

# miranda does milan

STOP TIME  
MAGAZINE

LEAD ARTICLE - MIRANDA MORTON (49)  
MILAN ON A SIXPENCE

## my tough challenge

My task difficult - those who know me advised against Milan. But you HATE shopping, Miranda. Every time we see you you are WHINGEING about the amount of time you must dedicate to the shopping run. WHAT ON EARTH are you going to do in Milan? Indeed well may they ask.

With my travelling companion and EXPERT SHOPPER, Serena, I made the DIFFICULT DECISION to agree to a September flight from the U.K. At fanciful moments during the days to come I wondered if I would see this sceptred isle again. But, giblets, we're ahead of ourselves. Truth to tell we might have remained at the airport, Heathrow. The staff there were at pains to stress the attractive possibilities of the local "MOTELS". Enchanted by this offer, and the opportunity to tarry awhile it took a good deal of persuasion from Serena for us to board our 'plane - DESTINAZIO MILANO!

A thrill of girlish excitement rushed through me, but luckily Serena was on hand with HOT TOWELS to resolve the problem. No sooner were we settled than the tannoy interrupted me in my "journalistic moment". I needed air. Serena should not have made matters worse, the lamb, attempting to remove my talk-u-write...

The tannoy whistled lyrical phrases exulting the shopping HEIGHTS we were shortly to experience. "Gucci, Mucci and Felluchi" were just some of the TECHNICAL TERMS I managed to scribble down in some pain with the wires of the talk-u-write embedded in my navel. Luckily my heavy Barbour jacket bore the scent of DEAR HERCULES [my pointer] lunging on the lawn at The Steeples. I inhaled deeply and it struck me then, and perhaps later my readers, how such SIMPLE PLEASURES well competed with the taxing GRUELLING trip to moneyed Milan.

As I adjusted my battered farm watch I realised it was NOT FUNCTIONING at all - a gift from Reggie. I left the malfunctioning metalwork on the 'plane as thanksgiving for safe arrival. Travel-wearied and needing a good soak I saw Serena SAVE OUR FIRST EUROS! Being many MANY years shy of my sixties, it is my unique privilege to use this magazine's travel nest-egg, and RIGHTLY loll into a minicab when I judge it necessary.

Serena brought me up sharply, dispensing a lonely euro coin into an omnibus ticket machine declaring rather snappily that it was the expletive last straw. I'd never seen blonde sunglazed Serena LOSE HER COOL and thought best to keep Mum. Over the next three hours I calculated the MIDNIGHT MILANOS saved saved saved (!) all this British lolly

★ 20 PENNIES PER MINUTE (a lot of mint humbugs earned here) by bussing rather than cabbing from Linate Airport (see my handy map, not to scale, colour it in mercilessly if my headed paper means you miss an exit on the ring-road)

★ ★ 80 WHACKERS A NIGHT by sharing bed with interpreter and keeping jacket close by to knock out pongy perfumery

★ ★ ★ GOODNESS KNOWS HOW MUCH (!) from likely-to-be stifflingly expensive evening meal: I found old kit-kat stuffed in hunting pouch of jacket.



**STOP TIME  
MAGAZINE**

Photos pages 2, 3, 4, 5