

A Lot of Things Wrong

When it comes to women, I get a lot of things wrong.

That may not sound like I'm saying anything anyone else hasn't already said, but hear me out.

I get a lot of things wrong.

Let me give you an example to something that just happened so I can make my point.

We were walking the same direction on the sidewalk, just 5 paces separating us. I was behind her, so I got to see the excellent view in front of me, if you know what I mean. Anyway, turns out, we both started down this path at different times: me back at Pine Street some four blocks away and her from the little candle shop three blocks back. At first I didn't even

notice her, but then she flipped her long, slightly wavy hair over her shoulder, and I caught a glimpse of her profile. The only word I could come up with at the time, and even now, is statuesque. I had heard the word on a cop show some years back, and after looking it up, I loved it. I thought that if there was a way to see a girl as statuesque, then I wanted to see it. Sure enough, here on Main, walking just ahead of me, was a girl described just like that.

Now, you see my dilemma, right? Here's this girl I have been looking for, but didn't know I was looking for, right in front of me. Walking the same direction as me. If she stopped and turned into Francine's Diner just ahead, I'd know it was kismet or destiny or whatever those old black and white movies used to call it.

At this point I'm trying to act natural, like I'm not following her. I'm not a creep or anything like that, so I didn't want her to get the wrong idea. Truth is, I have no idea what I would say or do once I caught up to her. See, like I said, I get a lot of things wrong, and one of them is not knowing what to say to a pretty girl.

Sure enough, as I'm sitting here on this stool talking to you now, she turned into the damn diner. Can you believe it?! What are the odds? I mean, I know nearly everyone in our tiny little town, and believe me, I'd have remembered this one.

As she went through the door, she glanced back and looked towards me reaching for the door. She held it open, gave me a slight smile, and walked on in.

Thank the good Lord above that the words 'Thank you' did leave my lips instead of just staring at her, grinning like an idiot. Anyway, she walked on in and must have been waiting for someone because she looked all around the place before deciding to sit down at a little two-top near the window. I scuttled over to my usual spot at the counter,

near the end, which always afforded me a good look out the window. See, it's kismet.

Francine came over and took my order, which is to say she just asked if I wanted the usual. I did. She was already coming over to fill my coffee cup with that sludge she brews. Man, that stuff will burn the hairs off your chest! Whoo!, Right? Don't you think it's some pretty rough stuff? Sorry, I was digressing.

Good word, right? I heard it on a different cop show I like to watch. Sounded so foreign and exotic. Once I got the spelling right and looked it up, I knew that was a good word to keep around.

Anyway, I'm about halfway through the high octane stuff that diner serves when the girl I've been trying super hard not to stare at gets a huge smile on her face and stands to hug her friend that just walked through the door. In my desire to stay focused on my girl, I didn't even see her come in. Too bad, too, because now that I see her, I would have known that my beautiful statuesque girl was friends with Hannity Colmen. Can you believe this? The girl I'm quickly becoming obsessed over is friends with the one girl in town I can't stand to be around. How fair is that? Well, it isn't fair, let me tell you.

Well, for the next hour they sit there laughing and smiling about good Lord knows what. In the meantime, I've had to endure 4 cups of coffee and my usual breakfast. At this point Francine comes over to see what I'm doing since she knows I don't stay here this long. I had to think of something fast. I couldn't very well say I'm obsessed with this girl. My girl. And now, I want to see what she does. Especially, what she does with that Hannity. Oh, there's a girl who I DEFINITELY don't get anything right with. We broke up hard years ago, and we still haven't quite gotten past it.

Sorry, I'm not boring you with this, am I? I know we are just getting the evening started, but I hope this story isn't a problem. You and me will continue in a minute. Promise, sweetheart.

Where was I? Oh, that's right, I was trying to figure out what to say to Francine. Well, again kismet or destiny or whatever was looking out for me because right then Hannity stood up and gave her friend a tight hug and walked out the diner. My girl sat there for a minute, drank a sip of the coffee, appropriately winced at the taste, then set down some money and started to leave.

Without looking like I'm trying to follow her, I quickly say to Francine that I was just tired from a long day before and sort of spaced out for a bit. I'm good now and was going to be on my way. I threw down some money and tried to casually walk out the door behind my girl, who was already about 8 paces ahead of me and picking up distance.

I followed behind her on the sidewalk, admiring everything about

the view.

What? Sorry, I didn't catch that. Oh, did she notice? Well, funny you should ask, she did.

I noticed her stop and look in the window of the candle store she'd come out of earlier. As I got closer, about 5 feet away, she turned and looked straight at me.

What did I do? I froze! Froze right there, mouth half open with the look of a raccoon caught in the trash can. I didn't know what to do.

After a moment of awkward silence, she asks, 'Are you following me?'

What could I say? If I lied, she'd know I was lying and would probably think I was some pervert creep trying to do something to her. If I told the truth, she could think I was still a creep, but maybe even a scary one.

Why? I don't know. Like I said, I get a lot of stuff wrong.

I decided to go with the truth, mostly because I know I've been accused of being a terrible liar. So, brave as I could, which wasn't much, I said 'Yes,' and waited for her response.

She turned her head slightly to the side and still staring directly at me, asked 'Why? Did you want something?'

Great, now here I am with the truth, and she asks me a question like this. Unbelievable. If I didn't know better, I'd swear she knew what was going on the whole time.

Now, here is what I mean with this whole story. At this point, someone who did the right thing with girls wouldn't be in this predicament. They'd have gotten in better, and if this question came up, they'd have a much better answer. As it turns out, I didn't have a better answer.

The only thing my pitiful little brain could manage to get out was this: 'Because you're so pretty.'

Stop laughing! It's not funny! I was mortified. The look of pity that crossed her face was enough to make me turn away and keep walking to my truck. The only saving grace is that the blood was pumping in my ears so loud I couldn't hear her giggle.

Alright, alright, that's enough. Stop laughing, now, I mean it.

What's that sweetheart? What happened next?

What do you mean what happened next? You know what happened next. You were there. You've always been there. You're my sweetheart, so you've always been there watching. I don't know why you like to play these silly little games with me.

Ok, enough giggling, let's get this evening started.

Sweetheart, this is going to be amazing. Once I finish, you will be the one they call statuesque. The one some young buck will stare at in a diner.

Now, I gotta get sorted out with the right tools and smock. Don't want to throw out my clothes like last time. No, it won't be like last time, love, this one is still breathing. I think that's the difference from the last one. Sweetheart, you are going to love using her body. This body will be the best one we've tried, yet. And I don't know if you caught it while I was telling the story, but I already started calling this one 'my girl'. I did that so you would know that I've only ever had eyes for you, sweetheart. I'm already used to calling this one 'my girl'. It'll be easy for me to see you with her look. Now, with this girl's body, I'm certain you can finally have a body again. Won't that be great, sweetheart? You can have a body like you used to. You won't have to just look around my shed from your spot on the shelf. I imagine that gets pretty boring.

Now, sweetheart, you ready? She's starting to come to.