

So You've Had A Bad Day

Jake is impulsive, dauntless, and uninhibited, but totally reliable. Everyone could do with a friend like Jake. Here's why.

Say you've had a bad day. We all have them. You stub your toe on your way to the podium; an audience of your peers witness your shriek of unsavoury expletives. Or perhaps you stride out of the Ladies onto the dance floor with your dress tucked into your knickers. Your memory of that day is forever tarnished by your negative experience. It becomes "That day I"

Unless, that is, you have a friend like Jake.

Jake ensures your bad experiences never reach your long-term memory by helping you create unforgettable memories that override the unpleasant ones. That's his superpower.

I turned thirty-one in October. It hit me harder than when I turned thirty. When you're thirty, you can still get away with not having your life together. Everyone expects you to be a full-fledged grownup when you reach thirty-one. You have to have a grownup job and do boring grownup things like host dinner parties and wear sensible shoes.

Anyway, I woke up on my birthday feeling melancholy. A bad start to the day. Then Ted rang me at noon to postpone our dinner date. He was away on business, you see, and his boss had asked him to stay on in Edinburgh for an extra couple of days. So, to pacify my disappointment, I decided to take the afternoon off from my grownup job and treat myself to a new winter coat. Retail therapy usually does the trick. But wouldn't you know it? The ATM inside the mall swallowed my debit card. I spiralled.

That's when I called Jake.

'I need you, Jake.'

'How bad, Cece?'

'On a scale of 1 to 10 ... 8.'

'I'm on it.'

Twenty minutes later, Jake pulled up in his not-so-grownup cabriolet.

He grinned at me mischievously, just like he'd done since we were kids. 'You feel like going for a swim?'

'I haven't got my costume.'

Jake shrugged. 'So you swim in your knickers.'

Soon, we were on the M40 heading north with the music blaring and the autumn wind whipping through my hair. The sun was setting just as we reached the Hinskey Lido carpark in Oxford.

'It's closed, Jake,' I said.

'You can climb a fence, can't you?'

Long story short, we had the whole pool—albeit unlawfully—to ourselves. Jake had even packed a picnic basket, complete with champagne and spongecake, to celebrate my birthday. Had it not been for the security guard who'd shone his torch and shouted at us to get the *bleep* out, we would've stayed there all night.

The exhilarating experience made me forget all about my boyfriend letting me down and losing my debit card. In fact, my thirty-first birthday became “The day I snuck into a pool, swam under the stars, and absconded arrest,” all thanks to Jake.

Like I said, everyone could do with a friend like Jake.