# Sarah

Time to push open the light grey painted heavy wooden office door with a little force due to the carpet inside. She stepped out of the cold stair landing and into the first floor office, which would be her place for the next eight of so hours, with occasional breaks and visits to the shop for a “does anybody want anything while I’m there?”. First important job of the day. Fill in the timesheet behind the door with the sellotaped biro on a bit of string, which didn’t have long to go before it would say hello to mister landfill, then off with the duffel coat and long scarf. After surveying the communal coat stand she easily found space for them. 8:34  
on a Friday, and not many people in yet. The weekend begins here. Almost.

She felt much like an astronaut who had stepped out of the airlock and could gratefully drop off his space suit. The office was warm, like stepping of the plane in Malaga airport after a charter flight from Gatwick.Her ears suddenly began to burn. “Somebody’s talking about me”, she thought.

“Heads down it’s the Boz!” came the cry, and “Are you the boz Boz?”. “Back to work, slaves!”, she shouted,  
” Ramming speed!”. She was quite proud of this line she had thought up a few weeks ago, a this was answered by someone slowly drumming the desk with his hands. Speed increased, until they both broke down into guffaws. “Kettle’s on!”, he shouted. She took the familiar short walk to the table in the corner where the tea cups stood expectantly beside the warm kettle. Shining now after the attention of the cleaning lady last night, the would soon be in a state of “quick rinse under the tap” for a while now. “Milk and two sugars!”, though David always took his tea black, this was part of the play, which he occasionally spiced up by changing the line to “Earl grey, hot!”.

“Anybody else?”, was echoed back by mumbled “no”, “alright thanks”, and “no luv”s. She sat down in the executive swivel chair she had won in the last office move in the furniture upgrade budget raffel. She took a sip of milky tea, and smiled contentedly. A few seconds later a frown appeared like a dark cloud on a summer day. She paused and took another slip. “Whats this?”, “Brooke Bond?”. “Nah”, he shouted “Yorkshire, ecky thump!”, in a passable imitation of the accent. Indeed a quick glance over a the box with a picture of a men dressed in white and a border collie, leather on willow, defending their homeland with “bat and pad” amid the tea bushes of Harrowgate. “Yes”, Yorkshire, she was reminded, “Born and bred, God’s own county”. Sarah Rhiannon Bosworth, born 15 June 1992 at 3.00pm , Sheffield, Yorkshire. Mum was a housewife who helped out in the corner shop, and Dad a cook at the Midland hotel, which was still in its heyday close to the railway station.  
  
Like may bright working class children she had had to walk in two worlds. To some, when asked, dad was a “cook” to others he became a “chef”, and indeed he was a sous chef at the kitchen of the Midland hotel. He had sharpened his knives in the army where he had had a short spell due to unemployment, stabbing chickens rather than the enemy, then later had a “leg up” as mum called it when his boss retired he had wore the tall hat of chef de la cuisine. She still had the creased photo in her wallet.

One rainy night Dad had met by chance with a satisfied customer, who being a gentleman had asked to meet the chef. Dad often told the story, in various forms, as how he had been quite anxious assuming this would be a complaint. The gentleman had eaten a good meal of several courses and made requests as to the preparation. Also ordering bottles of the most expensive wines, he would appear to be a well travelled and wealthy gent. Dad was greeted with smiles and enjoyed long chat about travel, cooking, tastes and so on.

This is how he made the acquaintance of Lord Ciril, owner of a carpet manufacturing company who travelled regularly from London to Yorkshire . Eventually Lord Ciril made the Midland his base in the north, and a sort of friendship grew. He told Dad if ever he should leave the Midland to keep in touch as he was a fine chef.  
  
So it was when Lord Ciril came into ownership of the Red Hotel in Piccadilly that Dad was invited down to run his kitchen. So, the Bosworths has moved from their humble municipal house to a neat suburban semi in outer London. Sara had alighted from the train and found herself in middle class. I good girls grammar allowed her to gain qualifications and later a good degree from a London college. It could have been worse.

An email jolted her to attention with a rude “beep”.

“Don’t forget we need that press release from you by tomorrow at the latest. 300 words or so please.  
Fiona”

“I’ll finish it this morning”. She replied as she sat.

But I’ll finish the cuppa first tho.

Snape Oil – by Jayne and Mycoft Spink – Couldn’t put it down ( didn’t pick it up }

Couldn’t put it down ( it escaped from the vet

Couldn’t put it down ( a para plegic )

-a paraplegic