

Felicity was keen on a slightly more formal shirt – the ones with pleats down the front that give her hours of pleasure at the ironing board on the long winter evenings – so I have changed the extremely smart shirt that you liked for an extremely smart shirt that Felicity likes

At the same time, I have banked your birthday cheque because I have a plan. I never have any socks. Well, I have lots of socks but there are never any that match. This is because Felicity, Samantha, Emily and all their friends wear my socks and they don't care whether they match or not. My plan is to buy ten pairs of pink socks and forbid anyone else to wear them – cunning, eh? I have managed to acquire two pairs (Egyptian cotton and very swanky) from Pinks. However, they appear to be the last two pairs in the entire organisation (what's the point in being called "Pinks" if you don't stock oodles of pink socks) so my campaign has got off to a slow start. It has been further undermined by Felicity who has described them as "hideous". However, that just reassures me that she is unlikely to wear them so one up to ME!! The girls, of course, wouldn't be seen dead in pink socks, particularly ones without holes in them so I reckon that I am going to triumph on this one; and, I bet there's a web site called [www.pinksocks.com](http://www.pinksocks.com) which can provide the remaining eight pairs