

**THE NIGHT LINGERS AND
OTHER STORIES**

by Nicola Monaghan

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The Night Lingers

There are lights around the mirror and a huge bunch of flowers on the chair. There is a scented candle burning on the table too. She picks up the flowers and buries her nose in them. They smell of the forest. That's funny because that's what her name means; from the forest. She looked it up once, in this dictionary of names, and it made her laugh because she had barely even seen a tree until she was about twenty. She doubts her mam and dad had thought twice about what her name meant, though. They'd probably just liked the sound of it, a pretty name for a pretty girl. Maybe that'd been the problem all along, that she'd never lived up to the name they'd given her. She wonders if they'll see her tonight. Won't they be shocked? She hopes they do see her, see how far that useless little bitch has gone. But she won't think about them. Not tonight.

Sylvia reaches for her suitcase, trying to decide which to put on first, the makeup or the dress. Either way around it could all go wrong and it can't go wrong tonight. She mustn't spoil everything. Harry is fussy about things like that. He is in a foul mood anyway, what with the way their rehearsal had gone that afternoon. The lads couldn't get it together with the new kit. It'd been so exciting when they'd got through and Harry had rushed out to The Music Inn in town to get new drums and guitars and amps and the works. She'd thought he was doing the right thing. Now she knows it didn't matter what the old stuff would have looked like on the telly.

She opens the zip on her make-up bag. She will put her face on first and be careful when she pulls the dress over her head. It will be fine. She will feel more like herself with her face on. She holds the tube of foundation. Her hands are shaking as she squeezes it out. This dressing room really is something else. She's never seen anything like it. She hopes that the boys have a great dressing room too. They'll probably have to share, being a band and all, but she hopes they have beers and not flowers. Things they can appreciate and that might take the edge of the nerves and all. Not too many beers, though. And no bottles of the hard stuff. Please not that. She smoothes the foundation over the cracks in her skin. She is only thirty five but she looks older without the makeup. She knows how to dolly herself up, though. She can change her face and hide shadows. Hide other things too, when Harry is less careful. But she won't think about that. Not tonight.

There are always things you'd rather not think about, that's Sylvia's theory. Better that you don't think too much about anything at all. That's why she likes singing. When she sings she doesn't have to think. There is just her voice, and the air in her throat, the sound of guitars and drums to hide behind. The warmth from the crowd too, when it's going well, the sound of them joining in. The pub scene is enough for her. She isn't bothered about competitions or the telly, not really. She is doing this for Harry. He wants to make it, has all these dreams about being the Next Big Thing, and so she could never have said no to him. She never can say no to Harry. She feels too old for this malarkey, though.

Her skin looks smooth now, well, smooth enough. She draws round her eyelids with thick black kohl, which makes her eyes look bigger and bluer. She takes a lipstick and turns her mouth into a bright red heart as she sucks in and spreads the colour evenly. She smacks her lips and brings her face up close to the mirror. There is a shadow above her right eyebrow. She walked into a door, that was it. You say something enough times it becomes true.

Sylvia pulls her dress from the suitcase and holds it up to the light. She smiles as she watches it flutter in the draught from the crack in the door. It is red, her favourite colour, and it matches her lipstick. The material floats and undulates like a butterfly in the wind. She has never spent as much as that on a dress for herself, she never would, but Harry had insisted. She isn't at all sure it suits her, if she's being honest. It pulls at the hips and under the arms a little. But it's a thing of beauty, it truly is, so she can't help but feel beautiful in its company. She stands up and pulls the zip down, easing the dress over her head. The silk slips against her skin. She zips up and admires herself, left then right, right then left, doing half twirls at the mirror. The skirt swings around her knees and makes a shushing sound. As if it knows how good she is with secrets.

Her red wine is on the dressing table where she put it when she came in. She wishes now that she'd had white. The dress is red but the wine is redder, like blood, and she knows if she spills it on the dress it'll show. She takes a couple of cautious swigs and then puts the drink back down again. She looks at her watch. How can time be going so slowly? The waiting is making her sick. She is tangling and untangling her fingers like she's wringing out a towel. She sits down and checks her face in the mirror. She hasn't put on any mascara. Her hands shake as she grabs for her makeup. Is there time? She opens the wand and flicks it up onto her lashes. She gets a splash on the dress and grabs cotton wool. She manages to clean it so it won't be noticed. It won't be noticed.

The wine is sitting on the table and she wants it now. She doesn't care what happens to the dress. She's hid more than a few wine stains in her day. She can deal with stains and marks. She takes the glass. Her hand is shaking but she doesn't spill it. One glass of wine won't stop her singing well. One glass never does. She will drink this and she won't spill it and it will take the edge off the fear. She wants to be on stage now, not waiting here. Even if the dressing room is lovely, which it is, they have done her proud. She wishes her mam could see her now. What she'd make of this! She'd love the flowers and the candle and the smell of woodland and she could tell her what Sylvia

meant and they'd smile about it together. It would be like that.

There's a knock at the door and Sylvia is startled, spilling the wine but managing to avoid her dress. 'Come in,' she says, rubbing at the carpet with her foot. It doesn't make any difference to the stain but she keeps her foot over where the wine has spilled so that her visitor can't see. It is the floor manager, Candice. Trendy Candice with her chunky heels and bright, wide smile. Candice is a lovely name. It sounds like something sweet. Sylvia thinks she could call a baby that, if she ever had one. A daughter. She could still have one. Say it and it's true. She would look it up in a book and find out what it meant then save the name, like a wish under a pillow.

'Five minutes,' Candice says. Her voice is musical and Sylvia wonders if she sings. Now is probably not the time to ask, though, because there's just five minutes. A five minute warning like the four minute ones they used to practice at school when you had to hide under the table and pray that the Russians didn't bomb us all to hell. She would never forget how frightened she'd been. They'd all been out of their wits with it. One little lad in her class had wet himself once. The others had pointed and laughed at him, of course, you can't stop kids, being like that. Poor lad was teased for weeks.

Five minutes until the end of the world, until she goes on stage, until the world sees her there, on the telly box, and maybe her mam and dad too. It is weird to think of them, eating their tea then seeing her while they chomp on their chops but she can't see them. She used to wonder about that when she was a kid, about the people in the box looking out and seeing you too. The idea used to freak her out.

Then Candice is back. Those minutes went fast. People used to talk about what they'd do if they heard that warning and that was only four minutes so the truth was that they wouldn't do much at all. Wouldn't even have had time to decide what to do. Sylvia turns and looks at Candice. The smile is still attached to the young girl's face but it looks wrong now. It looks sewn on. Candice is a ragdoll with buttons for eyes and Sylvia has a feeling that she has come here from the other dressing room.

A thought tickles Sylvia's brain. She might not go on. She might shake her head at Candice now and say she isn't coming. It amuses her to imagine Harry's face. She stands up and walks towards the door. She couldn't do that to him. Actually, no, she could. It's Candice she is worried about. There is something in those button eyes that Sylvia recognises as a woman on the edge. A woman who could pick up a knife and slip it between ribs, if she was pushed hard enough. A woman who could jump off the bridge, if she wanted, instead of looking down at the torrent below and thinking about it.

The dress shushes around Sylvia's knees as she follows Candice. There is a makeup lady waving a brush at her face. There are producers and engineers who line the way. They pat her on the back and tell her to break a leg. She did once, when she was a kid. So many pesky doors to run into, stairs to fall down. She can see the men, on the stage already. The sound of them tuning up is all wrong. More chaotic than it's meant to be. She closes her eyes. It won't go well tonight. She opens her eyes again and sees Harry. He is strumming at the notes in big, heavy movements, so that you can see why some people call the guitar an axe. She can tell his mood by the notes he plays. She

always can.

The stage throws its lights down so hot it reminds her of the beach in Spain. They'd gone to Benidorm last year. Never again, Harry had said. He'd hated the plane and the food and the spics, as he rudely called them. She'd liked the accents and the feel of the sun on her skin. She'd liked the way the streets looked different from the ones in England and the pharmacies with green crosses that flashed all through the night. And there'd been a moment, in a bar somewhere, when a dark, swarthy man had caught her eyes across the room and she heard her own heartbeat, pounding in her ears. Then she'd looked away, quickly, so that Harry didn't notice.

The lights are so bright that Sylvia wants to shield her eyes. She stands, looking at the microphone as if she has no idea what it's for. She takes it from its stand and flicks a finger across it three times. It makes the echoing sound she is expecting. She turns and sees Harry looking at her. He doesn't smile.

Sylvia's not psychic, she wouldn't say that. She doesn't believe in that kind of thing. But she does have a feeling sometimes. They call them gut feelings but, for Sylvia, they start somewhere in her spinal cord and shoot through her body along her nerves. It won't go well tonight. She takes a deep breath. She will try her best. She will open her lungs and give it her all but it will not go well tonight. And it will be her fault. It is always her fault.

Babysitting

It wasn't long after dinner and I'd watered the plants like my mum'd nagged at me about and then Issie started choking. She was coughing and spluttering and holding onto her throat and to be honest with you I thought she was messing about. She could be an irritating little shit sometimes. Always falling over herself and tripping up and then telling me I'd done it so that I'd be like, if I'd done it you wouldn't have to tell me all those details, would you, cos I'd know them? I was in the front room doing my nails when she ran through clutching her throat and I didn't take it seriously at all but it was weird because I thought, that'd be just like our Issie, to choke to death while I was babysitting, just to get me done for it.

The thing is, her lips went blue and there was all this spit coming out her nose and I kept asking her and asking her what was wrong. She didn't answer and I thought she was just being awkward and then I looked into her eyes and realised she couldn't talk. That was when I got scared. I tried to remember what my mum'd said about choking. She'd given me this lecture one time but I wasn't really listening because she went on about stuff a lot and I had to switch off or it'd have driven me mental. I went and slapped Issie on the back, cos I'd seen someone do that on the telly, but it didn't seem to be working and I thought then that she was going to die and it'd be all my fault.

I looked up 'choking' up on my iPhone but it was loading really slow and all I could think was that Issie might die and it'd all be because we lived in a 'signal blackspot' like my dad kept telling me when I moaned cos I couldn't get on facebook. I remembered some teacher at school giving me a glass of water when I'd been coughing and couldn't stop but I hadn't been choking. There wasn't a glass of water anywhere near and the kitchen was too far away and, anyway, I wasn't sure that making her drink something would cure her or just push the chewing gum or fruit sours, or whatever, quicker down her throat. The only thing I could think was to turn her upside down. I don't know what made me think of that but some logic inside me said that I might be able to make the sweet fall all the way out if I held her upside down and shook her. So I did.

I grabbed Issie tight round the waist and flipped her over. She was all kicking and wiggling and didn't like it one bit but I was trying to save her life and thought she could put up with it for a minute. I held her right upside down and shook her

as hard as I dared and, on the second go, this tiny metal thing flew out her mouth and across the room, hitting the opposite wall then slipping to the floor and leaving a trail on the wallpaper. She started crying then and I knew she'd got her lungs back because she was making that wailing noise she was so bloody good at. I turned her back the right way up and put her down on the floor. She curled up in a ball and wouldn't look at me, as if I'd been the one who'd made her put some metal thing in her mouth instead of saving her when she was choking. Suit yourself, I thought, and I went over to find whatever it was that'd nearly killed my sister.

I picked up this gross thing from the carpet and realised it was my heart pendant with my birthstone in it. My Uncle Steve had got it me for my birthday and it was a lovely present cos I knew he'd thought hard about it and Uncle Steve isn't usually good at buying presents. It was covered in spit and phlegm and smelled of my sister's insides. I picked it up using the ends of my fingers, touching as little of it as I could, and then I wiped it on the sofa.

I was mad that Issie'd been in my room and took my stuff but I thought I couldn't say so, given that she'd nearly died and all that. She'd stopped crying but her face was still red and she was sucking her thumb and it made me feel sorry for her. I knew she liked to play Candy Crush on my phone, even though she didn't really know what she was doing. She liked the music, and the pictures of sweets. I loaded the game and passed her the phone.

'Don't get any snot on it,' I said.

Issie looked up at me blankly. She smiled down at the phone and started to play and it was like she'd forgot all about nearly dying. I hoped so, because I reckoned I'd still get done if she told mum, even though I'd saved her life and they should be throwing garlands of flowers round my feet and buying me iPads to thank me. Parents are thick sometimes.

For some reason, I wanted to ask Issie if she was okay. But she was gone, hypnotised by the colours and music, and wouldn't have heard a word I said anyway.

I put my birthstone pendant on. It still smelled a bit like Issie but I didn't mind.

All calls are recorded for training and monitoring purposes

I think I think too much. Like I sat at my desk first thing and couldn't get it out my head for over an hour that I might have left the front door open when I rushed out this morning, late for my bus. That my dog might have got out and into the road and got run over. Or that I might not have turned the gas off on the hob when I finished making breakfast and I'd find the house and my mum and Elvis (that's my dog) in pieces all over Bracebridge Drive when I get home. And even though I'm pretty sure I didn't do either of those things, there's a possibility. A probability that I did, albeit a pretty low one. A real one; a chance that exists. Bigger than winning the lottery.

Then I'm off thinking about the lottery. How nearly everyone I know buys a ticket because 'it could be you' but how you're actually more likely to see a pound coin again if you flush it down the loo. If you're a man over forty, you're more likely to die before the draw on Saturday than you are to win the jackpot. I like numbers. Odds and probabilities. They put things in perspective. I glance over at Gemma, who is staring at her nails as she talks to a customer through her headset. I doubt she thinks too much, except about her upcoming trip to Magaluf, or what outfit she's going to wear on Saturday when she goes out clubbing. The kind of hairdresser conversation topics that made me grow my hair and keep the colour natural, so that I hardly ever need to get it done. I've never asked Gemma what her ambitions are in life because it's not the kind of talk that goes down here, but I'd imagine she'd want to be a WAG, marry some famous football player. Get defined by someone else and spend his money.

My screen lights up with a phone call. I breathe, and let it ring for exactly nineteen seconds, which I know is just shy of the nineteen point five where my stats would be affected. Then I pick up, and say my scripted words in my other voice. My faked voice. The one that means it's not me. There's always one or two breaths after that. A beautiful not knowing moment where I can't be sure if they've been waiting in a queue for hours and are going to shout down the line at me before I've even had a chance to speak, or ask me nicely for whatever they want.

'Can I speak to your supervisor, please?' A woman's voice.

You know you've got a live one when these are the first words out their mouth. I'd love to put this daft cow straight through to that other one. It'd be my great pleasure, it really would, to press the buttons and transfer this right onto Nikki Prior's

screen and into her ears, buzzing up the volume so that it makes her feel a bit sick. But that'd be 'going off script' and I'd be in shit for it. So I take a breath and say, 'There's no one in management available at the moment. If you give me your account details, maybe I can help?'

I hear the woman blow into the phone. Then she says, fine, and reels off a bunch of numbers so quickly that I have to ask her to slow down and repeat them, even though I could easily have remembered them and typed them straight in, if I'd wanted to. Her voice spikes with each digit on the second time through.

'I just have to go through security with you,' I tell her.

'But I put all my details in before I got stuck in that queue for about an hour. Do I really have to go through this again?' Her voice breaks in several places and I can tell she's angry, but she actually sounds like she might cry. People often do when they're angry. I never knew that before I started working here. 'I'm freelance, you know. Sorting this out is costing me money!' This woman is not going off script either. That's the funny thing, you'd really think that the customers did have it all written down for them on a computer screen that their headset was connected to, like we do. They are that consistent.

'I'm so sorry about your wait,' I say, 'but I do have to go through the security checks with you before I'll be able to help you.'

'Fine.' There's another huff of breath and I can almost hear the way she folds her arms across her chest. I can see the line of her mouth and the way it turns slightly down just at one side, a small, fine line cutting diagonally from just below her lip and pointing at the top of her ear, just a centimetre long, and only visible if you know where to look for it. All of this stuff carries on her voice down the phone line, I swear it does. She gives me her postcode and her mother's maiden name and then the name of her first pet. Finally, the computer lets me pull up her account.

'Okay,' I say. 'How can I help you?' This is the bullshit part because I can't help her. I know that from what I can see on the screen, even before she says anything. But it's in The Script. I sometimes wonder if The Script is bigger than any of us even know. Occasionally, I look up from my screen at the rows and rows of desks around me, at the people talking into headsets and reeling off the words that someone has written for them, and I shiver. I watch everyone walking around in town staring down at their phones, zombified, and I can imagine a switchboard somewhere else controlling us all, playing games at our expense. I once watched my brother Mark's avatar from Call of Duty, rocking from one foot to the other, when he'd gone to the loo. Its chest moved as it breathed and it looked like it was getting impatient. It really freaked me out.

'Right!' She says this in a businesslike, no nonsense way, as if she's wiping her hands one against the other ready to Get Stuff Done. And then, snap, the line goes dead, and I can smell something in the air like burning wire. Our computers have been playing up all day. And I reckon that in the flat in Putney where this woman lives her head has exploded all over the chaise longue *from which* she makes her daily phone calls. It's a scene from that old horror film called Scanners and makes a butcher's

shop of her living room. I think about calling the police so they can go and clean up the mess and tell next of kin, but what am I to do? I can't even give them her postcode - because Data Protection.

I want to get out my chair and stretch my legs. I reach for a code to type into my console. It's not 1 to go on my break because that's not until 11:15am, or 10 to speak to a manager because that'd be a lie. I settle on 3 to go to the loo, even though that's a lie too, but they'd have to prove it, wouldn't they? Even though I like numbers, they get a bit much here. Everything is timed, every moment of my day counted. My bosses are worried about 'shrinkage' i.e. time lost to activities other than talking to customers. I'm worried about shrinkage too; of my brain, of my confidence, of my ability to get out of bed and face the day. I wonder how I could measure what they're doing to me.

I'm allowed three minutes for a visit to the loo although, actually, I step outside and breathe in some fresh air instead. Unlike my colleagues standing a few yards up from the door, for me this isn't a euphemism. I'm counting out the seconds I've been allocated for a toilet stop. I'm the most accurate person I know at counting seconds. One elephant, two elephants, loads of pink elephants. I close my eyes. The thing is that you can be anywhere you like if you close your eyes, can't you? No matter how low the probability that you'll ever be in that place in real life. So I choose a beach with pink sand, a roiling sea that's so blue it hurts your eyes, sunshine. For a moment, I can actually feel the sun's rays on my eyelids.

Then I run out of elephants and walk back into the call centre. I pass Gemma, who's still staring at her nails. Maybe I've got her wrong and she's seeing patterns in the silver spangled varnish, works of art that that she'll reproduce later and, one day, when we're all dead, will hang in a gallery with the stories about how she never made it in her lifetime. I walk past Nikki Prior, my arch nemesis, and imagine her in a figure hugging red and black outfit with question marks all over it, the symbols distorted beyond recognition over her thick thighs. It's not a good look. She glances up at me as I come past and I see something cross her forehead and screw up her eyes, as if she knows I lied about the code I typed into my computer. That'd be a black mark she had on me against the SOAC or Standards of Associate Conduct but let her prove it. What's the worst that could happen? The sack? Go ahead, girl, make my day.

I sit down and put my headset on. Then I key in the codes to fire up the system and send me 'live' again. Like my bro when he gets back from the loo and picks up the X-Box controller. My little walk took 2 minutes and 54 seconds, well within the safe boundary of error. I know how to work this thing and make it look like I'm a conscientious little call girl, even though I'm not. I play the numbers like no one here is bright enough to understand, not the statisticians upstairs and definitely not the managers in their big offices on the second floor.

A call comes in the moment I'm online. I'm feeling fresh for the battle, so I pick up while the elephants are still lining up for parade. Blam! I sing out the name of the company I work for, followed by my name, then a little number called Can I Help

You.

‘Hello?’ The voice sounds confused, like he half doesn’t expect anyone to be listening.

‘Hello,’ I say. ‘Can I help you?’

‘Hello?’ he says, as if he didn’t hear me. ‘Hello?’

‘Hi,’ I tell him. ‘Can you tell me your account number and mother’s maiden name?’

‘With whom am I speaking to?’ he says. His accent is weird. An approximation of posh. I assume he’s the kind of bloke who votes UKIP but whose black friends are alright. Surprising what you can work out from a put-on voice.

‘My name is Danielle,’ I tell him.

‘Sanjay?’ he says.

I’m confused. Sanjay sounds absolutely nothing like my name. ‘Danielle,’ I tell him again.

‘Sanjay!’ he insists, as if he knows better, and I don’t know if it’s a bad line or a mad person on the other end.

‘Danielle,’ I tell him. There’s an edge to my voice like when you catch broken fingernails.

‘Moving all our call centres to India,’ he says. And he sounds for all the world like he thinks I’ve done that, even though I’m the person with the most to lose out the two of us if the company I work for decides to outsource Customer Services (insert sarcastic voice here) overseas. ‘Sick of talking to Sanjay in India,’ he says. And he hangs up.

I blink and swallow hard. Even for this place, what just happened is mental. My screen lights up again straight away and, even though there’s no caller display here, I know on instinct that it’s the angry lady who got cut off earlier. I can feel her fury coming through the ringtone in my ears. I hesitate about answering but then think of my stats and my bonus and press the right button at just the right time. Her voice comes down the line like a punch. ‘Hello again.’ I wasn’t wrong.

I think about going off script, telling her I know who she is, what she wants. Forgetting all that security garbage and doing everything I can to sort out her problem. After all, what’s the worst that can happen? Then I think about my mum’s face if I came home and told her I’d got the sack. She nearly threw me out when I was on disciplinary and now I’ve got a dog to take care of too, and it wouldn’t be fair if she had to pay for his food, fleas and wormings, would it? It’s funny how the people we love end up trapping us, I think, and I’m sure I read about some philosopher once who said we were all kidding ourselves that we weren’t free because we’re scared of having no money.

I stick to The Script and the harsh edges of the woman’s voice as she answers my requests for numbers and code words grates at my goodwill for her until there’s nothing of it left. I lean against my desk and imagine that beach again, but it’s not working. Yeah, a bit of sunshine would be nice, but there has to be more to life than that.

More than this. They promise you that if you work hard and do the things they tell you to do, the future will be Orange. But it's more a shit brown shade of grime and maybe they're just advertising phones.

'I want to speak to your supervisor,' the woman says.

'There's no one around for me to escalate this to,' I tell her. This is straight from The Script, Section 11: Customer Asking for a Supervisor; line 11.2.

'I want to speak to your supervisor,' she says again.

Line 11.3. 'I can try to put you through, but my manager will only tell you exactly what I have.'

'I still want to speak to your supervisor, though,' she repeats. 'YOU can't help me,' she adds. The venom as she spits the second person pronoun at me is palpable. It stings.

The Script sits there on my desk, battered and grey in places from use. I don't need to open it anymore. I've learned my lines by heart. I picture 11.4 to 11.9 in my head, the letters dancing black and white like something out of a variety show, the kind of tele they call 'Entertainment' even though it's not especially fun to watch. And then it spreads through me, the temptation, the need, to 'go off script'. It fills me as if it's been pumped out from my heart.

I want to tell this woman that she might be the kind of person who says clarsse instead of cl-ass but that doesn't make her better than me. That I'm more qualified than my supervisor, and more willing to help. I want to shout down the phone that they promised me more than this. That I worked hard, grafted, and got good grades in my exams. Went to University and did everything they told me to.

Then I'll whisper so she has to listen harder, that I wanted to go into teaching but they wouldn't take me on the course. I applied four years running. I don't know why they didn't offer me a place but I sometimes wonder if it's all about the way I say class so it rhymes with ass instead of arse. I'll explain to this lady that I took an admin job in a school as a sideways way in, until one of the many teachers with a degree a couple of grades below the one I had screamed down the phone at me. We'll laugh about the irony that I escaped that job to come here.

'I want to speak to your supervisor,' she says, again.

There's something different to her voice now. A sadness I recognise. Maybe I'm just projecting, but I feel sorry for her. This isn't the tenth time she's asked me, so I haven't run out of scripted answers, but I don't care anymore. I know they record all the calls but I doubt they play them all back. I'm happy to take the risk. How much can the upkeep of a dog cost? My mum'll come round.

'Just hold the line,' I say, 'and I'll try and put you through.'

I watch as Nikki Prior picks up the call, the first she's had to take today. I see her scrolling through menus on her screen to work out who in the hell has put a customer through to her. She glances across at me, frowning, but I give her the biggest smile I can muster. Prove it, my grin says. Make me pay.

My screen is going mad with new calls. Word must have got out quickly

to our customers that there's a supervisor in the building. I'm counting my elephants as slowly as I dare. I look down at my ID badge and see my name. Not Sanjay but definitely 'Danielle'. I see the words 'Customer Service Associate' and I crack a smile.

The screen is flashing for my attention. I click the icon to pick up and try to get my scripted words out through the giggle that I can't stop from forcing its way up through my throat in thick, soapy bubbles. I think I might be sick with how funny life is.

And finally...

Thanks for buying this ebook! If you enjoyed it, please consider leaving a review on the website where you bought it.

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Dedicated in memory of Alan Sillitoe and Graham Joyce. RIP.

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