

The Signal

by Chad Smith

I take the plastic off of the last videotape and stick it in the VCR. I make sure the channel is on 6. Still a commercial. I get my notebook, turn it to the next page and write today's date on top. I get ready. I don't really like the back and forth banter the other news anchors try to engage him in every night. Most viewers probably do though. I wish they would just say, "Here's Matt with the weather," and be done with it. Oh, and here he comes! I push record on the VCR. He starts his weather report. He's looking exceptionally handsome tonight. Wearing a gray suit. His dark curly hair combed back yet still tousled. Radiant blue eyes. I transcribe his words in my notebook. "We had a high today of 52." He moves with such confidence as he points to the map. Then he says it: "A cold front will be pushing up from the south bringing rain showers." How often does a cold front come from the south? It's the signal! The secret message I have been waiting for. He is ready to stop living a lie and finally leave his wife and kids. He is going to run away with me. We will be together at last. "Bringing rain showers," means I should meet him at the TV station tonight after the broadcast. I hit stop on the VCR. I need to hurry and get packed. Find something nice to wear.

