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## 21/12/2009

Mon, 21/12/2009 - 12:00

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It's going to be hot

The birds are hungry and are crowding on the frosted branches trying to find something to eat. On one small tree are a pair of blue tits, a robin, a wren and a woodpecker, all competing for the tiny grubs they find on the bark. The only bird who has found himself something to eat is a thrush, who has dug up an old cobnut and is bashing it with all his might on a stone. The scene reminds me of my attempts to hunt for a job. I am trying to earn some money but all there is available are jobs looking after very old people or very young ones - both headbangers. Last night, as I lay awake pondering my options, I wondered if I could become an arts outreach worker for the county council, but realised that I have scoffed too much at community arts projects in the past to now convincingly start preaching the gospel about them. Or maybe a PA to some rich man - were I remotely organised. No, I think the solution is going to be to become a student again, and claim a grant from the government to write a book about love, sex and truffles.

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