



# BAKING BAD

NOTES FROM  
MY DIARY

INCLUDES RECIPES  
AND HELPFUL HINTS  
ON DISMEMBERMENT

JOHN DOLAN

**BAKING BAD**  
**Notes from My Diary**

by

John Dolan



TENTION BOOKS

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BAKING BAD published by Tention Publishing Limited

Kindle Edition

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Tention Publishing Limited Reg. No. 8098036

Unit 4 Provender Mill, Belvedere Road,

Faversham ME13 7LD,

United Kingdom

ISBN 978-1-912361-11-3

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## EPIGRAM

*"I never travel without my diary. One should always have something sensational to read in the train."*

*~ Oscar Wilde, The Importance of Being Earnest*

## NEW NOTEBOOK BEGINS TODAY!!!

### Thursday 18 April

I need to spend some time reburying in the garden. Next door's dog has dug up a foot.

### Friday 19 April

6.30pm:

Found a melted mess in my pocket today at work at the animal testing lab.

It's chocolate. A Snickers bar, I think. I'm a martyr to peanuts.

Today marks my third anniversary of working at the lab. I believe I have found my vocation among the dead, the dying and the tortured. Also, they have a really good pension scheme.

Take-out pizza for dinner. Hawaiian. Lazy me.

10.23pm:

Sometimes I smoke. Sometimes I burst into flames. Sometimes I cry inside like a sad and lonely baby koala.

### Saturday 20 April

Brunch-time, at home:

Having a cup of tea and some angel layer cake while I figure out what to do with this leftover foot that the dog dug up.

Emails: Apparently, the zoo is taking a dim view of my Cousin Max's antics with those penguins.

I've put the foot in the fridge for now. Damn! I'm out of milk. Also, rather low on orange juice.

Afternoon:

Shopping for milk, orange juice, Himalayan sea salt and chia seeds. Bit of a ruckus at the supermarket check-out.

I told the woman, "You may consider your child to be adorable, madam, but nonetheless be advised he really does smell of urine and stale rusks."

## Sunday 21 April

Easter Sunday. First Sunday following the Paschal Full Moon, so says The Old Farmer's Almanac, i.e. the first full Moon that occurs after the vernal equinox, thus signifying the beginning of spring in the northern hemisphere. Yabba yabba Jesus yabba.

Considered reburying the foot as a mark of respect, to signify resurrection, commemorate the myth of the Fisher King, John Barleycorn, etc. But didn't.

Nothing much this afternoon. Did some emails. Killed next door's dog with a spade. Then more emails.

Evening: Soooo bored. Baked the neighbour's dog in a pie. Now I'm worried I didn't add enough salt.

## Monday 22 April

A few protesters outside the animal testing lab. Could smell weed. I bet they're all on benefits.

## Tuesday 23 April

The guy from next door has been posting up signs about his missing dog. Took him round a piece of pie to cheer him up.

## Wednesday 24 April

Protesters at work are breeding. A short-haired lesbian was quite aggressive with me.

(Do lesbians breed?)

“Please respect the delicacy of the situation or my response may involve extreme and bizarre acts of violence.”

The crowd parts.

I put on my white coat and squirt some stuff into the little bunnies' eyes.

Unseasonably warm today.

## Thursday 25 April

We celebrate receiving a new contract at the lab. Testing whitening cream for Asians. Nice change from testing fake tanning cream for white people. Same animals involved, and similar amounts of pain and suffering (so far as we can tell). Furnace going full swing.

## Friday 26 April

Took the day off work.



Just as well. Somebody must have lodged a complaint about me.  
Cannot stand tell-tales.

The police are taking up my floorboards. They're not going to find anything. Not unless they look in the fridge.

Early afternoon:

Sorted! Turns out the police officer in charge is an old college friend of my brother. How lucky is THAT?

Late afternoon:

The nice policemen have now replaced my floorboards. To show there were no hard feelings, I gave them all tea and cake before they left.

Evening:

My next-door neighbour asked for my pie recipe. I was so flattered I almost gave it to him.

## Saturday 27 April and Sunday 28 April

I figure it's time I started dating again. A mourning period of six months is more than enough, and it's not as if my last girlfriend and I were especially close. Except at the end, obviously. Blood mingling, etc.

Phone ON, laptop ON. Toggling. Dating sites and apps. Let's make a start. Hmmn.

So difficult to hold down a job and a woman at the same time.

Forgive me, but I don't believe for one nanosecond that is a photo of you. Any more than this is a photo of me. I actually have 2 heads.

Webcam on this one.

Oh, I SEE. You're a dancer from Poland, not a pole dancer. Well, this is a bit awkward. I suppose I'd better get dressed.

And again:

Don't point that thing at me, please, it really isn't nice. Yes, I can see it's colourful.

Endless trawling. Coffee to keep me awake.

FINALLY ... fixed a date for this evening (Sat). Her name is "Summer" – a bit of an American name, but never mind. Lives close by. Meet at gastropub. Two hours to get ready.

11.30pm:

Pulling on trousers and exiting her bedroom. Stain on sheets. Tears in her eyes. Big house. Not hers. Parents away.

That really was your first time, wasn't it? Jeez. How old did you say you were?

HOW OLD???

Fortunately, she doesn't have my address and I gave a fake surname. Don't want another police visit.

Taxi home by 12.30am. Showered. Back on computer.

3.00am. Who's up at this time?

"Anthea", that's who. Says she's mid-thirties, but looks late 40s. Face ravaged by drugs, I'd guess. But at least I won't have to worry she should be doing homework instead of doing me. Very petite and skinny. Only 5' tall. Vegetarian, so probably doesn't swallow. Meeting her this evening (Sun). Different gastropub: one that serves vegetables.

Sleep.

Sleep.

Zzzz. Feck.

After noon when I surface. Put washing machine on.

Made a large mac and cheese. While making space in the freezer, found a kidney in there.

When life gives you lemons, stick razor blades in them and throw them back very, very hard.

Message from 'Summer'. Blocked her.

"Anthea" bang on time 7.30pm at *The Bishop's Finger*. Vegetable lasagnas all round. She drinks beer. Laughs a lot. Is even smaller and more emaciated than I thought she'd be, but not quite so wrinkled. Didn't tell her I worked in an animal testing lab. She brought coke which we snorted (separately) in the loos.

Back to her place for coffee and unmentionables. Naked in ten minutes flat.

Told her, "No way is it going to fit in there. Not without a lot of bleeding and screaming. You don't mind? Oh, OK, then."

Will see her again, but I'm not asking her to my 60s theme party the weekend after next. Don't want folks looking at me in pity and making jokes about 'over 60s'.

Needle marks on her arms. Some look recent.

Vegetarians *do* swallow.

Walk of shame home at 4.00am. Work today.

Women take a lot of energy. Couldn't do this every weekend.

## Monday 29 April

Next door has acquired a new yappy little dog. That's not going to last long.

## Tuesday 30 April

At the lab. Most magicians pull a rabbit out of a top hat, but I thought the other way around would be much more interesting.

Phoned “Anthea” (maybe I should stop using the speech marks now) and went over to her place for coke and coitus.

When I said I was sensitive, I really meant “sore”.

When you love, love without conditions. Embrace the precious moments. Practice compassion. And while you’re at it, pass me that sick bag.

## Wednesday 1 May

International Workers Day, aka Labor Day (American spelling).

Took the decomposing foot with me when I left for work this morning and left it on the bus. Duh!

The Animal Rights lesbian outside the lab has red blotches around her mouth. Wonder what she’s been eating. Her colleagues not standing too near her. Maybe they’re worried she’s showing early signs of rabies.

I make a clenched fist and say, “Solidarity among all workers, comrade,” to piss her off. It works.

## Thursday 2 May

After I’d finished for the day, I checked at the lost property office and someone had handed in the decomposing foot. Hurrah! Has restored my faith in human nature!

Have listed the foot on eBay. Let’s see what happens.

## Friday 3 May

Rang Anthea, no reply.

Things I don't want to hear #1: "Oh, darling, you're home early. This is Bob, by the way."

Things I don't want to hear #2: "I'm happy you called me a beautiful woman. So many of my clients still think of me as a man."

Things I don't want to hear #3: "I know I look older, but actually I'm only fourteen."

Things I don't want to hear #4: "Do you mind if my brother joins us?"

## Saturday 4 May

Carrot cake.

Heated oven to 180C.

Ingredients: 235ml vegetable oil, plus some for the tin; 265g self-raising flour; 4 large eggs; 100g natural yogurt; 1½ tsp vanilla extract; half an orange (zested); 335g light muscovado sugar; 2½ tsp ground cinnamon; ¼ fresh nutmeg, grated finely; 3 medium-sized carrots, grated; 100g raisins; 100g walnuts, chopped. Icing: the usual.

Came out a bit dry. Probably baked for 5 mins too long. Next time 30 mins MAXIMUM.

Next door's dog yelping and woofing a lot.

## Sunday 5 May

Things I don't want to hear #5: "My husband gets out of prison next week."

Things I don't want to hear #6: "Please fasten your seatbelts. Although frankly it's not really going to help you."

Got up late.

Watched a Scarlett Johansson film on TV then felt horny. Anthea still not answering her phone, so went over to her place. No reply to doorbell, climbed over back fence. She was lying by the bins. Probably dead for a day or two. Therefore, sex out of the question. Pity.

## Monday 6 May

No takers for that decomposing foot I listed on eBay. Trying Amazon next. If that doesn't work, next stop will be Twitter.

GENUINE HUMAN FOOT FOR SALE. NO TIME-WASTERS OR POETS. THIS IS NOT A METAPHOR.

## Tuesday 7 May

Things I don't want to hear #7: "Is it OK if I watch some TV while you're doing that?"

Things I don't want to hear #8: "I've had a few kids, so you might have to wrap a towel around it if you want to touch the sides."

Party invitations for Saturday have all gone out. DRESS LIKE YOU'RE AT WOODSTOCK. They're really just reminders as everybody knows about it anyway.

## Wednesday 8 May

Things I don't want to hear #9: "You make love the same way your father does."

Things I don't want to hear #10: "Can I read you some of my poetry?"

Guess I'll do without a girlfriend for a while.

## Thursday 9 May

Absolutely zero interest from Internet buyers for the foot. If I'd kept all the others maybe I could have sold the whole nine yards.

## Friday 10 May

Had a minor fire round the back of the lab today. I thought it might be a diversion set up by the Activists so they could liberate some animals. But it wasn't. Just some idiot from admin who didn't put his fag out properly and some dry leaves caught alight. All animals accounted for and pustulating nicely, as usual.

Tuna mayo baguette for lunch. Lost a quid in the vending machine when tried to buy a can of Coke Lite. Out of Snickers bars.

Have mounted the decomposing foot in a frame and hung it on the living-room wall. Can't understand why I didn't think of this before. It's an artistic triumph.

Looking forward to my party tomorrow night. Had loads of yes replies to the invitations (including immediate neighbours). The anthrax I brought home from the lab should spice up the punch a bit.

I really do need to clean the oven.

## Saturday 11 May (and into wee small hours of Sunday)

Morning and afternoon:

A quick shop for essentials. Woman on the till at the supermarket wore a moustache, and, surprisingly, a wedding ring.

Canapés: toasted some nice French bread. Quail's eggs, salmon, tomatoes, rat poison, onions, ricotta, radishes. A bit of garlic. Also neufchâtel cheese, mascarpone, brie. May be a little heavy on the *fromage*. Never mind. Raw carrots, celery, dips, etc. Should do.

Balloons blown up. Nauseous afterwards. Streamers put up. 1969 Spirit of Woodstock banner hung.

Cordoned off the oven and smoked some weed. A quick wank. Showered.

Dug out an old pair of flairs and a tank top I picked up from a charity shop. Decided the long-haired wig was going too far.

Prepared the punch. Didn't taste it (for obvious reasons).

Eight o'clock guests start to arrive. Authentically hippy, except that they don't smell bad (yet).

Snorted the coke I took from the jeans pocket of Andrea's corpse. Either very pure or laced with something lethal. I had to wait a couple of minutes before exiting the bathroom. Apologised to guest waiting outside.

"I'm sorry I screamed. It just surprised me to find a cute little mermaid swimming around in my toilet bowl."

Canapés disappearing fast, but some of the women brought other nibbles.

10.30pm:

Party in full swing. Must be 40 people here, about half of them stoned. Janis Joplin on the music system. Nobody's been sick yet. This is NOT how I planned it.



Heard banging and gasping noises from my study and found Frank from Number 12 having noisy sex with Victoria from Number 18 over my desk. Advised them to quieten it down a bit if they didn't want their spouses to hear.

I prefer to sleep with asthmatics. They always sound like they're having a good time.

Later:

Bins clattering out the back. Frank's wife being humped by some guy dressed up like Jimi Hendrix. Will have to re-sort my recyclable bags in the morning as rubbish everywhere.

Balloons popped.

Disappointing results from the anthrax party punch. Only nose bleeds. And that was probably from the canapés anyway.

More coke. My scalp itches.

I've just been robbed by a schizophrenic. It was me.

Punch bowl empty. Crushed beer cans and wine bottles containing only dregs.

French-kissed by Victoria from Number 18. Her mouth tasted a bit funny. Hoping she didn't give Frank (or anybody else) a blow job tonight.

Not a single comment about the framed foot. No police, no complaints from neighbours about loud music. Quieter now as we wind down. The Doors playing The End. My only friend, the end.

Well after one before I had everything cleared up. Somebody shat in the kitchen sink. *Millennials*.

Sunday 12 May

Didn't surface until mid-afternoon.

Everything sounds loud. No coke left and only a small amount of weed. Eyes feel like they're bleeding.

I suppose somebody must have found Andrea's body by now. I really should read the local paper.

Around five o'clock I had a phone call to say one of my party guests is in hospital with internal hemorrhaging. I'm taking a belated bow!

(It's Frank from Number 12. *Karma*.)

## Monday 13 May

Aunt May emailed to tell me Cousin Max has received a suspended sentence for that thing with the penguins.

## Tuesday 14 May

Next door's yappy little dog is really getting on my nerves. Saw my neighbour Victoria when I was putting out the rubbish. She also had a few unflattering things to say about the ruddy dog. Looked like she wanted to kiss me again.

Frank from Number 12 has been discharged from hospital. *Shame*.

Today is Mark Zuckerberg's birthday: I have nothing to say about this fact. It's just a fact.

## Wednesday 15 May

Finally cleaned my oven. Who'd have thought that human flesh could get SO crusty? Now for some delicious Jaffa cakes to celebrate.

## Thursday 16 May

Browsing Internet dating sites again, but rather unenthusiastically.

I'm certain the Internet rots your brain. Can cause fits, apparently. Maybe I should read a book. Or go for a walk through a cemetery.

## Friday 17 May

Took delivery of some adorable beagles at the lab today.

And thus their ordeal begins.

## Saturday 18 May

In spite of all the yapping I'm starting to get quite fond of next door's dog. I actually applauded when he bit the postman this morning.

Went into town for a big food shop.

Trying a new recipe for a fresh lemon pound cake to take my mind off stuff. Really getting into this baking thing big time now. Bought myself a new apron with pictures of fruit, bowls and rolling pins on it.

Evening: dating sites.

Ugh.

"Loves cats and romantic dinners."

"Loves walks along the beach or in the mountains."

Tried a search for "loves cock". Came back empty.

Some chatting.

Gets heavy quickly.

Hmmn. Let's not personalize this. We're all adults here.

It's a relief to switch off the laptop. Let's focus on baking awhile.

## Sunday 19 May

Went to church.

No, I didn't. I'm being playful.

Tidied up. Repaired roof guttering. Managed not to fall off the ladder.

Banoffee pie. Not my favourite. A bit sweet. Plus, not great for my waistline.

Watched the film *Chocolat* with that French actress in it. Even sweeter than my banoffee pie.

## Monday 20 May

Honey garlic chicken.

Diced chicken breast, a little salt and pepper – fry on low heat. Sauce = soy sauce, garlic, red pepper flakes and honey (well whisked). Serve on seamed brown rice. Garnish with green onions. Quick and tasty.

## Tuesday 21 May

Granola. Didn't use a recipe.

Rolled oats, sunflower seeds, pumpkin seeds, sesame seeds, almonds, flax seeds, honey, coconut oil, cinnamon, nutmeg, salt. Didn't measure ANYTHING, just stirred it all together on a baking tray.

20 mins in oven at 120C.

Big batch, came out brilliant. Should provide a week's worth of breakfasts.

## Wednesday 22 May

Beef Wellington.

Jesus.

Too fucking complicated. This one came out a soggy mess. Almost as hard to get right as béarnaise sauce, which I've cocked up I don't know how many times.

Had beans on toast instead and a bottle of Corona (no lime and not that cold either).

Bollocks.

OK, I think I've OD'd on baking for now. I'm bored and need to kill something. Or someone. Thought about asking on Twitter for suggestions with the qualifier that the answer YOURSELF will get you blocked. But decided that might be a bit obvious.

\*\*\* Taps fingers impatiently \*\*\*

## Thursday 23 May

Cousin Max had the gall to turn up at the zoo again and sure enough one of the penguins recognised him. The man is a complete idiot.

## Friday 24 May

This evening a cat wandered into my garden. It was unable to wander out again due to a lack of legs.

## Saturday 25 May

Bought a box of Snickers bars and ate half of them. I'm 83.7 kgs. But I'm not going to get obsessed about my weight.

## Sunday 26 May

84.2 kgs.

BREAKING NEWS: someone has killed next door's dog and it wasn't me!  
This is REALLY disturbing!

## Monday 27 May

84.0 kgs.

I keep thinking about that dead dog. Even when I'm making a soufflé.

## Tuesday 28 May

83.9 kgs.

Something must be done.

## Wednesday 29 May

84.3 kgs.

Rationing Snickers.

Apparently, Cousin Max is in trouble AGAIN. This time it's a giraffe.

## Thursday 30 May

Didn't weigh myself today. Ate only fruit.

I have come up with a plan re next door's dead dog which, by the way, was found attached to a lamp-post by a nail gun. Nice touch.

I'm laying a trap for the dog-killer. Have made a decoy dog from cardboard and duct tape. Will leave it in my garden tomorrow night.

## Friday 31 May (and into Saturday morning)

83.7 kgs. Broke scales with a claw hammer.

Slight diarrhea.

Average day at work. Pumpkin soup for lunch, followed by profiteroles. 3 dead beagles.

10.00pm (full moon):

I'm lying in wait with the decoy dog. Is that someone there in the shadows?

\*\*\* grasps the bat \*\*\*

\*\*\*uses the bat \*\*\*

Rejoice!

Turns out the person who killed the dog is none other than my neighbour, Victoria (from Number 18). She's tied up in my kitchen right now.

Victoria confesses (after I've snipped off a few of her fingers with secateurs) that this is not her first canine murder. While I can appreciate her skills in this regard, this is, after all, MY patch.

Victoria's husband is away on business for a week. Apparently, their marriage hasn't been happy for some time. When he's out of town, he rarely phones. The unfeeling bastard. I commiserate. Societal pressure is a fearsome thing.

## Saturday 1 June

Trying a new recipe for Victoria sponge cake. Contains a real Victoria.

## Sunday 2 June

I'm being flooded lately with spam emails. Wish I knew how to block this rubbish.

My next-door neighbour is an incredible optimist. He's bought ANOTHER dog. This one's a German Shepherd.

## Monday 3 June

I wonder if Victoria's rib-cage could be used as a xylophone or as wind chimes?

My freezer is jam-packed and I need to make space somehow.

## Tuesday 4 June

The Animal Rights people are up in arms about this thing with Cousin Max and the giraffe. They do have a point, I feel.



## Wednesday 5 June

Dinner = Paella.

The trick is to use the right type of short-grain rice that will continue to absorb the liquid even as the exterior becomes crunchy. To be authentic, should be tender, not creamy.

Ingredients: 1 tbsp olive oil; 1 onion, chopped; 1 tsp each dried thyme and hot smoked paprika, 3 tbsp white wine; 400g can of chopped tomatoes; touch of garlic; chicken stock cube; 400g of frozen mixed seafood; juice of half a lemon with rest of it cut into wedges; handful of flat-leaf parsley, chopped; 300 g of short-grain rice.

THIS WAS A GOOD ONE.

## Thursday 6 June

Dating apps.

Disappointed to learn that speed dating does not involve the use of cocaine.

Feeling discouraged about ever finding true love.

## Friday 7 June

Aunt May has been charged with human trafficking. *What a family.*

## Saturday 8 June

Gardening.

Made some stock from Victoria.

Quiet evening in. Am sharpening my favourite butcher's knife lovingly as I watch the *Sleepless in Seattle* DVD. It's incredibly romantic.

## Sunday 9 June

Took my gardening rubbish to the council tip.

Left Victoria's underwear in a cardboard box outside the charity shop. It's good quality, so somebody might have a use for it.

## Monday 10 June

Cousin Max is in court today. The giraffe has not been called to testify.

## Tuesday 11 June

Bought a new set of scales. 79.8 kgs. Much better. Feel I can relax now.

## Wednesday 12 June

Tedious day at work, so to cheer myself up I decided to attempt a Baked Alaska.

Mistake. Ended up with a melted puddle beneath a carboniferous meringue. Binned it.

Chinese takeaway.

## Thursday 13 June

Max's trial transcripts have been made available. Grim reading. Featured on the front page of the less-respectable papers.

Questions in Parliament. The Prime Minister declares himself concerned.

## Friday 14 June

O boy. Cousin Max has really started something. Lots of Animal Rights people outside the lab this morning. There may be trouble. If we're lucky.

(Later: we weren't lucky.)

## Saturday 15 June

Feeling wound up today for no reason. Baked a cake viciously. Then I had a cup of tea and read up on bloodstains.

## Sunday 16 June

Victoria's husband is home and beside himself with worry. Yeah, right. I've buried Victoria's lower intestine under one of the bushes in their front garden as a *memento mori*. Call me sentimental.

## Monday 17 June

We have a new employee at the lab who likes Celine Dion. Real weirdo. Looks like the sort who would top himself for a bet.

He's called Digby. Has a comb-over. Was singing the theme to *Titanic* during our lunch break and therefore has to die.

## Tuesday 18 June

Way to go! Aunt May has busted out of the County Jail after wounding two police officers. She's amazingly sprightly for 74.

## Wednesday 19 June

Next door's German Shepherd crapped on my lawn today. The pooch is next on my list after Digby.

## Thursday 20 June

A six-month sentence for Cousin Max. He'll never learn, that boy. The giraffe is having counselling, apparently.

## Friday 21 June

Public sense of outrage waning already. Only two bored Animal Rights people outside the lab today. I threw a dead rhesus monkey over the wall, but even that couldn't get them excited.

## Saturday 22 June

Went through my tool box. This knife isn't big enough for what I have in mind. Maybe I should buy a chainsaw. Something that can cut through bone.

For dinner, fried Norwegian salmon with fresh vegetables. Green juice. Delicious.

## Sunday 23 June

Gigantic pile of dog poo on my lawn this morning. It had blue flecks in it. What on earth is he feeding that animal?

## Monday 24 June

79.8 kgs. Getting there.

While I was dissecting a rat this afternoon, Digby asked me if I liked ABBA. The oaf is insufferable.

## Tuesday 25 June

Staying away from Snickers bars.

Just discovered Digby likes Morris Dancing! I was going to let him live till the weekend, but there's only so much a man can take.

## Wednesday 26 June

Overheard Digby at work making plans for the weekend. Complete waste of time. The only thing he'll be doing this weekend is decomposing.

My new chainsaw is amazing, but very noisy. Still, I suppose it will drown out the shrieking.

## Thursday 27 June

Received a letter from Aunt May. She's in Rio. Interested in opening a brothel and wants to know if I'd like to manage it. *Tempting.*

Left the lab early and went to the prison to see Cousin Max. He's asked the warden if he can keep a pet mouse. Such an animal lover.

## Friday 28 June

Digby's heart is no longer in his work. It is in my fridge.

## Saturday 29 June

Bought a ticket to Rio. I feel I need a change of scenery. Plus, it will be nice to see Aunt May again. It's been a while.

## A NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR

If you have enjoyed this unnatural little piece, I wonder if I might request that you leave a review on Amazon. It doesn't have to be long: just a few scyphantic, uncritical words will suffice.

We writers love that sort of thing as it keeps our egos puffed up and gives us something with which to brag to our friends.

If you are in the US click [HERE](#), or if you are in the UK click [HERE](#)

Should you live anywhere else in the world, first of all, congratulations. Secondly, please track down this humble little tome on your local Amazon website to do the necessaries.

If you would like to read another of my offerings (and one in a similar vein of inappropriateness), you might want to take a look at *Jim Fosse's Expense Claim*. It's also free to download, or at least it was the last time I checked.

US-dwellers click [HERE](#), UK dwellers click [HERE](#). If you are resident elsewhere, you will find it on your local Amazon site.

In the unlikely event that you are not heartily fed up yet, the next page contains information about me and my other scribbling efforts.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

“Makes a living by travelling, talking a lot and sometimes writing stuff down. Galericulate author, polymath and occasional smarty-pants.”

John Dolan hails from a small town in the North-East of England. Before turning to writing, his career encompassed law and finance. He has run businesses in Europe, South and Central America, Africa and Asia. He and his wife Fiona currently divide their time between Thailand and the UK.

John's published novels include the *Time, Blood and Karma* and *Children of Karma* mystery/thriller series featuring PI David Braddock, and the dark comedy *Fun with Dick*.

You can follow John's ramblings on Twitter [@JohnDolanAuthor](https://twitter.com/JohnDolanAuthor)

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