

Annabel 4 Dan

by Sandra Davies

Annabel and Dan — such a well-matched, aye-wrapt couple that by the end of their first term at university their friends referred to them as 'Dannabel' and likened them to a circus act: a constantly conjoined couple.

Annabel was Art of course, unmissable as she strode around the campus, Burne-Jones hair and big-boned body ever-suggestive of a Titian Venus. Baggy paint-stained tent-sized sage green shirt, black floor length skirt and over-flowing patchwork bag of books and stuff. Good humoured too and talented.

Dan, dark and narrow like the black ink lines he mainly drew, crisp but warm like toast, grey smiling eyes and dartingly light-footed, was instantly and utterly be-smitten, first sight, first light at the first of the freshers' forced fun 'get to know you' nights.

Since neither lacked experience of alcohol, and both disliked the type of desperate over-crowded bunfight which ensued, each had remained seated at the rush to the bar, each smiled at the other across the suddenly empty space, he tilted his head towards the door, she nodded, and they got up and walked to the nearest quiet pub they could find.

