

26 February 2013 1:35am

He carefully opened the door of the Caff, trying not to make the hinges squeak, had a quick look around to make sure the coast was clear of you-know-who and furtively ducked inside. He was hoping his heavy disguise of a fake beard, flat cloth cap, dirty trousers held up with baling twine, hob-nailed boots and overstretched braces would allow him to remain incognito. He nodded "nervous stranger" greetings to the other drinkers who were sitting around the tables chatting away, confident that his plan was working, and made his way to the bar where he caught the Welsh Granny's eye 'Oi luv, is it flamin' safe to say anything round 'ere?' he asked trying to disguise his Aussie accent.

The Welsh Granny looked at him, a perplexed expression on her face 'What can I get you *Subbie* - the usual?'

'Bugger! Is it *that* obvious' he asked, crestfallen.

'Er... 'fraid so cobber-me-old-mate' she replied, teasing him.

'In that case - make mine a pint - a man's not a camel ya know....'

'...AND THE CROSSWORD TODAY WERE BLINKIN' EASY - SO THERE!'