

She would tell him in the morning.

Flora did a little dance as she pushed the post trolley along the corridor, she popped her head round the door of the accounts office, collected a pile of post, dropped it onto the trolley then headed for the factory workshop. This was her second week working as a trainee office junior for the same firm that her dad had worked for for the past 30 years. He'd started off as an apprentice on the shop floor and worked his way up the ladder and was now head foreman. He was well liked by all the men (it actually was all men too) on the factory shop floor and the works ran very smoothly. Flora's dad was called William but he was known to all as Bill. He used to like playing football and rugby but now preferred to be a spectator supporting his local team as much as family life allowed. He was also a member of the local darts team that met once a week in the Tin Whistle, his local pub.

When Flora was born, William had wanted to call her Rose after his mum but Iris, Flora's mum had objected to this as she knew her own mother would have been very upset. At first, William couldn't understand what the problem was and said Rose was a much nicer name than Iris's mother name, with all due respect and as much as he liked his mother in law, who, in their right mind would call a baby Myrtle? It must just have seemed like a good idea to Myrtle's parents at the time! As you can imagine, this caused quite a lot of friction between William and Iris that lasted a few days but, eventually, Iris came up with the brilliant idea of naming their only daughter Flora. William loved the name and so the matter was settled with smiles and hugs all round.

However, by the time Flora had reached the age of 19 months or so and was toddling around pushing her little dog on wheels in front of her, her paternal grandfather had nicknamed her Pansy Potter after watching her physically lift the little toy Airedale Terrier up, turn it round and place it back on the floor to begin the return journey along the hallway where she then repeated the manoeuvre and the name had stuck.

Flora hadn't minded her close family calling her Pansy too much but she did draw the line at Pansy Potter and the use of it in front of her friends so it was with real embarrassment that she pushed the post trolley through the factory doors to see her dad waving to her from his office door and calling "Here she is, my lovely Pansy Potter" especially as the new young apprentice that she'd fallen in love with at first sight was standing by one of the tool presses being given a demonstration on how to use it.

Well, she just didn't know where to put her face and quickly grabbed the pile of post from the collection desk, buried her head and hurried back out into the corridor

making her way to the Post Room where she would weigh and frank the letters and packages ready for the final post collection. She had just composed herself after her embarrassing ordeal when the young man of her dreams appeared before her holding a brown envelope out to her. "Um, Pansy, your dad, I mean Mr. Daycombe told me to bring this along to you and ask you to put it in with the post. He said he hadn't had time to seal the envelope and stick the stamp on it before you dashed off. It's very important as it's the completed football coupon for the workshop syndicate so could you make sure it's safely in the collection bag please?" Just as Flora was about to take the envelope from the young man and tell him her real name, the Post Room manager stormed up to them and demanded to know what was going on and what the young man wanted. Flora explained to Mrs Salter that he was just handing in some post that hadn't been quite ready for collection when she'd done her round. Mrs Salter, who was a bit of nasty work and didn't like the fact that Flora had been given the office junior job instead of her niece then started to tear her off a strip for not carrying out the post collection properly. When the young man tried to explain what had happened, she dismissed him and told him not to show his face in the post room again unless he was invited. Poor Flora, she'd now been embarrassed twice in one day. She could have cried with shame and had to pop to the ladies to compose herself which meant she wasn't at the post desk when the postman arrived, hoisted the two sacks of post into his van and drove off down the road.

Still feeling utterly dejected, she started to tidy up her workstation and get herself ready to go home when she noticed the Pools coupon was still in the postal tray where Mrs Salter had thrown it after snatching it from the young man. Oh well, she would just have to put it in the post box that was just up the road from where she lived. As she joined the throng of factory and office workers making their way home, she started to cheer up as she remembered that she was going out to the cinema that evening with her best friend. They hadn't seen one another for a couple of weeks and she was really looking forward to hearing if her friend was enjoying her trainee hairdresser job. Now eager to get home, she completely forgot the brown envelope she was holding in her hand and was just walking up to her front door when she looked down at it and thought "Oh blimey, I've walked right past the post box. I'll have to dash back up the street now". Shouting through the front door that she'd be right back she threw her handbag in the hallway and sprinted up the road only to see the post van disappearing in the distance complete with the contents of the post box. The last postal collection for that day was 5.00 pm and it was now 5.05 pm and she still had the football pools coupon envelope in her hand. She wasn't really sure what to do now, she couldn't think straight so stuffed the envelope in her coat pocket and wearily walked back home. She was really fed up and didn't feel like going out anymore. To make matters worse, her dad asked her if the Pools coupon had been safely dispatched as it was the last day for posting them today and he and the lads had a really good feeling about the draws they'd marked on the coupon. Actually, he'd used the same ones on the syndicate coupon as he'd chosen on his own personal coupon so they would be quids in this time if they won.

Flora looked at her dad's smiling face and just had to tell him what had happened. Pulling the brown envelope out of her coat pocket she handed it to him and said how sorry she was. She had never seen such disappointment in her dad's face before and was absolutely devastated at having let him down. After a few moments of silence he put on a very brave face and said "Oh well Pansy love, never mind, we might not win anyway, and, at least if we do I'll have the winnings from my coupon and can share them out with the lads. Flora hugged her dad, said she was truly sorry again and then went and got ready to meet her friend for what turned out to be a really enjoyable evening despite everything that had happened that day.

As they were getting ready for bed that night, William said to Iris, "Blimey love, it's a good job I gave you the other coupon to post on Monday or we could've found ourselves in a right old mess". Iris, who was just putting cold cream on her face and neck suddenly felt a hot flush run from the top of her head to the bottom of her toes. When William went to clean his teeth in the bathroom next door, she nervously peered into her handbag and saw the brown envelope that she had forgotten to put in the post box up the road on Monday and then Tuesday. "Oh, bugger, bugger, bugger, now what was she going to do?". As the couple climbed into bed, had a cuddle and said goodnight, she decided - She would tell him in the morning.

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