

JOHN

*Excerpt from Chapter One*

'Is this seat taken?'

The dreamy brunette looked startled. She blinked and blustered, slid her coffee cup to one side, pulled her mobile and purse towards her.

'Er, oh, oh - no'. There were plenty of empty seats in the café.

John stared straight at her and smiled. 'As soon as I walked in here, I noticed you. You're beautiful you are.'

The brunette looked worried.

John thought about putting her at ease. 'Yes a real beauty, and I don't say that to all the girls, believe you me.'

The woman tried to smile but her expression was more like a grimace. She stood up, put her mobile and purse into her handbag and began pushing her chair back.

'Oh don't go. Look, you haven't finished your coffee'.

'I have to... I'm in a rush.' She stumbled, regained her posture, and then hurried out of the door.

John looked around the café and smiled, tried to look confident, like it was all OK, like he didn't care. He was dying inside.

John was 35 now, and he couldn't get a girlfriend. How did this happen?