

**LYNNFATUATION (Sample)**  
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She's late. I watch her unravel the heavy scarf and approach the counter. God she's big. Probably shouldn't be wearing so many layers, aside from not flattering her figure, it isn't cold outside. She might have high blood pressure, girl her size. Although, I have high blood pressure and I'm never cold. Quite warm actually. Makes me wonder. She orders the usual – a tall low fat latte and an almond croissant – and takes her regular window table; overlooking Liffey Street. Some day, I'll highlight to her the pointlessness of enjoying skinny coffee with a veritable block of butter. But not today. That would be inappropriate, probably freak her out! Right on cue, she reaches inside her bag and retrieves an organiser. Pausing, she chomps hungrily into the almond croissant (that providential pastry!!) and begins writing. Her coffee is still piping hot, to remain untouched for five minutes, by which time the croissant will be obliterated. She scrawls, head down, in a world of her own. The moment her pen hits the page, so does mine. Synchronised by our scribbles, I yearn to know what she writes. Her name is Lynn and I'm stalking her.