

Bumping Into Love

Joanne Glen

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Joanne Glen is an English language teacher from the UK who has been teaching English as a certified trainer for more than 20 years. She teaches university courses as well as doing in-company training and writes both fiction and educational books. She also has a foodie blog (Foodie Frolics) and at the time of publishing you can find her website at www.jg-english.com

Also by Joanne Glen

Tommy T's English Tense Training

Test your English Tenses

A Tale of the English Tenses (Audiobook)

A Tale of the English Tenses The Workbook

The Big English Tense Check

Perfect your English Tenses

Transform your Business Emails

Dedicated to Memet, my very special someone



Before we begin...

I have sat around countless dinner tables over the years and listened to and participated in all manner of conversations – on politics, sport, the environment, society, trends, food – but one topic never fails to crop up at some point in the evening regarding couples – how did you two meet?

People (me included) seem fascinated to know and most couples who are asked are more than willing to tell. Romantic, funny, sad, poignant, unbelievable, unusual – the ways that couples meet are diverse and disparate.

And not only romantic coupling of course – how did you meet your best friend? How did you meet your cat? As human beings this is a curiosity that many of us seem to have in common – and hence my interest in putting together a collection of such stories.

Some of them are based entirely on truth, some not – some have been fabricated from little pieces of true ones woven together but whatever the origin, I hope you enjoy reading them.

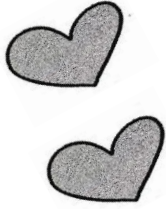
I have to confess that the illustrations were all done by me – I had a lot of fun doing them and hope you can see the playfulness of them as they were intended!



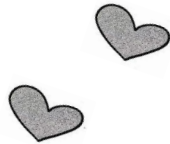
The Stories of

1. Molly
2. Jaime
3. Edwina
4. Ellie's Mum
5. Natasha
6. Patrick
7. Josie
8. Helen
9. Daniel
10. Kelly
11. Batu
12. Aisha and Ben
13. Annie
14. Caroline
15. Mimi
16. Stuart
17. Jenny's Grandparents
18. Carl
19. Aleksy
20. Julie
21. Jill
22. Moira
23. Fiona
24. Betty
25. Hamit and Maria





Molly

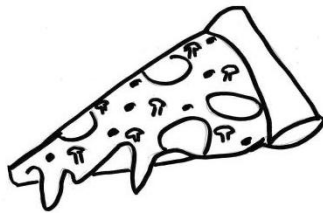


That's it! That's definitely the last time I waste my time on a man bemoaned Molly into her wine glass. What an utter ratbag he had turned out to be. How could I possibly ever have thought that was going to work out?

She topped up her glass once more and simultaneously decided that she needed something to eat as well – was this her second, third or even fourth glass of wine? (and she had had a couple of cocktails at the beginning of the evening as well whilst waiting for that idiot to turn up – which he hadn't of course).



Grabbing her phone from her bag, she scrolled down to find her favourite eating app (Italian – 4 cheese pizza – plus garlic bread and a can of something fizzy). She hadn't lost all her wits she thought to herself rather proudly. She didn't want to get TOO off her face tonight as she had promised to meet the girls for brunch tomorrow and was not about to let them down.



Her usual delivery person, Mark, soon turned up, they were on first name terms now - that was how often she called on his services! One hour and thirty five minutes later the pizza and garlic bread had been polished off, the can of Sprite was well on the way to the same end – and she was snuggled up in bed with Sleepy Head, her 25-year old teddy bear who at this very moment looked in much better condition than she did.

However, a solid 11-hour sleep later, an invigorating shower under the new shower head (a power one no less), a humongous cup of tea served in the giant mug she had been given last year on her birthday and she was only a few minutes late at the brunch venue.

“So, spill the beans, Molly,” – first words out of Jemima's mouth. “Give us the goss.”

“If by goss you mean what happened last night on my date.....,”

“Yes of course it is. You know exactly what it means.”

“Well, nothing to tell. Another complete cretin. End of the goss.”

“Oh!” Jemima sounded SO disappointed.

Molly didn't understand why, though. This was the sixth man she had been on a date with in as many weeks and all of them had turned out to be complete and utter boors. "I think you're being too picky." Shiloh piped up.

"No, she's not," as always, Kay was there to defend Molly. "What on earth is she supposed to do if the date doesn't show and doesn't even message to say anything? She's not a complete wallflower, you know."

"You've got a point there but what about last week's? He looked rather nice on his profile pic.....dark and dreamy.....,"

"Errrrr....yes...but he spent the whole evening talking about how many times he visits the beauty salon and how much money he spends a month there....worse than you Shiloh." I say with a grin. Shiloh won't take offence, she's the first person to tell us the ins and outs of her beauty treatments - not that she needs anything doing but she won't be told.



"Well, it's nice that a man takes care of himself, isn't it? Much better than the date before him. You were complaining then that he looked like he needed a trip to the hair salon....,"

On and on the conversation went and the summary was:

Date number 1: the date was too nerdy, worked in IT and literally never switched off BUT he would be good to have around when you had internet problems.

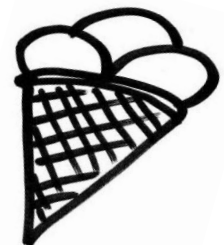
Date number 2: the date was too much of a go-getter – he had done everything that could conceivably be on anyone's bucket list in the whole wide world and so boastful about his achievements BUT would be good to have to get you out of the house and try new things once in a while.

Date number 3: the date was too boring, he wouldn't commit to ordering anything from the menu and then copied what I had ordered, didn't have any opinions on anything and just waited for me to tell him mine and then said he felt the same way BUT would be good to have when you just wanted someone to agree with you all the time.

Date number 4: the date was too indecisive – he changed his food order four times and I thought the waiter was going to have a meltdown. Then when we left the restaurant to go on for drinks he did the same thing when ordering - first it was to be a whisky, then it was something else and finally he settled for a diet coke BUT good to have around to remind you how irritating it is when a person behaves like this (I can be this person at times I fear).

Dates 5 and 6 already analysed.

Brunch finished and Molly headed home again. The day stretched ahead and, not for the first time, she found herself wistfully thinking that if only one (yes, one) Saturday evening date turned out well, then a lovely Sunday could be had together, strolling through the park, stopping off for an ice cream (season dependent of course – cinema other option) and then flopping on the sofa together later full of ice cream, popcorn, nachos ... whatever.



At home, steaming cup of tea in one hand, phone in the other, she started her usual routine – scrolling down the endless profile pics. Everyone had started to look the same and the profile blurbs were oh so very tedious and unexciting.

Molly threw her phone down in exasperation – no, I can't do this again, I just can't. I'll watch a film instead. Two hours later she re-surfaced to reality after having watched a very good thriller (she had deliberately not chosen a rom com) – ok – now for half an hour on the treadmill before dinner.

What to have for dinner? Molly rooted through her fridge and kitchen cupboards but nothing of interest. Oh how nice it would be to go out for a romantic dinner - no, stop that immediately she chided herself.

She went back in to the living room to retrieve her phone - not to look at possible matches – but to order in again – (Italian – spicy salami and mushroom pizza with garlic bread and a bottle of wine this time).

When she answered the door it was to Mark, the usual delivery guy. She felt rather embarrassed (what must he think of me – pizza two evenings in a row?) But he simply smiled at her (what a nice smile he has, I hadn't noticed before) and said, "We should stop meeting like this."

"Should we?" she found herself replying (oh my goodness, where did that come from?) "Well..." he hesitated....and then said, "Well actually no, I hope we don't...what I meant was..."

Awkward silence... but only for a mere few seconds. Molly chirped up with:

"Want to share a pizza with me?" Grin grin....

His face broke out into the warmest of smiles and he said, "Well this is my last delivery of the evening so I could...if you're serious.....,"

"Yes, I am!"



And that was how Molly found her **someone special**.

So easy.....no profile pics, no same old profile blurb – and as much pizza as she liked (although these days she doesn't order in very often, she is more often seen sitting opposite her gorgeous man in charming romantic restaurants).

