

THE HEART SURGERY YOUR RELATIONSHIP CLINIC

Is my guy a flake, or just not that into me?

Q I started dating this guy and we get on really well. He's quite flaky, though, missing phone calls or going out and not inviting me. I want to talk about it, but don't know how to bring it up...

A **WESAY:** If this is something you want to talk about it suggests you think there's more to it and, yes, there's always the chance that He's Just Not That Into You. You could argue that if he really liked you, he'd make the effort to call, introduce you to his friends and make you part of his life.

If that's the vibe you're getting, cut your losses and move on with dignity.

Then again, we girls often jump to conclusions. Getting your knickers in a twist because he's not on the phone all the time could prove embarrassing if he's under pressure at work or needs some space – choose your words carefully or he'll think you're a fruitcake.

Just remember the golden rule: if his behaviour is making you feel rubbish, it's not for you.



YOU SAY

CASSIE: Think about what outcome you want and might get. There's usually a discrepancy between the two. If you want him to say "darling, you're right. I'll redouble my efforts as you're so fantastic" and you end up with "oh, well you're nice, but not that nice", you'll be disappointed. Leave it until you're sure the

conversation will lead to something good.

CHAR: You could try saying to him: "There's some serious sexual activity in it for you if you answer the following..."

NICK: How long have you two been dating? If you get on well then surely you can talk to each other? Maybe he needs space and you could probably be a bit more considerate of that.

>> NEXT WEEK

I'm dating a bloke I met through friends. The first time we slept together, he told me he was bisexual and not to tell anyone. I was upset he hadn't mentioned it. When I said I didn't want to date a bi-guy he accused me of homophobia. Where do I go on from here?

Have you got a question or an answer? Email your dilemma or advice to love@thelondonpaper.com by 5pm, Wednesday.

We can keep your name confidential if you prefer

LOVESTRUCK CHANGE YOUR FATE

♥ We shared the night bus from Kingston to Wimbledon. Was too busy fending off the drunk old man to get your number. Thought about you the rest of the way home. **WELL-SPOKEN QUIZMASTER**

♥ Kyle from Australia, met you on Thursday evening at Mile End station. My last name is Louise – find me on Facebook, I've changed my mind. **SHORT BLONDE IN BLUE**

♥ To the attractive brunette in finance on my floor. We spoke at photocopier. Drink? **TOKEN AUSSIE**

♥ To the girl who spilled red wine on the 94 on Thursday. Wish I'd turned around at Acton Green. Drink? **SUITED GUY**

♥ To Jo with lots of eyeliner, you got off Brixton. I also got off there. I met you and I'm so in love. **H**

♥ To the gorgeous girl in the red jacket on the Jubilee line to Waterloo on Thursday night. We smiled. Wish I wasn't so shy. Fancy a drink? **GINGER GUY**

♥ Gem, I gave you an iPod ear, we held

hands until Tooting on Thursday night. You were smouldering in emerald skirt. Dinner? **NIC IN BLUE SHIRT**

♥ To the dark-haired guy on Central line, Thursday at 6.20pm. I was in the carriage next to you catching your eye through the window between St Paul's and Liverpool Street. Drinks? **BRUNETTE IN THE BLACK DRESS**

♥ You: the smoking hot blonde who got off at Finsbury Park on Thursday night and kept giving cheeky looks. Me: dark hair, grey suit, black tie. Drinks? **MR X**

♥ You were escorting your 13-year-old cousin to The Hoosiers. Spoke to you on the way to the station. I'm the blond from Harrow and you were cute. Get in touch. **BLUE SHIRT**

♥ To the TfL contractor with her uncle, on the Paddington to Reading train. The guy thought you had "great hooters" whereas I just wanted your number so that I could say hi again. Meet? **ANDY**

WIN! If you are any of these people, let us know and you could win a meal at an ASK restaurant. love@thelondonpaper.com
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TEXT **88855** Text LOVE, followed by a space and then your message, to 88855. Texts cost 50p plus standard network extras. Printing is subject to the editor's discretion.

WILL HE EMAIL? SHOULD I? WHAT'S THE ETIQUETTE?

Did you read last week about my crush on the doctor who treated my friend? You know who else read it? DR McFITTY.

I'm sitting at work Tuesday morning when a short, but sweet email pops into my inbox, saying the column made him laugh.

Oh my God – it never, ever, in a million years occurred to me that he might see it. Ever! OK, a tiny part of me wondered if he'd see it.

Still, his email is a pleasant surprise and I fire back a quick reply – joking that I was considering getting hit by a

girl about town
LAURA TAIT



bus to get taken to A&E, that I'm just kidding, and it's lovely to hear from him – before I skip off to meet my friends Joanne and Steph for lunch.

"Oooh, what did you reply?" they cry when I tell them. I reel off my email. They look at me expectantly until they realise I'm done.

"That's it?" Joanne asks. I nod. "You didn't ask a question?" Joanne and Steph

say in unison in the tone of voice some might use to say: "You don't wash your hands?"

"No," I reply. "Aren't you worried he'll think you were brushing him off?" Joanne says.

"He never asked me a question and I replied," I argue, trying not to panic.

"Email him again," says Joanne.

"I can't double email!" "Yeah, she can't double email him," agrees Steph. "It's fine, I'm sure he'll reply."

She doesn't sound convinced. I get back to my desk... no reply.

Then I make the mistake of asking someone's opinion in my office. Other people overhear and before I know it, everyone is all: "Ooh, the doctor emailed."

I tell them what I replied. The reaction is mixed – it was OK, it was too breezy, not breezy enough. If there is email etiquette for this situation, why the hell does no one know what it is? Refuse

to get paranoid over lack of reply. He's probably just off saving someone's life or something.

Twenty-four hours later and still nothing.

"Has McFitty emailed?" someone at work asks me.

"Email him again and ask a question," someone says when I shake my head.

"Email him and ask him out," someone else suggests "I'm not asking him out."

"Why?" "Because... I'm just not." "What you got to lose?" someone else chips in.

"He's obviously interested, otherwise he wouldn't have emailed," someone says.

"Not necessarily," says Andy Jones – as in Man About Town, who sits opposite me. "It could just be that his friends were going 'go on mate, send her an email'. Don't email him unless you hear from him."

"Why not request him as a Facebook friend?" someone else suggests. "Bit stalkerish," says someone else.

"Oh go away, all of you," I say. "I'm not doing this any more." Brief silence before someone says: "So are you going to email him again?"

"NO!" Everyone shuffles off back to their desks. Should I email him again?

"You're not emailing him, are you?" Andy says. "No!" I say, my mouse not hovering over the new email icon.

I don't. Waiting to see if I hear from him. He might be there now, going to his colleagues: "She never asked a question – does that mean she's not interested? Did I sound uninterested? Was she brushing me off? Can you pass me the scalpel please? So should I email her?"

Do you think?
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