

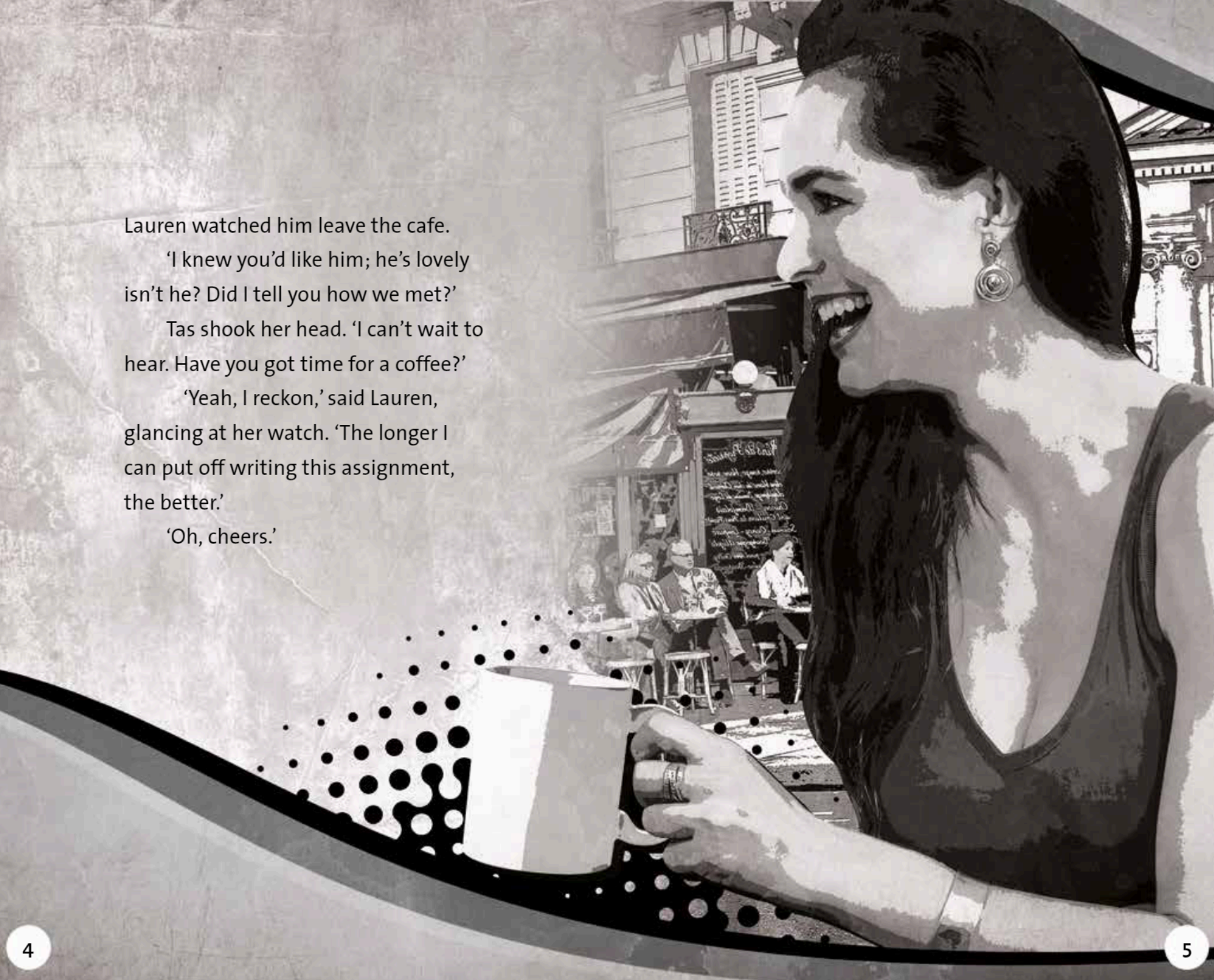
Lauren watched him leave the cafe.

‘I knew you’d like him; he’s lovely isn’t he? Did I tell you how we met?’

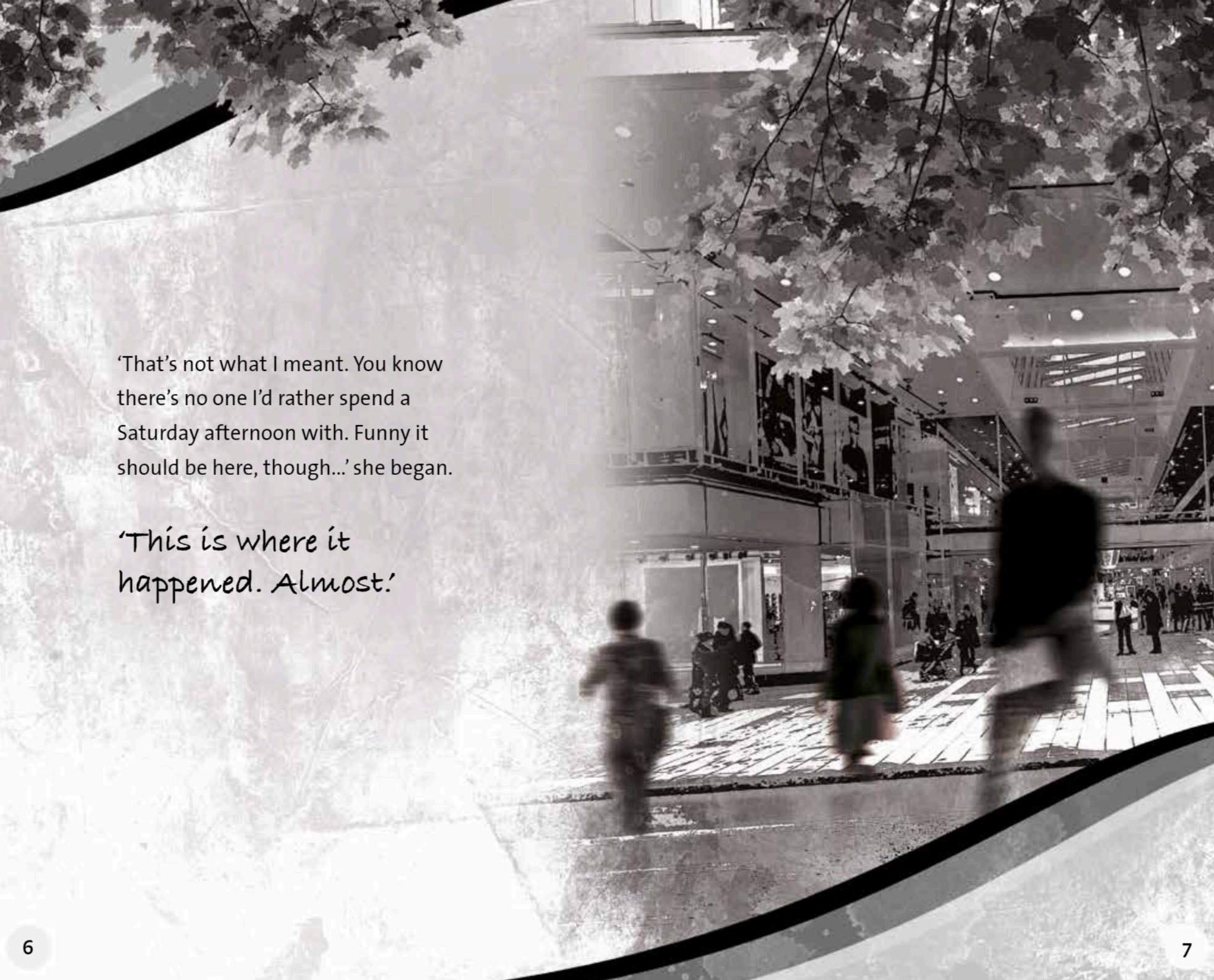
Tas shook her head. ‘I can’t wait to hear. Have you got time for a coffee?’

‘Yeah, I reckon,’ said Lauren, glancing at her watch. ‘The longer I can put off writing this assignment, the better.’

‘Oh, cheers.’







'That's not what I meant. You know there's no one I'd rather spend a Saturday afternoon with. Funny it should be here, though...' she began.

'This is where it happened. Almost.'



'It was next door, actually, by the main entrance to the shopping centre. Mike was on his way here, and was passing the bus station just as I was getting off the bus on my way to my internship.'

