

The Agiot

28th Edition

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August 27th & 28th

AGIOTFEST 10

Agios Ioannis, Corfu

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Village News

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

Blustery conditions around Christmas and early January played havoc with village decorations. Repairs were needed almost every day. Giorgos was kept busy, up and down ladders. Because of the celebration of Epiphany on 6th January decorations here are kept up

well past Twelfth Night; they have finally disappeared by 18th January.

Constandinos (formerly Kostaki) returned to U.E.A. in Norwich on 9th January. Owing to the severe weather in the U.K. his flight from Athens to Heathrow was delayed for nearly three hours, but that was minimal compared with the four

days' delay experienced by some travellers around Europe. Of course he missed his coach connection and a later one deposited him home at daybreak after more than twenty hours of travel. We had tried without success to find snowshoes or skis for him in Corfu Town. Aegean Airways had declined to

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Village News
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..... transport a snowmobile as part of personal baggage.

The carnival season is upon us. The main carnival takes place in Town on the Sunday before the beginning of Lent on Clean Monday, 14th February this year. However the Corfiots never do things by halves and therefore hold "practice" carnivals on the two preceding Sundays too, excuses for a couple of additional "knees-ups", great fun.

Clean Monday, the Orthodox equivalent of Shrove Tuesday in the

Western Church, is observed by the chewing of squid, powerful exercise for the jaw muscles and digestive system, followed by the flying of kites, provided that there is sufficient wind and that rain is not bucketing down. Anyway it is a national holiday, regardless of the weather.

This month Paul and Sally will be visiting, fleeing the Arctic weather of Cheltenham, where wolves and grizzlies are prowling the streets and ravenous seals have invaded the Spa. However they will need their winter woollies here too, though they have been asked to

kick the snow from their shoes before boarding the aircraft.

A Grand Croquet Tournament will be held at Gouvia Lawns on Sunday, 7th. Anybody who believes that croquet is a refined, vicarage-garden-with-cucumber-sandwiches-and-cream-cakes pursuit is gravely mistaken; the lawns are hosed off after every match in order to remove the bloodstains. Our intrepid editorial team is competing. Watch this space.

The Corfu Losers' Cup

By Paul McGovern
Editor



"The Winner 'Fonda' with a groupie"

The 7th Corfu Losers' Cup took place on January 3rd and attracted a highly-tuned field of twelve competitors, eight men and four women. Owing to the popularity of the occasion and the chaos, it was decided to charge an entrance fee of 20 Euros per person to compete in



"The New and Improved cup"

this prestigious event, to cover the cost of some of the disciplines. Lionel was scorer-in chief. The trophy was contested by competitors from four countries, truly we are international standard.



"Croquet begins"

For the second year running Fonda Grammenos led home the field and Judith Forshaw won the ladies' section, also for the second year running. Fonda came out of the traps like a demon possessed and it was obvious right from the start there would be only one winner. He was accompanied by his charming girlfriend Nancy, and was out to impress with his prowess. Nancy was also a competitor.

First up was the croquet, always

popular, Fondly striking gold with eight hoopoes (or whatever they are called) and finding time to coach his companion at the same time.

POINTS:- Fonda Grammenos 15, Judith Forshaw 13, Alex Vasiliakis 11, Russ Bartlett 11, Kostas McGovern 9, Dewey Greger 9, Helgy 7, Lula Halikia 7, Paul McGovern 7, Paul Scotter 7, Jan Scotter 3, Nancy 2.



"The Wellie Throwing Starts"

Wellie-throwing was making its second appearance at the games. Somebody tried to bring his own wellie, but this was frowned on by Wellie Official P.Scotter, who insisted on the 'official boot'.

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The Corfu Losers' Cup
Continued from Page 2



"Paul Scotter thinking he's winning the Wellie Throwing"

Controversy raged here as it appeared that Mr Scotter threw the furthest, with a rather dashing style. However, Fonder- ravenous for points- beat up judge Lionel, who declared that the Greek had carried the day. The actual longest throw recorded was by the German Helgy, who would have taken out a low-flying Zeppelin, should one have appeared overhead.

POINTS:- Fungus 15, Paul Scotter 13, Russ 11, Alex 10, Dewey 9, Kostas 8, Paul McG 7, Helgy 6, Judith 5, Lula 4, Jan 3, Nancy 2



"At Starbowl - Lula, Russ and Dewey"

Starbowl for three disciplines. Bowling was another win for Fanta with an aggregate score of 336. He even had time to coach Lula and others on his way to an easy victory. Next best score was Russ, with a distant 268. But undoubtedly Dewey was the star, recalling the halcyon days of Stormin' Norman. A very pleasant fellow with a keen sense of humour, but at bowling he

was mean and poker-faced, muttering and scowling as he wandered from lane to lane examining every ball within 20 metres of his own lane.

POINTS;-Fondu 15, Russ 13, Kostas 11, Alex 10, Paul M 9, Helgy 8, Paul S 7, Dewey 6, Judith 5, Nancy 4, Jan 3, Lula 2

Downstairs to table-tennis. Could it be possible that Font would win his 4th straight discipline, surely an all-time record?.....YES! the Demon Greek strikes again, outplaying Judith in the semis and Paul M in the final. In previous years he would have been accused of CHEATING by spinning the ball, but Lionel is no longer Referee.

POINTS:_ Fonecall 15, Paul M 13, Russ 13, Alex 10, Jan 10, Judith 10, Kostas 7, Dewey 7, Helgy 7, Lula 7, Nancy 7, Paul S 7.

Would he crack? Yes, but only just. Fondle came third in the Killer Pool behind old warhorse P.McGovern and young stallion K.McGovern. Was he tiring at last?

POINTS:- Kostas 15, Paul M 15, Fonda 13, Russ 11, Alex 10, Lula 9, Helgy 8, Paul S 7, Dewey 5, Nancy 4, Judith 3, Jan 2

And so over to the Glamour Bar (also for the second consecutive year) for darts-supplied by R.Bartlett at the eleventh hour. It was played as a doubles competition; 301. The place was ill-lit (R.Bartlett to the rescue again).The music was very noisy, hurting the scorer's (Lionel's) ears and even provoking an ironic complaint from Dewey, who after all is deaf!

A crushing victory by Alex and Paul M, the latter had promised Judith he would win for John, who sadly died a little while ago. Last year John and Paul had won the same event.

By now, some of the lightweights were drifting off, being cold and



"Helgy - Scratching Small Head"

hungry. Next year it could well be back to the Astrodome, Triklino. Fonz didn't play in the darts with the lame excuse that he had to run his girlfriend to the airport; just as well really.

And so to Raffles (also for the second year running) to partake of a slap-up winners' banquet. The Cup was duly presented to a returned Fonspa and pretty speeches were made. Well done Bryn and Chrissy for making us all welcome. Hic!



"A Star is Born"

FINAL POINTS TALLY FOR 2010.

- 1st Fonda Grammenos [Greece] 73
- 2nd Russ Bartlett[England], Paul McGovern[England], Alex Vasilakis [Greece] 66
- 5th Kostas McGovern[Greece] 61
- 6th Paul Scotter[England] 48
- 7th Dewey [U.S.A.] 47
- 8th Helgy [Germany], Judith [England] 43
- 10th Lula Halikia [Greece] 36
- 11th Jan Scotter [England] 30
- 12th Nancy Aeroplane 19

See you next year!

Land Of The Lev - Continued

By Paul McGovern
Editor

Chapter 3 - The Glory of Prespa.



At the wet vegetable market in Kastoria, and my white shoes are leaking, we stock up with walnuts, carrots, tangerines, apples, grapes and bananas for our journey. We dodge up and down a bit before finding the correct direction for the lakes in the far north-west of Greece, shared with neighbours F.Y.R.O.M. and Albania. We fence with the border of this latter country on more than one occasion. Then the landscape is emptier and we slowly enter the glorious area of the Prespa lakes. Stunning. Unspoilt. Winding roads.



A smart information lodge has a helpful girl assistant from Florina. She advises Psarades, on the coast of Megali Prespa.. It turns out to be a little lakeside gem with a smattering of tavernas and houses we walk past. We like the look of the Acrolimno taverna, our host is Lazarus, an urbane local. There are no



rooms available here, as there is a film-crew in the village, doing a dramatization of the Greek Civil War. But this is the place for fish from the lake, a bony yet tasty 'grevada' and a long chat with Lazarus, who tells the tale of one farmer in the locality needing plastic surgery following an attack on him by a mother bear.



We reluctantly leave this warm environment to drive the few miles in the black to the village of Lemos, where Lula has rung ahead to obtain a simple room for the night in somebody's house.



The next day we are off to the island of Agios Achillius, in the Micri Prespa lake. A bouncy metal

pontoon bridge has to be traversed on foot for a few hundred metres.



We are going to walk around the island. Lula is game and has brought her walking shoes on this trip. It's breezy on the windward side and there are cattle to negotiate but we wind up and down the grassy slopes and slip through the trees.



On the return leg on the leeward shore we encounter ruined Byzantine monasteries and churches, frescoes peeling from walls. A forgotten life. Skidding over the reeds come an egret and a pelican. The friendly island dogs escort us back over the causeway.



Next month Chapter 4.

News From the North

Unfortunately this month Obnoxious Al is busy being obnoxious in England; we hope to have him back gracing our pages in March.

Meanwhile...another Star of The North has been spotted.....



"Villa Noi's Star Pet"



"Rock Groupie recently seen at new Cactus Hilton"

Corfu Light Railway

By
Earnest Porter



In the recent records of Corfu General Hospital it is often possible to spot evidence of the new railway under construction on the island because of the appearance of the labourers in the admission, discharge and death registers. Indeed, accidents to railway employees appear at regular intervals, usually when an engine driver did not notice a worker on the track. Some such occurrence seems to have been the fate of Buffa Railwindi, an immigrant worker from Pakistan, who had been in Corfu for but a few short weeks.

He came here in search of his father, himself an experienced railway worker on the Pakistan Railways, who had come over as one of the first workers to be employed on the innovative and controversial Pantokrator Massif tunnel.

The new railway tunnel which is under construction beneath the mountain is believed to be haunted.

During the last war there was an old mining tunnel still in use at this site, the entrance was guarded by members of the Greek Home Guard. One night while on guard duty, a young soldier saw a ghostly figure coming towards him out of the tunnel. He experienced a feeling of extreme terror which prompted him to aim his rifle at the figure. He remained rooted to the spot for what seemed to be hours as the figure moved closer until it disappeared.

Since the official closure of the former tunnel the area has been used as a playground by local children. One Easter night while some children were playing with fireworks in the tunnel a ghostly, bright figure came towards them,. They ran away in terror, vowing never to enter the tunnel again. Perhaps this was the ghost of a worker from those far-off days who was squashed by a mining truck.

Trials have been rumoured to have already started on a short piece of track, under the bare new tunnel, yet to be given its chalcidony finish. An engine has been im-

ported from Germany, containerized to avoid detection.

This "tunnel locomotive" is similar to the class Tm 2/2 engines that are used by the RhB and BVZ. The number in the class description represents the power (European horsepower). All locomotives are double-axle engines; they weigh up to 40 metric tons. Class D 60 is a passenger railcar with a suitable trailer.

The company Schöma in Diepholz near Bremen, Germany, specializes in light locomotives and tunnel locomotives.

I digress. It had been a freezing night and Buffa had been night-watchman at the entrance to Tunnel One (official name). All alone in this eerie cavern who can imagine what demons came to haunt him out of the bowels of the earth.? Suffice it to say the next day, all that remained of Buffa were his flip-flops, a chapatti and, oddly, a gold tooth-which was how he was identified later by his father, who had heard of his son's presence on the island from relatives.

The tunnel has been closed pending an enquiry, according to Chattanooga Choochoo, lawyer for the Railwindi family.

Mobile Phone Secrets

Four Things your probably never knew your mobile could do.

There are a few things that can be done in times of grave emergencies.

Your mobile phone can actually be a life saver or an emergency tool for survival.

Check out the things that you can do with it:

FIRST

Emergency: The Emergency Number worldwide for a Mobile is 112.

If you find yourself out of the coverage area of your mobile network and there is an emergency, dial 112 and the mobile will search any existing network to establish the emergency number for you, and interestingly this number 112 can be dialed even if the keypad is locked. Try it out.

SECOND

Have you locked your keys in the car?

Does your car have remote keyless entry?

This may come in handy someday. Good reason to own a cell phone: If you lock your keys in the car and the spare keys are at home, call someone at home on their mobile phone from your cell phone. Hold your cell phone about a foot from your car door and have the person at your home press the unlock button, holding it near the mobile phone on their end. Your car will unlock.

Saves someone from having to drive your keys to you.

Distance is no object. You could be hundreds of miles

away, and if you can reach someone who has the other 'remote' for your car, you can unlock the doors (or the trunk).

Editor's Note: It works fine! We tried it out and it unlocked our car over a mobile phone!

THIRD

Hidden Battery Power .

Imagine your mobile battery is very low.

To activate, press the keys *3370# Your mobile will restart with this reserve and the instrument will show a 50% increase in battery.

This reserve will get charged when you charge your mobile next time.

FOURTH

How to disable a STOLEN mobile phone?

To check your Mobile phone's serial number, key in the following digits on your phone: * # 0 6 #

A 15 digit code will appear on the screen. This number is unique to your handset. Write it down and keep it somewhere safe.

When your phone gets stolen, you can phone your service provider and give them this code. They will then be able to block your handset so even if the thief changes the SIM card, your phone will be totally useless. You probably won't get your phone back, but at least you know that whoever stole it can't use/sell it either.

If everybody does this, there would be no point in people stealing mobile phones.

ATM - PIN Number Reversal -

Good to Know

If you should ever be forced by a robber to withdraw money from an ATM machine, you can notify the police by entering your PIN # in reverse.

For example, if your pin number is 1234, then you would put in 4321.

The ATM system recognizes that your PIN number is backwards from the ATM card you placed in the machine.

The machine will still give you the money you requested, but unknown to the robber, the police will be immediately dispatched to the location.

This information was recently broadcast on CTV by Crime Stoppers however it is seldom used because people just don't know about it.

Please pass this along to everyone.

Huntsmann

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

It should not be thought that 5th Division Church House in B.A.O.R. during the post-war years, as mentioned in my military memoirs, was a particularly stodgy serious establishment. Apart from the highly-regarded Padre, himself a jovial character, we, the remainder of the British staff, were all in our late teens or early twenties and revelling in having been sent to what was probably the Army's most comfortable posting.

However we needed to maintain a public image compatible with our unit's description. Every military station in or near forests was allocated an area for hunting the fauna that frequented those regions. We in Church House did not hunt our location and became increasingly criticised by our neighbours for running "a pig sanctuary". Moreover the locals also protested that their fields were being ravaged by the increasing population of predatory boars and deer. Accordingly our boss arranged a shoot and invited guests from units within about a fifty-kilometre radius to participate. He, a priest, felt that it would be wrong to go shooting, however much he wished to do so, and therefore appointed me, his deputy, to represent the home team.

The great day arrived and I, a mere scruffy sergeant equipped with my standard army rifle, turned out amongst about thirty officers immaculately attired and bearing a glittering assortment of sporting firearms. Nobody bothered to speak to me, the poor relation. Our German forstmeister led us out to stations in the forest, making very sure that we knew where our

fellows were placed so that our "fields of fire" did not endanger others. He then left to start on their way the beaters, locals hired for the day.

I had been positioned to watch a track through the trees with the duty of shooting any animal that crossed it. The track ran some three metres back from the crest of a ridge from which it was separated by some thin undergrowth interspersed with a few tall pines. My first thought was to select a nearby easily-climbed tree, having no wish to become prey to an enraged boar.

Only about fifteen minutes had elapsed when I saw a magnificent set of antlers rising above the ridge directly in front of me. Apart from small-bore target shooting, I am not happy with firearms; I do not like their painful recoil. Now, forgetting that I already had a round "up the spout", I worked the bolt of my rifle to ready it for firing. The unfired bullet ejected and the next one jammed.

While I was struggling with the recalcitrant weapon a large deer crested the ridge, scanned me with amazement and took off at a gallop along the crest towards where the next gun was stationed. Something must have frightened it for it suddenly turned back and raced past me towards the gun about sixty metres away on my other side. The deer obviously sensed trouble there too, for it turned again and decided that the safest course would be to cross the track near the idiot who had already passed up two good chances of a shot at it. It bolted across the track no more than four metres from me. I had just managed to load a round into the breech and fired from the hip. The

deer vanished into the undergrowth, running strongly.

Alerted by the shot, the forstmeister and his assistant hurried to me. The signs were plain to see and the forstmeister shook his head in amazement. "However did we lose the war when a sergeant in the British Army misses a large animal at point-blank range?" But then his assistant noticed bloodstains on the bushes. That was worse; now they would need to hunt and kill a wounded animal. The forstmeister, forbidden himself by Allied law to bear arms, pointedly ignored me, summoned a gun from down the track and with his assistant set off to track down the deer. I took no further part in proceedings, returned to Church House and spent the rest of the day reading and listening to music in my rooms.

A few weeks later the Padre was away, leaving me in charge. Naturally there was no course in residence and we were enjoying a very relaxed time. Two of our drivers set out to explore the capacious cellars, something that had apparently never been exhaustively carried out. Those caverns were inhabited by bats whose radar avoided collision as they zoomed along the main corridor, but they committed disconcertingly close near-misses.

How our drivers managed to open a door previously considered impenetrably locked I forbore to enquire, but inside that room they discovered a Breda automatic carbine with a broken stock. While our Transport Corporal fashioned a new wooden stock his drivers set about dismantling the weapon, thoroughly cleaning and oiling before reassembling it.

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Huntsmann
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The explorers had also found thousands of rounds of ammunition for the carbine and the temptation was too great to resist. Some cartons of bullets were carried up to the drivers' room on the second floor and we watched from outside the door while the corporal carried out a test firing. It worked perfectly although all, including the marksman, were surprised when the round was a tracer. Upon closer inspection and trial we discovered that the ammunition was colour-coded; we had an assortment of solid, tracer, incendiary and explosive rounds. We also discovered how to switch from automatic to single-round firing.

Our cook and the two Chapel staff hurried to recover empty cans from the kitchen waste and to set them up on the terrace at the back of the "schloss", level with and

about sixty metres from the drivers' windows. Meanwhile the rest of us, four, set about loading with an exciting menu of the various ingredients the dozen empty magazines that had also been found. We were alone in the building as I had given all our twenty German staff the evening off; our cook would provide us with a buffet dinner.

We had hardly started taking turns in loosing off at the cans when there was a thunder of frenzied knocking on the great main door downstairs. I had locked up for the night and when I turned the key I was almost knocked over by the onrush of all our German staff and their families, more than fifty men, women and children. Apparently they thought that our small arms fire meant that we were desperately resisting an incursion from the nearby Russian Zone; they had come to seek our protection. Concealing my amusement I explained that we were merely training for

such an emergency and apologised for not having informed them. They were all Displaced Persons, refugees from the east, and went home greatly relieved. Our staff fell around laughing when I returned upstairs and told them; the thought that we could have offered resistance to the mighty Red Army was absolutely hilarious. On and off that week we had great fun knocking over cans with a spectacular display of assorted ammunition.

Thereafter whenever we went hunting, about once every two months, I pulled rank and commandeered the Breda; I was not prepared to give an irate boar even a sporting chance at me. Not wishing to roast nor to dismember the animal prematurely I loaded the magazines only with ball, but the cook usually complained that my contribution to our tables had died of lead-poisoning.

The Vasilopita

By
Simon Baddeley

Sunday evening marked Korakiana's [Vasilopita](#) - a convivial tradition to mark the coming year and recall the last. It was at [Luna D'Argento](#), a barn sized timber roofed building next to Sally's stables belonging to Sally's sister Rachel's brother-in-law and her parents-in-law. Lin and I checked with Leftheris that it would be appropriate for us to attend. After dark we walked from the main Ano-Kato road down a driveway decorated with many little white lights hung on surrounding trees. Outside it was chilly with just a few people behind us. Inside was bustle and

glitter. A large square cake was on the centre table - the Vasilopita cake. Several generations were assembled to watch many performing in the celebration - the ambience of a family table multiplied. Free soft drinks were passed out from the bar. Starting with tribute speeches from the low stage led by Ano Korakiana's President referring to people and events, the music began; first a jaunty song, the singers strumming mandolins, then the *Samaras Philharmonia* spread across the centre of the hall struck up with tunes even I could hum - *Get me to the church on time*, the theme from *Gladiator*, *Amazing Grace* - followed, on a cleared stage, by the choir singing Greek songs, finishing with dances in traditional costume, the last of these special to Korakiana. Large pieces of cake were swiftly

distributed. Any worry we might be intruding was dispersed by the kindness of our welcome, being beckoned to sit by the Leftheris, seeing parents and grandparents familiar to us carrying or leading small descendants, amid constant contented chat with pauses to applaud. The choirmaster asked very politely for more quiet at one point. I didn't feel self-conscious about taking a few pictures, noting that Katya Spingos was, as she has at other events we've attended, acting as photo remembrancer while Thanassis, her husband, chronicles the life - past and present - of the village on its website.

'Published with permission and thanks to the village of Ano Korakiana and Democracy Street.'

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

Minestrone Soup

INGREDIENTS:

Small tin Baked Beans

Or

Small tin Kidney Beans (drained)

1.2-1.5l Chicken Stock

2-3 tbsp Olive Oil

1 Onion finely chopped

2 Garlic cloves finely chopped

2 rashers Bacon finely chopped

2 sticks Celery finely chopped

2 medium Tomatoes peeled, chopped

3 medium Carrots finely chopped

100g Short Pasta

100g Cabbage Heart finely shredded.

100g Peas

Salt and Pepper to taste

1-2 tsp Sugar

1 tsp Tomato Paste

GO:

1. Heat the oil in a pan.

2. Fry the Onion, Garlic and Bacon for a few minutes.

3. Add the Chicken Stock.

4. Bring to the boil and boil for ten minutes.

5. Add the Celery, Tomato, Carrot, Peas, Cabbage.

6. Add Salt, Pepper, Sugar, Tomato Paste.

7. Cook for 20 minutes.

8. Add the Pasta and Beans

9. Cook for ten more minutes or until all is tender.

10. If desired sprinkle with Parsley and Grated Cheese.

Bon Apétit

Corfu Weather Statistics:

January Weather Statistics:

Total Rainfall: 86.6mm with 14.5mm falling on the 12th.

Maximum rain per minute: 2.8mm on the 9th at 18.25

Maximum temperature: 16.8C on the 6th at 13.25

Minimum temperature: 2.7C on the 24th at 06.23

Maximum windspeed: 48.1km/h on the 8th at 16.00

Maximum gust speed: 72.2km/h on the 8th at 22.34.

Skinera Villas - Property Feature



In Agios Markos, North East of Corfu you have an excellent opportunity for buying your own 2 or 3 bedroom villa just 2 kilometres from the

beautiful North East coast beaches. New one level villas in development right in the heart of the beautiful area of Agios Markos. These lovely villas

are in traditional style and at home in the surrounding area.

Every single villa has a private garden plus a verandah of 20 square metres, both great for relaxing. Each garden is a good size of 400-500 square metres.

All Villas are fully self-contained regarding heating bills. Heating is with either oil or electric.

Your villa will be set in a beautiful and green area surrounded by gorgeous mountain views.

These villas are ideal for holiday rentals (contracts available) or excellent for permanent residence.

The Whole plot may be purchased for €350,000.

For more information on this property and others go to - www.propertycorfu.org

SCHERZANDO SAYS

How's it going?



An optimist stays up until midnight to see the New Year in.
A pessimist stays up to make sure the old year leaves.

Bill Vaughn

**Well? Where do you fit in all this?
Did you make any resolutions?**

I must admit I've given up doing that. I need to wait until I've got my strength back having survived Christmas and the New Year celebrations!!!

"Many people look forward to the New Year for a new start on old habits."

Unknown



A dog's New Year's Resolution: I will not chase that stick unless I actually *see* it leave his hand!

Unknown



Some Useful Suggestions?

- Always forgive your enemies; nothing annoys them so much
Oscar Wilde
- Strive not to be a success, but rather to be of value.
Albert Einstein
- Don't count the days, make the days count.
Muhammad Ali
- Cheers to a New Year and another chance for us to get it right.
Oprah Winfrey.

Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in getting up every time we do.

Confucius



He must have been to a New Year's Party or two!!

A New Year's resolution is something that goes in one Year and out the other.

Two wrongs don't make a right, but two Wrights made an airplane.



Sudoku Session

Thought a brain challenge might appeal?

Let me know, we could get a competition going!

Remember you need to put the numbers 1-9 in each little 3 x 3 square as well as each row and column.

7	3	4		1				8
	2			9				
9	1	6			7			2
8		9	1					
2			5	6				7
			3	9	8			5
4			2		7	1	6	
							2	
				6	5			4

Happy Valentine's Day

Knock, Knock!
Who's there?
Olive.
Olive who?

Olive you!



Q: What did the pencil say to the paper?

A: "I dot my i's on you!"



THE ARK SHOP

We had a very successful Raffle on 22 December 2009; there were 50 excellent prizes and we collected just over 700euros towards helping the abandoned animals on Corfu.

Our sincere thanks to everyone who bought tickets and helped make the Day so special!

2010 is a New Year and we will close the shop (last week in January) for renovation and re-open (the first week in February) with a **BIG SALE!** The Shop will be open: Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday from 10am until 1pm.

The shop now carries a wide range of good quality clothing; household goods; bric a brac; videos/dvds; books; toys and many more interesting things

Do come along and give us your much-needed support.

The Animals need you all!

Visit our Website: www.corfuanimalwelfare.com

Slow Dance

Have you ever watched kids
On a merry-go-round?
Or listened to the rain
Slapping on the ground?
Ever followed a butterfly's erratic flight?
Or gazed at the sun into the fading night?

You better slow down..
Don't dance so fast.
Time is short.
The music won't last.

Do you run through each day
On the fly?
When you ask How are you?
Do you hear the reply?
When the day is done
Do you lie in your bed
With the next hundred chores
Running through your head?

You'd better slow down
Don't dance so fast.
Time is short.
The music won't last..

Ever told your child,
We'll do it tomorrow?
And in your haste,
Not see his sorrow?
Ever lost touch,
Let a good friendship die
Cause you never had time
To call and say, 'Hi'

You'd better slow down.
Don't dance so fast.
Time is short.
The music won't last.

When you run so fast to get somewhere
You miss half the fun of getting there.
When you worry and hurry through your day,
It is like an unopened gift....
Thrown away.

Life is not a race.
Do take it slower
Hear the music
Before the song is over.

"A poem written by a teenage girl with cancer....circulated by email by a her doctor."