

Mary Wyatt

Friends were on a mission to find me a match following the program, Matchmakers.

'We've booked you into a speed dating meet next Saturday. No need to thank us. Least we could do.' They were referring of course to my husband's untimely demise in a notorious S&M parlour, leaving me bereft... and confused.

The restaurant was abuzz. A bell rang, we took our seats – females on one side, males opposite. Five minutes to sort the wheat from the chaff.

The cross-eyed chap didn't pass muster nor the fellow with no chin.

Perhaps, next time.