

## On My Merits

I got an interview. I was stoked.

From a metre of claret fabric, I made a mini-mini skirt – as was the 70's fashion – and a bolero. The suit was complemented with a white gossamer blouse and knee-high fake-snake patent-leather black boots. My hair was coiffed in a ponytail bun, a-la Audrey Hepburn.

I got the job!

At our research scientists' Christmas party, later that year, my sozzled boss said, 'I only gave you the job because of your mini-skirt and I haven't seen your legs since.'

So much for getting the job on my merits. Or had I?