

## **First Impressions: Vivien Wilson**

'Dad, it's time you got out into the world again. It's no good moping at home. Mum isn't coming back. It's been three years since your divorce.'

'But I'm hopeless at the dating scene.'

'How about a dating site?' Before he could stop her, his daughter whipped out her mobile and pressed the keys. 'Here we are.' She passed the phone to her father. 'I've uploaded that photo of you at my 21<sup>st</sup>. You look so cool.'

'Well, I had a full head of hair in those days.'

'I can remedy that,' she said, tapping the keys again.

A few days later Fred Walters' new hairpiece arrived in the mail. His daughter had set up the date.

Annabel Hart, a blonde in her thirties with a good sense of humour, a love of long walks by the coast, and rock 'n roll music, agreed to meet him at 6 pm at Woody's Bar.

He felt nervous as he sat on his own, eyeing every woman as she arrived. He checked his watch. It was 7 pm and nobody matching her photo in sight!

A heavily made-up blonde in her fifties tapped him on the shoulder. 'Excuse me, I'm looking for someone by the name of Fred Walters.'

'That's me. I'm waiting for a young lady by the name of Annabel Hart. Would that be you, by any chance?'

'Guilty. I'm afraid that photo was rather out of date.' He bought her a drink as she explained that this was the first time she'd ever used a dating site.

They progressed to dinner. All was going well until an unfortunate gust of wind through an open window did cartwheels with his toupée, spinning it right into his potato and pumpkin soup. He turned a deep shade of crimson and wanted to make a dash for the door, but the same gust of wind had sent a particle of dust into Annabel's eye. Being a gentleman, Fred immediately produced a clean handkerchief and proceeded to gently dab her eye.

'Thanks, that's much better,' Annabel said, blinking.

Fred stared at his handkerchief in horror – there, in the centre, sat an ugly black spider.

'Whoops, that's just my eyelash,' Annabel said, grabbing the 'spider.' 'I really wanted to impress you! I've never worn fake eyelashes before.'

'And I wanted to impress you with my full head of hair!'

They both burst out laughing.'