

Sam hung her coat and watched as the brown drops created a puddle on her newly cleaned floor. Not ideal but the weather was on her side tonight - any signs of her being outside would be washed away in the apparent monsoon that was battering everything up and down the coast. A quick mop and it wasn't long before her kettle was whistling with the promise of tea. A couple of sugars in it tonight she thought, calm the nerves.

As Sam settled, warming her toes on the fire she went through the events of the evening to ensure she hadn't missed anything.

Being a cleaner most of her life she had gotten used to not being seen or noticed. Only really being spoken to when they had important people attending or if one of the other cleaners had missed something. Sam was good at her job, always had been.

She'd seen many priminsiters while working at No10, some interesting things and she'd seen some nasty things too. She would read the paper and shake her head as she knew she was just reading lie after lie. She would get so frustrated knowing how conversations had actually gone compared to how it had been spun. Webs of dribble getting bigger and bigger, drawing the countries focus to other things while they did back handed deals. Like a magician doing a magic trick, making you look one way while working the trick the other. This time though, it felt different.

It was getting too much, effecting her sons, her grandchildren, her neighbours, her community. She could see her village slowly shutting down. They lost the public toilets first. Then the town hall got shut, and now there was talk of her corner shop closing. The corner shop!

The thing was, she had to watch it all and couldn't tell anyone. She couldn't tell the truth. She had signed this form to say she couldn't when she first started and through her time she had witnessed other staff being escorted out on more than one occasion for breaching it. But this current PM was a bad one. The things she had seen and witnessed was enough to make to make anyone's skin crawl. It had gone on long enough. Something had to be done.

It wasn't unusual for her to stay late. If there was an important event on the next day or if the PMs wife wanted something extra done it was always Sam that would stay back and make sure it was ready. She supposed over time she was trusted and had become a familiar face. It wasn't any particular day, just like all the others. She took her trolley and parked it up outside one of the many MANY offices and gently knocked. Peering in, there he was, on the phone, gesturing her to come in. She began her dusting and wiping, always best to do that first before the sweep and Hoover. The conversation on the phone was getting intense and it was shortly followed by him slamming it down and some strong language that would have had her husband turning in his grave, but that wasn't unusual.

His secretary burst in soon after and they immediately got into a heated argument. It seemed the PM had not only lied to the country but also to his team as well. Sam had started to feel a little uncomfortable and she worked out over the years this was her queue to leave. She could always come back later. She lay down her feather duster and headed out.

She was upstairs when the commotion started. There were shouts and those that had remained later on in the day were running past doorways and generally causing the ceiling to thud. She got out the way as best she could but eventually had to head back down stairs to collect her duster. The PMs door was open and there were three others stood around a body on the floor, near the PMs desk. Sam could tell by his hair it was the PM himself. She quietly wondered in and picked up her duster from the windowsill. 'What are you doing in here?' one of the men shouted. It was the one that always seemed to wear a tie a different shade of yellow each day. 'I forgot my duster' Sam gestered. 'Get out!'.

Sam hurried out the room.

Not long after she had made her way home. Before coming inside, she had buried the duster in the garden and made sure it was completely hidden under her hydrangea. She had worn a large coat that day due to the weather so it was easy to hide, along with the bag peanuts she had careful crushed into a dust the evening before. Not many people knew the PM was allergic to nuts. Not many people knew he rarely carried his epi pen with him either. And those that do aren't allowed to discuss it because of the form have to sign. It was one of the reasons one of the older cleaners had to leave. They had gossiped to the wrong person, it had ended up in the paper and the PM had to pay alot of money to keep it quiet. Tax payers money. Something about a security issue or something.

Sam decided she hasn't missed anything. No one would really suspect a nearly retired cleaner anyway. So as the wind and rain continued to batter the coast, Sam spent the rest of evening drinking sweet tea, keeping her eyes on the news for any information and eating the remainder of the roasted peanuts she had bought from her local corner shop the morning before.