

spotted in trafilgar square costa : the puzzling latte lady.

Sandra took out a Papermate 'comfortmate' pen, a pen she hadn't expect to like. It looked like an ordinary stick pen, but wrote like a dream. Who knew this ugly duckling would become a swan? As she drew it across the pages of her notebook the dark ink rolled out like a snail-trail. It had a triangular grip so it could not roll - perfect, one would imagine, for train tables. With a poke of tongue between her teeth she made a rather flowery 'G' and proceeded to write the word 'Goldfish', followed by 'in', 'a' and 'bag'. She drew a vertical line down the middle of the page and a horizontal line across it, so it formed a raggedy cross. She wrote the phrase 'Ship in a bottle' in the top right quadrant and for the next ten minutes made a list of pros and cons. Goldfish is a competent swimmer, Wooden ship is fixed to a stand. A goldfish is a family pet, the ornament a wonder for a few seconds. Sandra weighed up the options and decided that of the two she would rather be a Goldfish, providing the bag wasn't leaking. Later, when pressed by her nephew, she said she had arrived at this conclusion on the grounds that it would be better to be trapped in a polythene bag with a seven second memory than to be dead forever.