

saropoly

To their great disgruntlement, a handful of distinguished record-company moguls have been inexplicably chauffeured for the day far from their soaring smoked-glass towers and knee-bound secretarial staff to the quaint west-country kingdom of Bristol (which up till then none of them had heard of).

There they have been presented with the keys to both the SARAH RECORDS office and the SARAH RECORDS garden-flat (the recent occupants of the latter having apparently just gone to Weymouth for the weekend for a well-deserved rest and a look at the boats). In addition, they have been given free use

of the SARAH MOBILE PHONE, a complimentary copy of Avon County Council's excellent Travel-Guide, and the home telephone numbers of a dozen or so surly and uncooperative pop-groups (which up till then none of them had heard of).

Their task for the day - to make a good old-fashioned SARAH 7" EP - complete with free poster, wraparound sleeve and plastic bag - and to sell it in quantity to young people.

Which up till then none of them had heard of.

And to leave the flat as they found it.