

Friday Night Mates

Dave and his mate, Shay, drove through town on their way out to the country. It had been a rainy day and the pavements were wet. Soon they were on a small lane. They drove until they saw the gate, pulled up by the stable and waited for Amy. They sat there in silence.

Dave tried to think of something to say. "So, do you have the cash?" he said. "Do you think we should wait? It's been ten minutes. Maybe we should just go. I hate doing this."

Shay answered, "No, stay here. She told us to wait for Amy. She'll think it's strange if we change plans now. Anyway, you've been waiting for ages to speak to Amy and now's your chance.

Just then Amy came through the gate. She was eighteen with long straight black hair. She was stunning even with no make-up. She was carrying a crate which she placed gently in the boot. She came to the window and gave Shay a grey slip of paper.

"I'll take six quid for those – they cost a pound a dozen. They're free range – straight from the hens to you."

Dave paid but he didn't say a word. He was in such a nervous state that he just sat there looking red in the face.

Amy laughed. "Don't look so ashamed Dave! It's great that you spend your Friday night buying eggs for your Nan. Say hello to old Kate for me and behave yourselves on the way home. With your driving, you'll break them all."