



A SECOND CHANCE by Carrie Hewlett.

[This text is read aloud at the beginning of this video:]

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A Second Chance by Carrie Hewlett.

"Joe didn't even apologize," Louisa cried, grabbing another tissue to blow her nose. She was still shocked at finding out about her boyfriend's affair. "He just blamed ME for not giving him enough attention."

"You're better off without him. What you need is someone really nice," her friend Mary comforted. "I bet you'll suddenly bump into someone when you least expect it."

Louisa gave a derisory sniff. Romance wasn't that simple. Why did people already in a relationship think it was? You couldn't go and choose a new partner off the shelf as if you were in the supermarket.

Waving her friend off, Louisa reached for a magazine to try and take her mind off things. Maybe the horoscope would say she was about to win a fortune! "Open your heart to love!" she read. "Everyone deserves a second chance."

Breathing a heavy sigh, she threw the magazine to one side. What did they know, anyway?

She glanced out at the torrential downpour. It looked as if she was going to get very wet on her way to the supermarket.

She was choosing a bottle of wine when she felt someone touch her arm.

"Excuse me, but is this yours?"

Louisa realised that the man in front of her was holding her sodden umbrella.

"Thanks. I must have dropped it," she smiled.

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Manoeuvring himself swiftly out of the way of a shopping trolley bearing down on him at speed, he gave a chuckle. “I think these things need horns and indicators!”

His directness was disarming, bringing an automatic smile to her lips.

“I’m Grant,” he said.

“Louisa,” she replied. She knew she was blushing. “And I agree. I’ve already had the back of my leg bashed.”

“Ouch!” Grant winced in sympathy. His friendly brown eyes twinkled with warmth.

A shiver of excitement ran through her. This was crazy, meeting someone in the supermarket. Something that only happened in the movies. Certainly not to her. And certainly not now, just after breaking up with Joe.

Making their way to the checkout, they chatted easily. Grant asked for her number and she realised that she was more than ready to move on. Joe was most definitely past his sell-by date!

“Shall I give you a ring later, then?” Grant asked as they left.

She smiled. “I’ll look forward to it.”

She watched him dash off, avoiding the deepening puddles. Then, lowering her head against the wind and rain, she set off, nearly missing seeing a man get soaked by a four by four as it drove through a potholed puddle. It was the way that he swore that made her glance up. Not that *he* noticed! He was too busy waving his fist at the car that had drenched him. Joe!

She grinned with delight. Maybe the magazine’s horoscope was right – she did deserve a second chance at happiness. And ... romance really could be that simple. You could find someone in the supermarket - it just depended on which aisle you were in.