

# **Daring Violet: Diary of an exhibitionist: Volume 1**

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## **BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF SERIES**

These stories, written in “Diary” format, like the story “Girls Bringing on the Revolution” mix erotica with politics. And they celebrate the “no pants” craze of the 2010s.

They are about a young woman, Violet, who is “a bit of an exhibitionist”, and spends her lunchtimes going to “public places” in her hometown, for instance coffee shops or High Street benches, Dressed to Kill (wearing a short skirt or dress and no knickers).

But she is a PhD student, and her degree subject was Politics, Business and Finance. And when she meets people, during her lunchtimes, the conversation very often gets onto her studies, which are political\*.

The Diaries run from 2011 to 2017. (Each volume covers 3 months.)

\* (*from the authors*): You are probably wondering, at this point: ‘Well, are the books pushing left wing, or right wing views?’ The answer is neither, really. For example, in Volume 1 Violet’s research is actually about the enormous sums of money Tony Blair’s Labour government spent / wasted on Management Consultants – who cost 10 times as much as Civil Servants with equivalent qualifications. But the truth is that during the main period when the diaries are ‘set’ (2011 – 2015), when David Cameron was PM, his Conservative / Lib Dem government was very probably just as bad in that respect.

# **VIOLET'S'S DIARY: 2011 ONWARDS**

**(THIS IS VOLUME 1 – 2011:  
JANUARY – MARCH)**

## **INTRODUCTION 1**

As a Ph.D. student I lead a fairly solitary life during the day. It involves a lot of reading and writing, and research on the Internet, mostly in my rooms in Keble Rd. Once a week I go to the University to see my supervising Professor, to discuss my progress and probably he will read through some of my notes, and we'll discuss them.

I keep busy in the evenings too, in other ways.

But this diary – this particular diary – revolves around what I do lunchtimes. For 2 or 3 lunchtimes a week I indulge in my ‘secret hobby’. You see, I am a bit of an exhibitionist. And I love to go out, usually for about 90 minutes round about 1 o’clock to 2.30, wearing a short skirt or dress and no knickers. And I’m not really happy unless someone “discovers” my little secret. And so my diary consists mainly of what happens when they do.

Surprisingly, perhaps, we are going through a time when I am not at all alone in this. There is currently a “no pants” craze going on and it is not at all uncommon for women to go without their panties. So I don’t feel out of place at all. But maybe my skirts are a bit shorter than most of the others!

Dear Reader

Sometimes, when I met someone, the conversation would be a bit extended. If we

seemed to be getting on alright, I would give them basically two choices – either I would tell them about my work, or about my social life. Very rarely both. Since for both cases, it was usually mostly the same “spiel”, I don’t want to keep on writing that out in my diary every time I make those “little speeches”. So I will write them out now (for you) and not continually repeat them. (In the diary I will write something like “I gave them my spiel about my work.” Or “I gave them my spiel about my social life”.) (Also of course, they might tell me about their work and/or hobbies.)

Here they are:

## **1) My “spiel” about my work**

Well, last year I finished my degree in Politics, Business and Finance. I am now doing a postgraduate degree – a Ph.D. actually, specialising in “Use of Management Consultants and IT Systems Consultants in the Public Sector”

(and also, the Banking Crash of a few years ago – 2008/9).

[If the person expresses interest I will go further:]

Tony Blair was the big one for using Management Consultants and IT Consultants (though David Cameron might be similar – the jury is still out on that one). While Tony Blair was PM, the country was practically run by Management Consultants. The civil servants had to take a back seat. The thing is, a management consultant, who might just be a new graduate straight out of university, with little experience, cost £7000 - £10000 a week, over 10 times as much as they would pay a civil servant with similar experience. (A senior management consultant with lots of experience would cost £15,000 to £25,000 a week.) So a typical project with say, 50 people involved for a year, instead of costing about £3 million (with civil servants), would cost at least £30 million.

And some of the IT projects, in particular, were so big that they ran into hundreds of millions, or even billions.

By the way, the junior management consultants who cost the Government £7000 - £10000 a week didn't earn anything like that themselves, of course. Most of the money went to the Partners in the Management Consultancy, who raked in millions and millions.

## **2) My 'spiel' about my social life**

This is about what I get up to in the evenings. Bear in mind that during the day (apart from my lunch hour) I work – about 6 hours a day, on my Ph.D.



But it's a different story in the evenings. First and foremost, I watch very little TV indeed. I regard that very much as 'second hand living'. I avoid it like the plague.

At least three evenings a week are taken up by my major hobbies. These are playing chess and playing viola in a chamber orchestra. Wednesday evenings I go to my chess club, and Monday and Thursday evenings the chamber orchestra of which I am a member, practices. And some weeks we have a performance to give, usually over the weekend.

But 3 evenings a week (or sometimes I swap evenings for afternoons, and do my PhD work in the evening), what you could say is that I 'party' – not in the way partying is normally thought of, but it is still 'partying' in my view.

You see, I met this girlfriend a year or so ago, in exactly the same way that I have met you – actually in a coffee shop – and she introduced

herself: “Hi,” she said, “I’m Vicki” It turned out she is a care worker, and she has the same idiosyncrasy as me – she goes knickerless a lot. We got on like a house on fire on that first meeting. To cut a long story short, we started meeting, usually 2 or 3 evenings a week – to ‘party’ in our way.

That is to say, we think of all sorts of situations that we can go out ‘on the town’, not (necessarily) to get drunk, but with the purpose that one or other of us, or indeed both of us, will show some unsuspecting person “what we’re made of”. That’s our way of ‘having a laugh’. Over the past year we have come up with all sorts of ideas, and then put them into practice.

That is what we mean by ‘partying’.

## INTRODUCTION 2

To be quite frank, every day – every lunchtime, is virtually the same until I enter into conversation with someone.

It is either a nice day, or a lousy day, weather-wise.

If it is a nice day – dry, fairly warm, the sun shining maybe, I will find a place to sit out in the open – a park bench, a high street bench, maybe I'll take a picnic and sit on a blanket on the grass in a park. If it's a bench it'll have to be with a nearby bench that someone can 'join me at' when they notice me. There are really only a very small number of places that fit the bill.

If it is a lousy day – raining, snowing or bitterly cold, I will choose instead a café, or a coffee shop, or a pub, or the library even. There are really not many places to choose. With any of

these, I will choose a seat where hopefully there are a number of free seats nearby – fortunately that is not usually a problem, by 1 o'clock or certainly by 1.30, coffee shops for instance are getting less busy, their busiest time probably being between 10.30 and 11.30.

Again, there are only 5-6 places I tend to choose – a couple of coffee shops, a café, a couple of pubs and maybe occasionally the library.

Now remember that this diary goes on for 7 years. If I was to describe in detail, every day, how I came to a decision of where to go (out of a choice of no more than a dozen places), me getting there etc, it would become very boring for you the reader, very soon.

Suffice to say, that whether rain or shine, I find somewhere to sit, with preferably other places nearby where someone who “notices” me can also sit, and start a conversation. And my diary entry will start with the start of that

conversation. That is the only way I think I can proceed.

**Note (by Chris Burnell):** *There are a few 'unrealities' in this first volume. Probably the main one is that Violet doesn't meet the same person more than once, even though she keeps going back to the same places.*

## Tuesday January 4

“Do I call you Sharon Stone?”

“Yes, I have heard of that film, though it was a bit before my time. ‘Basic Instinct’, wasn’t it?”

“That’s right. I was about 25 when it came out. Quite a shocker, it was. As are you, Miss No Knickers.”

“Oh well, that long behind the times, am I? Actually, it’s me that’s following the trends. Haven’t you heard of the ‘no pants’ craze? You should go to the nightclubs. Half the girls are wearing no knickers.”

“Really? Maybe I should go then. Do you think they’d let me in? I’m not an old age pensioner yet.”

“Well, you could give it a try. What’s your name? Mine’s Violet.”

“I’m Richard.”

“And what do you do for a living, Richard?”

“I’m a Video Editor.”

“Oh, what does that involve?”

“I prepare video tape for the production of the final version of a television programme. I arrange shots, enhance the quality of pictures, and add special effects. We use all digital equipment these days, so I need to know about editing software.”

“Well, I’m a student.” (I gave him my spiel about my work.)

“What are you working on this week – apart from prancing around Basingstoke without any knickers on?”

One thing I’ve been finding out is that two thirds of Management Consulting projects in the public sector give disappointing results. One of the reasons for this is that most consultancies have just a few experts in any particular area of work, but a lot of inexperienced people. Because the experts are so few and far between, they are put on several projects at the same time and so can devote only a little time to each project. Most of the men and women on the project will be

so-called 'green beans' or 'warm bodies', who have little or no experience, and quite frankly aren't much use – even though they are probably costing the department £7,000 to £10,000 per week.

“Yeah, I wish someone would pay me £10,000 a week.”



## Wednesday January 5

“Are you enjoying the view?”

“Oh, you noticed I was looking, did you? As it happens I’m enjoying it a lot, yes.”

“Don’t you think it would be more polite not to make it so obvious that you were looking?”

“I suppose so. More brainy, too, because I’ve noticed you’ve closed your legs up now, spoiling the view.”

“Well, that’s because you’re so cheeky.”

“But you don’t really mind me looking, then?”

“Not really. I’ve been known to go on a nudist beach, you know.”

“Wow – what, in Brighton? That’s the only one I know of quite near here.”

“A few times, yes. And abroad, too.”

“Wow.”

“What’s your name?”

“I’m David.”

“What do you do for a living?”

“Oh, I’m a coach driver.”

“Well I’m a student. Got to go back to my rooms and continue with my dissertation in 40 minutes or so. Then tonight I’ve got my chess club. I’ll see if I can win again, like last week.”

“Oh, you play chess, do you? Are you any good?”

“Not bad. I’m at the stage when you use the proper openings, at any rate. Last week I was Black (that means I go second), and I used the Dutch Defence, which can be risky – but I did win. Do you have any hobbies?”

“Yes, I make model boats. Takes up most of my evenings actually. Partly because I can’t stand television.”

“No, there’s never much on, is there?”

“Never much to see. Unlike here today. I must admit I can’t take my eyes off you.”

“No, I can see that. Well I must go. Nice to meet you, David.”

## Tuesday January 11

“Do you mind if I stay here looking at you all day?”

“I think that would be a bit extreme, don’t you? Besides, I won’t be here in about 10 minutes. (Things to do and all that.) What is your name? Mine’s Violet.”

“Harold.”

“Nice to meet you, Harold. What do you do for a living?”

“I’m an “Equality and Diversity Officer, and I work for the council.”

“What does that involve?”

“We have to make sure that people who work for, or come into contact with, the council, receive equal opportunities. I’m currently writing my yearly equalities report which sets out how the council is doing in relation to equalities and diversity. And what do you do?” (I gave him my spiel about my work.)

“That sounds very interesting indeed. So what are you working on at the moment?”

“Oh, this last fortnight I have been looking at how the MoD (Ministry of Defence) uses Management Consultants. It is clear from the MoD’s annual report that they have been using the Balanced Scorecard consulting tool, which really had its heyday several years ago. It is now outdated. It is par for the course that government departments are generally a few years ‘behind the times’ compared with leading Western companies.

The information I have is that the MoD has spent several hundred million pounds recently with both McKinsey and PricewaterhouseCoopers (PwC), mainly on logistics and procurement projects. McKinsey is American, while PwC is one of the ‘Big 4’ Accountancy firms (turned Consultancies) in the UK.

For example, one of the big projects done by McKinsey was the multi-million pounds Smart

Acquisition system – a way of running defence equipment procurement projects.

Harold, you haven't been listening to a word I said – you've just been looking at my legs."

"No, I have been listening – about the MoD, isn't it? Well, if you end up in the Sergeant's Mess at Tidworth or somewhere – or with someone like you it'd probably be the Officers Mess, I suppose – I wouldn't recommend you dress like that."

"No, you're probably right."

"Give those army Captains and Majors too much excitement and there's no telling what they'll get up to."

"No."

## Wednesday January 12

“Anyone would think you’ve not seen a naked woman before.”

(when he shows surprise)

“Well, it doesn’t happen to me very often, a woman showing her twat in the middle of Basingstoke.”

Oh, I don’t know. It’s pretty common in nightclubs, you know. Even living in Basingstoke, haven’t you heard of the ‘no pants’ craze?”

“Yes, I have heard of it actually. But I don’t go to young peoples’ pubs and nightclubs now that I’m, like, middle-aged. I must say, all the girls used to keep their knickers on when they were out, when I was young.”

“Well, they don’t now. I don’t either. I’m Violet, by the way. What’s your name?”

“It’s Ian. Do you go to work dressed like that, then?”

“Actually I don’t have a “proper” job. I’m a student. What’s your job?”

“I’m a care worker. But it’s only a job. If it wasn’t for the fact I need the money I wouldn’t do it. I live for my hobby, which is sailing. I even do it in the winter, though it means wearing a wetsuit then. How long have you been going without your panties, then? Is it all the time?”

“No, I wear them when I play chess, for instance.”

“Oh, you play chess? That’s your hobby, then.”

“One of them. I also play viola in a chamber orchestra. I’m doing that tomorrow. I shall be practising in my room this afternoon. At the moment part of the orchestra (including myself) is working on Beethoven’s String Quartet in E-flat major, Op 127 – this was one of Beethoven’s later string quartets, composed after he had gone deaf. It is a work for 2 violins, a viola and a cello – and pretty difficult, I can tell you.”

“Well, I must be getting along. Nice to meet you.”

“Yes, goodbye.”

## Monday January 17

“My, my – you can sit in front of me any day of the week.”

“I wonder why. You’ve not been looking up my skirt, by any chance?”

“Been? I still am. So long as you’re going to keep on showing what you’re made of, I’m going to look, if you don’t mind.”

“Well, I suppose if I really minded, I’d have dressed differently, wouldn’t I?”

“That’s just what I thought. Hole in one. Or one hole, in this case.”

“Now, now, that’s quite naughty language, isn’t it?”

“Yes, well, you inspire it, as I say, dressed (or undressed) like that.”

“Oh, so I’m the one who should apologise, am I?”

“There’s absolutely no need to apologise – I like it a lot, actually.”

“Glad to hear it. I’m Violet – what’s your name?”



“I’m Darren. Do you come into this coffee shop a lot?”

“Not very often, no – it’s the first time for about a fortnight.”

“Oh, well I’ve started coming in here nearly every day, to have my cappuccino, and I’m sure I would have noticed you before, if we’d both been in at the same time.”

“Yes, I expect so.”

“Especially if you were dressed like that. Are you usually?”

“I’d rather not say – I’m not when I go to my chess club on Wednesday evenings, they’d probably say I was cheating!”

“I bet. Are you good at chess, then?”

“Quite good, I suppose. I’m in the club team. We travel to other clubs sometimes. Do you have any hobbies, or do you play any sports?”

“I go skiing – I go about 4 times a year, to Norway usually.”

“Sounds nice. Fraid I don’t do any energetic sports like that.”

“Well, I’ll say cheerio. I’m waiting for someone – she’d better not find me talking to you, I don’t think.”

“No, I understand.”

## Wednesday January 19

“It must be my lucky day.”

“I could pretend I don’t know what you’re talking about, but I think I do. You’ve been looking up my skirt, haven’t you?”

“I can’t pretend otherwise. Yes I have.”

“One day, probably when I’m about 40, I’ll get round to putting some knickers on – but right now I prefer not to.

“Well, as I say, I’m not complaining.”

“Good. What’s your name, anyway? I’m Violet, by the way.”

“My name is James. Does your boss mind you dressing like that?”

“Well, I kinda don’t have a “proper” job. I am a student – a Ph.D. student actually. A lot of my work is done on my own, in my flat, and I’m not seeing my Professor today. I only see him once a week. And my social life is pretty unusual, too – really “off the wall”. What would you like to know about – my work or my social life?”

“I think a Ph D sounds a bit over my head, so let’s hear about your social life.”

(I gave him my spiel about my social life.) He listened agog.

“Yeah, sounds exciting. A bit more adventurous than my life. I watch TV most evenings. Tell me what you’ve been getting up to with your friend Vicki, then. Your “situations”.”

“I met her yesterday, actually. We played our game “Get a double decker bus to anywhere.” That involves us getting on a double decker bus, it doesn’t matter that much where it’s going (as long as it’s a regular service). This time it was the 76 to Andover. We were dressed, as usual, in short dresses and no knickers. We had coats on too, as it’s winter, but they were only jackets – only coming down to the same length as our dresses. We sat about 4 rows back, on the left. And then we waited. We were waiting for a “likely lad” to come in and sit in front of us.

At about the 4<sup>th</sup> stop someone did. A man about 40, I suppose, with dark hair. He sat 2 rows from the front, on the left. An ideal position. That was our cue. It was Vicki's turn. She got up and ascended the stairs. It was my job to record a video of it all on my camera/phone. You should have seen his face."

"I bet."

"And then on the way back it was my turn. This time our "victim" was a man about 10 years older, with greyish hair.

(We went as far as Oakley, got off and got the next bus back – we had to wait about half an hour.)"

## **Thursday January 20**

“You can come shopping with me any day of the week.”

“Yes, well are you offering to pay the bill at the checkout, then?”

“Well, I wasn’t going to go as far as that. But I’ll buy you a drink if you like.”

“What, 4 cans of cider?”

“I was thinking more of a drink down the pub.”

“Oh, I’m afraid I’m tied up,” replied Violet, “otherwise engaged.”

“I was going to say that I’ll tie you up, if you like.”

“I bet you would – I’m sorry but that’s out of the question too. What’s your name? I’m Violet.”

“I’m Lee.”

“And what do you do for a living, Lee?”

“Oh, I’m a Sports and Leisure Centre manager. That means I look after both the routine administration of the leisure centre, and the organisation and development of sporting activities.”

“Really? And what would you like to know about me? About my work or about my play?”

“About your play, I think.”

(I gave him my spiel about my social life.)

“Tell me what you’ve been getting up to with your friend Vicki, then.”

“Oh yes. I met Vicki two days ago and we played our “Conversation by the railings” game. You know Festival Place is on two levels?”

“Yes.”

“Well, we were standing on the top level by the railings, having a half hour conversation, knowing full well that anyone on the lower level, if they looked up, would get a very good view indeed.... And quite a few people did.”

“Well, I must admit that I can’t match that. But my main interest is football. I support Manchester United, and I played football till 2 years ago.”

## Tuesday January 25

“That’s funny. I think I’ve just seen a minky.”

“Really? Who’s might that be, then?”

“Yours, actually. Haven’t you forgotten something today?”

“It’s the fashion. Haven’t you heard of the ‘no pants’ craze?”

“Yes, I have heard of it. It’s been on the TV. But I didn’t think it happened in Basingstoke.”

“Oh yes. You should go to the nightclubs. Not a pair of knickers in sight. And that’s not just because the girls keep their legs together or wear trousers.”

“Well, maybe I will.”

“I’m Violet. What’s your name?”

“Oh I’m John. Nice to meet you.”

“Are you not working today?”

“No, I’ve got the day off. But I’m a Farm Manager. I work on a farm about 8 miles away, near Overton.”

“What does that job involve?”



“As the farm manager one of the most important things I am responsible for is that the farm makes a profit. So I have to make budgets and see that they are stuck to.

I have to decide on things like buying and selling things like seeds, crops, livestock, machinery and fertilisers.”

“Sounds a very responsible job. Well, I’m a student..... (I gave him my spiel about my work.)

“What are you specialising on at the moment?”

“I’m working on the NHS :

In the massively expensive NHS “Connecting for Health” (CfH) system, which cost £30 billion, 2 of the “modules” are the “Choose and Book” system and the “Electronic Transmission of Prescriptions” (ETP) system.

As far as the “Choose and Book” system is concerned, there are a lot of question marks over whether it is very useful. When hospitals run at nearly full capacity (as they do in this country much of the time) it just doesn’t work – patients have no choice but to (hopefully) go where there’s space. Also hospitals use a triage system where they “prioritise” the most urgent cases, and this wasn’t taken into account of in the design. (Durr!) This was unbelievably incompetent and caused big delays and a massive increase in cost.

Also for various reasons the “Choose and Book” system isn’t very popular with doctors surgeries – they just don’t really want it. On the other hand “Electronic Transmission of Prescriptions” is quite a good idea, and is popular with GPs.

So the underhanded thing the Government/NHS have done is say that GPs can only have the “Electronic Transmission of

Prescriptions” software (which they want) if they also order the “Choose and Book” software (which generally they don’t want). This is called “bundling” software, and is thought to be illegal because it’s anti-competition – but the government gets desperate when it has spent so much money on systems – as it has with CfH.”

“Seems to me, with that Choose and Book system, you’ll get some hospitals completely full, and others more or less empty – depending on what the league tables say, or whatever. Not sure that’s a very good idea.”

## Wednesday January 26

“Have you finished looking yet?” (When he’s been staring for a long time.)

“Oh sorry to make it obvious, but this kind of scenery doesn’t happen very often in the middle of the afternoon in Basingstoke town centre.”

“So you might as well make the best of the opportunity, you mean?”

“Sort of, yes.”

“Well go right ahead. I really don’t mind. I don’t mind on Brighton beach, so why should I mind here?”

“No, I see what you mean.”

“What is your name? I’m Violet.”

“It’s Lee.”

“What do you do for a living, Lee?”

“I’m a driving instructor. Self-employed – I work for a franchise actually. You know, the only trouble is, there’s a hell of a lot of regulation in it these days. For instance, you must pass a qualifying exam – “Approved

Driving Instructor”. It took me a year to train for it. And registration has to be renewed every 4 years, and we are regularly re-assessed (by a supervising examiner).

“Yeah, well I’m a PhD student..... (I gave him my spiel about my work.)”

“Really?” said Lee, “tell me what you’re working on at the moment.”

“Have you heard of PFI (Private Finance Initiative)?”

“Vaguely, yes – I don’t know much about it though.”

“In the Private Finance Initiative (PFI), the idea is that private companies (rather than the public sector) pay for new hospitals, schools, prisons and work on infrastructure like roads and railways. And they would recoup their investment through annual payments from the Government for many years into the future – sometimes as many as 50 years.

Before Labour came to power, in 1997, Labour politicians in the Shadow Cabinet argued against PFI. For instance, Harriet Harman (shadow Health Secretary) said in 1996 “if the private sector is designing, building, financing, operating and running the hospital, and employing the doctors and nurses, that is privatisation.”

But after Labour came to power, they forgot their misgivings about PFI, and it was full steam ahead. This was for the whole of their time in Government – until last year, that is.”

“All that must keep you really busy. But you must have some spare time. What do you do then, apart from sitting on High Street benches with no knickers on?”

“Well, I play chess. I play for a club – got a match this evening, in fact.”

“Oh yeah. My main hobby is cricket, actually. I watch Hampshire quite often during the

season (and the Test matches, of course). I used to play for Basingstoke Cricket Club.

“My, you must have been pretty good at it. Were you a bowler or a batter?”

“Mainly a bowler. Quite a fast bowler.”

“Well, I must be getting along. Got a bit of writing to do this afternoon. Nice to meet you.”

“Yeah, goodbye.”

## Thursday January 27

“Are you looking at something?”

“Yes, your muff.”

“Yes, well that’s what I was implying actually. Isn’t it a bit rude to make it so obvious?”

“Oh sorry, I was just in a state of shock – pussy isn’t what you expect to see when you’re walking along minding your own business and thinking about the next spreadsheet at work.

“Oh, are you in finance or something?”

“Yes, I’m a trainee accountant.”

“That’s funny. I’m in a similar line – sort of. You see, I did a degree in Politics, Business and Finance, and now I’m doing a PhD.

(I gave him my spiel about my work.)

“Really? That’s very interesting. But I prefer not to talk about work if I can help it. What do you do in your spare time?”

“Well tonight, for instance, I’m going to be in part of a chamber orchestra in town. I play the viola. Tonight we are going to be practising Haydn’s String Quartet in D minor, Op 64 –



known as The Lark Quartet, which is considered one of his finest. It's for 2 violins, a viola and a cello.

"I suppose you will be somewhat differently dressed this evening, then?"

"Oh yes – well, I'll be wearing a longer dress anyway."

"I see. I expect so. For my part I am not really very musical. But I'm into sport in a big way. I play hockey."

"You don't play chess either, I presume?"

"Fraid not, no. At least, not very well."

"That's my other main interest. I'm doing that on Wednesday."

"I always thought it was mostly men that played chess?"

"Yes, we girls are a bit outnumbered by the men, I admit. But I very often beat the men at it."

"The nearest I come to chess is I play cards. Poker mainly. I play in "The Lamb" on Thursdays. Not much point in playing poker with you – not strip poker at any rate!"

“No, I don’t think so.”