
The Reluctant Teacake

Mount Eden Holding Facility

Mount Eden

09/09/09

Dear Cathay Pacific staff,

I would like to offer my sincere apologies for the unfortunate incident that occurred last weekend. Your ticketing area is very important to you and I'm deeply sorry that what happened happened. In no way was it intentional (or indeed totally my fault). Nevertheless, I do regret my (proportionally insignificant) part in the occurrence.

I was at the airport to surprise my (now ex-) partner on her return to New Zealand. She had left under a cloud several months previously (that she immediately flew over the clouds is an irony you aero-industry folk might enjoy). I shall not bore you with the details but things had been a little bit bumpy. Understandably, I was anxious to be there for her homecoming (I can only guess that she wanted to surprise me as she had not been in touch).

At this point I would like to categorically deny the assertion put about in the media that I provoked the alleged incident. I had not known that the other individuals would be there. I saw the banner but didn't read it. Remember, I was keenly focussed on my own personal mission at the time. And while I'm not entirely au fait with Diwali, this doesn't make me a criminal. There are a number of such festivals – I have been to quite a few (I particularly enjoy the fireworks and trying out the different foods).

I believe it's yet to be established who first called the police but I'm confident it wasn't me. While the group of revellers could have made some people nervous with their appearance, I assumed that airport security was doing its job. I was there for one thing; to greet my lady. I wanted to make up for the fight on the day she left (I still don't totally understand it). I thought it was because I'd forgotten to pick up some farewell treats. I had a good excuse but an argument got going and suddenly it was about a whole lot more than a teacake. She got very angry. I was sad, angry (maybe angry I was sad). We drove

to the airport in silence – it wasn't much fun. But I worked it all out in her absence, helped in part by following her adventures via the internet.

I deliberately used good quality chocolate sauce for the base; slapped it on my face and neck, and the back of my hands. I practiced with different recipes to test stick-ability etcetera and could achieve full coverage in twenty seconds. Of course, the most conspicuous part of the process was the dusting of the coconut.

On the subject of so-called teacakes, I'd like to point out a few facts. That headline that got used everywhere is totally fraudulent and wrong: 1. It's not a teacake; 2. They weren't monks; and 3. I didn't attack them. On the first point I believe you'll find that, technically, it's a type of sponge cake (or more correctly, a butter cake). On the second point, they were promotional dancers promoting an event and some were dressed (somewhat) like monks. And - most important of all - I didn't attack them.

It happened while I was shaking the desiccated coconut over my head. It was going all over the airport floor - I got slightly concerned – then when I looked up I was surrounded; got a bit of a fright; became rather disorientated; even felt I might faint (I know I should have told someone what I was doing but I wasn't sure they'd know what a lamington was). That's when I noticed one of them was lighting lamps... at an airport!!! What was I to think? How was I to know they were to dispel the darkness and light the way home?

The rest, I believe, is fully documented on security footage so I'll let those images speak for themselves. You'll see Sophie come to my rescue before her family appears to join the attacks (I really don't understand that). Clearly, my reaction doesn't look that flash but by this stage I was blinded by the chocolate sauce (which is dairy-free so should not have harmed your staff). And while some may question my actions, in the end, no one was hurt (much). The security guards were very restrained.

Anyway, I hope my apology can help you understand how what happened, happened and that in no way was it the result of any intent on my part.

>Name withheld<