

# Lord Advocate & Prosecutor General



**Official Place of Residence:** I currently reside in Streatham in the Borough of Lambeth, South London, where I am prominent member of the local community and can often be found ministering to the sick, attending the larger religious ceremonies and giving the poor advice about standards of dress and etiquette. I am a frequent correspondent to the Streatham Evening Times and my stance in respect of ladies of the night who ply their trade in this area is well known.

**What is your favourite Cheese?** Sir, I wouldn't take Gouda from a dying Chinaman. Can't stand the stuff. It is plainly not coincidence that Edam is an anagram of Mad E, a wellknown nickname for Lucifer himself and Wensleydale is E-lad-ye-lsnew backwards.

**What is your marital Status?** I am not prepared to disclose such personal details at this time over

this medium. I will however make it clear that the incident in the gentleman's latrines at Staines Railway Station with the former Dr Who actor Tom Baker of which you may have read was nothing other than an unfortunate misunderstanding. Appropriate reparation has been offered and I expect that to be the end of the matter.

**What is your preferred Alcoholic Beverage?** Tea. With beer in it. Sometimes without the tea.

**Briefly describe your best self-inflicted injury sustained whilst drunk, and the circumstances surrounding this event:** The Cardinal's sister, house party, Scarborough, 1985.

**What, in your erudite opinion, is the Greatest Book Ever Written?** The Bible and Shakespeare'. I'm not sure of the author but I am given to understand it's very popular on desert islands, which I think speaks volumes.

And what is your ideal choice for Bedtime Reading?

I would go for a practical tome such as 'Clarks' Shoes Guide to Children's Feet' or perhaps 'Modern Thinking on Desk Design for the Disabled'.

In the realm of the motion picture, what would be your perfect Afternoon Matinee? Anything with Hugh Grant and Clark Gable in it. The two finest actors of this or indeed any era. One was named after the end of a house and the other after the thing that students used to get in order to enable them to buy drugs.

And for Late Night viewing? Ditto. When you have a winning formula it's best to stick to it, as the late Mrs Advocate used to say about her recipe for crispie cakes which were, I can tell you, the talk of the village fetes across four counties.

If forced for tax reasons to leave dear old Blighty, where would you choose to reside? I have contemplated Sweden for the rugged beauty of the landscape, the pure crisp air and the fact that

lots of blonde secretaries sunbathe topless in the parks at lunchtime in the summer. However they have a more restrictive tax regime than we do, which I sense may defeat the object. So probably somewhere where they can't count very well, like Filey.

In the unlikely event of you being deprived of your vast unearned income, which of the professions would beckon? Why, the oldest profession of them all, of course. Cave painting.

What, might I enquire, is your favourite work of Art? Anything by Britain's finest artist, Tony Hart. I particularly like 'Boy on a bicycle scratching his nads', canvas, oils and peanut, 1975.

What, within the confines of good taste, is your favourite aroma? As well you know I lost the power of smell and taste in service of Queen and Country and Art some years after the Second War had reached a successful conclusion. I was guesting with Huddersfield's premier heavy metal outfit,

Ttthrrggk!!!, on the world's first and only nine string bass (three low Bs) when a chance collision backstage with an industrial toaster took me to the very brink of mortality. Had it not been for the quick thinking of the emergency services and a handy tub of lard, the consequences would have much more severe.

*Blondes, or Brunettes?* Blondes. Or Brunettes. Can't say I'm that fussy.

*In the unfortunate event of your demise, which (living or deceased) performer or artistes would you engage for the wake/funeral?* Philip Glass. I shouldn't want it to be a happy affair.

*And, in a similar vein, (perhaps), which historical figure would you most like to meet?* Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans. My bachelor lifestyle and good works for the less fortunate members of the community leave me with little time for the mundane routines of life like cleaning and cooking. A French maid in one of those outfits they wear on the internet would be just the ticket.

*As a man not only of refinement, but of action, what is your preferred sporting activity, either as participant or observer?* The penny slots have been both my salvation and my downfall. I fear I have become addicted. I should not wish it on my worst enemy and yet those machines have become my best, nay only, friend. If this seems odd, then so be it.

*And finally, do you have a personal motto, and if so, what in God's name is it?* Onward to mayhem.