

I babbled something about frugality and consulting widely, but the look on the tiger's face suggested that my answer lacked conviction. Lacked anything. Down my side, a cold trickle headed for the waistband. Don't they make antiperspirants interview-proof? Finally I got him off my back by answering a subsequent, twist-the-knife question in a way that showed I did understand the difference between a budget statement and a financial summary, if that was what it was called.

Relief was short lived. It was the professionals' turn. My answers to the lady's questions about man-management seemed to be well received, although she had the

disconcerting habit of looking continuously at me whilst writing non-stop. The bearded slicker, however, was no walkover. He hounded me with successive questions, all on the same subject, his perseverance and his flow of "yes but"s making it quite clear to everyone that his hands were closely caressing my throat.

Gasping for air, and surely with little pools of water trapped above the waistband, final pleasantries were exchanged and I broke free, leaving them to dissect me in peace.

I returned to the settee.

And waited.....



At the request of the Parish Council, Horst Mix renovated Shipton's Vant Well, a water feature which has never run dry. John Hartley (Chairman, Parish Council) is shown congratulating Horst on the work done. We would like to add our thanks for his time and effort so willingly given.