Dear Sparks,

When I said: “Now I suppose the door won’t close,”. It was a joke.

I agree that electric circuits are tricky things and I shouldn’t have told your employers you have the ability of a demented camel and I was not criticising your shape and I’m very sorry.

So please can you come and let me out.

Dear Vicar,

If I have inadvertently offended you, I am truly sorry. And should I have groaned during your sermon, it was with righteous indignation.

Heaven forbid that you think I was transfixed open-mouthed with amazement at your persistence in developing so involved a theological argument.

I humbly apologise and my future absence must be my punishment.