

her. It's all very possible.

I met Laura Bernet jogging.

I was wondering when this moment would come and how it would be. I had rather imagined a fancy launch party, where I would stand aside, sipping my wine, knowing perfectly who she is and her not knowing who I am. And I would throw indifferent glances at her, while quickly weighing up everything about her - her makeup, her hair, what complexion she has, what dress she is wearing, whether she has any extra kilos - everything us girls normally notice. And I will dig out all of her faults, and compare them to mine, and bitterly admit that I am better in so many ways, and yet I will die inside regardless of that, slowly disintegrating in small acid bits of human flesh and tears and desperation.

But no, I meet her jogging one evening, with street lamps relaying their light on our backs. I recognize her at once and I follow Laura at a distance. Her red ponytail bounces in the air, and her knees in tight black leggings are pumping up and down. She is wearing a green hoodie and I know she looks great, probably in full make-up, in all her awesomeness - just like the perfect little illustrations of herself she always draws. And surely my boyfriend will leave me for her.

This thought makes me angry so I speed up and overtake Laura, slightly closer than necessary, so that our elbows brush. I run so much quicker than her. I want to turn back and give her some really nasty despising look, and I want to turn and then I don't and then I try to turn again, and yet I can't, and I run on further. My eyes suddenly get watery, and I can't see ahead; my vision gets all blurry and the streetlights are swimming around.

The next morning I wake up with my boyfriend. I watch him as he gets up and brushes his teeth, showers. I just lie there in bed, almost fully covered with a blanket and watch him from the gap the blanket forms. He is too handsome, my boyfriend. There is a radio cheerfully playing on the background. Once my boyfriend gets out of the shower and starts to dry himself with a towel, I prop myself on one elbow and say: