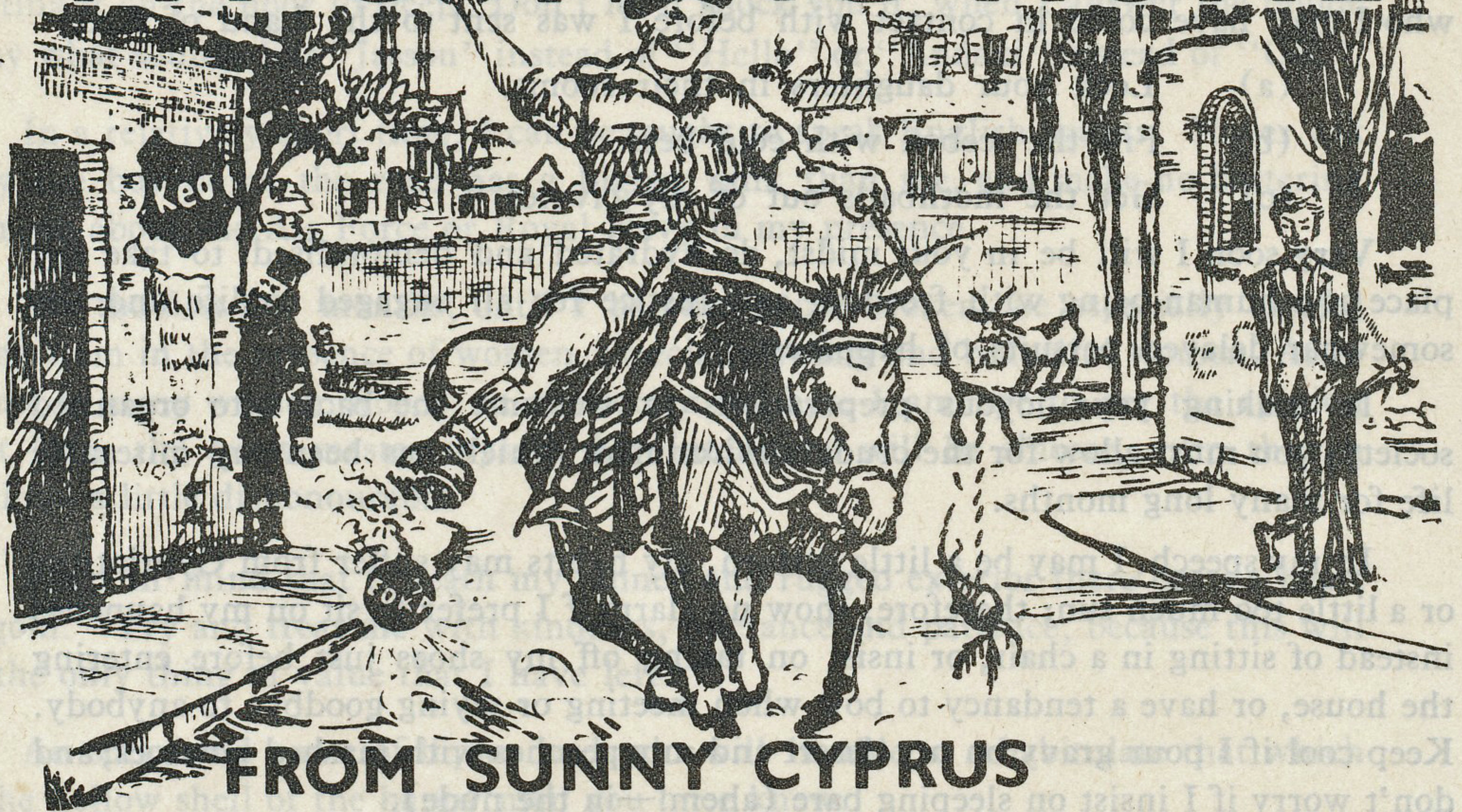


I'M COMING HOME



FROM SUNNY CYPRUS

NOTICE OF RETURN HOME

This is a solemn warning to all my friends and relatives and to anyone else who I may have come in contact with before I was sent to the Land of Keo.

- (a) Lock your daughters in their rooms.
- (b) Fill the icebox with cold beer.
- (c) Get the mothballs out of my civvies.

Very soon I will be in your midst, de-hydrated and demoralised, to take my place as a human being with freedom and justice for all engaged in life and the somewhat delayed pursuits of happiness.

In making your joyous preparations to welcome me back into organised society, you must allow for the crude environment which has been my miserable life for many long months.

In my speech, I may be a little eastern, my habits may suffer from Cypriotitis or a little too much sun; therefore, show no alarm if I prefer to sit on my haunches instead of sitting in a chair, or insist on taking off my shoes just before entering the house, or have a tendency to bow when meeting or saying goodbye to anybody. Keep cool if I pour gravy on my desert and mix peaches with mashed potatoes; and don't worry if I insist on sleeping bare (ahem!—in the nude).

Be tolerant if you see me boxing my blankets at the bottom of my bed, and please don't fret if you happen to see me taking my mattress off the bed and putting it on the floor to sleep. Don't let it shock you if, when I answer the phone I say what sounds like "Jassou" instead of "Hello" or "Andaxi" instead of "OK".

In a relatively short time, I can be taught to speak English again. Never ask why the boy down the road has a higher rank than me, and make no flattering remarks about the Air Force or Royal Navy in my presence.

For the first few months, until I become house-broken, be especially careful when I am in the presence of women, especially young and beautiful women. After seeing so many women wooed on the screen out here I am apt to get the opinion that I am the great master myself. My intentions will be sincere, even though at times a little dishonourable.

Keep in mind that beneath my tanned and rugged exterior there beats a heart of gold. Try and treat me with kindness, tolerance and patience, because this will be the only thing of value that I have left.

An occasional quart of liquor and you will be able to rehabilitate that which is the hollow shell of the happy man you once knew.