

## **Blofeld's Video Diary**

Today has seen the culmination of many months of hard work. I never realised just how difficult the construction would be. It's not the big things that get you down it's the little things. Have you ever tried buying 300 orange jumpsuits in assorted sizes from the 'Army and Navy' stores without people getting suspicious; and there's always someone who doesn't want to wear orange.

"Does my bum look bigger with the tool belt or without?"

"Can't I wear some slimming stripes",

"Do you operate a casual day on Fridays?" - Honestly!

Recruitment's tough too. It took weeks to interview all the applicants. Most of them were a waste of time; the people the job centre sent round were almost universally unsuitable. It should have been easy; the advert was very specific...

"Wanted. Minions. Needed for construction and operation of underground lair. Must panic easily when attacked by solitary intruder and take turns fighting him one at a time, must not rush all at once. Excellent tax-free salary, private medical cover, three months short-term contract. Previous experience of monorails an advantage."

Some of the people they sent were almost capable of thinking for themselves! Some said their consciences wouldn't allow them work for an employer bent on world domination. Others were unhappy about relocating to a remote island in the South-China seas. One said he had concerns about the environmental impact of the job – I explained we were only threatening Birmingham and it wasn't like the nerve gas would drift all the way to the rain forests or anything. Don't these people want gainful employment? Bring back National Service – that's what I say.

We've had three Piranha keepers since we started the project. The first one turned out to be a vegetarian so he'd bought fruit eating Piranhas. I had him covered in jam and thrown in the pool, but once the Piranha's had licked the jam off we ended up having to throw him a life-belt, pull him out and *then* shoot him. His replacement had previously looked after Dolphins at a Florida theme park and sadly forgot and went swimming with them, briefly.

But the third fellow seems to have got the hang of it.

Also I must remember to phone the sodding estate agent who sold me this volcano. She assured me that it was extinct but I'm sure the Goldfingers left early last night because of the distinct smell of sulphur about the place.

"Oh yes Mr. Blofeld I've found just the thing" she said when she phoned me about it. "It's a roomy hollowed out volcano on it's own private island. The previous megalomaniac had central heating installed; the windows are double-glazed and the main lounge opens onto a charming patio. Plus there's a twin-submarine underwater garage."

Well the central heating appears to be molten lava, there *are* no windows to *be* double-glazed and the patio has appalling 70's crazy paving all over it and not even a barbeque! It'll have to go. Don't even get me started on the garage. Two submarines? Ha! It'll just about hold my mini-submarine and the emergency escape pod.

Oh and the island isn't even private! There's a Mr. Scaramaga in the hideout next door who's a gun collector or something and he's always banging away night and day at something or other. Also I'm sure that midget of his has been pilfering our building supplies. If he doesn't stop it soon the Piranha's will be having a starter before their next meal.

'Tiddles' the cat doesn't like here. She hates moving and with my job I never get to settle in one place very long. Still I've bought her a new scratching post and rubber secret agent so it won't be long before she settles in. I must make sure a minion fixes the fence between our firing range and Mr. Scaramanga's ... If Tiddles wandered over there I know he'd have a 'View to a Kill'. He's invited me over to dinner a few times now, I don't really want to go but I might as well, after all 'You Only Live Twice'. Tiddles isn't invited, he says he's allergic to cats but I've only brought the one, it's not as if there's 'Pussys Galore'.

We're about ready to fire the first rocket tonight. I'd better go and make sure that the minions have pointed it at the right city. I still need to record my menacing ransom demands. Putting on that

sinister voice is tiresome but the world's governments just won't take you seriously unless you sound the part.

All this evil plotting exhausts me; I think I deserve a short break. Skiing in the Alps possibly or that trip to Japan I've been promising myself for years.

Oh hell there's the intruder alarm. I suppose I'd better go and supervise things, this bunch of losers couldn't take over the local Meals On Wheels without me telling them what to do every step of the way. I just hope it's not that fellow Bond again. I'm getting sick and tired of him and his cocky one-liners. I've a good mind to just shoot him in the head this time instead of tying him up with string in a room with a convenient air-vent guarded by a half-asleep minion who won't notice the laser hidden in his shoe.

I knew I should have been a lawyer like my brother....