cookies and always coffee, rivers and decanters of coffee. And at night dinner's out at the Hilton 'Curry Bowl or where you will. Really! no more of those?

When I come back there are big burly guys in my office. They are carrying out my enormous vice presidential desk specially ordered out to design specifications from 'Don Carolis' and the most beautiful piece of office furniture around. "Where are you taking my desk?,' I ask a mover. I notice he is wearing those very large multicolored Bata canvas boots that are the fashion with the younger set these days. Odd. 'You're being moved to a cubicle down the hall,' he says. A smaller office. "Does it have a window with a view of the sea?" I ask.

'No, only one giving you a birds-eye view of the Fort and the old clock tower with no face,' says the man. Is it possible he is grinning at me? I'm vice president. 'Not anymore,' mutters a sad voice behind me. It is Daminda, our head of human resources. We are bringing back Noeline de Abrew, the woman you reported to for eight months in 1987, who almost drove you insane. You're being reassigned to something in Employee Development.'

'But why?' I wail. I cannot believe how upset I am about this. My guts are in an uproar. Churning with a rolling cyclone of regret and loss, I remember how ecstatic it was when we moved in from our old office down Chatham Street. When I went into my neighbor Vasu's office, I relished the opulence of my own office setup. The only thing that seemed to be wrong was a post in my space that was not in his and need not have been there. What do I do? This discrepancy made me very angry at the time, but I got over it. What could I do? As an executive, the quality of my surroundings far exceeds my actual merit. The gap between what I have and what I deserve is the measure of my status.

'You're not PA enough,' says Daminda. He has a kind of sad smile of a crooked sort on his face, as if his worst fears for a good friend were being realized.

I'm willing to be more PA,' I tell him. I mean it too. What have I been thinking about? Believing that I could maintain opinions that did not go along with the grain of the corporate culture prevalent in our outfit? Arrogance! Well, maybe it's not too late. Maybe I can do something to get it all back. But what? I've lost my title! What am I with out it? I am sitting at my desk, but my desk is not there. I'm just in a chair. Other than that, the office is empty. I hear laughter in the hall. It's Vasu and Daminda, Haminda and Harendra, and they are all in casual clothes. What are you doing, fellows?" I ask. My voice sounds very small and timorous in my ears…] know

I will be left out of it, what ever they are doing. I’m not dressed for it, because I’m wearing… green. Strange I don’t wear green. “We are going for a meeting out- side the office,’ says Haren. How could I have not noticed? They are carrying badminton racquets. Why didn’t I get one? I begin to weep, and feel ashamed, but one can’t stop crying. Sobs wrack my frame. I want to play too!’ I hear myself howl

Suddenly, I am at home. I’m writing to executive search firms. After all this, I need to get a job within the next six months! After all the caring, the sharing, the wisdom, the insight, the valuable role I have played! All taken away because I am no longer necessary! I won’t put up with it! After all I am Hadley! Pull yourself together man! I look in the driveway and see a late model Nissan Maxima. I realize with disgust that while it is a nice car, I have paid for it myself. “Where is my Volvo?’ I scream. Yes it belongs to the corporation but I have a right to it, the repairs to it are over and the CD boxes with no CDs in them and the crumpled documentation in the glove compartment are mine! Mine, I tell you!

A hand comes out of the darkness to my right and pushes me upright, firmly but gently. My friend,’ says the aspiring Rasputin of our hellish business world. ‘You’re drooling on my shoulder.”

And I was too. It was all at dream! I felt like putting my arm around my neighbor and giving him a manly hug. I still have everything! It’s all here before me. Waiting. Waiting for the day to start and get increasingly worse, and the worse it gets, the better I like it. The bus comes to a stop at the Regal halt and I am out among the milling throng going about looking aimless or with dead intent, as I make a note of the faces in the real world. But for me it’s another business day. I am part of it. I’m awake. I’m alive. Everything is as it should be. Oh, brother……. there is no place like home!