

Squire and Jill

Squire It really is the most excellent plan, I raise taxes now, then raise them again in a few months, and in another few months I raise them again for good measure. Soon, all the villagers will fear me and I will be the richest man in the south of England. Now come on Jill, I'm not having this conversation any longer, I love money, and money loves me.

Jill: Hello papa, what are you doing

Squire: Oh just thinking about money

Jill Money can't love you daddy, its an object... and it definitely can't buy you happiness Papa...

Squire No maybe not, but I'd rather be crying on top of a stallion than a donkey...

Jill But the people Papa, they can't afford higher taxes, they can barely afford the taxes as they are!

Squire Nobody asked you Jill, you're just a girl!

Jill: And what's that supposed to mean?

Squire: Oh well you know, girls can't do Maths!

Jill: Girls can do anything they want! I bet girls will go to space one day!

Squire: Oh yes of course they will Jill, And in two days time there is going to be a GIANT BEANSTALK that take us up to a land of clouds in the sky, where a large castle sits and a Mythical Giant Lives in that castle, and he has tones and tones of gold And a chicken that lays golden eggs! Do you hear how ridiculous you sound Jill?!

 Now, I'm raising the taxes and thats final!

Jill: But Papa...

Squire: I said that's final!

Jill How do you even sleep at night PAPA!?

Squire Oh you know, a mixture of thai chi, and chi Tea. Anyway, I'm not listening anymore... LA LA LA LA, anyway i'm off for a nice crispy crumpet with some butter and Early Grey