



#MexicotoMargate

The donkey man came round last night. He was wearing a sombrero with 'Kiss Me Quick' on a band around the crown, and carrying a pink piñata.

"That's not chic," I said, wiping chilli con carne from the Formica top.

"It reminds me when I was a lad, walking donkeys on Margate beach," he replied, a tear dropping from his Zapata moustache.

The piñata rattled. I looked for a snake.

"The chest is over there. Those drawers once held my most precious things."

"Only he who carries the coffin knows how much the dead man weighs," he said, leaving.