



## Holden Trouble with Alan Bollard

*Dr Bollard's close friend and spiritual advisor describes a day in the life of the governor*

SO IT'S ABOUT ten o'clock in the morning, and suddenly I hear a familiar heavy-fisted knocking at my front door. Sure enough, when I take a look outside, there's an extra-large policeman on the doorstep fingering his moustache.

Of course, he immediately starts in with the question I'm expecting, which is: "Are you able to confirm the whereabouts of..." And I quickly break in with: "Bollard was here all night talking about macro-

economics."

The cop looks in his little notebook—the way they always do—and then he goes: "I find that very interesting, because according to Dr Bollard's statement, the two of you spent the evening 'sinking a couple of crates of *DB Brown*'."

And so I'm like: "Nice try, copper, but actually it's not interesting at all. Because I don't fucking drink *DB Brown*, do I? So Bollard was doing the drinking, and I was discussing macro-