

### **THREE'S A CROWD?**

After exiting into the cold January air outside her office building via the very hi-tech revolving doors, Karen immediately jumped when feeling a large firm hand on her arm. She turned sharply to see a man whose face looked vaguely familiar.

*"Hello Karen. Do you remember me?"*

"I think I've seen you before, but I cannot for the life of me place your name and where it was that I remember you from. I feel that we saw each other recently. Was it at my sister's awful Goth Halloween Day wedding in Whitby?"

*"No - it was the week before Xmas. I have been wondering when to catch up with you ever since, but I needed to get some more information about you first – thank God for Google."*

"Well, if you were going to ask me for a drink I don't think my husband would appreciate that scenario. He knows only too well how I behave when I've had a couple of glasses of Pinot."

*"I can vouch for that. You looked totally drunk and REALLY enjoying yourself when I saw you."*

"So, was it at the Christmas office party held in the main conference room that we saw each other? I was very drunk towards the end of that party. HEY! DON'T COME ANY CLOSER."

*"I just want to hand you this envelope with a note detailing why I have approached you."*

Karen grabbed the envelope from his outstretched hand and rapidly started reading the typed note inside.

"YOU COMPLETE BASTARD – YOU'RE BLACKMAILING ME!"

*"Hey - it's not my fault you were shagging your married boss on his desk whilst I was on the high-rise platform cleaning the windows outside. Your boss should shut his blinds. You saw me and held my gaze. I got the impression you liked that I was watching you. Wonder how your hubby would like that scenario Karen. Now the nearest ATM is just around the corner."*

He held her arm tightly and they walked along the street past her office revolving doors, which Karen hoped would turn into a time machine tomorrow morning.

(350 words – excluding the title)