



POSTCARDS - WHAT REALLY HAPPENS

ANDY: I continue "nightlife cool, girls hot, wild time." I run out of space, and send it. My phone instantly beeps, demanding pictures of the hot girls. The nearest the tea shop's ninety year old waitress gets to hot is flushes. I buy 'Cosmo' and photo one of their swimsuit models.

HENRY: Although by the twenty-third postcard, I have writers' cramp, I tell my pals at length about how much I've been drinking, and that I'm getting really brown. I will use fake tan before I go home.

ANDY: I don't get cramp, because I text all the time at home too. I go on about how much I've been drinking, and how tanned I am. My phone beeps. My mates sent a picture of them in the pub, and demand to see the tan. At least they haven't guessed my drinking is all herbal teas. I photograph a ninety year old stranger's arm, and send it back to them.

HENRY: When I go home, I tell my friends what a brilliant time I had. I feign surprise that they got my postcard, claiming that on my last day, a bomb destroyed the town. That should put them off ever discovering it's the world's dullest resort.

ANDY: When I go home, my friends completely avoid me, because the arm in the photo had leprosy. However they still send me pictures of the girls they've pulled while I was away. It doesn't take a phone to show what I think, although I still make good use of two fingers.

END