

CHOGM, Chewing Cud or Talking Fat?

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The Madam bus' it from Bim this morning, leaving our small children to their fate at my hands, which is likely to turn into cheesy toast and/or cereal for breakfast, hot dogs for lunch and more cheesy toast and/or cereal for dinner. Every time she goes away, Chefette does a little better.

She's gone on Cre Ole Barbados business, not to take part in the Commonwealth Heads of Government Conference which goes by its acronym pronunciation in bureaucratic circles: Ghog-um.

It sounds like chewing gum but the consequences are sure to be more sticky.

And speaking of sticky.

Reading Michael Harris in the Monday Express, brought to Bim by Gregors (who has now gone on to Jamaica, to get tense in preparation for his return to Trinidad), I'm starting to wonder what it will take for Trinidadians to get off their asses and just say, "Hell, No!" If you have not read his excellent piece *Going for Broke* in the online Express yet, google it and do. (Sorry I'm not Internet savvy enough to provide the link here. But if you like, here's a group of words I underlined myself so you can pretend to: [//www.do
ntbother.com](http://www.do.ntbother.com)
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Harris suggests (or at least implies) the recent tete-a-tete between Massas Manning & Panday may result in the establishment, by a simple vote of the current sitting Parliament, of an executive presidency.

I watch - and grill cheese toast - patiently.