NEW MALDEN - A HIDDEN BEAUTY

BY ADOL EMERITUS SCENCE

Good aftermorning to thee, ladies, gentlemen and all in-between or both

First of all, here's the finger to all your narrow-minded, preconceptions of New Malden as a "dump of a town". I mean, how can the greatest concentration of Koreans outside Korea be casually dismissed as just "a disorganised hotchpotch of chicken noodles"? Hmm? This is the kind of belligerently ignorant attitude that I hope to expose to you, (yes you) in all its ugly prejudiced wrongness.

Now New Malden may look a bit shabby on the outside but, to paraphrase a common proverb, you really shouldn't judge a book by its cover, and accordingly a town by its looks. After all, good looks lose their charm if there's nothing within to attract; like one night stands that don't blossom and all that kinda loveless philandering. If you can see through the façade designed perhaps to deter the faint-hearted British tourist, there's a wealth of things you can indulge yourself in…

There be beautiful cafes with plush, sexy sofas for seats as standard, internet cafes with an byte transfer rate to die for, shops selling hot Korean food, dirt cheap DVD rental, a swimming pool much more decently sized than the Kingfisher, Beef mountain, Teletubby hill, a free outdoor basketball court, a cool roundabout to vroom round and round when you're bored and of course loads of stylishly attired Koreans to admire as this already overlarge list swells and groans with growing pains.

I suppose some of these hot spots aforementioned are so well hidden that they are only found by the favoured few, and some you just have to be Korean to know about… Well, I hope now that some will appreciate the nature of New Malden as a hidden beauty, as of yet undiscovered by most of the non-Korean world.

So, less of the ignorant comments, if you please? yes/no/maybe?

- If yes, you be enlightened and have gained true separation from the wheely of life.
- If no, ye shalt know that ye be wrong, when ye start the next life as a no-legged turtle.
- If maybe… Step thyself down from thy fence and choose. Life is about choices as literature is all about consolation… Beefeaters.

Disclaimer: The narrator/thesis proponent/moomoo of this here heavily opinionated, largely whimsical exposition accepts no responsibility for feelings of outrage or annoyance caused to any conservative/boring/bored/clinically depressed readers, partly because he/she/it couldn't care less, and partly because he/she/it is a fictional construct that (hopefully) cannot be taken to court against. So *ahem* scootle along to Longtown and leave me alone if you hate this article. As they say… Like it or lump it. Have a nice day L. You all know that the big mar END haped revolution will eventually roll down the hill