of sterling hymns, Far Eastern
nourishment and seaside perambulation. Chum of
mine: Glazeme Senseless. Cake of day: Battenberg

MPs' expenses brouhaha. Have to get mine past
Mrs C. Not easy. Aunt escapes via catflap,
recaptured by paperboy. Breakfast: lobster fritters

Time waits for no man. The No 37 sometimes does.
Aunt escapes in flat cap. Next door's sheepdog
brings her in. Dessert song: Eton trifles

O sole mio!! Except in Grimsby. Bats in the
wardrobe this morning. Cricket bats. Linseed oil on
order. Chum of mine: Moo Flip. Brekkie: Pate

Shooting stick went off in the pantry. Cook needed
smelling salts. Played water polo at the baths.
Damn mints hard to catch. Breakfast: bran

Dog escaped with leg of lamb. Aunt escaped with
wobbly jelly. Mrs C wrote sonnet. Arividerci left
contraband cornets. Late supper: chops



Cummerbundery Volume 1: The Collected Tweets of Brandon Cummerbund

Russ Bravo

Hampton Court called to say have located aunt.
Had to send chum with tranquilliser gun. Where can
you buy decent tongs these days? Supper: eggs

Mrs C birthday. Children constructing wobbly jelly
for the entertainment later. Polished me
blunderbuss. Fed the aunt. Breakfast: pancakes



Good morrow gentlemen and ladies, it is my
delight to join you in this brave odyssey. I shall be
furnishing you with Cummerbundery daily ...

Toast has its uses in hand to hand combat. Chum of
mine: Mangrove van Flagbutterer – well meaning
Dutch philanthropist. Breakfast: kedgerree

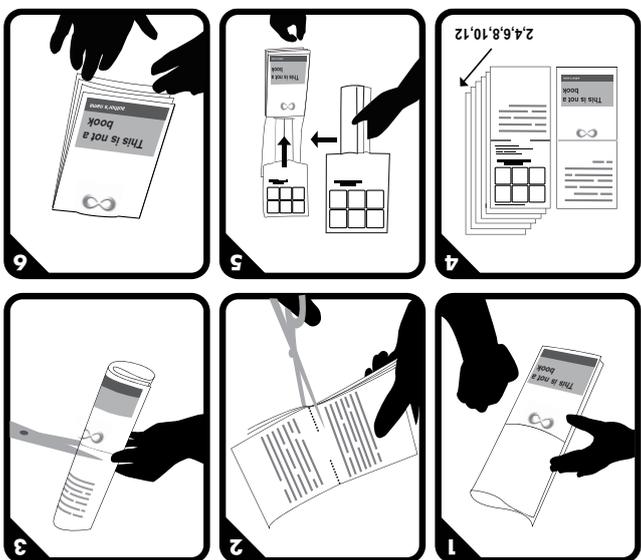
Just stalked some asparagus with me blunderbuss.
Winged the blighter. The old ruggger injury playing
up. Mrs Cummerbund promises fig poultice

Bats in the cellar again. Sent Little Shitzu in. Chum
of mine: Nodulous Quango-Chainsaw, mad as a
tweed sandwich. Breakfast: anchovy mash

Shaver caught me beard this morning. Sacked the
blighter, y'just can't get the staff. Chum of mine:
Leggy Tonguebuttreass. Breakfast: kidneys

Gad, the shrapnel's giving me gip. Could be the
turbot from lunch, mind. Must grill the cook. Try
Silly Me in the 2.30 at Kempton Park.

I left my heart at Clapham Junction. It was in a small paper bag, along with a sausage roll. Kindly return it if you find it. Breakfast: egg

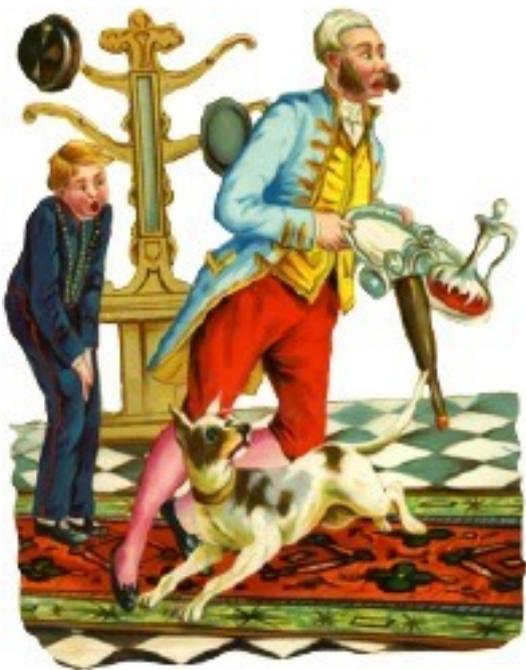


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Practiced me gargling this morning. Improving.
Chum of mine: toff coman Lord Quicksand
Stunty. Breakfast: porridge and glazed walnuts
Discovered butterscotch has little to do with a slab
of Irish best and a bottle of Glenfiddich. Pity.
Flutter: Arbroath 4 Forfar 5. Tea: cod
Cummerbund's patent sleep recipe: two olives, a
pickle, oats and a ding on the back of the head with
a bedpan. Sheep counted: 97. Baah!
Soup of the day: Mulligatawny. Today's limerick:
There was a young fella called Bob. In the laundry:
spats. Chum of mine: Wokwok Tahoomy
Fell asleep in stamp collection last night. Woke in
small hours with Penny Red stuck to nose. Today's
poet: Milton. Breakfast: liver & bacon
Lost shirt on a horse today. Bally thing had hidden
in the wardrobe. Considering buying tandem. Or a
mongoose. Lucky cravat: paisley, silk
Jalope behaves itself as soon as stout mechanic
looks at it. Typical. Can't find cigar cutter. Must be
his day off. Potato: Maris Piper

Locked in the scullery again by Mrs C. Dashed if I
can work her out. Chum of mine: Tingling Parp,
trombone for hire. Breakfast: poached egg



Discovered fishing rod and large brandy uneasy
companions. Suffice to say no charges being
pressed. Took mashie niblick to get slice repair

Terrible wind yesterday. Pedestrians walking sideways. Definitely better in than out. Marmalade of the day: Chivers Olde English. Muffins.

Fusty Montgomery borrowed putter. Twigs in the marmalade. Mrs C went shopping. Staff nervous. Eggs overcooked. Monkey of the day: gibbon.



Constitutional amidst wheeling seagulls post-lunch. Kiteflyers on greensward have wheels attached. Most peculiar. Hat: straw. Shoes: brogues



Coal scuttle full of owls this morning. Must reprimand coal man. Fog outside, possible pea-souper. Today's socks: Wolseley. Breakfast: bran

Discovered unusual crease in plus fours. Son says I'm losing my edge. Cheeky scam. Off to polish cutflinks. Spread: gentlemen's relish Aunt sent back to Little Wotherington, guarded by gardener with toasting fork. Toaster back off holiday now using gardening fork. Tea: Egray



Aged aunt coming to stay. Attempts to book holiday in Folkestone have failed. Mongoose acquired, named Wilf. Cheese: Red Leicester. Boots back from menders. Mrs C back from Boots. Valet gone to sea. Everything else tickety boo. Chum of mine: Abstemious Grou. Tea: saveloy Practiced with Indian clubs in the conservatory. Hodgson says glazier can fix panes tomorrow. First rabbit of spring delicious in stew m'lud The reviving qualities of cucumber dare not be underestimated. Chum of mine: Muggely Pooterstick, itinerant sweep. Breakfast: fruit Quail in the attic or cover in the cellar? Hard choice. In for the laundry: garters. Chum of mine: seaside gangster Arividerci Clacton. Pahl Need to get gardener in to trim the hollyhocks. Horse left compost in wrong place (still steaming). Lost fiver. Practiced tenor. Sneezed x 3 Taking aunt to Hampton Court. Plan to lose 'er in maze. Need to stalk deer but have lost deerstalker. Coffee: Camp. Breakfast: bubble n sqwk