

Imaginations

TAKE A CHANCE

by JACK D. PROUD

I haven't told anyone how I feel about her, that is until now. But can you blame me?

This affliction that I suffer from prevents me from even showing her I care. Some call this affliction shyness, some even call it insecurity. I tend to think it's a curse put on me by some medieval warlock in a past life. Whatever you want to call it, I've spent many sleepless nights thinking about her.

Let me tell you about it.

We meet, unexpectedly of course, and start talking about trifles (probably the weather). I've seen her before and talked with her once or twice, but I have never seen her looking so beautiful.

I suggest we go somewhere more suitable to talk -- somewhere away from work and the music, and that annoying door that keeps banging whenever someone walks through it.

She puts her papers away, we sign out, and walk to an all-night, all-too-quiet cafe. We don't talk too much on the way, maybe because we're afraid or excited (or both) about the evening ahead of us.

We sit down and order coffee (though sometimes when I dream this part, we have tea). We look deep into each others eyes, I

think for the first time. We can tell the sparks are there because one just burned a hole in the worn carpet, and her glasses are starting to melt.

She starts talking and as I light a cigarette (I always have to smoke with my coffee, even in my dreams), I'm amazed at how much we have in common.

Well, to make a long story short, with the use of many cliches we pledge our love for one another and go off into the night and live happily ever after.

So you can see why I couldn't tell anyone about this. They would have either laughed or called me crazy for thinking about such nonsense.

I just can't get her out of my mind. Her two syllable name is as beautiful sounding to me as it Washington D.C., and I sometimes catch myself repeating it, unaware that people are around and looking at me as if I just ate their pet cat and asked them where the dog was.

But I know if I don't tell her, (which I probably won't), I'll never forgive myself. On the other hand, if I do tell her how I feel, with my luck she won't feel the same way and say something like "let's just be friends, good friends!"

Oh well, if it happens, it happens.

Maybe the next time instead of coffee or tea, we'll order hot chocolate. ■

