

TALLY HO!

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Hello again, possums. As some of you know, I've been in Australia since we last spoke, (Missed you dreadfully, too true, mates.)

Now I'm back and so worried about our dear Mr. Bell.

He was on the radio the other day with terrible news. Apparently he and his colleagues are in danger from 'a populist witch hunt.' It sounds quite dreadful does it not? Some kind of Walpurgis Night with bells on?

And all this worry for him caused by some crass clowns who are complaining that he and his playmates in the House of Fun should have a pay freeze or even a pay cut to demonstrate that we are indeed 'all in this together.' Using his own words against him! How low can these carpers sink?

And 'populist'. The unkindest cut of all. A populist, as we all know, is someone who holds or is concerned with the views of ordinary people. And Mr. Bell is far from ordinary. He mixes with 'individuals of high net worth' and presides over our wonderful 'low tax jurisdiction.'

Yet he remains a true democrat. As he often says; 'My door is always open.' So I trotted into the House the other day to assure him of my staunch support. (Though witless others may complain, I for one am always behind him.)

Regrettably, his door was shut. A kind gentleman, looking rather sweet in such a well-cut suit, explained that Mr. Bell was away in the City of London even as we spoke, and of course looking after our interests as usual. I was disappointed of course but did get such a thrill from my new friend's firm male grip on my left elbow as he assisted me to the exit. A 'Shades of Grey' moment that I'll treasure forever.