

DARK AND MYSTERIOUS

By Jeff Dunne

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HANK

Alright, look. I'm not one for speeches, and frankly I never actually met Ronny in person. Well, not really. I mean, a wave and a smile don't really cover it, but I can't just sit here and listen to everyone go on about what a terrible bloke he was. Someone's got to say something positive, right?

Now, sure, Mr. Hudson had his problems. And I'll admit that my first interactions were not all that positive. If you're going away for weeks at a time, take a minute have your post held. I mean, trying to shove letters and adverts into that little cubby sometimes took me a good two or three minutes, which may not sound like a lot to you, but it's a big deal when you've got a route to keep.

But that's when I started to realize... if I can't get the letters in, maybe it's alright to give it a bit of a read and see if it really matters. And the one thing I'm sure of, Ronny Hudson, or 'Dark Mysterious Tickler' as Connie Hatchings used to call him in some rather cleverly rhyming verse, was a very unusual fellow. I mean, it's not your average John who gets catalogs from both the Nature Conservancy and Madam Treauduex's Spanking Emporium.

But it's clear that he meant a lot of different things to a lot of people, not the least of whom was Her Majesty's Revenue and Customs, who seemed confused as to whether he worked in textile retail or military exports. In fact, the only thing all of his jobs had in common was the letter 'x'. I still don't know what xenobiology means, but me mum says she thinks it's a code for 'sex worker'. Which makes sense, since it also has an 'x' in it.

Anyway, like I said, I think we should try to say something positive here, so... it seems to me, at least, that he was pretty good at what he did, whatever that was, and uhh... I'm *positive* that Ms. Hatchings, as well as all the other ladies at Northbury Senior Living, are going to miss him very much.