

Boss

Rustle of straw, the tightly plaited strands which the *lipwork* makes gold. Which came first, the name for the chair? Or the name for the household elder? The old people called Daddy *Boss* even though he was so modest. *Sit down Mr Cotter!* the younger ones leaped off his chair, scalded. *Stop as you are! Stop as you are!* he said, smiling, knocking them in his rush to get into it.

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