

Edith is at her desk in her office.

The Poetry through the Language Barrier evening took place at La Flava Floro the previous week and Edith has already received some good comments, some by telephone call, some by email and some by written letter.

She decides to go through her morning mail and notices the new issue of Trade Magazine. She opens it and looks for an article about the Poetry through the Language Barrier evening. Yes, page 7.

Edith starts to read yet, due to what had happened to Jane, cannot resist reading the last paragraph first.

It is wonderful. Positive and upbeat. Valuable, constructive, excellent publicity for the project.

Edith is pleased and, really, somewhat relieved.

She reads the article in full and is delighted and impressed by the quality of the writing and the precision with which ideas have been expressed.

Feeling quite jolly, Edith continues with the rest of the mail.

There is a knock on the door.

“Enter please.”

John enters.

“Edith, I have just been reading the article in Trade Magazine.”

“Yes, I have been reading it. It is wonderful.”

“Indeed.”

John looks somewhat concerned.

“What is it?” asks Edith quietly.

“Well, I got chatting to Edward the other day and so when I had read the article and been impressed I thought that I would ring him and thank him, in particular because this is his first article in his first job after graduating.”

“Good.” says Edith, though a little hesitantly due to John’s concerned look.

“Well, I rang the number for Trade Magazine and I got through to reception and I asked to speak to Edward Stanley. The lady on the phone said that nobody of that name works there. So I said that he did, that he’s a staff journalist who started last week and her voice went very distressed, distressed upset, and sort of shouted ‘Well he doesn’t work here now!’ and the line went blank.”

“Oh.”

“So I thought that I should tell you.”

“Yes, indeed. Thank you.”

Edith remembers the issue that Jane had had and wonders what has been going on.

“John, you said that you chatted with him.”

“Yes.”

“If that chat were now retrospectively regarded a job interview, would you recommend to me that I offer him a job here?”

“Yes.”

“Well, if he has indeed lost his job, then he is out of work so I can ethically offer him a job.”

“Yes.”

“There is one problem though: I don’t know how to contact him. I know that he graduated from a university recently, but I do not know which one otherwise I could try the registry of the university.”

“Well I can help you there, he told me.”

“Registry.”

Edith is alone in her office and has just rung the university and asked to be put through to the registry.

“Good morning. My name is Edith Gatford. I am ringing about Edward Stanley - he graduated from your university recently. Do you have contact details for him please?”

“Well if he is one of our graduates then probably, I would need to check. But I can’t give them out.”

“Yes of course, but would you be able to contact him to say that I am trying to get in touch with him?”

“Are you a relative?”

“No, I represent an employer. I want to offer him a job.”

“Oh ... good. .... Can you hold on, I’ll go and ask.”

“Yes certainly, thank you.”

There is a pause, quite a long pause.

“I’ve asked the Registrar and she says that normally we do not but that if you write a letter to him and send it to her unsealed with a covering letter to her then she will forward it. We have to be careful like that.”

“Yes of course. Thank you.”

Edith writes the two letters and personally puts them in a large envelope, together with a blank envelope with a stamp.

‘No reason that they should pay the postage when they are helping me out.’ thinks Edith.