

**Papering the Cracks - A story inspired by
Philippa Finch (a great book - Google it)**

Once upon a time there was a girl who was tired of being alone. She tried every dating option on the market - blind dates, Internet dating, introductions from friends, everything. Then one day, in the course of her ordinary life, she met someone interesting.

Naturally there was a problem. After all, the course of love never runs smoothly. On that first meeting they laughed until they cried and reveled in each other's company...but they didn't exchange contact details.

Many months later they ran into each other again by chance. She was delighted that he remembered her name. She didn't remember his, but his face was etched into her daydreams. This accidental meeting was brief but they agreed to talk later. They did not see each other again for many months.

Again they met by chance. This time our hero quickly gave her his business card and suggested they meet. They spent moments together and they clicked. Her spirits lifted a little whenever she saw him but she was terrified about letting her feelings show. She struggled to find a balance between showing her interest and playing it cool.

When they parted, she bullied herself into making a move. It was time for her to open up and put herself out there, instead of protectively guarding her heart. She sent him a message and suggested they meet. He replied enthusiastically, making her proud of her efforts.

Their first date was cancelled due to unforeseen circumstances. She swallowed her disappointment and they planned an

alternative. He invited her to his house for dinner. This seemed promising and she determined to gauge his interest and to do her best to stay open to him.

She was full of butterflies on the day, taking this to be a good sign. On too many meetings she had felt nothing but cynicism. The fluttering wings added to her excitement.

He picked her up from the station and whisked her back to his house where he poured wine and they chatted, conversation flowing easily as they cooked together. She wanted to blossom and cautiously checked for barriers, realising she knew little about him. In the course of conversation she subtly confirmed that he was in the right age group, had the appropriate relationship status and was the matching sexual orientation. He was also attractive, gregarious, interesting and full of potential. Her heart started quietly making space for him while she looked for clues as to whether he felt anything.

They went to a dance class together. She was proud to be there with him but fate intervened and they danced together only at the beginning of the class. Inside she expected him to seek her out during the freestyle dancing session later, but he saved little space on his dance card for her.

She was quickly snapped up by other dance partners, as was he. She stayed aware of where he was on the floor but was not sure he did the same. She dampened her minor disappointment and focused on the dance. They danced together several times throughout the evening and shared moments, but she did not feel special. The space in her heart shrank just a little.

They left together at the end of the night and again conversation and genuine laughter flowed. She bypassed her reticence and casually suggested they meet again. The reception was luke warm.

That night she lay in bed, her feet cold as she probed her thoughts. She reflected on each moment and curled into a ball as she faced the most likely truth. He just wasn't into her. Her hope became a fist of disappointment as she temporarily removed herself from the search. She would be back, but not today and not tomorrow. First she had some cracks to paper over.

