

## I can't remember his name - I just remember his constant squeeking in my ear.

Contributed by Diane

It was about 12 years ago, I was 26 and a single mother of a 2 year old boy. My mate decided I needed a bloke, I didn't really see the point but I got talked into meeting someone who she thought would be soooo suitable for me. I met him, in a working mens club. Now, I'm not a snob but c'mon, this was meant to be a first date? He was very rat like, smaller than me, skinny and he wore his hood up - this was before hoodies were the norm amongst young uns. He told me how much he hated his ex - so we were off to a great start not! I suggested we went somewhere else as we were getting stared at by the other 4 customers in the club. We went to the proper pub across the road and had a drink but it was dreadful, I even seriously contemplated climbing out of the bathroom window and getting a taxi home but I had arranged to stay at my friends that night - the one that organised the 'date' so I decided to persevere, only because I knew she was out herself at that time. We left that pub after I suggested moving on, cannily I suggested the pub that I knew my friend was in. We walk there and on the way he NEEDED to stop at a bus stop bench and skin up!!!!!! Skin up ffs - it was like dating a 16 year old. Then - if that wasn't bad enough he walked me to the pub through a graveyard and kept on and on at me asking if I was scared - I wasn't scared enough to let him get hold of me that's for sure. We arrived at the pub where I knew my mate would be, phew! I took a seat by the pool table as he went to get the drinks. The pool table area also had a TV in it and you know what it's like when there's a TV around - your eyes are like magnets to them. I was staring at the TV when he arrived with the drinks, not watching it, just staring I suppose - that's when he flipped. He accused me of staring at one of the pool players arses!!!! And, it wasn't a joke he got proper grieved over it, He went on and on and on and on and on at me. I was gobsmacked, 12 years later and recalling this I am still gobsmacked.