

True Love

By A. C. Zito

“Garlic breath,” I sniffled away at my fiancé’s mouth as I tried my best to release the built-up tension he had created from blowing his afternoon lunch from Michelangelo’s in my face.

“The lasagna; on point as usual,” He reminded me of a young Alec Baldwin; but with his younger brother’s charms.

“Have I ever told you that you remind me of the Baldwin brothers?” Gary couldn’t help but laugh at the spontaneity in my phrasing of words.

“And you look like a *withered-up* Angelina Jolie.” I couldn’t help but take offense to his dry humor even when it was obvious he was just joking around.

They were in the restaurant now. I was starving for a little bit of dinner before I hit the bed early tonight. And it was going to be tough because, at the last minute, when I thought I was going to be free of any pestering in my homerun straight into bed; my *Gary-bear*, on the other hand, was going to be expecting *he’ll* be getting a homerun himself.

It was our date night. And I was sorry to say that he wasn’t going to be so lucky in *getting* lucky! Why? Well it hasn’t been the best of days in the whole wide world for Candice Everdeen. My brother had called in sick with tuberculosis and firmly stood his ground in saying that he won’t be attending the wedding; my divorced parents had both refused in going to the ceremony as well in fear of having to see each other; and Gary lost his job at the coal factory due to how the new and evolutionary clean energy wave had been sweeping the nation.

And the fact of the matter was: he had a *hell* of a good job too! He was one of the top managers of the branch. And he was usually the one *doing* the firing, not *being* the one to *get* fired! It was terrible! It was horrific! It was an absolute, *devastating* day.

“How are we this evening; table for two?” The greeter asked politely. But the look on her face said otherwise. Her eyes knew from the first moment they met ours that whomever server that was going to be getting the both of us, they wouldn’t stand out in being all the more appreciative in knowing they’d be having to work with some hard cases to crack tonight. It just wasn’t the *‘soon-to-be newlyweds’* night.

We walked passed an open booth which Gary was forever inclined to go ahead and sit at. And, without any permission, *what-so-of-the-ever!* But, sad enough to say, the greeter wasn’t having it. I noticed this as she put the two menus down on another table two rows down. It mustn’t have been *her* best of days either. As she passed right by the table we were sitting at, she didn’t think twice to go back and pick up the menus and bring them back to the table Gary had went ahead and picked for us. But, nonetheless, she went ahead and walked passed us two love-birds and went back to her station at the front of the restaurant.

“Stand back *up!*” I hissed at him. He stayed planted to the purple and violet patterned cushion. He had lost his job so I had to give him that, now sitting down opposite of him. “You're making an ass out of us!”

“Me neither.” Was his reply, like I knew what he even meant by that? But before I could reply with something witty (if I could ever think of one by how he was always entangling my choice of words so profoundly) he quickly stood up, sliding the big hunk of a table forward, then grabbing my arm with full force, and with a snap of his wrist, rushed me out of Terry's making the biggest possible scene ever available to make!

“*What-are-you doing?*” I puffed out with each and every breath I could possibly muster. We were outside now. We stood in front of the big wooden doors of Terry's. They were pressuring down on us like they forbid us to ever come back to the nice, fine establishment ever again! It was cold outside, and I quickly had to put my hands in the front two openings of my fabric-inlaid pockets before they froze off.

“What am *I* doing? What are *we* doing? *Candy-blossoms!* Our life has come to us standing on the edge of our rockers! Let's *blow* this Popsicle Stand and move to Tahiti!” I looked at him with my eyes barely able to contain themselves. They wanted to blow up like two huge rolls of red TNT you only see in the cartoons.

“The French Polynesia? What? *Gary-bear!* Do we even know how to speak French? Where is this coming from? Our wedding! We're supposed to get *married!*”

“Marriage can come be a part of our lives in some farther along time-period... BABE; we're living in the twenty tens! This is the time of our lives! You know it is. I know it is. So let's *do* something about it!” My mouth dropped. I had never heard Gary talk with such spontaneity in all my life!

“God, I love you, baby!” I felt my cheeks heat up into two hot, red candy sticks filling... no pouring; pouring out flames on each side. I felt hot! Gary was looking quite handsome himself!

“Let's go make sweet, sweet love on the couch tonight, baby! We both deserve a timeout!”