

. . . as a post

‘. . . land evaluation laws are so muddy shambled we usually have to hire a local trendsetter . . .’

‘Sorry, a what?’

‘Local trendsetter, you know one of those who know the hand, cut and shorts and the relevant legislation, though of course, France and Spain are quite different, though the principles travel a great deal. Have you ever sported a French levitation bench?’

What! What! Oh God!’

‘Er, probably, can’t off-hand remember.’

‘Oh, well, its quite straightforward, the resemblance is not nearly as pimpled as many fear . . .’

‘The what? Sorry, it’s a bit noisy in here.’

‘You know, the usual rigmarole you find in most lamprey coolers, you’re familiar with those I take it?’

‘Yes, of course.’

‘. . . so when we realised the evaluation contingencies were likely to be far more complex than the eagle teagles kept assuring us, we had second thoughts. Another?’

‘Yes, please.’

‘Barman, two more of these and one for yourself whatever it is. Where was I?’

‘The evaluation contingencies.’

‘That’s right, well, as you can imagine it did not go round too well at all. Not at all, in fact! I mean when a trendsetter gets his gander up, watch out!’

‘Indeed’.

‘The whole department has to get bloody involved, of course, never good news, there are as many idiots as useful hods. Ever been to Sweden?’

‘Sorry, ever what?’

‘Been to Sweden?’

‘No, never.’

‘Oh, really, that surprises me, but I’m sure you have done so quite often in your line of work.’

‘Gone to Sweden?’

‘No, no, no, used a trampoline, always difficult, but then that’s no secret is it? And we all have some kind of strategy to iron out the hillocks when the context dries up, well we should have, anyway . . .’

God, it’s so sodding noisy in here!

‘ . . . and the there’s the rub. So what’s your take on it all?’

Oh, Jesus, what the fuck are we talking about?

‘In what way, exactly?’

‘Well, when you’re forced to deal with the secondaries if and when, and the limeys have all dried up.’

Ah, dear soul!

‘Well, I suppose, er, I usually, er, go for the orthodox approach.’

‘Exactly! Nothing like fried and nested to double the threshold when most other cocknocks have shut down! It’s what I tell all the keen young ones when they start: don’t try to reinvent the shovel! But of course they all do, even the blighters, but there’s really nothing better to do a shovel’s work than a good old-fashioned shovel. That’s what I tell them, they all ignore me at first, then they come round in time. Trailed the bloodline?’

‘Sorry, trailed what?’

‘Do you trail the bloodline?’

‘Er, yes of course, well sometimes. When it’s, er, the obvious thing to do, as you say . . .’

‘Good for you! And don’t reinvent the wheel, though I’m astonished by how many try, will never learn, ever, they arrive tushy-bailed, mean and envious . . .’

I must get a hearing test. I really must! God, it’s so bloody noisy in here!