



THE HEART SURGERY YOUR RELATIONSHIP CLINIC

This guy's great but there's a small hitch

Q I met this amazing guy who I found out is married. He says they have split, but she calls all the time. Could he be leading a double life?
ANON

A **WE SAY:** First, until he gets divorced he really is leading a double life; albeit not necessarily one as dark and evil as you might be suspecting. Even if they are not together, as his wife, she is going to have a big part in his life.

On one hand, he's a married man. On the other, he's behaving like a singleton by dating you. He's neither one thing, nor the other, so where does that leave you?

A lot needs answering. How long have they been married? And separated? In fact, are they even separated? There's plenty of couples who have bought houses together and who can't afford to move out in the credit crunch.

Before you decide if you're serious about him, weigh up what you're prepared to cope with. His wife is always calling; that either means kids, she's not ready to leave him, or a stormy divorce ahead. This time is stressful on your man: is he ready to settle into a new relationship with the old one still raw?

Keep things casual until you're sure about what to do

next, regardless of how amazing this bloke is. Even if this turns out to be a best-case scenario – they split a while ago, they're not still intimate – he's coming armed with a ski trip's worth of baggage. But let him speak before you strike him off.

YOU SAY

NAANA: Are you sure you want to get involved in someone else's divorce (if that even happens)? You're getting to know each other. Think of the strain that being labelled as co-respondent is going to put on your relationship!

VICTORIA: The fact that you "found out" he's married sounds ominous – wasn't he straight from the start? Tell him you like him, but can get involved only when he's truly available. What happens next will tell you everything you need to know. Don't waste your time on players or married blokes hedging their bets (by the way, they are very good at coming across as all cute and hard done-by).

LIAM: Open your eyes, love, this bloke's got a new girlfriend and



ILLUSTRATION: NAOMI SCHMIDT

a wife who calls him all the time, probably to beg for him back. He's happy as a pig in s***!

SANDY: Sorry, but he sounds like a terrible catch. Don't be tempted by this guy, he's got too much crap with him.

>> NEXT WEEK

I'm scared to come out. I'm straight acting, so I don't think anyone's got a clue, but I don't know how to go about it. What should I do?

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

♥ To the two fit black guys having dinner at the Harvester on Lordship Lane, 8pm, last Saturday. The two giggling gals you were eyeing up all night want to say hello!
RAZ AND MICHELLE

♥ To the blond guy upstairs on the N10 to Richmond, Thursday, 2am. We looked at each other as I got off in Barnes. You're cute. Drink?
GUY IN BLACK SHIRT

♥ Were you the dark-haired guy on a bike on Bow Road, Friday night? Going to a party without drink, went off to get some and never came back. If you fancy meeting up sometime let me know.
GIRL WITH BLONDE HAIR

♥ Eurostar to St Pancras. Your T-shirt said 'burn', I sat near you. Can we meet again?
ASIAN GIRL

♥ I saw you on Sunday 13 at A&F. You told me about your dad working in Germany, I was shopping with my brother. I should have asked for your name. You took my breath away! Fancy a drink?
LAD WITH GLASSES FROM AUSTRIA

♥ I asked about your T-shirt and you told me it said: "Have you seen my beautiful brown hair?" You got off at Mile End. I'd love to chat and find out more about your taste in music.
TALL, DARK FELLA

♥ To the brunette on the late train to Epsom on the 25th. Drink or dinner?
GREENWICH GUY

♥ I asked you for a light at Clapham Junction. You had green eyes, white T-shirt and a cap. Meet?
STRIPED T-SHIRT AND A HEAD WRAP

♥ To the blonde in Covent Garden. I wiped pigeon poo off your back. Drink?
LONELY THEATRE SOUL

♥ Wednesday, 2.30pm. You had short, red hair and pink Dr Martens. I

couldn't stop staring. Fancy a drink?
TALL, DARK-HAIRED GUY

♥ To the cute cashier at NatWest on Tottenham Court Road. You make waiting in the queue worthwhile. Drink?
BRUNETTE

♥ You're the gorgeous brunette who gets on at Osterley and works for Disney HQ I think. You make my day when I see you. Be my Daisy?
DONALD

♥ To the gorgeous Hispanic-looking guy in glasses I used to see on the Circle line 9.30 and 18.00 at Tower Hill station. Where are you? I miss sneakily checking you out and you make my heart race! Can I do the same for you?
POKER-FACED BLACK GIRL TOO SHY TO SMILE

♥ To the tall blonde who asked me to dance in Bishops Square, Thursday evening. I foolishly declined.
IDIOT IN THE SUIT

♥ Cute girl waiting at Old Street Tube, 8.45pm, Wednesday. I was in two minds to say hello. Wish I did. Let me paint your portrait.
GUY IN WHITE T-SHIRT AND BLACK, DENIM SHORTS

♥ To the blonde in pink top and jeans, Old Ford Road, Thursday, 4pm. Did you like my dreads? Couple of cans in the park in the sun?
FELLA WITH CAMERA BAGS

♥ To the gorgeous oriental girl at Corney & Barrow, Old Broad Street, Thursday. Our eyes met a few times. Wish you'd stayed longer.
GUY WITH SPECS AND GREEN TIE

♥ Sleeping beauty on the No 185, Thursday. Drink?
GUY IN THE CHECKED SHIRT AND AVIATORS

♥ To the blonde at City Hall, Thursday lunchtime. Coffee?
GREY HAIR

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...
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.

LONGING FOR SOME TLC

girl about town

LAURA TAIT



Last week, single was great. I was in Sardinia with girlfriends and it was all sunbathing, cocktails and gossiping. And 2am drinking on the beach with Mario, a hot German windsurfing instructor, and Marco, an Italian receptionist who kept suggesting spin the bottle. No, Marco. We're not 15, and four girls, two boys? Find more men and we'll consider it.

Anyway, it was good, single-life fun. But single sucks right now. I've got mumps. Yep, mumps (as my friend Grace pointed out, "seriously dude, who gets mumps?")

Serious pain, cheeks like footballs and I am contagious, so not allowed out.

You can rely on mates for a lot (namely to call and sing "my mumps, my mumps, my lovely lady bums" at you) but they're no boyfriend.

They won't bombard you with flowers and chocolates (that you can't eat because it's painful to chew but you'll enjoy later).

They won't look at your massive face and say stuff like "you're still beautiful" and "I'd rather catch it than not kiss you", and then kiss you.

Doctor tells me I have to stay at home for 10 days. It sounds good but in reality I am lonely and bored. I stroll to Greenwich Park – against doctor's orders but everyone'll be at work.

It's packed! Why isn't everyone at work? Not so concerned about infecting everyone as my huge sunglasses cover only a tenth of my face. A ball lands near me and I try to grab it to throw it back but I'm not fast enough. The owner reaches me as I pick it up. Yikes, he's fit.

You don't look as bad as you think, I reassure myself. But fit man says "yes you do. You're hideous. Give me my ball and keep the hell away

from me". Well, that's what his expression says – he actually says "thanks" and runs off.

So the next day I decide to drive to my folks'. As I pass a guy's car I scrape the side, knocking out both our wing mirrors. S***. What to do? I'd pull over but my cheeks look like Stewie's from *Family Guy* and I'm wearing pyjamas. He'll think I've escaped some sort of hospital.

Plus, I'm contagious and mumps is awful for guys – I've damaged his car, I can't give him swollen testicles.

Clearly no good can come from going out. I drive home, mirror hanging off, to stew in my own germs and self-pity.

Then friends' get-well cards arrive. And flowers from work. And a tub of hot chocolate from Gemma (she's aware of the chewing issue). And Grace brings books.

OK, none of it's a boyfriend, but I'm quite cheered up. And let's face it, real boyfriends generally aren't as considerate as my hypothetical one anyway. laura.tait@thelondonpaper.com