A friend of mine expecting some visitors to tea at her country cottage one afternoon this week, "popped some scones" into the oven. An hour later, she was about to step into the bath when she suddenly remembered them. Not even stopping to grab a towel, she dashed naked downstairs into the kitchen. Her hand was on the handle of the oven when she heard a knock at the back door. She was panic-stricken, for she was sure that her caller was the baker who, if there was no reply, would open the door and leave the bread on the kitchen table. She rushed into the nearest "haven": the broom cupboard. The back door clicked open, and my friend heard footsteps coming slowly across the kitchen towards the broom cupboard. The door opened. And there stood an astonished "gasman. He had come to read the "meter, which is in the cupboard. My friend blushed deeply and then explained: "I'm so sorry - I was expecting the baker". The gasman said "Oh! Then he said "Sorry, mum", and tipping his cap politely he carefully closed the door again and walked out of the house.