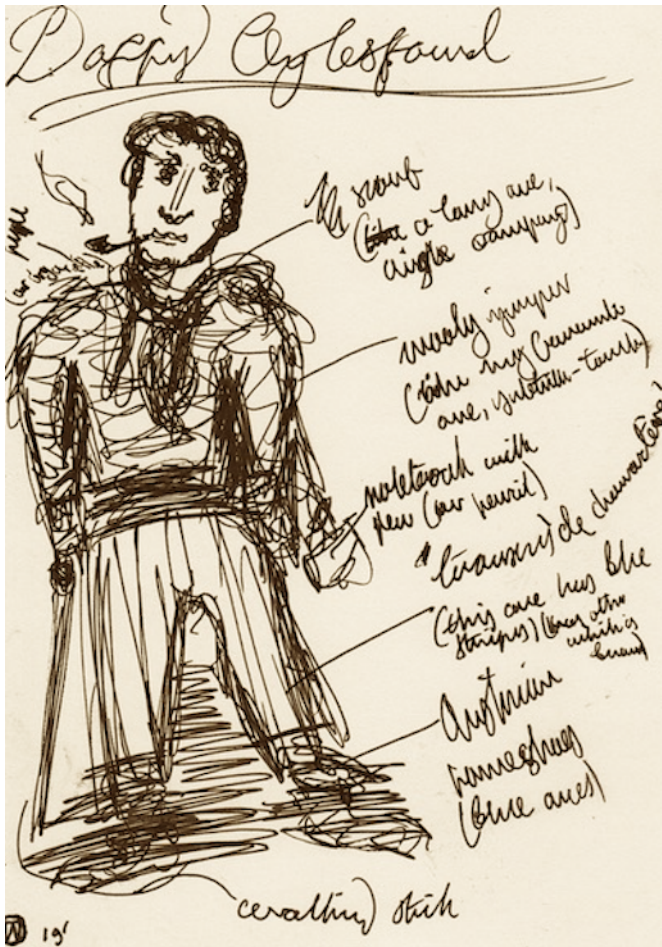


Daffy Aylesford



Whilst I was writing my second novel, I always have ideas for other books, with some being about this and other about that; I got about half a dozen of those literary projects, and one of them is Daffy Aylesford. The very name itself got inspired whilst I was strolling about Chelsea, and I suddenly came up with this quiet, typical London street with a church, and all was peaceful. Beautiful scenery, and then, what do I see? Aylesford Street. At once the idea comes flashing in my mind that this would be a spiffing name for a character, and after some thoughts I came up with Daffy Aylesford.

He is an English aristocrat, who has a debonair air about him and is mostly locked up back at his manor house somewhere in the English countryside, where he practices golf daily. He mostly puts on casual clothes whilst no visitors are around him, that are some brown knickerbockers, a shirt and a golf jumper with some orange and white patterns, and on top of it all he puts his favourite eight panel cap, as to play golf without the need to change constantly. He got two dogs, one a spaniel and one a labrador, who constantly try to show off, always ending in some ridiculous show that they make.

Daffy is, by profession, a writer, and he can dash up to his cabinet at any time of the day, maybe it is even dinner, just to make a quick note about this sudden inspiration.

Now that you kind of get who he is, the plot is like this – he comes up to London to visit his friend Ernest Thurlow, and lunches with him at the club, and after to his uncle, whom he always think is a terrifying fellow. There, he and his cousin get a bit drunk on champagne and start to play rugby in the drawing room, and destroy the chandelier, in which the uncle is furious, and kicks him out of the house, and so to escape his uncle's anger Daffy, with his two dogs, his friend Ernest, embarks on adventures that are heading south, Paris, the Blue Train, the Alps, Pyrenees, and of course the French Riviera, and in all of this he can't but help to get himself wrapped inside a plot that includes, murder, robbery, blackmail, and a mystery in which he tries to unravel, as he is innocently plunged into something that is way more dangerous than it first seemed.

But whilst the writing is yet to be done, I always do some sketches and dotting down all my ideas unto paper, in which I did, with some including some little illustrations of my own, and all of this to help me write this new project in literature.

Daffy Aylesford

Chapter 1 (I)



It was a cold, damp mid-winter day and snow had fallen on Brockham Hall. Sir David Honorius Honorius Aylesford – the proprietor of the estate – was lying on the divan in his study, whilst drinking a refreshing *tisane*. The night had been a crisp one, and he was still recovering from it, by having heaps of warm blankets wrapped tightly around him and a good book to keep him company.

At this particular morning, as that was the time of the day, he lay there, deep in thought. He had forgotten something he wanted to do, and it was at the tip of his tongue, but he just couldn't remember what it was. He was deeply concerned, because he recollected after some time, that it had been of a matter of deep importance. His brain was functioning less than usual, as the country squire had a headache he had received the night before, because of some bally thing or other that had roamed the grounds in the night, screeching like some unpleasant opera singer that had its voice broken.

Daffy – as that was the term most people referred to him – rang the bell, and in came the butler Mason. Unlike his master, he was very much at ease, and was ready for the day, with an impeccable suit that had not a single stain on it.

“Did sir call for me?” he asked.

“Hullo Mason! Could you bring me the letters from the post?”

“Of course sir. It will be done sir,” the baronet – that is, Daffy – thought for a moment, and when the butler was about to leave, he interrogated him.

“I forgot to mention, Mason. But, could you bring me some breakfast. Er – a few eggs, toasts and the usual whatnot.”

“Would you wait for lunch, sir? I would recommend it, sir. It is half past ten. Lunch will be served in two hours.”

“Ah, about that. I've been dining with young Alfie Davies last night until – h'm, well, can't remember, but it was awfully late, because not only that, but some foul animal on this premise had interrupted my sleepings by demonstrating its capabilities of making one's ear go dancing the tango. S- – I think I'll have only breakfast for now – or what do they call it now, er –”

“Brunch, sir. The term is – in my opinion grotesque and (“Ha! What would have young Alfie Davies said!”) generally used for a mixture of the two, and is served at eleven. The word is a portmanteau of breakfast and lunch, making it –”

“Golly, Mason – I didn't know you had the minds of an Oxford – or Cambridge, oh well – dictionary.”

“I gather it is a compliment sir, and I will gladly accept it.”

“Yes, yes, but returning to the matter of this brunch –” here, Mason flinched a little, “I'll like it to be served at eleven promptly,”

“Very good sir. Is that all, sir?” Mason asked.

“Er – yes, thank you Mason. You may leave. The cook – Liz Wrinkler, I gather, oh Elizabeth – does not like to have her meals cooked late you know, so chop chop!” The Butler left.

(to be continued...)

Daffy Aylesford

Chapter 1 (II)



Daffy sipped the rest of the tea, and decided to write a line or two of his novel. He was a writer, and we can say also a poet, but he never admitted that, saying that he was only to become a poet, after he was dead. It was his favourite saying which he had picked up at some lecture on some chaps called philosophers, that were having an exclusive trip to England – them coming from Austria, or was it Liechtenstein?

He rose from the divan, and put on his silk dressing gown and houseshoes. When he had done that, he walked slowly to the window and looked out onto the manor's grounds. There it all was, his park covered in snow, all white, and not a single vegetation was in site. He stared at the pale horizon; there was the morning sun, shining beams of glistening rays that fell on earth, but with little effect did it have of warming Brockham Hall. The sky was filled with dull, greyish clouds, that rested peacefully, looming over the grounds like some great burden. The scarce birds that were to be found, were seen chirping greetings to our young baronet; the wind whistled like some screeching flute, as the branches of the trees quivered; the bushes were bare naked, apart from the snow that covered it like some white carpet.

“Ah! For once, the world is peaceful and silent.” thought Daffy. Alas, his statement was juxtaposed by the sudden knock on his study's door.

“Come in.” he said wearily, and sighed. It was Mason, who came in with a tray carrying Daffy's breakfast and the daily letters.

“Thank you, Mason. If you would put it there, by my bureau – I will write for a short while.”

“Indeed, sir?” the butler said, with a slight frown on his face. He disliked the habit of the youngster eating his breakfast whilst writing.

“Yes, Mason. You see, the world is simply too perfect to be avoided written at. Look at this view, Mason. Just look at the beautiful, sleeping world.” Mason stared at where he pointed, and agreed when he saw the countryside. There was now a slight fog, and it made the ground's even more mysterious, and he understood why Daffy, being an aesthetic poet, who admired the nature's beauty, would like to write something, even if it meant eating breakfast alongside it.

“It certainly seems excellent to look at, sir.” he spoke with a deep voice, and for a moment had rested his eyes on looking at the distance. The east of Somerset had always been his favourite countryside to stare at, as that was where the Manor was.

“Mason?”

“Yes, sir?” he said, whilst still looking out into the park.

“Mason,” resumed Daffy, “do you have the feeling that outside the world is desolated? Forget the poem. You see, I just remembered the thing that was troubling me the whole morning, I need some change of events.”

“Indeed, sir?” asked Mason, perplexed at his master's sudden change of thoughts.

“Yes. You see – I'm bored of this all.” he mused for a while, and added, as if he thought Mason hasn't understood his meaning. “I'm bored. I need some change of air. Do you have any suggestions, Mason?”

(to be continued...)



2020
Creative writing Project

The incredible Edgar Ferrier -
- a mystery novel

Paris, 1920. A whole ensemble of Bohemian artists form a group to share their creations. This includes Reggie Addington, who suddenly finds that his paintings are getting recognition in the art market, following from an interest of an American Millionaire.

But soon, things get darker, for murder, theft and crimes starts to happen, and unknown criminal forces start to threaten Reggie with death! Seeking refuge amongst his Bohemian friends, his friend Edgar Ferrier decides to investigate the whole affair from head to toe!

Hand Bookband (End of ...)
Ernest de Fawcett - has veiled "Ern"
Duff Sir David de Fawcett - "Daddy"
A retired ...
volatile ...
Beauchamp
DORTMENS
exclamations!
HOLD YOUR HORSES!
Great Scott
Night - ho.
Auntie
Typical
What the devil!
Ho-wo-wo!
(like some ...)Kunlich
bazaar
a solipsist!Gormley

Male Servant:
Estate steward - also the manager
chef - cook.
Valet in charge of painting
Butler - of houses (especially and entertain
in dinners and entertainments. In smaller
houses, butler replaces valet vice versa.
Footman - answering bells, bringing table,
accompanying guests to
rooms etc. - More than one, 1st & 2nd
chambre
Head groom - communicating directly
to master (night).
Grandmother
Branchekeeper. ...
of estate (cleans, nobility etc...)

Female Servants
Housekeeper - Head of female staff
Referred as Mrs, no actual matter what,
Cook - cooks.
Nurse (nanny) - in charge of games
hills.
Housemaid - do the cleaning. Can
be under housemaids in larger houses.
Kitchen maid - things in order in kitchen
laundry maid - washes clothes.
Nursery maid - in charge of nannies
and etc...
Darning maid - has received in 20th century.
Sewing maid - washing kitchen pots, etc...
maid - support of housekeeper.
Housekeeper, cook (said to be male),
housemaid, kitchen maid
housemaid couple of maids -
Grandmother
Count Balshainoff | Gabor (Kusa?) | Baron von ...
Elodie & Clara Dunstan. Sisters about
15 years old brother. Clara two years
younger. Elodie has inquisitive mind
and likes to detect, helping Professor
Lupat, who visits three too young
by ...
Jacqueline de Belkroche: the most
devoted to her. She is a character
Old, kind and is taking over
the Dominian "duo de shoe!"
Dr. Kettermann - German. Came from
Expositio Universelles.
Has an opinion on invention that Buddies steal is.
"tout comme la ville dans la classe
de Steiner. Boudier. Type of little
My. Sularji - (Dutch name) ...

THE INCREDIBLE EDGAR FERRIER

**If one gets in the soup; if one has a spot of trouble here and there -
- one can be fully guaranteed that he will do something about it!**

E.G MONTAIGU

Chapter 1

A Chance Encounter at the Brasserie

It was spring, back in the twenties, and a certain gentleman in his fifties – who wore the best Savile Row suits he could lay his hands on (they were sent to him from London by the post), sported a large moustache (Black in colour), had a somewhat military-style haircut, as indeed he had served as an officer during the Great War, and had attended a cadet – was sitting sipping coffee at the Brasserie Zeyer, Paris, as was his daily custom. He was at his usual minuscule table outside on the terrace, and was scrutinizing the streets of Montparnasse, as that was where the brasserie was situated.

It was a normal working day, and the streets was full of life – the Green Kiosks were having an outstanding business with the crowd buying every newspapers the kiosks could provide, as the newsboys were advertising them with such rigour and such theatrical, almost operatic, voices that the bypassers, who usually thought the papers contained pure gibberish stuff, couldn't help but walk towards the kiosks, like some magnets; there were the usual workers with their cigarettes in their mouths who were tottering about, renovating some buildings or others; the usual old lady with her purse taking a promenade with her pompous little dog – and if a specialist in dogs would recognise it as a bichon frise, those animals that were as fluffy as some kind of wool; there were some bourgeois, including men in fedoras and ladies wearing the latest garments (that could be found in the fashion shops) looking at the vitrines of the boutiques; the bakers unloading another *cargaison* of bread supplies, not to forget the invincible *pain au chocolat* and other pastries; the roads were filled with automobiles showing off their volume by roaring like some kind of Congolese lion; an occasional mad cyclist was seen to be risking their life out there by cycling on the road, with beeps from every corners coming from the cars that had the habit of having no competitors on the streets of other wheel-vehicles; making the whole scene like some kind of bazaaric orchestra!

Baron Dmitri Pavlovich Rojnikoff – a Russian aristocrat who was a white émigré due to the Russian Civil War, who now resided in Paris with a profession of being a *connaissanceur* in art even though having been an officer for the Russian Army – was a man who had a tendency to analyze his surroundings, and this routine of his of doing so when sipping his usual coffee at his usual table, at his usual brasserie, was something that he was proud of.

He was so immersed in his street analyses, particular the moment when young lovers outside on the pavement itself had had a heated argument on some silly hat or other, that when he sighed, thinking of youth's (as he regarded himself as a man who had done all he could have done in life and for him youth was something of the past) follies, he didn't notice a young gentleman asking if the table just next to the Baron (Him, Dmitri Rojnikoff) was free. It was not until the man had woohooed at him and did the act of waving his hand in front of him, that Rojnikoff finally realised that a certain young gentleman had tried in bringing his attention on some matters of his by woohooing and waving his hands in front of his face.

“Eh, yes? Excuse me.” the Russian Aristocrat mumbled.

“Er – excuse me for –” the young gentleman looked rather peevish by intruding – what he thought – was some nostalgic reveries from the former.

“No, no, excuse me for my rudeness. I did not realise that you were speaking to me Mr –?”

“Addington, sir, The Honourable Reginald Aelfric Maximus Addington, Mr–?”

“Rojnikoff. Baron Dmitri Pavlovich Rojnikoff.” The asking of one's name had been rather complicated, as both sides had had families who bestowed upon one's son rather long names, including titles, and both sides thought that the other had had the unluckiness of having a long extravagant name, one thinking of how Russian names were pronounced in the baboon language (no insult to the animal in question); the other thinking of how the English had the bad habit of putting at least a dozen middle names when one could just have one patronymic middle name. The whole situation was somewhat complicated, or maybe that was just a misperception, but no, surely not.

Anyhow, both men greeted each other, which resulted in Baron Rojnikoff offering Reginald Addington – or Reggie, as he preferred to be called – a seat at his table and a latte, which Reggie accepted gladly.

“English I presume, with a name like that Reggie.” asked Rojnikoff, after they were comfortably seated and were talking as if they were friends from childhood.

“Yes, and I gather your name is Russian.” he said. Hearing Reggie's name was indeed English, Rojnikoff switched the language to English, as he was fluent in it.

“Indeed it is. Now, what brings you to Paris – Architecture? Love? Business? Culture? Education? Passion –”

“No need to inquire so thoroughly, my dear fellow. By the way, your English is quite good. Quite good.” Rojnikoff thanked him warmly, though he said that it was entirely due to him having studied at some college or other back in England.

“Art, did you say? Really? I'm here in Paris because of art. You see, I'm a painter.”

Hearing this remark, the Russian Aristocrat suddenly took a liking for the boy, as he thought he was old enough to refer him as that, in a way like a professor towards a highly skilled student that he could pass his teachings on.

“I am a *connaissanceur* in art myself. I have a couple of dealers up my sleeve that I present to some artists if I like their work. Addington you said. H'm, I certainly shall be glad to see your portfolio.”

“Really, my dear fellow. Really?”

“Indeed.” At this, Reggie beamed like Signor Pomidor the Tomato, and he suddenly knew that this man was the man he had to show off his works.

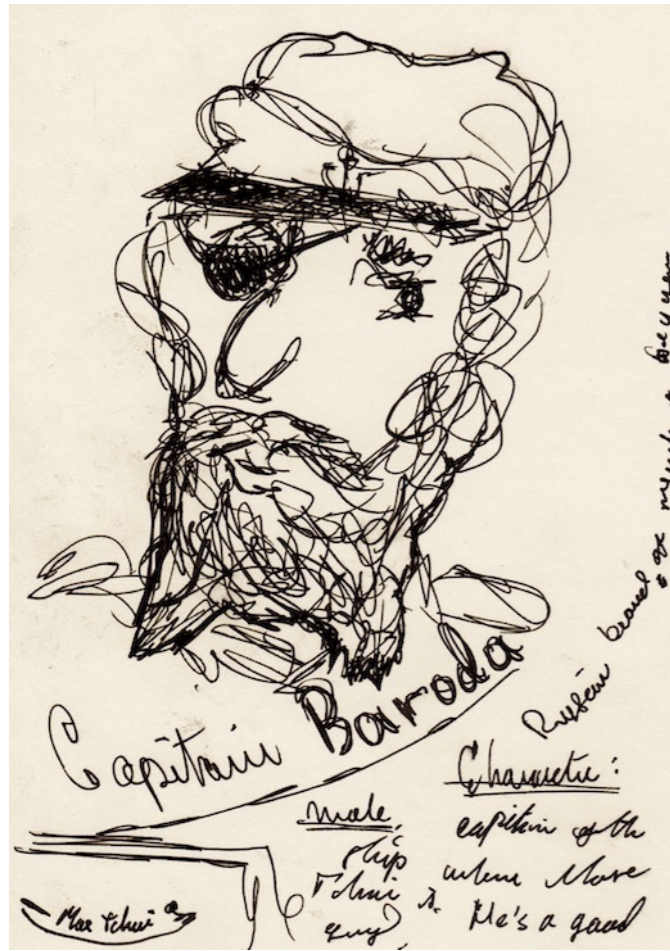
You see, his paintings back at some Parisian Art Academy – he studied there – were not making a disturbance (I refer the term disturbance like when one art dealer sees the real, juicy stuff that could make him a fortune if sold at the auctions to private collectors) in the market of art.

They finished their coffee, and after having exchanged business cards they parted, one feeling that they had done a good deal, whilst the other smiling at the prospect of helping a young artist rise to the ranks of a maestro. Seeing The Honourable Reginald Aelfric Maximus Addington go, Rojnikoff resumed his analyses of the streets of Montparnasse, Paris, as if nothing had happened.

(to be continued...)

* * *





2019 Comics project

Max Tchai - a comic book

Whilst being in Germany for three weeks, I came up with an idea of making a comic. Having always read Tintin, the Smurfs, Asterix and many other comics, this was a project which I had always dreamed of doing. The project was called Max Tchai, based on the main character. It was supposed to be set in a fantastical world of a mixture of Caribbean Pirate ambiance and Industrial Mechanical Machines, the latter one being slightly inspired by the World of Philip Pullman His Dark Materials. The comic was to be based around mysterious lands full of mists in a fictional Caribbean like sea, there being many islands with monsters and all sorts of creatures. The main characters were to be a crew who had a flying ship, and who went through all sorts of adventures – The Terrifying Captain, Max Tchai and other distinguished pirates.



Tantines Club

Bucklar & Club

Ein Dufon? Chryslerfund, Baronet.

baronet



Flannel trousers
Knickerbockers
Waistcoat
Ruckauer
Jacket Brown

When in London? (Hundung?)
Wart.

The writer & poet

The writer with abstract and poet.

Woody jumper with pattern

Boggy trousers, laurel.

David glasses?

A ~~so~~ scarf around his neck.

Pipe in his mouth (as cigarette)



American millionaire

Worthington
Golborne
Kilburn
Cecil
(Kill-Dum)



NO glasses
Duffel
Chryslerfund
Brown
strokes.

Mr Wanthamster

Haggston

Haggston Manner

Haggston Manner



Professor
Estim

Garett

Gowall



Peter
Bristol

Richard

Stammer

American millionaire is the
same culture? Antagonist.

Mr Wanthamster, publisher, the
curtain Borington Borington antagonist

Major triatman
Colonel Enlar Offet
General Grosfou
Laurent Grosfou Borington
Laurent Grosfou
General
Laurent
Grosfou