

COLD WAR

Gotcha! Katarina thought. The stale smell of her chain-smoking boss Mr Entitled, drifted out of the little room. Inside, she had left her iPhone set to 'Record.' Katarina shrank back as her French assistante, brushed past, red-faced.

At the on-line languages school that morning, he had leaned against Mademoiselle's shoulder. Drowning under a flood of electronic communiqués, Katarina strained her ears. "Small meeting room.. eleven o'clock." Upshot: the underling had been offered promotion.

Katarina gasped. She was being sidelined. Stellar graduate of Moscow University French department, she had fought for this position.

Her boss wanted them younger, cheaper with more cleavage.

Meticulous in her habits, she gathered together this latest voice recording, photographs, a litany of furtive gropes and false promises. The KGB passed her mind and she shuddered. Katarina's fingers hovered over the keyboard. "Send," she cc'd the cybertrail to her target audience.

At that moment Mr Entitled walked into her office. She quickly swept away her lunch. He was forever on 'working lunch' with one of his harem. Lunch she was never invited to, of course. Someone had to staff the office.

"Thought I'd be the first to tell you. I'm retiring. I'd like you to apply for my job."