

After the theatre (more on that later) I went down to Windsor Palace for a spot. The 6 Nation's match was on, England vs France. You can only imagine what this meant for pubs across the great country who had the foresight to invest in HDTV!

In the Windsor Palace I found a plush leather seat in the corner with no view whatsoever of the telly. It isn't that I didn't want to watch, I gladly would have. My father played rugby, and I can figure it out within a minute or two of watching, generally.

Suddenly, after much cheering, the crowd dissipated, and I got a seat at the bar. I captured the night's scores in the margins of my Telegraph: England 24 - France 13. Wales 40 - Italy 8, Ireland 34 - Scotland 13. So, other than Scotland's ignominious defeat, Great Britain had a damn good day. This was not lost on the 16 year old French bartendress at the Windsor Palace. She cursed under her breath and kept slinging ale at the sotted masses.