

A photograph of a beach with a blue sky and clouds. A white rectangular frame with a double-line border is centered on the page. Inside the frame, the name 'Jane' and the title 'Hospital Porter' are written in black text.

Jane Hospital Porter

Did I like school? - I did and I didn't. I think I've learnt more by being out and about, than I actually did in school. Say about money, budgeting...they didn't teach you that. When I left, I wanted to move to America, for the beaches, the lifestyle. I

wanted to meet New Kids on the Block! I used to have the posters, with the baggy dungarees and nothing underneath!

After school, we used to hang around in a group near the local church hall. There were

about forty of us from different areas - York, Easingwold, Shipton-by-Beningborough. We used to have separate groups, and the other groups used to come down and take over our territory, but we all ended up friends. The police had to intervene a couple of times, though nothing bad happened, and in the end they ran a youth club for us. We learnt self-defence, 'how drinking and smoking is bad for you', all that! - but it was quite good really. We're all friends still on Facebook, we still meet in town for a coffee!

I've worked here fourteen years. You need to have people skills to be a porter. When people are anxious about an

operation, you try and distract them, ask them about something else. There are about forty of us porters and we all know each other. We sit and have dinner together. That's how I met my partner, who was another porter. He's my toyboy, he was 23 and I was 30 when we got together. We'd been stalking each other around, then one day he said to me, "You're too chicken to give me your phone number." I said, "Here it is on a piece of paper already," and he said, "I've got mine written down too, for you!"

I was told I couldn't ever have kids. But not long after we moved in together, I became ill,

went into hospital, and they asked, "Have you put weight on? You should be losing it." They whizzed me in for a scan and we discovered I was fifteen weeks pregnant! We were so shocked. I worked until I was 36 weeks pregnant, and my last shift was an overtime shift on Maternity. I told them I'd see them in four weeks to have my baby, and they said, "Where is it?" They hadn't even noticed my bump, I was so slim still. And two and a half years later, I had another daughter.

My younger daughter is a computer geek already, although she's only two. You can give her a PC, a Notepad, and she'll turn it

on herself, find CBeebies, play Talking Tomcat, Smurfs Village. Then the other day, she walked into a lamppost - hit it so hard the lamppost shook - and all she did was get up and say, "Oh, bananas!"