

Sir Romulus Mailliw - The (Sometimes) Tragic Tales of Sir Rom's Family History



Ah, the memories! This photograph is actually of my uncle Rayden, who invented the concept of a car-boat. His life's work was dedicated to the idea of a multi-purpose vehicle, a type of all-things-to-all-men contraption and this is his first prototype. Sadly he perished in tragic circumstances - he drowned when his instrument of transport was struck at sea by a submarine!

Actually, his tale is just one of many in the storied history of my male predecessors. It has been a family tradition to name all male offspring with a name starting with R. The only exception was Nigel, my great uncle, who never amounted to anything noteworthy. The family never forgave his parents for the insulting name.

So who are my ancestors, I hear you ask? Well, firstly there is my dear old great, great, great grandfather Ramses, a wonderful leader of men. He moved to Egypt where he lived for many years in the construction industry. Unfortunately, he met a quick but grisly end when crushed by a large block of sandstone.

Ramses' son, Ransom, also moved

internationally, to America, and became a crime boss – but his body was never found.

Fatefully, Ransom's son Ritch died penniless and wracked with disease (historical documents suggest that he died of syphilis, but you can't believe everything you read).

My grandfather on my mother's side, Rhodes, moved to southern Africa at an early age but was caught up on the wrong side of the slave trade. His nephew Reagan moved to America and became an actor. Sadly, he met his rather gruesome end when he was shot by a fake pistol. Mother's grandfather was called Rastus - he was a dog breeder but was mauled to death by his favourite miniature poodle.

My father's second cousin, once removed, was named Raphael but, sadly, died while sword fighting of all things. His uncle Royce was a mechanical genius but only ever manufactured lawnmower engines. He died when an engine exploded - but the explosion was nothing compared to the inferno generated because he was mowing grass at an oil refinery at the time.

Then there is my twin brother Remus who, like many of my family, died in a catastrophic situation which, for legal reasons, I'd prefer not to discuss. Then there was great, great uncle Roquet who was a famous tennis player. He tripped while jumping the net after a game and broke his neck.

Well there you have it. There aren't many families whose abundant and varied history can compare with that of the Mailliw clan. Our family motto is "Live fast, die old" which, ironically, appears to haunt many of my unfortunate forebears. However, that is my motto too and so-far-so-good!

Yours in heartfelt grief,
Sir Rom Mailliw