

Oh, Fish Eggs!

by Frank Vander Rasky

A motivational speaker I know intimately cannot abide any form of swearing. I once said the f-word as we were getting into bed and that was it, no sex that night. I asked why and she replied, "It doesn't matter if I love you tonight, what matters is God loves you all the time." My motivational speaker looked a lot like Debbie Harry from Blondie, so I rolled over on my side and imagined an angel from God with the curves of my blonde motivational speaker, a blonde angel who was ready to love me. That night.

It seemed to work and I felt blessed.

Another time I said in her presence, "Oh, Christ!" That was worse. My soul was damned. We must go to church, she said.

So we went to church, walking together in the shade because the enormous brim of my motivational speaker's black hat blocked the sun. I called it her preacher lady hat but I guess you could say it was a sunbonnet made for two. We got to the church and took Communion, which I like because sometimes they serve wine, and on the way up the aisle to the pastor my motivational speaker stubbed her toe on the corner of a pew, and said, "Oh, fish eggs!"

After church I took her for lunch at the Thai restaurant we both liked. I asked the waiter if they had fish eggs but they were out of them.

So we shared a platter of Buddha's Delight and she also gulped down an enormous egg roll. Whole. After lunch we went back to her place where I didn't say much and we made love three times. My motivational speaker said she felt the Holy Spirit move inside her, but all the time I was thinking of fish eggs, wondering if their salty

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pickled taste was what I really wanted, and that I needed to get out more into the sun.

