

The sinking of the Pea Green Boat
and other stories by

ALEC KITROEFF

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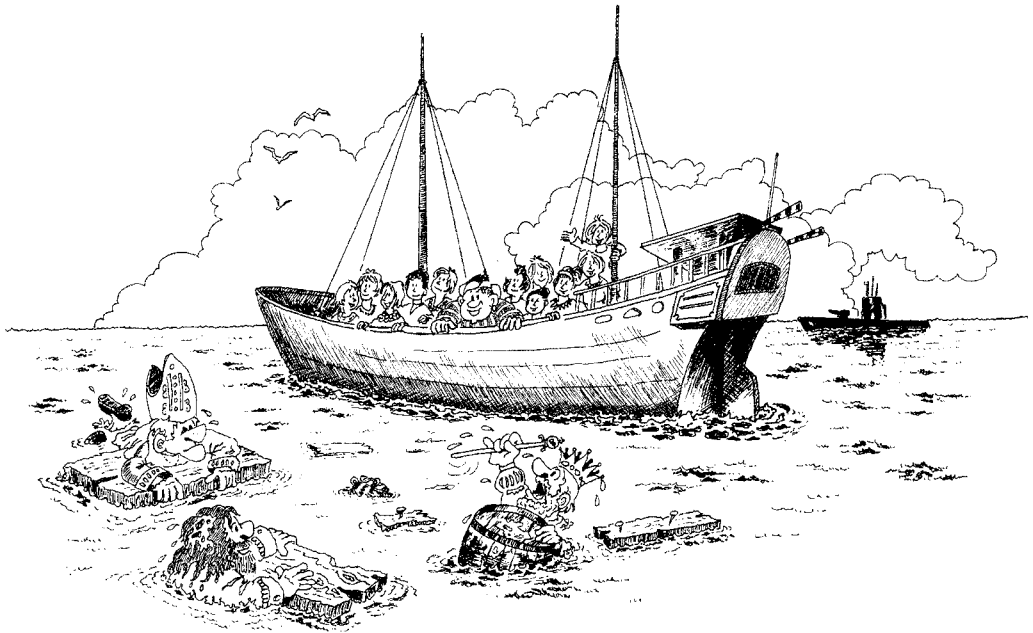
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Απαγορεύεται η αναδημοσίευση ή αναπαραγωγή του παρόντος έργου στο σύνολό του ή τμημάτων του με οποιονδήποτε τρόπο, κλητός και η μετάφραση ή διασκευή του ή εκμετάλλευσή του με οποιονδήποτε τρόπο αναπαραγωγής έργου λόγου ή τέχνης, σύμφωνα με τις διατάξεις του ν. 2121/1993 και της Διεθνούς Σύμβασης Βέρνης-Παρισιού, που κυρώθηκε με το ν. 100/1975. Επίσης απαγορεύεται η αναπαραγωγή της στοιχειοθεσίας, σελιδοποιήσης, εξωφύλλου και γενικότερα της ύλης αισθητικής εμφάνισης του βιβλίου, με φωτοτυπικές, ηλεκτρονικές ή οποιεσδήποτε άλλες μεθόδους, σύμφωνα με το άρθρο 51 του ν. 2121/1993.

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The Sinking of the Pea Green Boat

The Count of Monte Cristo, the Prisoner of Zenda, the King of Montenegro, the Abbot of Monte Cassino and the Pope of Rome went to sea in a beautiful pea green boat, leaving behind the Owl and the Pussycat (no pets allowed) with the object of planning a hostile takeover of Monty Python's Flying Circus.

What they didn't know, however, was that Grand Admiral Karl Dönitz was stalking them in a war surplus German U-boat and, following orders from the Spanish Inquisition, he fired three torpedoes at them, blowing the pea green boat sky high and throwing all its occupants into the water.

In due course, they were rescued by the Paramount Sultan of Backsheesh, out on his regular constitutional in the royal dhow, with his eleven wives in attendance.

The survivors thanked the Sultan profusely and gave him a large tip. This he used to buy another wife in Dar-es-Salaam, making his consorts a round dozen.

Little Red Minnehaha

A Native American girl called Little Red Minnehaha (because she wore a little red hood) was walking through the forest with a basket of goodies for her grandma, who lived in a wigwam close by, when she was accosted by a huge, burly African American who asked her: “Where yo goin’ missy?”

Little Red Minnehaha lifted up her nose and replied: “It’s no business of yours but if you must know, I’m taking this basket of goodies to my grandma who lives in a wigwam on the edge of the forest.”

On hearing this, the African American dashed ahead of Little Red Minnehaha to her grandma’s wigwam, frightening her out of her wits and causing her to jump into the latrine behind the wigwam.

The African American then hid inside the wigwam and waited for Little Red Minnehaha to turn up.

When she did, the African American pounced upon her, baring his shiny white teeth with a menacing growl.

“Let me go, you ebony son of a she-dog,” Minnehaha screamed, “and what have you done with my grandma?”

Her scream was heard by a Caucasian ranger on patrol in the forest who rushed into the wigwam, rescued Little Red Minnehaha and fished the grandma out of the latrine. He then arrested the African American and charged him with frightening old ladies and assaulting Native American young girls wearing little red hoods.

Later, he wrote a very long poem about Minnehaha’s boy friend Hiawatha, his name being Longfellow.

The Islamic Car

At a board meeting in Tehran of Iran’s leading car maker, the proposal to build an Islamic car was greeted with enthusiasm and the ayatollah presiding over the meeting was asked to express his views on the project.

After some thought, he said: “The Islamic car will have to fulfill three basic conditions. First, it must have a compass to show accurately and at all times the direction of Mecca; secondly, it must be provided with a sufficient number of Korans for its passengers to read during the journey; thirdly,

and most importantly, it must have a timer which will turn off the engine to stop the car wherever it may be, five times a day, so the occupants can lay down their prayer rugs, and say their prayers as prescribed by the holy Koran.

“Then, and only then, can your project have the blessings of Allah and his infinite mercy and can the Islamic car be preserved from accidents and other misfortunes.

“Failing divine protection, however, I can warmly recommend the Esfahan Insurance Company which is owned by my brother-in-law, for fully comprehensive cover and the swiftest possible settlement of claims” he concluded, distributing brochures of his brother-in-law’s insurance company

Variety is the Spice of Life

Fernando Fettucino, the pasta king of Italy, put his arm round his daughter’s shoulders and said: “Parmegiana, my pet, why do you insist on ignoring fine young Italians like Costanzo Carbonara and Bartolomeo Bolognese, who manufacture superb sauces for our pasta, and prefer to date that insipid German *porca miseria* Heinz Ketchup?”

“Because, papa” she replied demurely, “as you know only too well, Heinz has all of 57 varieties.”

Fly Treat

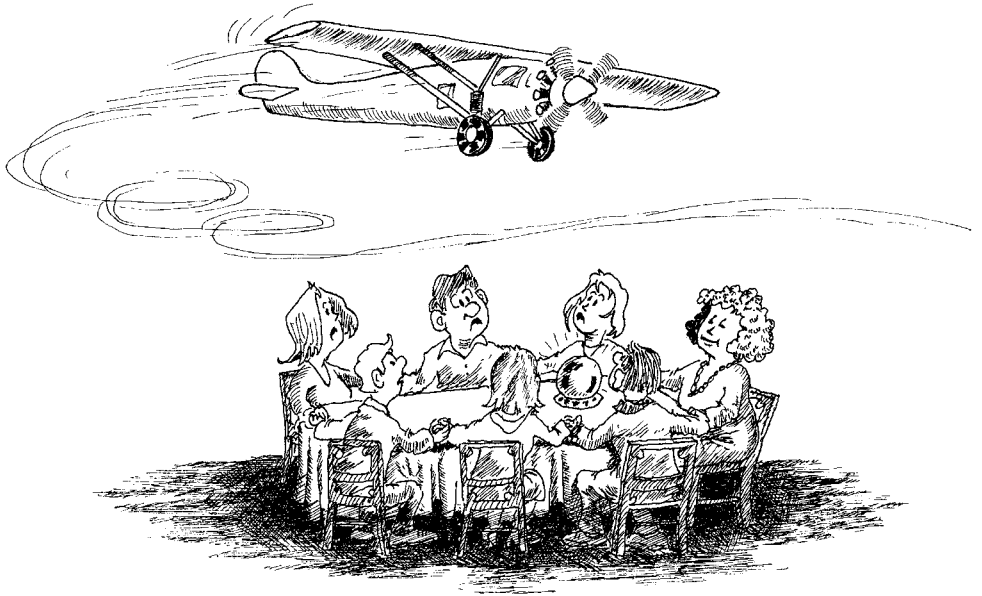
Seseko, the safari cook, fished out the fly that had just fallen into his pancake mix and said: “I knows you like my pancakes, little friend, but if you wants a real treat, you just wait until the bwana eats them today and then you keep a lookout for them tomorrow, after he been!”

Fond Memories

Marcel Prutz , the famous French author, was noted for his fondness for bean soup, the consumption of which would cause him to produce very loud and prolonged farts. Wishing to preserve these for posterity he described them in detail in his major work “Remembrance of Winds Passed” which comes with a CD on which the appropriate sounds have been faithfully recorded.

A Spiritual Seance

Mme. Fleur Dubinsky, the medium, is famous for the strange sounds that come out of her while in a trance, but the sitters at one of her weekly séances were truly alarmed when the darkened room was filled with the roar of an airplane at full throttle.

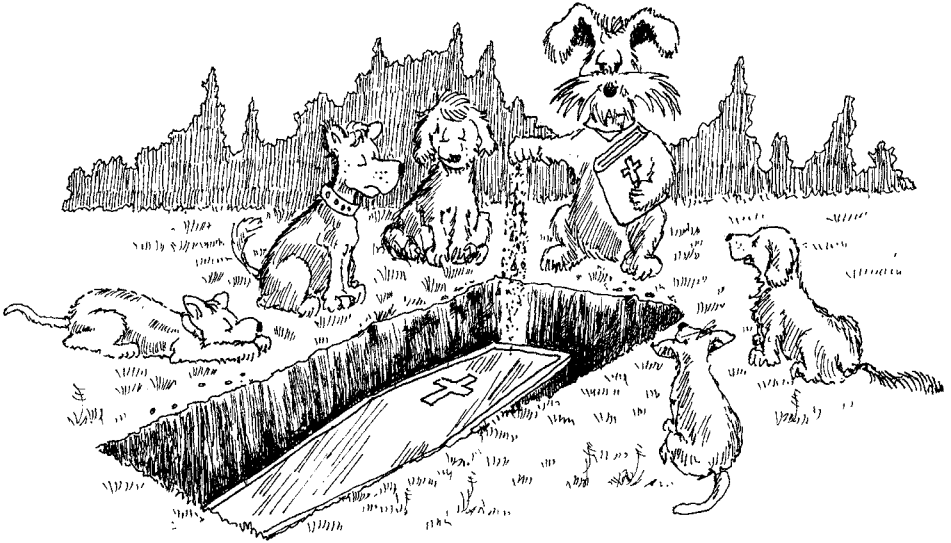


They would have fled in terror if the medium had not reassured them by saying:

“Please relax. No cause to worry. I am proud to say that what you just heard was Colonel Lindbergh flying the ‘Spirit of St. Louis!’”

R.I.P.

At the Pet Cemetery in Copenhagen a schnauzer adjusted his dog collar and addressed the mourners with the words: “We are gathered here to say farewell to Rex, a good friend and an honored member of our canine community. His passing has



filled our hearts with grief and I am sure you will agree with me when I say he was a Great Dane!”

Imperial Politeness

Tang Yu was a Chinese emperor of the Ming dynasty whose politeness was legendary throughout China because every time his name was mentioned he would respond with a benign “You’re welcome!”

Pavarotti, Eat Your Heart Out

His teacher at the Milan Conservatory commended star pupil Federico Falsetto on his progress but one day gently suggested that it wouldn't be a bad idea if he changed his name and made it more consistent with his operatic skills.

Federico was rather puzzled by his teacher's advice but nevertheless decided to follow it, duly changing his name from Federico to Luciano Falsetto.

What's up, doc?

Sebastian Snoop, the sharp-eyed correspondent of the authoritative weekly *The Doctor's Waiting Room*, was sitting at the bar of the Ritz Hotel in Ouagadougou, capital of Burkina Faso in West Africa, which was hosting the XVIth World Congress of Medical Practitioners, having a drink with his French friend and colleague Ulysse Sans-Frontières.

He noted a small group of delegates to the Congress sitting at one of the bar tables and, with the help of Ulysse, identified them as the distinguished Armenian gynecologist, Dr. Calouste Fallopian; the noted Chinese otorhinolaryngologist Dr. Sei Ah; the renowned proctologist Dr. Uriah Uranus and the famous Italian urologist Professor Vaselino Vasectomi.

They were engaged in a heated discussion that caused Sebastian to prick up his ears and nudge his friend.

“I wonder what they’re discussing, d’you think it could be a breakthrough in finding a cure for HIV infections or maybe cancer?”

Ulysse shrugged and said: “Why don’t you go and sit at a table near to them and you might be able to hear what they’re saying.”

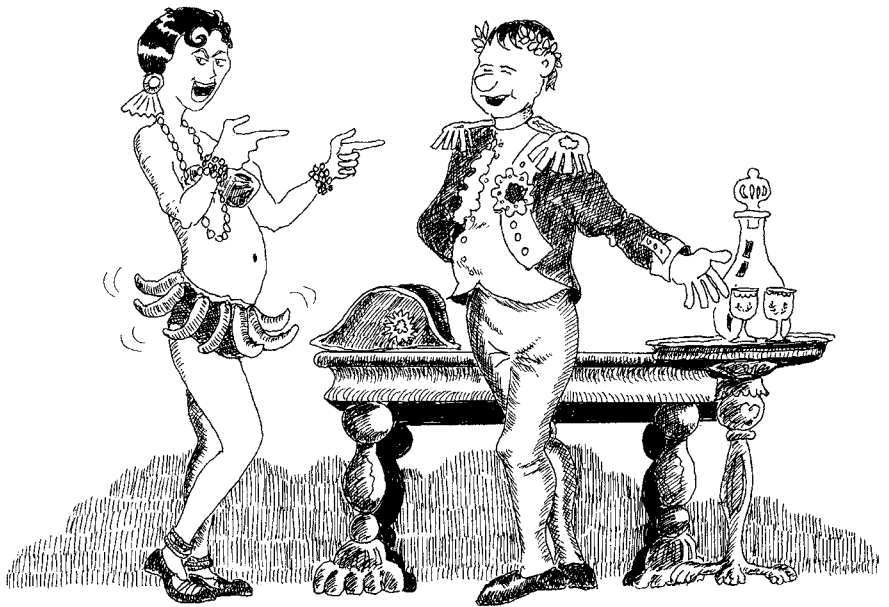
Snoop nodded and did as his friend had suggested. Ten minutes later he was back at the bar counter.

“You won’t believe this, my friend,” he said to Ulysse, “but all they’re doing is discussing whether they should tip the room maid and if so by how much!”

Vive l’Empereur!

When young Herodotus Hicks was asked by his teacher to summarize the career of Napoleon Bonaparte in less than 150 words he became so nervous and confused that he mixed up all the events and characters in the French emperor’s life and produced the following summary:

“Napoleon Bonaparte joined the French army at an early age and became known as *le petit caporal* (the little corporal) because he was short and weedy like a French cigarette. Later, however, he rose through the ranks to become emperor and



marry Josephine Baker (a nude dancer who wore nothing but a bunch of bananas round her waist). After this he conquered all of Europe except for Russia where his army got bogged down in the snow.

“He was then captured and sent in exile to the island of Peach Melba (named after a famous Australian soprano). From there, he was able to escape and march with an army for 100 days to Waterloo Station in London where he was defeated by the Duke of Wellington (famous for his boots) and exiled again to another island called Saint Theresa (named after an Albanian nun who cared for sick Bangladeshis) where he wrote his memoirs and died.

A Tip of the Hat

The president of Manhattan Men's Hats was breaking the sad news to the company's chief hatter, 75-year-old Primo Capello, to the effect that his services would no longer be required.

"Primo, my old buddy, I don't doubt that you're the best hatter in America, and possibly in the world, but you must realize that if people wear hats these days they are invariably baseball caps, beanies, yarmulkes and similar which are much easier to make and certainly much cheaper than the trilbys, fedoras, bowlers, borsalinos and top hats you have been turning out with such skill all these years. So you must realize, Primo my old friend, that the company doesn't need you anymore.

"But what we can do for you is give you a handsome retirement bonus, a small pension and the traditional farewell lunch."

Old Primo mopped his tears and looked thoroughly forlorn. Not knowing quite what to say he finally pulled himself together and asked:

"Lunch? Where?"

"At the Brown Derby of course," the president replied, "where else?"

The Haunted Suite

The manager of the Tchaikowsky Hotel in St.Petersburg, Fla. replied as follows to the request for a reservation by Mrs. Leonora Stokowski and her sister:

“Dear Madam,

I regret to say that the only availability we have for the dates you have asked for is the Nutcracker Suite. This suite, I am afraid, is haunted by an evil spirit which has already driven two of our guests insane by causing them to self-inflict crushing damage to certain of their body parts. However, I am sure this should not worry you or your sister.”

Labor Problem

“Hello, is that the legal department? This is Chuck Corpuscle at Haematology. I'd like to know if there'd be any danger of an affirmative action lawsuit if I fire two weirdo immigrants from Transylvania?”

“Let me check. What are their names?”

“Vlad Dracul and Nastase Nosferatu.”

“Let me see. They were hired a month ago. Why d'you want to fire them?”

“Well, they claim to be allergic to daylight and can only work at night. So I put them on the night shift and all they do