The Barman at the Inn

I've never seen anything like it! The place is so full that we literally can't fit in another person. I'm working my socks off. Hardly ever get to sit down.....If you'd *seen* the number of glasses I've had to wash! 'A few extra' says old Reuben. (He's the Innkeeper). 'A few *hundred* extra more like!' I'm getting double time, mind, but quite right too.. It's slavery, if you ask me...

...And we're getting some *very* strange people, I don't mind telling you. *Very* odd! Those Romans have no idea what they've started with this census business, extra trade or not...There was this couple the other day, for example... Older guy; young girl, very far gone. I think Reuben took pity on them and put them up in the cowshed, of all places. They were desperate, see, 'cos she was going to have a baby any moment. Still, I hope Health and Safety never get hold of that one! All our jobs will be on the line... I'm surprised at old Reuben doing it for free, actually. He normally never misses the chance of a fast buck - even for a smelly shed! Must be going a bit soft-headed in his old age! Still, there *was* something special about those two. Can't put my finger on it...

...They had the kid that same night. Right in the middle of that disgusting cowshed. No cuddly babygrow and a Mothercare cot to put him in, either. Just a few old rags and the animal trough. An animal trough! Can you credit it! Still, he looked healthy enough; good pair of lungs, too....

....*And* they've had visitors! In a *cowshed*! I ask you! Some shepherdscame to see them! Brought some of their sheep, if you please, as if there weren't enough stinky animals already......! And, before you ask: no, I have *not* been drinking! More than my job's worth to drink on duty...

...Hang on. What's all that noise? (*mimes looking out of a window*). I don't believe it! Camels?! And who are those rich-looking blokes. Must be foreigners. They're not from round here, anyway... Where are they *going?* Not to the cowshed?! Surely not to the cowshed?!