

# Pirkei Avot References

(Not handed out)

R. Janna says: It is not in our power to explain either the contentment of the wicked or the suffering of the righteous. ( Perek 4 Mishnah 19.)

R. Ishmael said: Be submissive to a superior and easy of manner to the young and receive all men with cheerfulness. (Perek 3 Mishnah 16.)

He (Ben Azzai) used to say: Do not despise any man and carp not at anything for there is no man who has not his hour and nothing which has not its place. (Perek 4 Mishnah 3.)

R. Mattityah Ben Heresh says: Be first in greeting every man and be a tail to lions and not a head to foxes. (Perek 4 Mishnah 20.)

NB – Author Miriam Mount is Marilyn Berg!

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# You Definitely Get My Vote (hand out)

## Chapter One.

It was a day when Camilla Bentwood felt she should have joined the family pet food business, as her parents had so fervently wished, instead of going into politics.

At 15 Camilla had decided she wanted to do something to make society, the world even, a better place rather than sell Haute Cuisine Tuna Bites for pampered, fat, over indulged, feline family members when children were starving in the world and food banks were now common in the U.K.

Having read politics at Warwick University, gaining a 2:1 degree, which she felt was miraculous as she had spent half the time at tutorials drooling over her drop-dead gorgeous personal tutor, she was now PA to Ivor Thewlis the local Labour MP. Labour, that is, until he had decided to do the unthinkable: resign the Labour whip and sit as an Independent.

Ivor had for many months felt disillusioned with his beloved Labour Party, primarily because of its leadership or rather lack of it, its dithering over Brexit, support for Marxist tyrannical regimes and undealt with anti-Semitism within the party. Issues Camilla herself was struggling with. She and Ivor had spent many evenings agonising over these questions. Good looking as he was, Ivor did not float Camilla's boat and her relationship with him had remained purely professional and platonic.

Since announcing his decision the previous day to become Independent, Camilla had had to deal with the fall-out. The local and national press were onto it, the local constituency party had reacted with fury as had Westminster and the social media trolls had crawled out from the woodwork. Camilla felt she needed to clear her clanging head of the incessant barrage of e mails, texts and phone calls.

Not far from Camilla's office was a small cafe where she could grab a quick, healthy lunch. She was proud of her toned body, achieved through many hours of torture in the gym. This, and her continuous calorie counting had helped to keep her a trim Size 12. She was proud of her pancake-flat stomach, tight buttocks and pert breasts. She had never understood why fat was a "feminist issue." Feminists needn't look like heifers.

In the cafe she ordered a healthy Ahi Tuna Poke and Mango Salad with a Skinny Latte. She smiled wryly to herself as she thought it was the only poke she was likely to have at present. She had not been in a relationship for over a year since splitting from Dominic after finding out he was cheating on her and with a Tory!

Waiting for her order Camilla suddenly saw the most gorgeous guy she had ever seen. He was collecting his food, to eat inches was very cheerful and friendly to the staff. He was even admonishing a rather arrogant, rude customer who was being aggressive to one of the staff.

"Hey, Buddy, there's no need for that. These guys are just doing their job." His voice was like liquid chocolate.

Joking and laughing with the staff, Camilla saw he had a perfect set of teeth like white marble and an easy, open, honest, manly, laugh. Before she could scrutinise him any further her food arrived. She paid and left, cursing herself for not eating in.

Back in the office Camilla kicked off her Givenchy Embellished Leather Slides Italian Sandals, a rare indulgence she had allowed herself as they had been half price in a sale.

Camilla was not materialistic or envious. She realised she was better off than many people and was happy with her lot. Feet up on her desk she luxuriously wiggled her painted toe nails, rose-red of course.

She was eating her salad and admiring her slender ankles and tanned legs, acquired after a short holiday break in Spain, when there was a knock on the door. The door opened and in walked the guy she had seen in the cafe.

"Hi, I'm here from The Daily News. I have an appointment to interview you about Ivor Thewlis?"

Camilla stopped, in mid-bite. A sliver of juicy mango slithered down her chin, narrowly missing disappearing into her cleavage. In front of her was the most beautiful creature she had ever seen. His eyes were dark brown like two pools of Manuka honey. His nose was perfect Roman indicating purpose and strength. His nostrils, perfectly placed, were two hairless apertures like two mini Qumran caves where the Dead Sea Scrolls had been found. Camilla had always been fascinated by biblical archaeology. Muscles rippled under his summer shirt, straining the fabric, across a perfectly toned chest. The buttons threatened to burst open. One had actually escaped the prison of its buttonhole to reveal a tantalising glimpse of a rippling chest clothed in a furry pelt.

Camilla was transfixed as the piece of mango slithered down her blouse onto her expensive shoes. She could feel her whole body, her whole being throbbing with desire as her nipples hardened embarrassingly under her thin blouse, semaphoring her physical response.

In her confusion Camilla knocked over her Skinny Latte.

"Here, let me help."

Strong hands helped her to mop up the rapidly expanding pool of coffee. She imagined those hands on her.

"I'm really sorry, I'm early and I have interrupted your lunch. I'll go and get you another coffee."

His voice was like liquid honey. Camilla wanted to lick the words from his mouth.

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