

PART TEN

*England vs. India, 1st NPower Test Match,
Lord's, July 21 – 25
Day Four*

I was woken up by the sound of my phone ringing beside my bed. It was Josh. It was just after eleven o'clock in the morning, and the Test match had just resumed.

I had stayed the previous night with my old friend Ed in North London. I was going to watch the day's play at his house before travelling down to Lord's later to try and grab Sachin as he boarded the team bus. I yawned deeply and ignored Josh's call. If it was urgent, he would call back. Fifteen seconds later, he did.

"Morning," I said, winching myself out of bed, like some enormous beached whale in Homer Simpson boxer shorts.

"Sachin is ill!" Josh shrieked down the phone, his voice taut and strained like KP whinging at wee Stuey Broad for hogging the changing room mirror to blow kisses at his own cherubic and totally hairless face.

"He has a virus," he continued, breathlessly. "Apparently he's gone to hospital and he might be out for the rest of the tour! What are you going to do?"

My mind was racing. If Sachin really was out of the tour, that was it. Done. Finished. Kaput. What the hell could I do? My summer started and ended with Sach. This was a

nightmare! I could find out which hospital he was in, dress up as a nurse, sneak in, take a set of stumps and a ball and bowl at him while he was feeling under the weather, but that felt like crossing a line. I shook my head and scowled at my own stupidity. It was a terrible idea. I didn't have the legs for a nurse's uniform. The bum? Oh yeah. But the legs? No way.

I sprinted into Ed's living room and switched the television on. Almost immediately, David Lloyd began reading a statement from a man I knew very well – my nemesis, Mr Chaudhary.

“Mr Sachin Tendulkar,” began Bumble, “is suffering from a viral infection and will not field until he has had a medical assessment.”

And that was it. How brilliantly bloody vague. I called Josh back.

“What do I do?” I whined.

“Nothing you can do,” he replied, bluntly.

“Ah bollocks to this, I can't sit and watch the cricket just waiting for news about Sachin. I'll go mad. I'm going. To the pub,” I ranted. “I'm going to get drunk.”

It wasn't the most mature reaction to a setback in the history of the world, but the thought of Sachin scarpering back to India so soon after he had arrived was almost too much to bear.

“Day in the pub sounds sensible,” said Josh sympathetically, “but one bit of advice...”

“No,” I snapped moodily, “I don't need any advice. This summer has been about one thing – bowling to Sachin, and now that might be about to go up in smoke. So bollocks to it all. We've had months of build-up to him getting here, I've been in the nets and spent what feels like days trying to get *anyone* to help me get in touch with him – and now he might be about to piss off home. I don't need any advice. I need to get drunk.”

“I know, I was just...”

“No. I’ve realised that I’m not in control of this,” I squalled petulantly, “so I’m off to the pub. He’s ill today and with any luck, he’ll be well enough so that on another day, I’ll be able to bowl at him. But for today – that’s it, I’m done. Alright?”

“Yeah,” Josh said calmly. “All I was going to say was that you should take some ID with you, because if you’ve had a shave recently, the bar staff will think you’re about 12 years old and you probably won’t get served.”

Thankfully, I did have some ID and I did get into a pub. I turned my phone off for the afternoon and sat drinking pint after pint, alone. I lost track of the time. I lost count of the number of pints. I forgot about Sachin and cricket in general. I did well not to forget my wallet, keys and phone when I finally left the pub. As I stumbled out onto the street to find the sun slowly setting, I finally turned my phone on, and a flurry of messages and missed calls hurried onto my screen. I ignored them all. It was that sort of day.

Day Five

S.R. Tendulkar – lbw b. Anderson – 12

(68 balls, one four)

I woke up in a strange bedroom to the piercing sound of an electric drill juddering through a nearby wall. Where the hell was I? I scanned the small, scarcely decorated room for clues. There was a broken record player and a pair of sparkly silver platform boots. Either I had managed to befriend David Bowie or I’d been kidnapped by an eccentric but accommodating vintage shoe collector. I wasn’t sure which was worse. One meant I might have to sit through *Labyrinth* and...actually the other probably meant I’d have to sit through *Labyrinth* too. And I hate *Labyrinth*. Goblins? Mazes? David Bowie looking like Axl Rose’s mum? No thanks.

“Alright you massive idiot?” boomed a voice from the other side of the bedroom door suddenly. Violently, the door

flew open, clattering noisily against the wall. It was Rosh. I was in his flat. The boots belonged to his flatmate's sister's boyfriend's sister, or something. I cheered quietly to myself. No *Labyrinth*.

As I rubbed the sleep from my eyes, Rosh slowly pieced together my movements from the previous night. Apparently, I'd taken a bus across London to Dalston and just shown up on his doorstep, blathering wildly about Sachin being ill and having to leave the tour and my dream laying in tatters, or some such melodramatic nonsense. Then I'd waltzed (probably not literally – I could scarcely walk in a straight line so I would imagine 16th century Germanic folk dance was probably beyond me) into his spare room and fallen asleep straight away, wearing all my clothes. And probably a few stray items I'd found at bus stops and in public toilets on the way home too.

It couldn't have been much later than 9.30pm when I'd flopped onto this alien bed in a drunken stupor. I looked down at my feet. I hadn't even managed to take my shoes off. On my wrist was a bracelet with the words 'What Would Oliver Reed Do?' written on it. My mind boggled at the thought of where I'd found it, not to mention what I'd done to earn it. I've read *Hellraisers*. I just hoped it didn't involve arm-wrestling any sailors.

"What's the time?" I asked Rosh, huskily.

"Half eight."

"Oh, gross. Too early," I bumbled, composing myself briefly.

"You missed a good day of cricket yesterday, by the way," Rosh said. "England are going for the win today but India could still do something. They're 80 for one, chasing 458 to win."

I sat upright in bed. This was a big hangover. Bigger than the hangover of Samit Patel's belly over the elasticated waistband of his whites or the size of the innuendo-fuelled

laughs my brother got when he walked into my room and brazenly demanded that I *feel this, it's well stiff* (he was talking about his quiff; he was using some new hairspray).

I was about as close to snapping as big Samit's trousers too. Why the hell had Rosh woken me up at 8:30am? I was livid. Or as livid as I could be with a hangover like this.

"Did you get my text last night?" Rosh asked.

"No, I was off my phone yesterday, I was...erm...well I can't remember, really."

"Yeah, well whatever – did you hear the news about Sachin?" he asked eagerly.

"Yeah, Josh told me. He's ill. His tour is over. Rubbish."

"Yeah, it was *utter* rubbish," Rosh sighed. "Sach is *still here*. It was just a bit of a bug. I think he's still under the weather but he came back to Lord's yesterday to field. He'll be batting today..."

"What?" I yelped.

"...And there are 20,000 tickets on sale for the day's play, so I thought..."

"Let's get down there!" I bellowed.

"Well, yeah, exactly. But they have just gone on sale *right now*." Rosh glanced at his watch. "So we had better get going or there will be a massive queue."

I threw some clothes on and felt my hangover instantly keel over in the face of a rush of endorphins and happy adrenaline. It wasn't all over. Sach was **back**.

"Is that him?" asked Geno, innocently. "In the shades?"

"No. That looks like the bus driver. And he's about sixty years old and about three stone overweight, for fuck's sake," Roshan snapped impatiently. More bodies – some in Team India tracksuits, some in blazers, one in a boobtube that really didn't flatter the wobbly, hairy belly of the bloke wearing it – filed past.

Rosh's friend Geno had been staying at his flat the previous night too. I had managed not to notice him as I toppled inside, despite the fact he is an enormous, rake-thin Italian man who looks a bit like Jesus if he played bass in Razorlight, smoked menthols and pouted a lot. Geno had slept on Rosh's sofa the previous night, and was already awake when we began busily getting ready to race across London for the start of play.

When he heard we were dashing off to a place called 'Lord's', he may have been expecting something rather different (more Catholic pilgrims, healing water, and miracles of a different kind than KP holding onto a catch or Rahul Dravid scoring 200* to help India chase down 458 – that sort of thing) but he had insisted on joining us. Rosh was keen for him to tag along too, although on reflection, he may have just been nervous about leaving him alone in his home. He looked the sort to take a piss in the sink and drink your milk straight from the bottle. Or worse, invite his mate with a bongo over for a 'jam'. (Give me a sink-pisser and a milk-swigger any day over a man who fraternises with bongo players. Bongos are for balancing drinks on or hiding specialist interest magazines inside and NOTHING else. And 'jam' is something you put on crumpets. It's not a verb.)

The three of us had managed to get to Lord's for just after 9.30am, but the moment we arrived it became clear we were already way too late. The queues for tickets had long since snaked off out of sight around the side of the ground. Stewards were even turning away eager punters as they stepped off the tube at St John's Wood station, telling them their Lord's pilgrimage had been in vain.

We at least managed to make it as far as the ticket booths before all hope of getting inside was extinguished. Rumours flew around that people had been camping out since 2am the previous night to guarantee their seat. That was dedication on a level which defied sense, alienated normal members of society and probably meant returning home later that day to

a note reading: ‘*Derek, I’ve left you. I thought you were joking about camping outside that cricket ground last night. My lawyer will be in touch about the divorce proceedings. Rosie.*’ Poor Rosie.

After being denied our opportunity to watch some cricket – and potentially Sachin’s century of centuries – we had, rather predictably, gone to the pub. I began explaining cricket to Geno, but his eyes glazed over and he – like all Italians – reverted back to dreaming of espressos, scooters and Paolo Maldini’s ageless and thunderously powerful thighs.

Against that, my explanations of the art of reverse swing stood no chance. I did at least manage to explain why I had been so keen to come to the cricket – and in particular my mission with Sachin. He nodded in the appropriate gaps in conversation. He even managed a ‘cool’ at the end of my little speech. Geno was definitely on board with the idea. By the end of the day he’d be a member of the cult of Tendulkar too.

I doubted it would be the first cult he had joined in his life, though maybe the only one where no-one made him take a strong hallucinogen by way of an initiation. Judging by his general demeanour, it seemed he might have taken one anyway, out of force of habit.

We spent most of the day talking about music (Talking Heads – good; everything else – not as good), films (anything with Colin Farrell – shite) and booze (all of it great, except Malibu). I checked the score in the cricket every half an hour or so, until England began to turn the screw and inch closer to victory after tea. Swept up in the excitement, we bundled back down towards Lord’s, *Test Match Special* blaring from the tinny speaker on the back of my phone as England wrapped up the game.

We stopped and cheered and high-fived each other as Billy Bowden gave last man Ishant Sharma out lbw. The weather was beautiful. The game had been beautiful. I had enough booze in my belly that even if Kerry Katona had walked past, I’d have sworn she was as beautiful as the lovechild of

Sienna Miller, Gemma Arterton, Natalie Portman and KP's missus (I'm not sure how they'd be able to actually conceive a lovechild, but in the interest of scientific endeavour I'm sure they'd at least give it a go. I know a few chaps who'd chuck in a bit of research money).

And so as thousands of jubilant, pink-cheeked England fans gambolled out of Lord's, pink petals from the flower boxes on the back of the Tavern stand fluttering to the ground around them like victory confetti, Rosh, Geno and I stood and drank in the atmosphere. It was bloody lovely. To start with, anyway. But that seemed a long time ago now.

"What does he look like again?" I showed Geno the picture of Sachin on my phone once more. He stared at it intently then nodded. He had seen enough. This time, he would remember his face.

Well, he would remember it for about fifteen minutes, at which point he would point excitedly at a seven-foot tall ginger-haired security guard and ask if he was Sachin Tendulkar. Then he'd ask to look at the picture again, nod solemnly after a quick look at it, and proceed to point at a pregnant woman in a comedy fez and a t-shirt with 'Who's the Daddy?' emblazoned on the front and ask if she might be the small, distinctly Indian *man* whose picture he'd just seen.

'Nope,' I would reply, calmly, before mentally adding 'a long and sustained campaign of kicking him in the bollocks' to the ever-growing list of 'ways to hurt Geno' I was compiling in my head.

Another hour ticked by. It was absolutely ages since the game had finished. By now, all but the most die-hard of fans had left the ground. Many were still milling around outside, hoping to catch a glimpse of the Indian team as it left the ground. We stood there for what seemed like weeks. I needed a wee. Rosh was hungry. Geno had given up trying to spot Sachin and was back in a state of espresso/scooter/Maldini-induced reverie.

“Shall we just go?” Rosh volunteered.

“No. Sachin **will** come out,” I barked, while doing the ‘I need a pee jig’, bouncing from one foot to the other and trying my damndest not to openly grab my crotch in public.

“Yeah, but you’re drunk and they’ve just lost. And he’s not well. And you need a piss. He won’t want to speak now,” Rosh reasoned, impatiently.

“He might.”

“He won’t,” Rosh moaned. “And even if he does, he won’t agree to have a net with a clearly inebriated bloke with an enormous wet patch down the front of his jeans. I don’t care how nice he supposedly is.”

“I can hold it in,” I said, my hopping increasing in intensity. “Let’s just give it a bit longer.”

“Whatever. He won’t want to talk, Ad.” Rosh folded his arms in a huff.

“Who won’t?”

Oh excellent. Now Geno had waded in. Brilliant.

“Tendulkar,” I replied, before turning back to argue with Rosh.

“*Who?*” I thrust the picture of Sachin on my phone under Geno’s nose **again**. He took the phone from me and held the screen closer to his face. I piss-jiggled my way back to face Rosh. He should have been acting more supportively. He knew what I was trying to achieve here. I told him I needed to hang around for as long as possible, just in case.

“In case what?” Rosh queried impatiently.

“I don’t know,” I whinged, childishly, “literally anything could happen. Mr Chaudhary might come outside and I might be able to grab a quick word with him, I might be able to speak to one of the other players and get them to pass a message onto Sachin, I might...”

“Didn’t we see this guy already?” Geno slurred, suddenly collapsing once more into the conversation. “Wasn’t he the guy in the shades?” I snatched the phone back from Geno.

We decided to call it a day, seconds later.

We trekked back to Rosh's flat, discussing who had the best haircut in the England team (KP, by a distance; he looks like a rebellious WWII fighter pilot called Buster or something) and stocking up on booze en route, before getting home and popping some Talking Heads on his shockingly clichéd and painfully East London vintage record player.

Rosh fell asleep almost instantly. Within minutes, his sloppy, drunken snoring was all but drowning out 'Once In A Lifetime'. It was hard to blame him. The room was warm and a day of drinking had taken its toll on me, too. I closed my eyes and began to drift off. The music faded into near silence.

"I've been thinking about your plan to play cricket with that guy." Geno's voice suddenly shattered my fuzzy head, like an ear-piercing Monday morning alarm.

"Oh yeh?" I spluttered.

This was weird. Geno had been thinking about me trying to bowl Sachin Tendulkar? I was literally astounded that he had. How had that snuck between Paolo Maldini's thighs (so to speak) and wormed its way into Geno's brainbox?

"Yeah man, I read about this great thing called Cosmic Ordering. You should check it out. I think it might be just what you need to get the job done."

Oh boy. I had heard of Cosmic Ordering. Noel Edmonds had claimed it had helped him to get back on the telly with that stupid bloody game with the boxes. I'd had a natural suspicion of it ever since.

"Come on man, give it a try. Let me just try and explain it to you," he begged.

I made a non-committal noise. Sort of a '*hmmnnffffppph*'.

"Come on dude," he pleaded, "didn't Jesus say: *Try everything once, my child?*"

I'm pretty sure the answer to that was no.

"Seriously man," Geno implored me, "it will be good for you. You never know, you might find it interesting. I've only

just started reading about it myself, man. I was the same as you to start with. I was like: ‘hmm, this stuff sounds crazy, man!’ But I’m serious – it’s really something.”

“I’m not sure,” I replied hesitantly, shrugging my shoulders. At the very best, I felt certain a crystal skull or Ouija board was about to make an appearance. At worst, I could feel the ritual sacrifice of a goat coming (actually, probably more likely to be a rat; this was East London after all).

“Come on, dude; trust me.” Geno shot me a wide grin.

I didn’t trust him. No offence Geno, but I didn’t. And I still don’t. (I should be on safe ground though, I think Geno only reads Kerouac and Hunter S. Thompson. And *Nuts* magazine). But I was desperate. I had to at least give it a try.

“OK,” I said, my right knee jiggling up and down nervously. “What do I have to do?”

“Well first,” he said with a grin, “we need to get naked.”

Bugger. Off. Suddenly the slaughter of an innocent rat didn’t look so bad. I’d rather eat one than have to get my kit off with a strange and impossibly hairy half-Italian man. He started taking his jacket off.

“No, no, Geno. This really isn’t for me,” I stuttered. I could feel myself shaking with pretty genuine fear. I wanted to run and shake Rosh awake for safety. Geno stared back at me. Then he laughed.

“No, I joke, I joke,” Geno chuckled. It didn’t feel like a joke.

“No, listen,” he continued. “Cosmic Ordering works like this: a person just has to write down a list of six things...” He mimed writing a list on an imaginary sheet of paper and looked at me, his huge bushy eyebrows raised high. “And that list is then submitted to ‘the cosmos’...”

“The cosmos?” I interrupted. Geno ignored me.

“...and then you wait for it to become a reality.”

Geno reached down beside the sofa he had plonked himself down on, and pulled out a sheet of paper and a pen.

“It seems a bit...” I wasn’t even sure *what* it seemed like. But it certainly didn’t feel like a nice mug of tea and a slice of Marks and Spencer flapjack.

“I know, I know...” said Geno, nodding his head sagely and handing me the pen and paper. “Now write down what it is you want to achieve...this thing about the cricket man and whatever else.”

I took the pen and paper and placed them on my lap. Geno stood up suddenly.

“I am going now. You can write your list alone, without me watching,” he smiled. “Do it naked if you like...” he laughed. It still didn’t feel like a joke.

We said our goodbyes and I waited for the front door of Rosh’s flat to creak shut. Immediately, I jumped to my feet and put the pen and pad on Rosh’s kitchen table. This just didn’t seem right. It wasn’t cricket.

Rosh woke with a start. He squinted anxiously around the room.

“Has he gone?” he said immediately and with real panic in his voice.

“Yeah,” I said, exhaling noisily, “he just left.”

“Oh man, I’m sorry I left you with him, but I just had to have a little sleep.” I nodded and smiled politely. I didn’t need to tell Rosh about the Cosmic Ordering thing. Or the fact that he almost woke up to a semi-naked Geno. He seemed genuinely sorry for lumbering me with his very nice but slightly mad friend.

Fully restored by his nap, Rosh was ravenous. He plodded into his kitchen and began rifling through the drawers until he found a Chinese takeaway menu.

“Do you want to share something?” he asked.

“Yeah – whatever you get is fine.” I closed my eyes and stretched out on his sofa.

“Right, I’ve written what I like, you add anything you want,” said Rosh, thrusting a sheet of paper and a pen under

my nose. Both looked *very* familiar. I recoiled, lifting myself upright on the sofa and arching my neck away from the stationery instinctively, like Rosh had just shoved a plate of dog turds under my nose.

“What are you doing? It’s only a pen and paper.”

I had to tell him. I couldn’t react like that to a piece of paper and a spindly biro and not explain myself.

“Well, when you were having a nap, Geno started talking to me about ‘Cosmic Ordering’...”

Rosh looked at me as if I was telling him his mother was actually an enormous crystalline substance used to make dog toys squeak when you squeeze them. He was utterly, utterly mystified.

“Basically,” I continued, “it’s where you write down a list of things you want to achieve and that list is then submitted to ‘the cosmos’. Then you just have to wait for the list to become reality.”

Rosh stared at the list he had made on the paper, and the words ‘chicken chow mein’ and ‘battered chicken balls’.

“And this was the piece of paper he gave you to make your Cosmic Ordering list?”

I nodded.

“But you didn’t...”

I shook my head.

“But now I have...”

I nodded again. Rosh looked a curious mixture of confused and...well, just confused and really bloody confused, actually.

“So...does that mean I’ve just ‘Cosmically Ordered’ a chicken chow mein and some battered chicken balls?”

“Yeah,” I said, stifling a chuckle, “I think so. Now you’re just supposed to sit back and wait for them to become a reality,” I said. Rosh looked deep in thought. This was seriously breaking normal takeaway ordering procedure.

“Wouldn’t it be quicker if I actually rang the Chinese takeaway and ordered it over the phone?” he surmised rapidly.

“Almost certainly,” I said. Rosh played with the corners of his mouth with the thumb and forefinger of his right hand. He said nothing for a few moments.

“Shall we give it ten minutes though?” he said suddenly. “You never know – we might end up getting free food, if that’s how this Cosmic Ordering thing works. Maybe I’ll just sit back and wait for my chow mein to become a reality.”

We both chuckled. Silly Rosh, he does like a joke. He picked up his mobile and dialled the number of the Chinese takeaway. He swiftly placed the order (non-cosmically) and hung up.

“Fifteen minutes,” he said. “Although I still think we should have waited for a bit.”

Now, if this were a Hollywood film, the doorbell would have rung at this point. Of course, it didn’t. Because Rosh doesn’t have a doorbell. But he does have a door-knocker. AND IT WAS BLOODY WELL KNOCKING.

We both nearly jumped out of our skins. If this was a man bearing free Chinese food, then goodness knows what would happen. We would either piss ourselves with fear or...nope, it would just be a pant-wetting moment of fear. No matter how nice the food smelt.

“I don’t want to answer it,” shuddered Rosh. He scrunched up the piece of paper with the takeaway order on and threw it to the floor.

“Me neither. This is weird.” The door knocked again. This time, even louder.

“Why didn’t you tell me about that piece of paper and the Cosmic Ordering stuff?” Two more hurried knocks echoed around Rosh’s flat.

“HELLOOOOOOO!” A ghostly voice fluttered menacingly from the other side of the door. We were stuck in a real-life low budget horror film – but not one of those good ones where there is usually a wholly gratuitous nude scene involving the talentless but attractive female lead. No, more

like one starring Danny Dyer. And shot entirely in Essex. Truly horrifying.

Rosh inched over to the door and tentatively eased it open. A shaft of dusky sunlight burst into the room. A tall, skinny silhouette lumbered through the doorway. Rosh and I stood motionless in horror.

There stood a hairy Italian man in just a t-shirt, looking somewhat chilly. It was Geno. I was still a bit scared.

“Hey dudes, I forgot my jacket,” he said, breezing back into the lounge. He picked up his coat and swung it over his shoulders, pirouetting neatly back towards the door in one fluid, flamboyant motion. He stopped abruptly and leant on the doorframe.

“Hey, Adam,” he drawled. “Did you write your Cosmic Ordering list yet?”

“Umm, not really, no.” Geno looked genuinely disappointed.

“Ah, come on man, just do it!” he chuckled loudly.

“I know. I will. Rosh wrote one though.” Geno turned on his heel and looked at Rosh. He nodded his head, exaggeratedly.

“Nice going Rosh!” he said, nodding his head even more enthusiastically. “What did you write dude?” Rosh looked dumbstruck.

“Actually, that’s uncool of me to ask you that. You don’t have to say. I hope it was good, man. But whatever they were, you’ve just got to wait for them to become reality, man. The cosmos will deliver,” added Geno as he skipped out of the house cheerily, slamming the door behind him.

A weird tension hung in the air between us. Neither of us wanted to be a part of this Cosmic Ordering thing, but somehow, I’d dragged us into it. I felt like it was my fault and from the look on Rosh’s face, he felt like it was, too. We just wanted to listen to music and play X-Box and occasionally play Amy Winehands (look it up). The only Cosmos I was

interested in had pictures of Reese Witherspoon on the front and handy articles on hair care inside.

“How about this,” I bargained in an attempt to remove the scowl from Rosh’s face, “if the Chinese takeaway turns up and we don’t have to pay for it because this Cosmic Ordering thing really works, I’ll make a list and put the Sachin thing on it. How about that?”

A wild, primal look flashed quickly across Rosh’s eyes.

“Bollocks to that. If we manage to prove this ordering thing works tonight, I’ll be making a new list and writing ‘*Emma Watson wearing nothing but a jaunty little hat, please*’ and you can see yourself out.”

“Can I take the Chinese with me?” I asked.

“No,” he barked instantaneously, “I’ll need to eat something to build my strength up before she arrives. Tell you what; I’ll increase the order on the Cosmic Ordering sheet. I’ll add a duck on. Deal?”

Sachin was no closer, but there was the chance I might end up with a free crispy duck*. The way things were going, I was counting that as a win.

** The duck never turned up. Nor did Emma Watson.*

Fruitless email correspondence #3

TO: YET ANOTHER OF SACHIN’S SPONSORS
(names have been withheld to protect the unhelpful/
unresponsive)

Dear Sir/Madam,

My name is Adam Carroll-Smith and I am on a quest this summer to bowl one ball at the great Sachin Tendulkar. Good eh?

I am just contacting you to see if

CHASING SACHIN

you guys could, at some point while Sachin is over in the UK, help me achieve my goal? It would not be a time-consuming exercise. *

Many thanks,
Adam

*Longer than boiling an egg (3-5 minutes, depending on the size of the egg), but shorter than an episode of *Last of the Summer Wine* (45 minutes).

RESPONSE:

Hi Adam,

You would need to speak to my colleague XXXX XXXXX in the UK PR team. I have forwarded your email onto him.

Thanks, XXXXX

TO: XXXXX

Hello there XXXXX, thank you very much for getting back to me. I look forward to hearing from your colleague.

Adam

P.S. Could you let XXXX know that an episode of *Last of the Summer Wine* is actually only 30 minutes, not 45? It might help sway his decision to help!

RESPONSE: None.
