

Single in McDonald's

One day you buy chips with salt and a dip for two, you dip chips in dip and sip drinks with who? A friend... Or so you thought, but your mind retorts with "Maybe it could be more. Maybe she could be bought with an assortment of thoughts", I mean she doesn't have the rapport of Natalie Dormer but to you she's something more. So you dip chips in dip and sip drinks with your lips and suddenly that word blares out like the BBC pips: Lips.

You notice her face, you've never noted or made a notable note but here it is: "She's pretty fit." But she's more than pretty fit, that doesn't concisely or precisely summarise it. The device in your head that describes with words like 'nice' or 'red' isn't working, you can only think of quirks or irks or twerking - not twerking. Try and keep it professional, kind and respectful. You look at her more and your eyes get a neck-full, somehow this person you've thought of as mate has overcome that thought with the plate her head lies on. It's no longer mate, you're thinking date and the thoughts that were once kind and respectful have quickly turned to 'kinda respectful'.

You think "This is a test, a mess, I couldn't care less' when you try and stop your mind from scanning through thoughts of her face, hands and... Things. You abolish that thought and try and think of the rest. You malnourish that thought and realise you've not spoken yet. Not for minutes or seconds or hours or years, you snap back to reality and look at your peer. She awaits a response to a question you weren't listening to, you were thinking of proms and other things you want to take her to. Your mind goes to Timbuktu, your thoughts get away from you, you fire off defence mechanisms in the form you know you shouldn't do:

Hahahaha!

You giggled? What's wrong with you? Why did you do that? Who told you to? Embarrassed, you put your head down and eat up, trying to ignore your face as it heats up. Dip chips in dip, put them to your lips, take small discreet sips and don't think of her hips...

FUCK. You're screwed, you've thought of her posterior, a feature you've never admired before but now you're convinced it's superior, you think "That is an impressive bottom".

Maybe it's something on these chips that you dipped and put to your lips, but your head whips back to her face from which you'd just hid.

And you just *smile*. And she smiles. This is going well. You're enjoying each-others' company, it's going swell, so well that there's no way in hell you could mess this up, just so long as you don't 'fess this up because if you reveal this so soon you'll lose the best of what you're starting to think of as 'Us'.

Dip chips, put them to lips, sip. You both sit, fixed, emotions are mixed. The finger tips haven't hit - you're taking it slow. You want to reach out, but you don't know.

There's so few chips, and excess dip. It doesn't matter. The salt round her lips, and her quick little licks - it doesn't flatter. You're just lucky she fancied a burger, a quick bite, but now you're lurking, and you just might run out of opportunities to say what you've been working up to.

She gets out of her seat after the nice tasty treat, remarks on the meat, makes her last speech and begins to retreat. And you just freeze. There's a lot can be said: how you were weak at the knees, feeling teased, failed to seize and see her needs and the means

at which you didn't read that she wanted to leave, you didn't speak, you didn't scream, didn't reach and beam the words out, a stream of thoughts and all of them dying on your lips, they all start to halt.

You get back to your chips, and you add more salt.