The heavy wooden door swung creakily inwards, a full two minutes after he had rapped the well patinated brass knocker in the shape of a crucifix. Standing before him was an aged woman in the familiar black and white garb of a religious order.

‘May I help you?’ she asked, in a voice as soft as a whispered prayer.

‘I would like to speak to the person in charge if I may’ he replied.

She hesitated briefly before turning, her head bowed slightly, and headed off across the courtyard, the hem of her tunic rustling reverently on the worn cobbles. He thought he heard her say ‘Follow me please’, but couldn’t be absolutely sure. He followed anyway, the wooden door closing unaided behind him.

She led him across the courtyard to a cloistered walkway and eventually stopped at another smaller wooden door. She softly knocked three times and waited for the reply to come from within before ushering him into an austere room with a simple desk and two chairs. Along one wall was a credenza burnished with age - sitting atop, a gold candlestick either side of a Bible opened at the Book of Lamentations. In the chair behind the desk sat a younger woman wearing a slightly crisper habit.

‘Please, sit down, you must be weary’ she said pleasantly as the older woman bowed and withdrew from the room, closing the door behind her.

‘What is your name?’ she inquired.

‘Verb’ he replied - ‘Mr Verb’

‘An unusual name is it not? What do you do?’ she asked

‘Well,’ he answered, ‘I’m a man of action I suppose. I do things’

‘How interesting. Is there something I can *do* for you’

He cleared his throat. ‘Actually, it might seem a bit silly, but what I would really like is to become a Noun and I was hoping you could help me’ he asked.

‘A *Noun*? Did you say you wanted to become a *Noun*?’

‘Er, well yes - as it happens I’m tired of being a Verb, what with always having to do things, so I thought I’d like to convert to a Noun so I can take it easy for a while. This *is* a Nounnery isn’t it?’ he asked hopefully.

‘Nounnery?’ A bemused look crossed her face before the penny dropped.

‘My dear man, this is a Nunnery, not a Nounnery - we take *out* vows here, we don’t *add* vowels’ she replied sternly.