

On hearing the knock he hurried to the door himself, shooing his housekeeper out of the way. *The personal touch, don't want to seem too grand!*

A quick glance of appraisal before the introductions. She was about 26, and impeccably dressed, as he expected. The figure-hugging grey skirt down to the knee was at once business-like and feminine, as was the combination of starchy-white shirt buttoned low over a smart black turtleneck, while the yellow collar of the long red jacket worn unbuttoned round her shoulders went beautifully with her light brown skin and added its own touch of exuberance suitable to the journalist who wants to catch the eye. Impressive! Years ago he would have attempted to lure her into making 'the beast with two backs.' Now he knew that even if she accepted, his lungs and blood pressure would defeat him. But he suppressed the realisation immediately – that was not to be admitted, fully, even to himself. As he ran his eyes over her discreetly it seemed that his memory stirred. *Something familiar about her face?* He shrugged the thought off. *So many meetings, visits, classes – after a while all young people look alike.*

His own attire, while apparently hastily thrown on, was equally carefully planned: casual but not-too-crumpled black moleskin trousers, and midnight blue velvet jacket over a light blue open-necked lounge shirt. His somewhat down-at-heel red slippers signalled practicality and carelessness of appearance.

She extended her right hand. 'Professor Sunset, I presume. I'm Dawn.' And of course the whimsical, lightly-teasing smile which went with the use of his sobriquet: *Let's get straight down to your image, shall we?*