

T L R

ONE IN A MILLION

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I had the radio on but he kept talking. About his ex, the whole way - Leeds to Peterborough. The guys in the back were napping, so it was his voice the whole way.

I hadn't met her when they were together. He'd just disappeared for six months, gone quiet on the WhatsApp group.

And now, he kept saying how they'd broken up because he thought the grass was greener, but it wasn't, and now he wanted her back. There's only so many times you can nod along.

We pulled in to the service

station, parked up and piled out, all four of us. And he was still going on. The others walked ahead and I wished one of those fuckers could drive so I could fall asleep in the back and not have to listen to his whining. We've all lost someone, right? You swallow it down.

When we walked in, he stopped and grabbed my arm like he was having a coronary.

"It's her," he said, staring at a table where a mousy-haired girl was laughing with some bloke. I could only see his back. But, really? Her? This spotty, not-much-of-anything girl in a service station?

All the way back to London he sat in the front seat. A black hole. Eventually, I made him switch.

