

Morning.

Edith has just arrived at the research centre.

On her 'incoming post table' are several letters and two magazines, one of them Trade Magazine.

Usually Edith looks at the letters first, but today, Trade Magazine is first.

At the offices of Trade Magazine, Simon has just arrived at work and eagerly picks up a copy of today's edition to see his article.

Edith looks through the magazine, looking for the article.

'Ah, here it is, page 5. "Gigantic Business launches the Locomotive" as a large headline.'

Edith wonders what is there, scanning quickly rather than reading gently as she usually does. Edith notices that there is no byline, just the headline then the main text.

'The Palm Court of a stylish hotel - palm trees reminiscent of holidays in far flung places - coffee or peppermint tea and pastries or soya yoghurt substitute for the journalists. What is this?' thinks Edith, 'not the usual sort of article in Trade Magazine.'

The article goes on to glow about the Locomotive and InterJollies and what fun and so on, but no criticism and no mention of LocSARA, and Edith is relieved yet wonders about such a strange write-up.

'Anyway, all is well.'

Edith then reads the article in the other magazine, a different article, more technical about using 16-bit coding for the decoding files and so on, but all positive, nothing critical.

At the offices of Trade Magazine, Simon is feeling unhappy. What has happened to his scoop? The article he wrote was handed in to the Editor as required, so where is it?

'Who wrote all of this stuff?' thinks Simon.

A secretary arrives.

"The Editor wants to see you now."

"Oh."

Simon gets up and walks towards the door on his way to the Editors's Office. Pairs of eyes watch him go out of the room. Pairs of eyes look at each other with embarrassed looks, then people get back to work as if they had not noticed anything at all. They all think that they know what this means.

Simon enters the office of the Editor's secretary. She looks a bit embarrassed, not at all the happy friendly lady he met when he came for his interview. Simon begins to feel rather uncomfortable.

The door to the Editor's office is open. The secretary shows him in. The Editor is standing.

"Ah Simon, come in, have a seat."

The Editor sits down.

Simon sits down.

"I expect you're wondering what happened to your article."

"Well, yes, actually."

"Well, it was well written, forceful, but I just can't print it. For one thing you are going by guess work with no evidence to back it up. I mean real evidence as if I had published it and Gigantic Business sued, could you back it up to a judge in court - no stands to reason stuff, hard facts are what are needed. But the main reason is that you need to understand what this magazine is about yes, the journalism is good, but what it is really about is getting in paid advertising. The journalism is so that engineers and the like all over the country pick it up to have a read and when they do that they see the advertisements. Gigantic Business places a lot of advertising with us - I know that ideally content should not be influenced by considerations about who pays for advertising, but this is the real world here. As I tell people - and I know people have a laugh at the way I repeat it, but it's true just the same - the money we get for advertisements pays for people's salaries and so then for buying houses and for buying children's shoes and so on.

"Simon, you're young, talented and enthusiastic, but you need to learn how things are in the real world and how they are here. Luckily I saved the day and managed to get another article at short notice."

"Oh."

"I'll tell you how, but don't let it get about. There is a freelance writer who I've bought articles from sometimes so I rang him up and asked if he had been there and if so did he have an article and he said he did but expressed surprise that we did not have anybody there. Then there was a pause and he said 'Did you by any chance send that young man who made a fool of himself?'. I did not reply and he said that discretion is assured. I gave him fifty more than he was asking in return for him accepting that he would not get a byline and for cutting out some of the precise technical detail for which he is known and putting in a bit of other stuff so that people would not guess he is the author. In the event he added all that stuff about palm trees and holidays and peppermint tea and some variant of yoghurt and I let it go in so that it might diffuse any possible problems.

"I expect that when you get back down to your desk the others will be surprised, but I only sack people when they don't do what I ask them to do or try to be awkward. I asked you to go to the press conference and write a story, and you did. Maybe what you wrote is how it is, but I just can't print it. Now please go back to your desk, tell nobody about our little chat and think about how you can become an effective member of the team."