

CONFESSION

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Okay, it was me who broke the window in Wendy's shop. That's not the worst part.

My friend Sarah had come down from London to Torquay and I'd gone down to meet her. She looked stunning in her short Union Jack dress as we walked along the seaside, making cardigans look great again. You could have perhaps called it a date if it wasn't for what happened next.

On our way back into town, Sarah was suddenly excited by something further up the street. I chased after her before we both stopped dead in our tracks. Scuttling over the pavement were dozens and dozens of greyish brown rats. She *loves* her rats and has two pet ones at home. She was grinning away, her mouth agape in a very long 'Awww!'

Me, on the other hand: I was flipping *terrified*. Where were they coming from? How many were there? What diseases did they have?

A woman nearby screamed and that set me off. It was like some chivalrous impulse. I ran forward and kicked one.

There was another scream, then a crash. As the rodents scattered and squealed, I looked at what I'd done. The nearby corner-shop now had the rear end of a rat sticking out of a hole in its window.

Sarah saw too and she was in tears. She kept asking why I would do that and as I tried to answer, I realised I did not have a clue. Being so passionate about animals, she tried to reach out and touch it. Since it had been kicked halfway through a window, it

was almost definitely dead, so I smacked her hand and told her to keep away.

I immediately felt bad for hitting a woman, but went ahead and led her away by the wrist before other people could see what I'd done.

We hugged at the train station – a bit awkwardly. She didn't seem that up for it. I guess since #MeToo trended, some fruitloops would say I was sexually assaulting her.

After a frosty goodbye, Sarah and I never spoke to each other again.