

And Finally,

I have mentioned before that I'm often beholden to my wife...Having been away for most of the break, the morning of Monday 1st January was my one opportunity to disarm the Christmas Tree, before being back at work on Tuesday—as an added complication Colchester were at home in the afternoon. Karen had gone shopping so I set to work, packing up ornaments, putting the ornaments back that we'd taken down, boxing things, labelling things etc...like a Trojan I worked. My wife's comments when I returned; Have you made the children their lunch yet? Have you hung up the washing? Have you packed their bags? Sadly the answer to each question was no, so alas my herculean efforts scored me negative points as I had failed so miserably with the other requirements. There's always next year!

which carry the pollen of thought from one mind to another. James Russell Lowell (Poet.)

Books are the bees