

Tea

Monday, 21 June 2021 08:18 -

Its Monday morning and its the longest day of the year. The sun is shining and there are little birds darting, from tree to tree, across the unblemished blue sky. I'm looking out at it all from my study while the fan on my laptop whirrs and the sound of yet another arriving email leads me to release a resigned sigh.

Somewhere, someone has it all worked out. It will be a person who is an expert in something, where they can charge huge amounts for doing something that almost nobody else can do. This means they don't have to do it very often and they get to spend the longest, potentially sunniest days of the year, not answering emails, badgering staff or preparing for meetings.

My job has become more than a job; it now factors in every moment of my waking life - or at least if would if I let it. I'm now trying to find ways to deal with people and sort things out while I do other things like walking, shopping, coffee-shopping, etc.

My grandfather was great at fitting in tea breaks. He used to work at people's houses and they would always offer him tea. He would never refuse. My memory is sketchy, but I seem to recall working with him, when I was very young, and we had three tea breaks at three different houses over the course of a day - with our own lunch squeezed in as well. Maybe he had it worked out. Maybe its short blasts of work between tea breaks and gossiping. I just need to find someone to gossip to now!

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Really milky tea. All those people made us really milky tea.