

Blind date

by Chris Miller

"I'll have the Ribeye cooked medium rare," says Bill, who looks over at Julia, blonde hair and disarming smile, and he thinks that she's not bad for a blind date.

He doesn't like the way she butters her roll, however, and it agitates him that she spreads the butter in a circular fashion over the top of the bread.

She looks up at him. "So, tell me about your work. Mary says you're a taxidermist?"

"Nothing special, really," he answers, uncomfortable with the topic of conversation. "Let's talk about you." He gazes into her blue eyes, trying to imagine them replaced by dark glass marbles.

