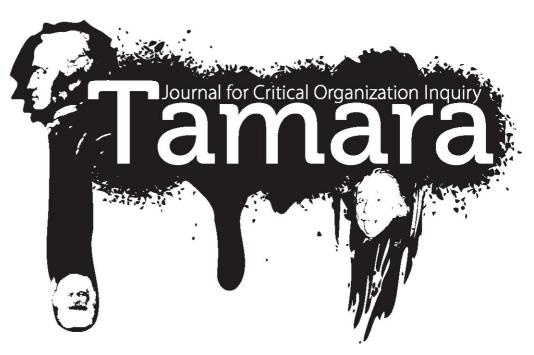


by Paul Jeffcutt



The Office of the Chief

Paul Jeffcutt

Behind his mahogany desk are framed diplomas and honours, an expanse of gilding, signatures and red-wax seals he loves to gesture towards, sprawling back in the buttoned leather chair as you remain standing.

All dubious, confides Leo, especially one as a fighter pilot in the Second World War: grimacing, he seizes the joystick and banking fast, twin machine-guns spurt, then he dissolves to a pouting bambino, waving little arms and gaping around the cockpit.

In Employment

Paul Jeffcutt

279 steps from the entrance, 116 urgent emails, 58 minutes before lunch, 13 hours until Friday, 2 phones ringing at once, half an opportunity.

Pretty Polly

Paul Jeffcutt

The Norwegian Blue was infamously mute, shagged out, stunned or deceased: this African Grey's loquacious, her wit and wordage surpassing syndicated talk-show *celebs*.

She's practicing for a media career: voice-overs, continuity announcing or trails. Her small-screen premiere, endearingly reciting the autocue with a trademark knowing wink.

Nkisi, a captive African Grey parrot, has a wide vocabulary of 950 words. Nkisi uses past present and future tenses as well as inventing her own words and phrases.

Alex Kirby, BBC News Online, 26 January 2007.