

My good friend

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ФРАГМЕНТ
Chapter I

Fresher

We met on the ground floor at the cloakroom of our university. It was for the first time I met her alone. She was always accompanied by a few girls talking about something and laughing sometimes.

She started the conversation first:

“Hey, hi! How are you today?” – And her smile was very pleasant. – “Tania,” - she said while extending her hand to greet me.

“Hi, quite well, thanks, and you?” – I replied smiling in return. “Sasha”, I said.

“Not bad, not bad,” - she repeated the phrase the way the local guys did.

“Where are you going now?” – She asked looking into my eyes.

“I’d be happy to find a good cafe somewhere around here,” - I said, - “As I’m hungry as a bear! The classes were so long! I haven’t got used yet to studying for such a long time.”

“Ah, you’re a fresher, right? Where are you from?”

“I’m fr om Russia.”

“Ok!” – She said and I felt a question in her look, - “So, fancy a bite to eat?” – She offered after a moment.

“Excuse me, Tania, I speak English, but I need a teacher of the British slang,” - I answered.

“No problem! Five hundred pounds an hour!” – She offered laughing.

“And the lessons should be every day!” – I offered returning a smile.

We laughed a bit and she explained her offer in other words:

“ Let’s go and have a snack somewhere?”

“With pleasure but wh ere?”

“I’m inviting you! We call such places eateries.”

“Ea-te-ries,” - I repeated slowly while trying to keep this new word in my mind.

And we left our university building.

“We’ll quite fancy the walk, ok?” – She asked and added – “It’ll take us about 10 minutes but we’ll save some money, do you mind?”

“No, I don’t. But what are you talking about?” – As I smiled back at her again.

“We’ll walk there, ok?”

“Ok, to see the neighborhoods would be also interesting to me. But could you repeat the first phrase? I haven’t remembered it yet.”

“We will quite fancy the walk,” - she said slowly for me. And added:

“I’m feeling a bit peckish too.”

“What are you feeling too?” – I asked her in perplexity again.

“I’m hungry a bit,” - she interpreted while smiling, and we were then talking all the way to the café.

She turned out to be good company. She told me about the streets and buildings, about people and traditions.

But first things first.