

Inside Dino's cafe where they were having lunch, the waitress, a slim young blonde with an upturned nose and far away eyes turned to stare at them. Dino's was a dive, a convenient greasy-spoon just outside the campus, with faded and chipped linoleum and sparse lighting but the prices were good and the waitresses made up for the general appearance of the place.

Pete smiled at the girl and she instantly looked away.

"The new waitress is cute," he observed, craning his neck around a young couple partially obscuring his view.

Ian glanced in her direction, then his eyes locked upon her.

If Ian had been a poet, he would have said that her golden hair shone like the sun, her eyes twinkled like stars and her smile had the warmth and radiance to chase away the darkest clouds and light up the sky. But Ian was not a poet.

"She's hot!" he blurted, turning to Pete.