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A BLOG DARKLY

Friday 26 Sep: Dancing in the indie club

Tanja and I have been planning to go to 24 Hour Party People all week. It's a Brit-pop/indie type club night that happens every couple of months or so.

I spend all Friday trying to get hold of her without luck, and have just resigned myself to spending the evening on the couch, when she turns up very very drunk on my doorstep. She's been drinking since she left work, four hours ago.

So we stagger downtown, stopping to grab her a kebab. The guy in the shop seems half crazy - he's basically shouting at us. We feel slightly uncomfortable, till a cop comes in to order food and gets the same treatment. Maybe he's deaf? I can identify with that, a little.

Tanja nearly has second thoughts about the night when she realises that Drake might be there. It's only been a month or so since she broke up with my brother, and let's say the scars are still quite fresh. Not surprising after they'd been together four years. Also not surprising that he's got a new girlfriend already, nor that she should be bitching about this, supposedly out of concern for him.

Anyway, we're among the first into the venue, but it soon fills up. I'm quite impressed, the DJs actually play some records I don't own - even some I haven't heard before. By midnight the dancefloor is packed, Tanja is dancing with some random shaven haired

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guy, and I remember that I shouldn't be drinking alcohol, get suddenly drunk, and stagger home.

Today has been beautiful, first real sunny day of spring. Of course, outside the wind is gusting about 40mph, so it's not actually that pleasant, but it looks good from my perspective, stuck inside and working.

In about half an hour Wellington play Canterbury at rugby, with the Ranfurly Shield at stake. This is the big one - the most important rugby trophy in New Zealand. We haven't won it for 18 years. Wish us luck.

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