

## **Diary of a Solicitor's Clerk**

### **Monday**

Up to my neck in pink ribbons and briefs. Just don't know where to turn – life is so busy. Think I'll go into the office and stop idling away at home.

More hassle at the office. Loads of mail to send out, but distracted by an email from a notorious running club member that involves dragging my mouse across an image and watching it wobble. Hope post is OK. Circulated wobble email so that other club committee members can have a go. Forgot to attach agenda for tonight's committee meeting.

Went down to the Primary Care Trust to deliver copies of "Imminent" for posting. Got all hot and sweaty and had to lie down afterwards. Now I know why our club development officer spends so much time down there.

Chaired a running club committee meeting at a hostelry remote from my home because the landlord in my local is a tw\*t. Went through the agenda in a record 7 minutes 26 seconds. This is now faster than my pb for a mile and is solely because we have shed all of the bolshie individuals from the committee. The one exception is the ladies' captain who has bolshie tendencies but she is always so late that they don't get an airing. Spent two hours after the meeting discussing the email I sent that involved dragging the mouse and wobbles over a couple of pints of fine ale.

### **Tuesday**

Forced to cycle to the office as the camper van is being serviced (the wine chiller packed in on the way back from an extended weekend in Loch Lomond).

Numerous emails to deal with, and running club committee meeting minutes to prepare. Found that I had sent my wobbly mouse dragging email to a QC in charge of a particularly nasty divorce case by mistake, but it all ended happily as he is going to use it as evidence!

Received a letter from what can only be described as a pervert asking for information on the garments that my aptly named second business produces. Wrote back pointing out that the business is a computer software company, not an outlandish Ann Summers competitor! Added a ps with a guide to suitable websites and a link to my wobbly mouse email. We are here to serve.

Popped into the Primary Care Trust with address labels for "Imminent".

Went across for a swift pint at my local in the evening. The landlord can still only be described as a tw\*t. Got in at 11.15.

## **Wednesday**

Camper van still not back as they have now found rioja in the main fuel tank. Looking forward to my one training session of the week this evening, which appropriately is from my local. I'm like a coiled spring.

Out on site all day cabling up a club member's computer. My colleague found several interesting websites on the hard drive. Spent a considerable amount of time checking these for any criminal content, but the only stuff that came near was on the running club website. Will have to streamline the latter as it is too cumbersome.

Popped into the Primary Care Trust to check that stamps have been put on straight. It's a shame that no licking is involved nowadays.

Had a good run from my local in the evening. A good turnout of ex-athletes was present, and we had a happy ramble around my home pastures. The landlord continues to be a tw\*t. Got in at 11.30.

## **Thursday**

Did some boring legal stuff and finished off and emailed the committee meeting minutes – less than half a sheet of A4, another pb! Have discovered that the phrase “XXX then spoke at length” is an effective summary of much that goes on.

Edited the club website so we now have only two pages: one for Wednesday night pub runs and one for social events. The rest all seemed pretty superfluous and I don't think we need it. Will now apply similar principles to the FRA site.

Rang about the camper but they have now discovered chardonnay in the brake fluid – I hope they will have reclaimed all this wine in time for our trip to Ireland this weekend.

Popped into the Primary Care Trust for no good reason.

Received a call from an instructing solicitor complaining that instead of notes relating to his complex paternity suit I had inadvertently sent a draft will for an eccentric horse-lover, leaving an entire estate to a well hung stallion named Toby. Spookily, the alleged father in question is also named Toby, and apparently confusion had reigned when the solicitor had started talking about rolls of hay and the local stud farm. He told me he was lucky to have got out with a single black eye.

Discovered that I had sent the local county court the club meeting minutes instead of the stenographer's proceedings, but luckily the presiding judge was His Honour R Taylor QC and thus when it had stated “R Taylor then spoke at length” everyone had agreed that this was a true and proper record!

Went across for a swift pint at my local in the evening. The landlord can still only be described as a tw\*t. Got in at 11.45. Three emails awaited me from potential new club members keen to join on the basis of the new website (none of them are runners).

## **Friday**

TGIF!!! A stressful week is coming to a close, with the return of the camper van just in time for a lunchtime start for the Dublin Ferry.

Had a worrisome morning when I served a writ and county court judgment on a local debtor. To my surprise they wrote out a cheque in full settlement there and then. Only afterwards did I discover that I had in fact served them with a copy of "Imminent" and that word alone had had the desired effect!! Camper van is running beautifully, but there was a nasty scare that the clutch was burning out until we found a sweaty sock left by some revolting club member in the back.

Received photo via text of a club member in a compromising posture, until I realised that Dave Hamer always runs like that.

Across to the Emerald Isle, where I surprised my good lady by revealing that we were in fact only two miles from a gathering of high-spirited club members! Spent the next hour putting more miles between us and said club members after clear, firm and direct legal advice!!

## **Saturday**

Walked up a mountain miles from anywhere. It's Gaelic name translates as "Short Tw\*t". Luckily able to keep up as my good lady's knee is sore, otherwise I would have had to make an excuse. Coincidentally met some of the high-spirited club members at the top, and was forced, after a dodgy descent when we almost perished due to unsuitable local route advice, to drink Guinness with them. I can only conclude that they are little more than professional drunkards!

## **Sunday**

Missed the ferry home after following Irish directions to Dublin (ie, "if you're going there oi wouldn't start from here" style). Managed to blag a berth on a Polish Tramp Steamer sailing at midnight. My heart was in my mouth as the camper van was winched aboard, but the captain gave me a bottle of vodka to calm the nerves. I have discovered that vodka also prevents seasickness and can in fact erase memories of an entire voyage!

## **Monday**

At my desk as bright as a button ready for the challenges of the week ahead. Camper van in for servicing due to vodka in the sump.

Found a late copy of "Imminent" to go out so will pop down the Primary Care Trust later to sort that out.

No committee meeting tonight (or "t'neeeet" as our club president would say) so I may saunter over to confirm that my local landlord is still a tw\*t.