

# Smallholder Sid

By Richard Barr

## Sid Gets the Hump But No Camel

It had been quite peaceful. Allotment Holder Alice and Farmer Fred had had two sessions at the Cowpat and Fly public house without any disturbance from Smallholder Sid. Normally this trio meets there regularly in the Snug and discusses the ways of the world or, more accurately, listens to Sid pontificating on his grumble of the moment, while downing several glasses of foaming Old Fart.

Sid and his wife Gladys had decided to go on a tour to Egypt to admire the pyramids, the Sphinx and Tutenkamen's tomb. Before they left, Sid had also announced that he would like to buy a camel.

Sid's grand tour was now over and Alice and Fred, snuggling together in the Snug (as fans of Smallholder Sid will recall, there has been a very slow smouldering romance burning between Alice and Fred), pondered on what new pronouncements on the state of the world would gush from Sid's lips after he had had his first pint of Old Fart. They dearly hoped that he would not talk too much about Brexit or whether Boris would be the new Prime Minister. Both were so sick of politics that they had stopped watching the news and buying newspapers, relying instead on old issues of the Harrowing Times for information on the outside world.

When he arrived, they knew they need not worry. He clearly had other thoughts: they hardly recognised him. He was wearing a very cheap (according to Alice) imitation of Pharaoh headgear that looked incongruous over his anorak.



"Come on Sid, take that thing off, you'll frighten the horses," ordered Alice.


"I am King Ramesses 27, ruler of all I survey," responded Sid, while trying (and failing) to look imperious.

"You'll get over it Sid once you get your feet firmly back on Norfolk soil, so how was your holiday, and where is your camel?" asked Alice.

Sid's face became red. "Well I liked the pyramids. I think I will build one for my burial chamber. But I didn't like the crowds or the heat or the food. And worst of all our plane was delayed 6 hours."

In the next half hour Alice and Fred heard more about the delayed flight (nowhere to sit, no one telling them what was happening, no food to speak of, and too many people from Yorkshire).

"Well why don't you make a claim?" suggested Alice. She had heard of several people with flight delays getting several hundred pounds in compensation.

"No point" grumbled Sid. "These package holiday people don't believe in treating you proper." 

“I read about a couple who were held up at a foreign airport and they got £700. Give it a try Sid and then you can buy everyone in the Cowpat and Fly a drink,” offered Fred.

“Not bloody likely” retorted Sid.

“You mean you won’t get compensation or you won’t buy everyone a drink if you do?” asked Fred.

“Both probably,” sniggered Alice, “And you seem to have got a hump without the camel.”

The noise that Sid made in reply sounded more as though it came from a camel than a human being. ♦

**Slightly serious legal note.**

Sid should be able to get compensation. There are things to be grateful about from the EU (and don’t ask what the EU has ever done for us!). One of them is to make airlines liable to pay compensation for flight delays. It depends on a lot of factors (distance between the airports, where the flight started from, how long was the delay, reason for the delay and so on) but Sid and his wife could well be entitled to €600 each for a delay of that length, and they should have received meals too. Note: the claim must be made against the airline, not the holiday company.

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For more silliness buy a copy of Richard’s book *The Savage Poodle* (get it on Amazon or contact Richard on [Richard.barr@paston.co.uk](mailto:Richard.barr@paston.co.uk) for details. Price now £7.99) or listen to him every month or so on the Chrissie Jackson mid-morning show on BBC Radio Norfolk (when he tries to be a little more sensible).

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