

Seventy

by Daniel Harris

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She was a rich widow who lived down the street. She drove a big SUV. She always looked well put together: hair perfect, invisible make-up, tastefully dressed.

I was washing my car in the driveway. I liked my car, a Mazda Miata, but I fit the profile, aging dude driving a small convertible sports car. No doubt, people thought I was in some personal identity crisis. Actually, I liked driving sports cars.

The rich widow stopped and gave me her Christian rap about attending church, AA and the sordid details of her life. I had heard them from her before, but I liked hearing her voice, so I listened and concurred with her on most of her points.

Personally I disliked any group that segregated people: religions, yacht clubs, country clubs, fraternities and the like. Ultimately, they would exclude, legislate against, or kill anyone who didn't believe like they did. I wasn't so insecure as to need a group to validate my worth as a person

I mentioned to the widow that an attractive female neighbor who had suffered numerous personal tragedies was searching for a male companion. The woman in question was a good friend and we enjoyed each other's company. We had many things in common.

—I wouldn't even entertain the thought of courting someone like you, said the widow.

—Why is that? I asked.

—Well, we might have a few good years together, but then your health would go and I'd end up being the caretaker of you for who knows how many years. When you're dead, there's no money left and I've lost years of happiness.

—I guess you're right, I replied.

When I mentioned that to my attractive female neighbor friend, she looked me in the eye.

—Yes, that's true. Otherwise I would have snatched you up in a minute.

