Lovereading.co.uk
Helping you choose your next book

You loved your last book...but what are you going to read next?

Using our unique guidance tools, Love**reading** will help you find new books to keep you inspired and entertained.

Opening Extract from...

Tuesday's Child

Written by Louise Bagshawe

Published by Headline Review

All text is copyright © of the author

This Opening Extract is exclusive to Love**reading**.
Please print off and read at your leisure.

1

'Gooooooooaaaaal!' I scream. 'Gooooooooaaaaaal! Yessss!'

Ha ha ha! Right in the upper left-hand corner. Woohhooh! I run up the field like a madwoman and do a quick cartwheel.

'In your face, Ricardo!' I yell.

Paul comes up and hugs me. Yess! Those lads from the Dog and Duck thought they were so hard drafting an actual Italian into their team, been playing since he was five. But I scored! Oh yes.

My boys, the gang from Queen Charlotte, are falling around laughing at them.

'Ha ha ha,' Leo says. 'You got pasted by a girl. Hahahaha!!'

'By a GIRL,' adds Paul, in case they didn't get the point. Mark Stebbins looks askance at Ricardo, who's gone bright purple. This might be the most embarrassing thing that's ever happened to him. He jabs a finger at me.

'*Va fancoul'!*' he yells. '*Non e ragazza!*'

I don't need a translation: 'That's no girl.' I get that a lot. I shrug and blow him a kiss. He kicks a tuffet of grass in front of the goal, aggravated.

'What's that?' says a familiar voice.

I spin round, elated. It's my flatmate, Ollie McCleod. He's also my best friend. Relaxed and funny, a good-looking bastard too. Blond and strapping, like a Viking.

'Lucy scored,' Paul said. 'Beat 'im flat out.' And laughs again.

Ricardo fires off some rapid Italian and stomps away from the goal. If I had to guess, it translates as, 'Fuck it, I'm going for a drink.'

I glance at my watch. Two pounds ninety-nine from a garage five years ago and it still works. Just as well, I have to watch every penny. It's almost noon.

'What are you doing here?' I ask Ollie.

He shrugs, smiles. 'Thought you might like a lift.'

I glance at the lads.

'I'm off home,' Paul says. 'Wife's coming back soon.'

The others have already started walking off the field to the pub. Normally I join the team for the post-mortem and half a cider, but not if Ollie's offering. I'd rather hang out with him, quite frankly.

'All right, see you next week then,' I say. And happily walk off with Ollie towards his BMW.

'Girlfriend around?' I say casually.

'She's working,' he says.

Excellent. He's so much more fun by himself.

'Thought we could order in a curry,' Ollie says. 'Watch the match together, she won't be back till seven. I got some wine in.'

My spirits soar. England–South Africa rugby, a nice curry, and some red wine with Ollie on the couch. And then I might play a bit of *Star Wars Galaxies* this evening, that way I won't have to pay too much attention when Annoying Victoria gets home.

'Sounds good,' I say. I've got a great life, honestly. I'm so lucky.

Ollie opens the door to his BMW for me. He never minds about my muddy boots or anything. 'Should be a good night.' He grins at me, clearly looking forward to it himself. As well he might. Poor Ol. Monday morning, he has to go back to being a lawyer, whereas I get to review, i.e. play, computer games for *PC Games Universe*. He'll be up at seven, I'll lie in till about ten. And all he has to show for it is

money, which isn't a very good trade, if you ask me.

Never mind. We'll have a top night. We're best mates and it's going to be fun, which my life is in general most of the time. I settle back against the nice leather seats of his car, so much better than the smelly old bus I generally have to use, and he pulls away into the traffic.

'All right?' he says.

I nod. 'All right.' And I am.

'Fucking hell!' I exclaim.

'What's the matter?' Ollie asks, mildly.

I stare in disgust the screen. 'Fucking bounty hunters. All they want to do is kill Jedi. That's my fourth death this week and I just lost a skill box! Basic Regeneration II, that took me two hundred thousand points.'

'Oh dear,' he says, grinning.

Annoying Victoria looks at me like I'm speaking Swahili.

'It took me weeks grinding that out,' I sigh. 'Just carving up nests of feral gurks and giant spiders . . .'

'Really, Lucy,' she says with icy scorn. 'How fascinating. 'Aren't you a little bit *old* for video games?'

'I'm twenty-four. Fuck,' I say again, with feeling.

'Such language.' She wrinkles her pert little nose.

'Anyway, video games are my job,' I say defensively. 'Remember?'

'If you can call that a job.' Victoria shrugs. 'Reviewing stupid juvenile games for a silly magazine with no readers . . .'

'Victoria,' Ollie warns.

'Well, I'm sorry.' She pouts. 'But it's hardly a job for a young lady.'

I stare at her, daring her to say it. *But then Lucy is hardly a young lady* hangs in the air.

'How's your work going?' I say. I force myself to be nice. Ollie isn't just my mate, he's my landlord, and Victoria *is* his girlfriend. I have to show willing, even though my

dearest wish is for her to evaporate in a puff of Anaïs Anaïs.

'Wonderfully.' Victoria tosses her long chestnut hair in that public schoolgirl flick she does so well. Victoria works in magazines too, but that's where the similarity between us ends. She has a high-paying job at *Stylish*, the UK's leading fashion magazine, or so it claims, superbly ignoring *Vogue*, *Elle* and *InStyle*. Victoria is twenty-eight and a polished, thrusting young Turk. She's always getting promoted, and she never turns up at Ollie's without some new, fantastically expensive little dress she snaffled from the samples cupboard, or some perfectly girlie bag.

Vicky doesn't think much of my Doc Martens and Metallica T-shirts.

'Our layout next month is going to be a real winner,' she says, smugly. 'I thought of the theme myself.'

'And what's that?' I ask brightly. I sneak a look at Ollie. I hope he's appreciating all this effort. He's always asking me to be a bit nicer to Victoria.

' "What Is Femininity?",' she says, describing a wide circle in the air with her long, shaped talons. 'We're going to explore the whole question of what's truly feminine. Is it classic? The Birkin bag, the camel-coloured shift? Is it floral? The print dress, the strappy sandals? Or is it modern – LK Bennett shoes, Alexander McQueen, Kate Spade accessories?'

'Mmm,' I say, pretending to be interested. I would imagine 'Jeans and comfy T-shirt' does not count as one of the options.

'And there'll be comment pieces. "Have women today lost sight of what it means to be feminine?"' Vicky adds, giving me a significant look.

'Right,' I say. 'I better get back to my game. My character is stuck in a nest of crystal snakes. And that bounty hunter must DIE!'

'Come on, hon,' says Ollie to Victoria. 'We've got reservations.'

'Going somewhere nice?' I ask encouragingly. I wish they'd leave, I can't concentrate while Victoria's here. It's that cosmetic lens-enhanced stare at the back of my head that puts me off. I know she's doing it even when I can't see.

'Oh, you wouldn't like it,' Victoria says. 'It's the kind of place which uses knives and forks.' She gazes accusingly at the empty McDonald's bag on the floor next to my computer.

'I'm going to clean that up,' I say defensively. 'Just as soon as I'm finished.' Grrr. Can't. Stand. Victoria. 'You guys have a lovely evening!' I add, pasting on my brightest smile.

'Don't worry.' Victoria snakes her slender arm through Ollie's brawny one and gives him her patented Princess-Di-under-the-lashes look. 'We're going to. It's going to be a very *special* night.'

'Bye, mate,' Ollie says to me.

They leave. I wait till I hear the door shut and then breathe an exaggerated sigh of relief. I turn back to *Star Wars Galaxies* and flex my Dark Jedi Apprentice light sabre.

But somehow all the fun has drained out of it.

Curse Victoria Cobham!

'My boosters are going to run out,' I lie to my apprentice Xa-Tu. He's in Australia, plays even more obsessively than I do. 'I'm going to take a break. See you tomorrow.'

'No probs,' he types back. 'U R the best!'

The best. Well, yes, at *Star Wars Galaxies* I am pretty good. In fact not only am I a Dark Jedi Apprentice, rapidly climbing the ranks towards Dark Jedi Knight, I am rich. My net worth is over four million credits. I can buy anything I want . . .

Sadly, this is not the case in real life. I'm quite poor. On the other hand, I'm happy.

Most of the time.

I shut the computer down and push my chair away.

Hmm. I don't know why I suddenly feel a bit gloomy. This is not like me. I'm never down. Who would be if they had this life?

I go into the kitchen and make myself an instant coffee, adding real cream and three sugars. Victoria would disapprove. That makes it all the more pleasurable. She can't understand how I can stuff my face with junk and yet stay a steady eight and a half stone, although I've told her a million times. I like sports. I play five a side with some lads most Sundays, I go for a run every day, even now, in the winter; February isn't the best month of the year, but running cheers me up. And if nobody's about, I dance. I love to dance. Best feeling in the world. Of course I'm sure I look a bit stupid in my DMs and cargo pants, but so what. Nobody's watching.

I pull out my Abba and Madonna CDs from their secret stash hiding place behind all my cool stuff – my collection of eighties' heavy metal and seventies' rock – and bounce around the room like Tigger.

Ollie always says I've got way too much energy.

He's a few years older than me. We met on a tour of Europe, one of those cheap ones where it's two to a coffin-sized room, go everywhere by bus and see the continent in two weeks – total fun. I try to go every year, but usually can't get the money together in time. Every two years, though, without fail. I love travelling. Anyway, he'd graduated from the LSE and I'd dropped out of Durham. I was reading French, but I just got bored. Actually going to France – and Germany, Italy, Spain and Portugal – seemed like a much better bet.

'So are you switching courses when you get back?' he asked me on the second night. He's Scottish, with blond Viking hair and a few freckles, and the body, as I told him, of a prop forward. He told me he wasn't a prop forward, he was a fly half. So he did play rugby! Result. I love rugby.

'Nah.' I tossed my somewhat unkempt blonde hair insouciantly. 'I'm not going back.'

'But why? Are you mad?'

'Not mad. Technically. I just don't want to be tied down.' I sighed. 'Imagine, sitting in a bloody lecture hall listening to a professor for three years. I got enough of that at school.'

'You didn't like school?'

I stare at him. 'Does anybody?'

'I did,' he said mildly. 'Anyway, you can't have done too badly there to have got into Durham, eh?'

'Oh, I'm not thick,' I say hastily.

'I'm sure you're not.'

'And I had Mum and Dad to think of. They wanted me to study and get my A levels and all that.'

'Are you close with them?'

I smiled. 'Oh yeah. Very close.' I have the best parents in the world. And the nicest sisters.'

'Then aren't you going to upset them by dropping out?'

He'd unerringly put his finger on my one problem.

'Ah,' I said triumphantly. 'But I'm not going to tell them. At least, not like that. You see,' I said proudly, 'I've got a job already.'

'Have you?'

'Oh yes. A *great* job. And I'm going to tell them I've been poached.' I waved my hand airily. 'Expanding field, great prospects . . . . you know. That way they won't worry.'

He looked puzzled. 'But you're only . . .'

'Twenty.'

'And you haven't graduated. So what's the field? Law? Translator in the EU? I know it can't be banking, not if you're reading French.'

'Ugh, no,' I told him. 'Nothing like that.' I make a face. 'This is a really *good* job.'

'Let's hear it, then,' he said.

'Reviewer,' I announced proudly.

'Movie reviewer? Book reviewer? Theatre critic?'

'Games reviewer. Computer games.'

Ollie blinked. 'You what?'

'Computer games,' I repeated, slightly annoyed. '*Quake*. *Doom*. You know.'

His face clears. 'Like *Donkey Kong*?'

'*Donkey Kong*,' I said scornfully. 'Um, yeah, if it was about nineteen eighty-three.'

'I'm sorry. I never was one for computer games,' he said humbly.

'Oh well. Takes all sorts,' I told him. 'Anyway, I love them and I sent off a few pieces. And they were impressed, especially because I'm a girl.'

'Girls don't play computer games?'

'Not as many as you'd think. I don't know why.' None of my big sisters ever went near a video games arcade. 'But all the more work for me,' I added cheerfully.

'So what's the magazine?'

'PC Games Universe.'

'Never heard of it.'

'Well, you wouldn't have.'

'That's true.'

To be honest, I don't read it either. It's one of the smaller ones. But so what? Everybody has to start somewhere.

'It's my dream job,' I told him. 'Can you imagine? Other people are accountants and estate agents. Or *lawyers*. And I'm going to get paid to sit around playing computer games! And get all my games for free.'

'Sounds great.'

'So what do you?' I asked him, feeling a bit guilty. Ollie would not have a cool job like games reviewer lined up, would he?

'I'm going to be a lawyer.'

'Oh.' I blush. 'I'm awfully sorry.'

'Don't worry.' He winks at me. 'I actually want to be a lawyer.'

'That's great then,' I say, unconvincingly.

After that we got on brilliantly. As I said, I love rugby, all kinds of rugby. Ollie was amazed. He'd never been able to have a conversation about the British Lions with a woman before. And despite the fact that he was a bit strange, not liking computer games, and wanting to spend his life hunched over law books, I thought he was great. Friendly and open-minded.

Not to mention easy on the eye.

By the end of the tour he offered me a place in his flat, for a very reasonable rent. Three hundred a month. And it was a nice flat in Swiss Cottage, although I'd have been happy to bunk up with him in darkest Zone 5. Getting a decent flatmate is vital. How can you enjoy life if you have to live with some miserable sod who puts up cleaning rotas?

It was just as well, for my dream job has one disadvantage. It doesn't actually pay very well. I've been there for four years now, got my name on the masthead and everything: 'Contributing Editor'. Sounds very important, doesn't it? I even have business cards. 'Lucy Evans, Contributing Editor, *PC Games Universe*.' They were great for showing to my dad, he was so proud.

The salary, however. Well, you could call it peanuts, but that might not be fair to peanuts. Put it this way; four years of my absolute best work and I'm currently making twelve grand a year.

I take a sip of my sweet coffee. Is that what I'm depressed about? That I can't usually afford restaurants with knives and forks?

I shiver and blow off the cobwebs. I don't think so; after all, money's never worried me before. There's more to life than money, isn't there? Because of Ollie I live in a great flat. And we go out for pasta at least once a month. Besides, I can cook when I want to, I just usually don't want to. Sandwiches are cheap and they're my favourites. Running doesn't cost anything, and I get all my CDs at flea markets.

My games come free, and so does my computer, in fact they give me a new one every year to keep up with Microsoft.

I live quite nicely, thank you. And I have a piggy bank to save up for the cheap tours of Europe. What else is there to pay for? Food and booze, I suppose. I get a new pair of DMs once a year and there's one set of low heels that I never, ever wear mouldering in the cupboard. Clothes don't interest me. I'm the same size I was at college and most of my clothes date back that far. They're comfortable enough. It's not as if a games reviewer needs a jacket and tie, as I remind Victoria when she looks in my room and sneers.

And then it comes to me.

Victoria. Annoying Victoria. She's the reason I'm feeling down. Why does Ollie have to like her so much? She's *awful*. She comes into our nice flat and ruins everything by complaining about how I do up my room, how I keep my collected back issues of *Kerrang!* magazine . . .

Last month she offered to 'help' me.

'Come on, Lucy,' she said with that bright smile I can't stand. I bet she was the leading light in her Brownie pack and loved to chant 'Brown Owl dib dib dib' or whatever. 'You can't go on like this. Can she, Ollie?'

'Like what?' I asked, aggrieved.

'Like *this*.' Her manicured hands waved disdainfully around my room. 'It's *ridiculous*.'

'I like it,' I told her in what I hoped was a firm tone.

'Oh, really.' She laughed in that disparaging way of hers. 'You like these movie posters?'

'Movie posters are classic decor.'

'Of *Die Hard* and *Predator*?'

'Classics,' I responded firmly.

'And what on earth is this?' Her carefully shaped nails tapped the ratty piece of white paper covered in black marker writing that hangs in pride of place over my bed.

'Ah, that's a set list. From Oasis. Actually, it's really early.

Ninety-five. From the Astoria,' I told her, with (I think you'll agree) justified pride.

'What's a set list?'

'You're not serious.' Now it was my turn to look scornful. 'A list of songs the band is going to play. The roadies tape it to the stage in case they forget the order.'

Victoria's thin lips curled. She's not very pretty, if you ask me, although she is polished. She makes the most of what she has, if you like that sort of thing. You know, lipstick and matching eyeshadow, little pink dresses and teensy cardigans, painful-looking shoes with straps on them . . .

'And why would you want to keep that?' she asks.

'It's early Oasis. It's rock history.'

'Rock history!' She gives a delicate little snort. 'Now come on, Lucy. We can fix this. Rip down all this nonsense, and I can get you some wonderful Laura Ashley wallpaper, it has the *tiniest* burgundy sprigs. You're good at DIY, I'm sure it would only take you and Ollie a day to put up.' She doesn't offer to help herself. Of course. 'And we'll throw away all these old magazines.' She picks up a classic issue from eighty-seven with Axl Rose on the front cover, holding it between her thumb and forefinger as if it's contagious. 'Clutter,' she pronounces, 'is bad for the soul. You need some pretty cream rugs and more space in here. You don't even have a mirror!'

There's so much wrong with this I hardly know where to start.

'Why would I need a mirror?'

'To look at yourself,' she says very slowly, as though I'm a moron.

I shrug. 'I know what I look like, thanks.'

Ollie snorts with laughter. He has been hanging on every word, the traitor!

Victoria says acidly, 'I wonder.'

I tug at my hair. I hope it hasn't gone all ratty again.

'Help me out here, darling,' she wheedles to Ollie in that breathy little-girl voice of hers. Her eyelashes are fluttering away madly. 'Persuade Lucy she just *has* to do something about this . . . room.'

Victoria makes 'room' sound like 'pit'.

'Don't drag me into it, sweetheart,' Ollie says in that lazy way of his. 'It's Lucy's room, she can do what she likes in it.'

This made Vicky pout, but she left me alone after that. She always lets Ollie have his way and never contradicts him.

I wonder if that's why he likes her so much?

I briefly consider what would have happened if *I* always let Ollie have his way. If I didn't tease him mercilessly for weeks after Scotland lost to Italy in the Six Nations, though he got me back when we went down to France, the straw-haired git.

Victoria never teases Ollie, unless it's along the lines of, 'Ooh, look at those biceps,' or 'I read you won another case, darling, they're going to make you a judge soon.'

Whereas I say things like, 'How can you stand that bloody boring job?'

I'm not *jealous* of Victoria, you understand. At least not romantically. When I first moved in I had a heart-to-heart with Ollie. I said, 'Look, mate, don't try it on because I don't get involved with mates.' Which he said was short and to the point.

It's a rule of mine. Dating your mates is always disastrous. I should know; I've always dated my mates and it's always been disastrous.

But you know, if he was interested he would have said something. All my other boyfriends did and I gave them the same speech.

So, I admit, the first six months I was slightly put out. I was sort of expecting the odd kiss after we'd shared a bottle of wine. Or something.

But then I wised up. OK, he's not interested. You can't go around moping after blokes. And for once I'd half meant what I'd said. If you date a friend and it doesn't work out – make that *when* it doesn't work out – what have you lost? Well, a friend. And let's face it, you can always get more of those. But if I'd dated Ollie and it hadn't worked out, I would have mucked up something really special. Because he is my absolute best mate, like, ever. And almost as importantly, I would have lost my flat in Zone 2.

It's a wonderful flat. My room has a great window onto the street and overlooks a huge chestnut tree, so spring and summer I wake up to broad green leaves. And there's even a small – OK, tiny – square of garden, but it's really nice to sit out there when the weather's good and eat a Strawberry Mivvi or drink a cold bottle of Woodpecker.

Besides, I'm not the type to sit around being glum – except maybe tonight. I know the sort of girl Ollie's attracted to and it isn't me. Before Annoying Victoria there were Annoying Rhiannon and Annoying Fay. I'm sure he ordered them all from the same shop: mid-length hair, shiny and sleek, skinny with no muscles, predilection for itsy-bitsy dresses and heels, always do their nails, think he's wonderful.

Actually, this reflection cheers me up. It's been a long time with Annoying Victoria, I'd say too long. Ollie is fairly predictable, and changes his girlfriends with the seasons, once every four months. It's the end of February. Spring is just around the corner. So soon he'll be coming home with another annoying Jemima Khan-a-like, but she's bound to be at least a slight improvement on Victoria.

I smile. Yes, that's it. I've just reached the end of my Victoria tether. And she'll soon be gone, and my life will go back to normal.

Which, I'm glad to say, is pretty much perfect.

* * *

'Lucy.'

'No,' I lie. 'She's not here.'

'Lucy.' Ollie's gently but insistently shaking my shoulder.

I grudgingly open the corner of one eye. He's holding a cup of tea, but this only slightly mollifies me. I got a bit carried away with the old *Star Wars Galaxies* last night and stayed up till 2 a.m.

'Did I oversleep?' I grunt. I am vaguely supposed to be in the office by ten.

'You're fine.' He smiles reassuringly. 'It's only seven fifteen.'

'Seven fifteen?' I'm so outraged I sit bolt upright. 'Seven fifteen? Why are you waking me in the middle of the night?'

Ollie knows perfectly well I don't get up till nine, not a minute earlier.

'I'm sorry.'

'I bet you are. A manky cup of tea is no consolation either,' I say grumpily.

'Shall I take it away then?' asks Ollie, threatening to remove it.

'Certainly not.' Aggrieved, I swipe it from him.

'It's just that I have to be in the office early today. Big case.'

'You do have my sympathies,' I say. 'But being a lawyer is your own fault, as I've told you before.'

'Indeed you have.'

'And you really don't need to wake me up to say goodbye.'

'It wasn't that.' Ollie pushes a few copies of *Kerrang!* out of the way and settles down on a bare patch of my carpet. 'I've got something to tell you.'

I take a sip of the tea. 'Good news?'

'Yes,' he says carefully. 'Very good. But there's a bad side to it.'

I smile at him, unafraid. 'Well, let's have it, then.'

Ollie looks awkward, but musters a big smile.

'I'm getting married!' he says.

I don't drop the tea, for which I mentally award myself ten million skill points and create myself an instant Dark Jedi Master.

'That's great!' I lie. 'To . . . Victoria?'

'Of course to Victoria,' he says. 'What, you think I have some kind of James Bond double life?'

'Do you?' I ask, interested.

'No,' he says.

'Oh. Well, that's fantastic. You asked her last night, then?' And never said a word to me, I don't add. Thanks for showing me the ring and all that.

'Actually, she asked me.' Ollie smiles modestly.

'She asked you?' For a second I am shocked out of my misery. That's not like Victoria at all. She would never do anything untraditional or daring like that.

'Yes,' he says. 'It was February the twenty-ninth yesterday. Leap year, remember?'

Oh yes. So it was. Joy.

'Anyway, she asked me, got down on one knee and everything.'

'And you said yes.'

'I did.' He confirms the sorry truth.

'Well, congratulations.' I set the tea aside and give him an awkward hug. 'I'm thrilled for you both.' I try for a caring, Tony-Blair-style smile. 'Will Vicky be moving in with us?'

His face darkens.

'That's the bad news,' he says.

'Oh. She won't be, for a bit? Well, that's a shame,' I say brightly.

'No, no. She is going to move in. Us getting married and all, this is going to be our home.' He squeezes my shoulder. 'I'm awfully sorry about it, mate, really I am. But I'm going to have to ask you to move out.'

* * *

As soon as he leaves I pull on my tracksuit bottoms and my sweatshirt and go for a run. I can't think of anything else to do.

I select some really nasty, grinding music. Slayer. Something seriously depressing. Matches the grey sky and, not coincidentally, my mood.

Move out.

Move out!

I run up the hill towards the tube, trying to block everything out with sheer physical effort. After that I'm going up another hill, up to Hampstead. A really punishing run. Something which doesn't leave you much space to think.

Of course, I think anyway. You can't help it, even if you do have Kerry King wailing out another blistering solo in your ear, and your lungs are burning and there's lactic acid in every muscle.

Why Victoria? He was meant to dump her, not marry her. I can't spend five minutes with the girl, and Ollie wants to spend his whole life with her?

OK, well. I don't own my friends. Got to remember that. It takes all sorts and all that. It's just so disappointing because I thought he was different. But apparently not. Ollie wants to marry a girlie girl who waves using only the tips of her fingers.

Grrr. Annoying Victoria's itsy-bitsy waggle . . .

I stop and bend over, heaving for breath, and catch my reflection in the window of Costa Coffee. Oh dear. All red-faced and sweaty, with my hair plastered to my head. Victoria would never look like this, would she?

'Come on, Vicky,' I said to her once. This was a few months back when she was new on the scene and I thought, you know, she might like to be friends. 'I have a guest slot at my kickboxing class. Want to work up a sweat?'

'I don't *sweat*,' she replied with a fake smile. 'You know

the old saying, Lucy, horses sweat, gentlemen perspire, ladies merely glow.'

Come to think of it, that might have been when I decided to hate her.

And now she'll be 'merely glowing' as she rips down all my treasured posters and re-does my entire room in Laura Ashley burgundy sprig.

My digital watch says it's nine. Time to head back and shower. I suppose I can't be late into work today, can I?

I need the money.