

THE HEART SURGERY YOUR RELATIONSHIP CLINIC

Moving in on a pal's ex is risky

Q I've fallen for my best pal's ex-boyfriend, and he feels the same. My pal has moved on and is now engaged. But she was devastated when he dumped her two years ago. Should I go for it?

A **WE SAY:** Exes are a tricky one. You can be the most open-minded, chilled-out girl in the world and still get an attack of the green googlers when someone you know goes near your old boyfriend, however long forgotten. Think of it as turf wars for girls.

However well-balanced your mate is, there's a chance she'll get a stab of envy that you've succeeded where she failed. Yes she's engaged, but that doesn't mean that the old sting of being dumped won't rear its ugly head. Proceed with caution.

While she will most likely be chuffed that you've found love, she's got history with this guy. Be sure to separate her relationship with him from yours – no comparing!



ILLUSTRATION: CHING LI CHEW

YOU SAY

BELINDA It depends on what is more important to you. A fling with your friend's ex, or your best friend! Guaranteed, he's probably not interested in you either, but as you were the best friend it's easy to develop feelings for the one closest to hand when you're struggling with commitment issues. He probably was not ready to commit to anyone and if you're a chancer and think he's worth it, then go for it. But I know where my loyalties would be.

ANNA Take her out for coffee and start with: "I know this

might sound odd given your history, but I've fallen for your ex." She's engaged – she shouldn't be worried.
JIM Girls get too hung up on the exes thing. As long as they didn't break up in the last year,

there's no reason why you can't all move on.

ALEXI fell for a friend's ex and had to choose between him and her. I chose him. We've been together since. I miss my mate but couldn't cope with her jealousy.

>> NEXT WEEK

I'm about to move to Hong Kong for a year. My man of ten months wants us to try the long distance thing, but I don't think it will work. Should I risk breaking his heart, or ditch him now and possibly regret it later?

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.

Those date expectations

This is EXACTLY what I thought 28 would look like," I tell my friend Jo. It's 5am and I'm lying on my living room floor, fake slippery nipple (had no sambuca so made do with ouzo) in one hand and fake Michael Jackson glove on the other.

My birthday got off to a civilised start – lovely day at Greenwich Beer and Jazz Festival with a bunch of friends. Then, as always happens, it digressed into childish drunken antics.

That was sarcasm at the start, in case you wondered. This isn't how I thought I'd turn 28. If you'd asked me on my 18th birthday: "Where do you think you'll be in 10 years' time?" I can say, categorically, my answer would not have

girl about town

LAURA TAIT



had anything to do with Jo and I taking turns to photograph each other in funny poses wearing a white glove.

That would be a ridiculous way to behave when you're married with a baby or two. Yes indeed – THAT was what I was predicting.

I was in a fairly serious relationship 10 years ago in which marriage and babies were often discussed, yet here I am renting a cottage with the same mate I was sitting next to in the sixth-form hut at the time.

Here's a quote from an article I read this week:

"Women are their happiest at the age of 28, a study has found. It is also the period in their life when they enjoy the best sex."

The best sex? This does not bode well for 29 and onwards. I mean, there's nothing wrong with the sex I have, it's just more sporadic than you'd expect if you're supposed to be enjoying the best sex.

The article continues: "But the happiness is short-lived, because by the time they have turned 30 they start worrying about growing old."

Whoop-de-f***ing-do. I'm not saying my life sucks;

far from it. I like my job, have great friends, love where I live. I just wonder whether I'm too laid back about the whole dating thing.

I've always been of the let's-see-what-happens school of thought, which I thought was a good thing, but when the must-have-a-boyfriend posse are procreating all over the place, I'm starting to wonder.

Oh don't worry, I'm not getting all "Oh my god I'm going to die alone with cats" about it. Age is just a number, right?

That said, if in another 10 years I'm still writing a column about being perpetually single and I'm still living with Gemma (no offence Gem), then please, someone, shoot me. And take care of my cat.

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LOVESTRUCK CHANGE YOUR FATE

♥ Kingsbury boy: I have seen you get off at Kilburn. Leave the Jubilee line behind and accompany me to the San Marino MotoGP for your birthday? **NEASDEN GIRL**

♥ To the stunning blonde Birkenstock girl on the Northern line, Thursday. I stood to make room. Chivalry chat? **KNIGHT**

♥ To the tall, dark-haired guy with a green bag who gets the Clapham Junction to Richmond train. Drink? **BLONDE GIRL WHO SITS OPPOSITE YOU**

♥ To the cute blonde who made the District line train on Thursday and sat grinning as it pulled away without me. Drink? **TALL GUY WITH SUNNIES**

♥ To the blond guy who got on the Amersham train at Moor Park at 6pm, Thursday, as I got off. Drink? **DARK-HAIRED GUY IN SKINNIES**

♥ To the blonde girl in a green top and grey trousers who got off the Jubilee line at Green Park on Thursday. We exchanged glances. Drink? **BROWN-HAIRED GUY IN GREY SUIT**

♥ To the guy who got on the No 428 bus at Bluewater on Thursday night in the rain. We both wrote in books. I wanted to smile at you as I got off but you were asleep. Coffee to wake up? **GIRL WITH RED BOW IN HAIR**

♥ To the gorgeous lady next to me on the No 88 bus on Wednesday, from Stockwell to Vauxhall. We exchanged smiles as I got off the bus. Drink? **GUY IN BLUE TOP AND JEANS**

♥ You: ginger hair, a red bag and a red file on the 9.30am from Blackheath on Wednesday. I wanted to talk to you. **GUY IN PINSTRIPE SUIT**

♥ To Mr Tall in a white shirt, walking on the high stairs near Liverpool Street on Thursday night. Our eyes met. If there's any justice in the world, you'll see this and get in touch. **PETITE ASIAN**

♥ To the gorgeous Asian girl in a black dress, jacket and running trainers who got on the Metropolitan line at Harrow and off at Westminster on Thursday, 8.15am.

Couldn't take my eyes off you. Drink? **ASIAN IN GREY SUIT NEXT TO YOU**

♥ BA 349 Nice, Wednesday. You: pretty with short blonde hair. We shared a moment. Call me. **SIMON**

♥ To the brunette with glasses who alighted at Shepherd's Bush at 10.30pm on Thursday. We smiled at each. Wish I gave you my number. **BOY IN BLACK JUMPER**

♥ To the tall Group 4 Securicor delivery guy at Waterloo at 9.10am last Monday. You returned as

my bus pulled away. Date? **BIG, BEAUTIFUL BLONDE**

♥ To the cool blonde in a purple/orange dress who boarded the Circle line at Notting Hill, 6pm, Thursday. Want to meet? **PAUL (CHAP IN GREY TOP, BROWN T-SHIRT)**

♥ Liam in the purple T-shirt at Oasis last Sunday: I wish I gave you my number. **A**

WIN! If you are any of these people, let us know and you could win a meal at an ASK restaurant. Email love@thelondonpaper.com
Terms & conditions apply, see www.thelondonpaper.com/lovestruck
Find your nearest ASK at www.askrestaurants.com

If you have seen someone you fancy in London...

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