

Letters

—Tharatorn Supasiti

As inconspicuously as he'd vanished, the black-clad stranger reappears in the doorway behind you, his two pink ears wobbling slowly. Transfixed by the sight of flesh in simple harmonic motion, you only notice at the last moment that his arms are rising menacingly towards you. You leap backwards in fear into a pathetic imitation of a kung fu stance, then relax slightly as his arms rise further and take hold of his now dirt-stained hard hat. He removes it from his head, dispelling the shadows from his face.

Sometimes, the Forces of Nature get it spot on and the quality of the lives of an entire species improves markedly. At other times, the Forces of Nature attend a respectable social gathering for the metaphysically inclined before getting completely hammered at three o'clock in the morning (despite whatever Relativity says to the contrary) and doing something they'd live to regret. What you have right now before you is a demonstration of neither. It is simply a pale, grey-haired man with a fairly prominent nose being dwarfed by his own two elephantine sound funnels. Still rather awed, you gasp. Tearing your eyes away from *them*, you suddenly come upon the realisation that you are indeed face to face with His Royal Highness, The Prince of Wales, and emit a second, less enthusiastic gasp.

Prince Charles lets out an exasperated sigh and shakes his head, causing his ears to flap about before replacing his hard hat. He walks up to you, grabs your left arm and plonks an embossed, leather-bound folder into your complacent hands. Opening the folder, you leaf through a series of seemingly random and rather uninformative diagrams; a picture is worth a thousand words, so the saying goes, but each of these appears to be only worth a single letter.

