

HAUGHT

Purveyors of fine sarcasm

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RELEASE

Pat Raw is dead.

Well, not really. I didn't see him die and haven't heard news of his demise. I have merely stopped regularly using the 86 tram during the times I most frequently encountered this most singular individual.

So he might as well be dead.

According to my notes, I first met Patrick Macmillan Rawlinson on the 12th of June 2012. I believe I had probably come in contact with him earlier than that, but it was on this date that he uttered the immortal words:

"So anyway... I went to the toilet and dropped some stool.
And, look, it smelled like a horse pat, which is never a
good sign, in my experience..."

It was only eight days later that he told the woman who would become known as Agatha String – first a trusted, if flighty, confidant, then a hated enemy – "look at the end of the day, people might not like it, but I'm just talking raw."

Over the next three years Pat generously made available to all those on the tram his ample wisdom on every subject in the entire world. He was, according to an unimpeachable judge on the subject – himself – a formidable sexual performer, a very fine netballer let down by amateurish teammates and poor refereeing, an undiscovered literary talent of the very highest order ([aren't we all](#), Pat), an incisive political observer with a barely noticeable rightward lean, a performing arts quadruple threat – singer, dancer, actor and aerobic gymnast, a brave warrior in the war against hipsters and politically correct hippies, and the embodiment of "the ANZAC digger spirit".

Sporting a bald pate, but long hair that fell lank like a grease curtain across the back of his neck, Pat, I can very fairly assume, thought he looked like [a young Hulk Hogan](#).

He got erections on the tram at least half a dozen times that I witnessed – bringing attention to it at least twice – and was pushed from the tram by a rowdy mob on four separate occasions.

He was a pervert, a sophist, a solipsist, a degenerate and a scatologist. I will miss Pat Raw dearly.

If you need someone to blame for his 'death', blame [the new writing agency I'm starting up](#). Because of it, I've stopped taking the tram and left Pat behind... forever(?).

