

DREAM JOB

In the first of a monthly series, we give picture researcher **Lisa Scott**, 23, the chance to experience her ultimate job. Shadowing Chloe Dautre-Roussel, she spent a day as a chocolate buyer for Fortnum & Mason.

HOW TO BE IDLE

Tom Hodgkinson, editor of *The Idler*, gives his top tips on taking it easy. This week: *The gym*

I knew us Idlers had it right. When I was growing up and was forced to run around ugly, freezing fields because, they said, it's good for your health, I had a nagging suspicion that something so deeply unenjoyable couldn't possibly be good for you. The last time I went to a gym was in 1988. I felt sick for 12 hours after my workout and vowed never to enter one of those hell holes again.

Being idle is one of the few resolutions I've made over the years for self-betterment that I've kept, so I'm quite pleased with myself. The only exercise I do now is a game of tennis every two years and the occasional bit of weeding and digging in the garden. Now a great new book called *The Joy Of Laziness: How To Slow Down And Live Longer* (Bloomsbury) by a German couple, themselves former athletes, supports the theories behind my slackness. What the heart needs, say the Germans, is lots of rest. It doesn't like being stressed out all day and then playing squash. It likes drinking wine and sleeping.

So get out of the gym and get down to the pub. Better still, just go to bed.

Tom Hodgkinson is the author of *How To Be Idle* (Hamish Hamilton). Visit www.idler.co.uk for more

A LIFE ON HOLD

We spend more than 45 hours a year hanging on the telephone. But ten minutes of this hold music and we want to hang ourselves...

This week: UCL Bloomsbury's ticket hotline.

The song: Greensleeves, but not as you know it. If you were to record Greensleeves on one of those plinky, plonky Bontempi Organs, pipe it through a wind tunnel and crank up the decibels, it still wouldn't sound this bad.

Minutes spent on hold: Four.

Symptoms: Nervous twitch, ground teeth and a strange compulsion towards Elizabethan clothes.

E-mail holdmusic@ukmetro.co.uk to vote for your crimes against tunes



Lisa prepares for her big adventure...



'Oh my God, I got here – and didn't even have to win a golden ticket,' says Lisa as Chloe gives her the low-down on a life spent nibbling on chocolate...



Lisa's verdict? 'I've eaten an awful lot but Fortnum & Mason chocolate sure beats a bag of cheese and onion crisps from the office vending machine.'

The combination of travel and high-quality chocolate attracted me to the job. Of course, my sophisticated palette would appreciate the job perks. During the day, I learned that by experimenting with flavours and making strong relationships with suppliers and plantation-owners, a handful of cocoa beans can become the most exquisite piece of chocolate.

Although Chloe has never attended a 'chocolate school', she is experienced in both gastronomy and agriculture. One of Fortnum & Mason's most exclusive products – shards of bitter dark chocolate dotted through with cocoa – was found by Chloe. She took her backpack and spent two weeks on a cocoa

plantation in Africa. Forty families now rely on it as their income.

My favourite aspect of the job would be making discoveries and forging new relationships. But I would find it quite frustrating to be in an office chasing orders and dealing with customer complaints when there is a world of chocolate waiting to be discovered.

Sadly, I now realise I'm not passionate enough about chocolate to change careers completely. Chloe gets up at 5am to do all her tasting and has eaten one pound of chocolate every day for the last week. I don't love chocolate – even I don't love chocolate. Lisa Scott

If you want to try out your dream job, write to job@ukmetro.co.uk