

## Fast Food, Slow Customs

Written by BCPires

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Spent most of yesterday morning trying - so far in vain, but fingers are crossed for some time today - to clear and receive the first batch of Cre Ole Barbados magazines, which I'm itching to see distributed, from the Bridgetown dock. In the end, it was Customs 1, Cre Ole, nil. With midday fast approaching as I post, it begins to look more and more like tomorrow.... with luck. The magazines have been finished for over a month; but getting them into our hand has been like trying to get a mosque-ful of Sharia women to toss their burqas away and wine down low during Friday juma.

Hmmm. Are Sharia women even allowed at juma? God and the ayatollahs alone know; and I could care less; but it is a nice thought: that, under those burqas there just may lurk some G-strings and T-backs.

With no Cre Oles in our hands, we substituted KFC. Once a year, or so, I'll have an extra-crispy KFC "meal" in a cardboard box and, with the first bite, remember why I only have it once a year; that first shot of overused oil in the mouth could make you gag. It was fast food, in truth, though; if only I could get Customs to work in a similar fashion.