

Godfrey part 2: Marjory's bag

by Claire King

"Wondered if I could get your thoughts on a matter of some delicacy?"

"By all means, dear boy. Fire away"

"About ladies'... ahem ... bags."

"Bags, eh? More port, Godfrey?"

"Don't mind if I do. Most kind."

"Bags, you say?"

"Yes. Marjory's bag in particular."

"Not sure I'm much of an authority on bags, dear boy."

"Nor me. Part of the problem really."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"Marjory's bag. Not what it was."

"What it was?"

"When we met. She had a very nice little bag back then. New one."

"Something special?"

"Special? No, no. Quite the contrary. Rather plain, neat, very charming. Discrete, you might say."

"This really is an excellent cigar."

"Thank you."

"Terrible about Fortescue, by the way."

"Awful."

"And the cricket."

"Oh, let's not."

"No."

"Between you and me, I'm quite fascinated by bags. Out of admiration of course, nothing sordid."

"Of course not, who would suggest such a thing?"

"Really quite astonished at what the Missis has managed to produce out of such a tiny bag over the years. Capacity wise. All things

considered it's lasted rather well."

"Goodness yes, sometimes Audrey produces entire picnics from hers."

"Picnics? I...That's to say, when I say bag, what I mean to say is..."

"Oh I see! Oh good gracious, how silly I am. Terribly sorry."

"My fault entirely."

"So, of course, Marjory's bag..."

"Become a little worn. Rather thin and bashed about. Which I understand is not unusual for ladies d'un certain age. So I suggested she get a new one."

"I say."

"Yes. Know a chap. you see: Staughton. He's in the business, as it were, very respectable. Gave his wife a new one last month. By all accounts they're both quite delighted."

"Well then, that sounds like just the ticket. Perhaps I should speak to Audrey about it too."

"Marjory was most put out."

"Oh?"

"She says that new bags are terribly nouveau. Said that her bag is perfectly serviceable. An extravagance, she called it. Spent the rest of the afternoon lopping the heads off flowers."

"Good gracious. Nouveau, did she say?"

"Terribly nouveau."

"My word, old boy, it's a minefield."

