

"Hello, Is That You?"

"The person you are calling cannot take your call at the moment- Please leave your phone number and a short message"

"Hello, is that Her Majesty's Theatre Box Office? My name is Amy Fagott - that is spelt with one 'g' and two 't's and I am the Social Outings Secretary for Little Snoring U3A. I expect you will remember I came to see you yesterday to book twenty tickets for "Dirty Dancing" on June 1st. I don't remember the name of the young person who served me , but she was wearing a green cardigan, as opposed to her colleague who was wearing a T-shirt with "Ready When You are, Vicar" on it. Now, I forgot to leave my phone number in case you should need to consult me for anything, and the number is....."

"End of message"

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"It's me again, Amy Fagott, spelt one 'g' and two 't's, and my phone number is 0116-456789, and you can always reach me between mid- day and 5 o'clock 'though I do take a short nap after lunch, so please avoid that. Don't ring me on a Tuesday, as I go to Yoga class - quite wonderful, and relaxing don't you think?"

Now, I have had some thoughts about our theatre seats. You have only given us one seat on the aisle, and of course I shall give that to Mr. Hardcastle. He has a wooden leg, and likes to stick it straight out into the space beside him. He is most considerate to the people walking past, and he draws attention to his leg by draping an old Union Jack over it, but I'm afraid people do not always see it. But I digress... My main problem is the toilet. Our members do like to know exactly where it is so they can have a straight run to it, so please make sure that they are not obstructed in any way. Perhaps it would be best if we all had aisle seats. I know it means that we would not be sitting by our friends but we could wave or call to each other now and again. And another thing....."

"End of message"

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" Amy Fagott here, same spelling. Silly me, I have just realised that I read the wrong number in the phone book and I haven't been talking to Her Majesty's Theatre at all, but Her Majesty's Prison. It's no use offering you our spare tickets, is it? Now, will you please do me a teeny-weeny favour since you are sort of a public body, aren't you ? Please ring the theatre for me and tell them that I shall go to see them tomorrow to sort everything out. Thank you so much. 'Over and out, Roger' as they say ! "