It was the Annual Alphabet Soiree. Consonants and vowels mingled freely, sipping champagne and sampling the canapes and crudites that were catered for the occasion. They gathered in small groups around the room, all 26 of them, the conversation light hearted, discussing the words they’d been in during the past year.

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K was in a small group with three others - N, C and E. They were good friends and were often seen together and this evening was no different. C was talking about the crudites but K wasn’t really listening as she was distracted by something odd.

‘Sorry for interrupting C but I’ve just done a quick headcount and I seem to come up with 27 of us here tonight’

‘27?’ N asked scanning the room.

‘Yes, there’s definitely 27 - I’ve counted three times and I get the same number each time’ K replied.

‘You must be wrong K. There can only be 26 of us surely’ N reasoned, counting up the numbers present.

‘Well, I’ll be blowed, there are 27 of us here! I think the interloper is that one over there’ N exclaimed pointing towards one corner of the room.

‘Gosh, looks a lot like you’ K said, looking at E.

‘Oh him,’ E replied dismissively, ‘just another foreigner that’s slipped in uninvited.’

‘A foreigner - how can you tell?’ K asked.

‘Well it’s obvious innit...’ E explained.

‘...É’s got an accent!