**The Double Date**

It’s been about a week since my best friend started chatting with a guy called Jacob. Coincidentally, it’s also been about a week since I last heard her talk about something else.

Apparently he’s not just a stud and suave, but also probably perfect in every conceivable way (or something). While I doubt the efficacy of such claims, I’d like to see the guy at some point either way – then I can know whether I can be happy for her or not (and maybe it’d get her to mention the man marginally less).

“So, what do you think?” she asks, excitedly.

Having not listened to the umpteenth rant, I respond apathetically.

“Yes, yes, he’s very cool.”

She looks a little mad, which is certainly a response I’ve not seen to that phrase in the past week.

“That doesn’t answer the question at all. Were you even listening?”

“I’m sorry.”

“Jeez,” she says, before playfully hitting me on the arm. “I was asking if you wanted to go on a double date this Sunday.”