



DIALOGUE 8. A fine, flashy fox fur

([f] fun)

FELICITY: That's a fine, flashy fox fur you've flung on the sofa, Daphne.

DAPHNE: Yes, I found it on Friday afternoon in Iffley Forest.

FELICITY: But, Daphne! That's Fiona's fox fur – her fiftieth birthday gift from Freddie. You are awful! Fiona will be furious.

DAPHNE: Well, if Fiona left her fur in the forest . . .

FELICITY: Fiona leave her fabulous fox fur in the forest? Stuff and nonsense! You're a thief! Take it off!

DAPHNE: Felicity! What a fuss over a faded bit of fluff! Anyway, fancy Fiona in a fur! She's *far* too fat!