

# The Beautiful Mercedes

*by* Bill Yarrow

No one who saw the beautiful Mercedes  
in the summer of 1966 could ever forget her.  
When she walked into Café Danglars, heads turned.

I was sent upstate for two years for passing unpopular  
checks, but when I got out, I went back to the Café D  
just to catch a glimpse of her again. It took a month  
but she did return. I was there that day, sitting at  
the counter in my Bermuda shorts, sucking a 7-Up.

The screen door slowly opened. I was expecting the second  
coming of perfection. Not quite. She was bloated like a  
bagel. Her thighs looked like freezer bags filled with dimes.  
There was no necklace anywhere that could fit around that neck.

Two years earlier, she was real money, a class investment.  
When she ate up all her principal, well, we lost interest.

