

Blind date

Talent agent Samantha Coughlan, 30, meets Sam David, 30, senior account manager

Samantha on Sam

First impressions? "Oh, good, thank goodness." What did you talk about? This and that, being a reluctant grown-up, being creative versus being responsible, theatre, Brit comedy, and how Finnish people let out their anger when drunk. Any awkward moments? Not for me. Sam made me feel completely relaxed. Good table manners? Perfect. Best thing about him? He just seems like a perfectly lovely person - engaging, dark humour, interesting, cute, and brave for going after his lifelong passion. Did you go on somewhere? No, I was just getting over the flu, so after a long dinner, my carriage was turning into a pumpkin. Marks out of 10? I don't feel right marking a person or a situation with a number, but I'll say 7.5. It was a perfectly lovely first meeting and I couldn't have asked for more. Would you meet again? Sure, as people. Not sure if there's a romantic spark, but if he ever fancies a pint in town, I'm in.

Sam on Samantha

First impressions? Lovely smile, stunning. There were nerves at the start, and sadly we never recovered the situation. What did you talk about? Peep Show, what type of person represents a particular country, a mutual dislike of musical theatre, pretending to be the voice of someone famous, and Trevor the ex. Any awkward moments? None that was especially butt-clenching, but the conversation moved a little awkwardly and the banter never got into full flow. Good table manners? Excellent, and drank wine at a healthy pace, which is always a good thing. Best thing about her? She's had a fascinating life. She's been the voice of Anna Kournikova and Angelina Jolie! Did you go on somewhere? No, she had a headache and went in search of some Ibuprofen. Marks out of 10? As a date, it was a 3. Wedding bells are not in the air. Would you meet again? No, some things are just not meant to be.

Sam and Samantha ate at Brompton Quarter Brasserie, 225 Brompton Road, London, SW2, 020-7225 2107, bqbrasserie.com



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'Stock up on baby wipes'
'Stand by the largest speaker'
'Down a bottle of vodka'
'Stay near a loo'
'Stare at everyone confrontationally'



Laura Marling - and this year's other must-see acts - on how to survive the festivals

Diary of a disappointing daughter

SHAZIA MIRZA

When I was a science teacher in an East End comprehensive, I used to teach - or, rather, tried to teach - a boy now known as Dizzee Rascal. A few weeks ago I went to a film premiere where, across a crowded room, he shouted very loudly, "Miss, miss! What you doin' here, man?! I seen you on TV, miss. 'Av you got any jokes about me, man?" He then grabbed me, hugged and kissed me. I didn't know what to do. This is someone whom I still see as my student, and he still calls me "Miss" in public. He's 24 now, but I can't get it out of my head that he was once my student. "Miss, was I really bad at school?" he asked. I said, "Dylan [his real name], you were terrible. I knew when you were in school because my lab door was being kicked down and Mars bars were thrown through my windows. He put his head in his hands and said, "Oh no, I'm sorry." Unconsciously, I reverted to teacher mode. "How's your mum?" His face dropped. "You remember my mum? Oh, she's OK." He smiled. "She must be really proud of you. All of a sudden he turned into the little boy I knew all those years ago - shy, humble, vulnerable. "The only thing that can really embarrass you, I said, "is the mention of your mum. As I walked to the car, my mum rang. "Why are you out? It's 11 o'clock at night. You'd better be covered up, it's cold." I looked at the hole in my fishnet tights, and thought, "You can't hide anything from a mum."