

It was one time that I arrived fairly early at the pub. The place was not very full, the barman was polishing glasses and looking cheerfully bored. Aside from the regulars sitting around the bar itself was a tall, elegant looking woman. Dyed blonde hair cut into a bob, a long sleeved white blouse and tight, tight jeans. She was nursing a glass of wine and scanning the bar for someone to talk to. The locals were either gay or married and were studiously ignoring her.

I ambled in, nodded to those people prepared to acknowledge my existence, greeted with terrible enthusiasm those who most wanted not to talk to me and grabbed the beer that the barman had opened for me without asking.

I drank, looked around and found myself staring into the eyes of the blonde.

"Hi!" she said hopefully. I am cautious of women who approach me in pubs. They are usually dangerous for one or other reason. So I smiled and nodded. The next thing I knew she was sitting next to me. Not a good sign, but being a gentleman I smiled and asked her her name and a bit about her.

She was quite happy to tell me her life in graphic detail.

She had been married, and her husband was an abuser of women and of drugs. She ended up in hospital after a failed suicide attempt. He had come to visit her in hospital but she had rejected him.

We talked about current events, then she started again with her life in graphic detail.

She had been in a relationship with a guy who was an abuser of women and of drugs. She ended up in hospital after a failed suicide attempt. He had come to visit her in hospital but she had rejected him.

We had another drink, talked of current events and then she started again.

She had been living with this guy who was an abuser of women and of drugs. He tricked her into taking drugs. She ended up in hospital after a failed suicide attempt. He had come to visit her in hospital but she had rejected him.

We had another drink, talked of current events and then she started again.

She met this guy a few weeks ago and who had abused her and they had got into taking drugs together. She ended up in hospital after an OD. It was his fault entirely. He had come to visit her in hospital but she had rejected him and now she had nowhere to go.

We had another drink, talked of current events and then she started again.

She met this guy a few weeks ago and who had abused her and they took drugs together. She ended up in hospital after an OD. It was his fault entirely. He had come to visit her in hospital and had brought her heroin and needles. But she rejected him and now she had nowhere to go.

At this stage I told her I was going to the loo. As I headed for the door I passed the barman and said, "You have trouble there." Passing the buck entirely and scarpered.

The next night I was not popular with the barman. Apparently when the woman had realised she had been dumped, she got abusive, took all her clothes off and jumped onto the bar. She was ejected with no little effort onto the street still nude. They had tossed her clothes out after her. I got one or two surreptitious drinks from some of the regulars for setting off an entertaining evening, especially the guy who had helped to carry the writhing body out of the pub. Seemed he had enjoyed the experience.