

Judith

by Ian Kirksey

"Hello. How are you?"

"Me? I'm fine actually. Just sitting here in this little coffee shop. Sipping my coffee. I like it black, did you know that?"

"Like your men?"

"Excuse me?"

"It's a joke... from Airplane if I recall correctly."

"Ah... well in that context I suppose that it was kind of funny."

"So your saying I'm kinda funny?"

"I don't think I am. No."

"Oh..."

"I didn't mean to hurt your feelings or anything like that. It's just that I didn't want you leave this conversation with the perception that you have some form of comedic talent, then try to pursue a career as a stand up comic and just flat out fail."

"Oh...."

"That's not to say that you aren't funny, just that your attempts at humor have been half-hearted at best and dreadful at worst."

"Oh...."

"Well anyway, how are you?"

"Somewhat depressed now, but I'll get over it."

"Well I hope you do so soon, because I'll be on my way to your place in about half an hour. Have some wine ready."

There was a small click as the connection between his house phone and her cell phone ended. He was Stephen, she was Judith.

Stephen placed his phone back on its little base/charger. He slumped onto his couch before sighing heavily.

It was somewhat small, Stephens' apartment, though considering the price of rent it was a pretty good place. Only 850 a month, all utilities included.

He sighed a few more times to see if it would make him feel better. It did, but not enough for him to become un-depressed. He needed to do that. Judith was coming.

Judith Stills was the medium sized girl that attended Georgetown U, and was studying Political Science because, according to her, it was "the least boring thing that they offered as a major." She had curly dark brown hair that reached halfway down her back, something of a button nose and light blue eyes. She really enjoyed wearing leather jackets, had a very powerful and impressive music collection, and was somehow interested in him, Stephen McHover: A timid art student who wasn't particularly good at art, in any of its forms. It was almost like one of those stupid indie movies where the cool unusual girls got together with the timid geek and they had some stupid journey to wherever they have to go.

It wasn't though, well at least as far as he knew it wasn't. Though he did have a sneaking suspicion that he was being filmed or recorded or something by someone. Someone from the planet Horven in the Harriet System actually. But that's another story for another time.

He looked at the clock. It was 1:15. He had called Judith at around 12:53. He had spent 22 minutes being depressed. Judith had a knack for being able to get where ever she was going in the time she said she would get there. He looked at the clock again, 1:17. 24 minutes now. He sighed again.

"Well if I'm going to see her I might as well get dressed. Don't look like a complete lost cause."

He pushed himself off his couch and made the short journey to his closet. He opened it only to find a dimensional rift that looked something like a black and white swirl. It was interesting to say the least, especially when he got sucked through and ended up on the moon.

The moon was pretty cold for those of you who couldn't guess. Close to absolute zero actually. Stephen asphyxiated first. It took him about a minute to lose consciousness, and then he died from a mixture of exposure and oxygen deprivation. Then he woke up.

He was in his bed, naked. Normally he didn't sleep in the nude. He smelled bacon coming from the main area of his apartment.

It's a strange thing to wake up with no recollection of the day, or what you had done the night before and to smell bacon.

He heard a sizzling sound. It scared him when he realized that either someone was in his home cooking bacon... or a ghost was cooking bacon, either way it was kind of disheartening. But then again he liked bacon.

Stephen got up and pulled on a pair of jeans. He made his way out of his room only to see Judith. She was cooking bacon and wearing one of his favorite shirts. She looked up at him.

"Hey." She said calmly.

Stephen was awe struck to say the least. He looked at Judith and then back into his room, then back at Judith. She pointed back into his bed room. "Did we?"

"Yep." She replied matter of factly. "You wanna go again?"

He thought about this for a second. Then he spoke. "After breakfast."

They went at it again after breakfast. It was good, though Stephen felt that he might have left his lady friend wanting. In reality he didn't but for the sake of keeping his small ego small let's let him think that he did.

They went at it again after breakfast, they laid in his bed for a bit. It was quiet.... Really quiet... awkwardly quiet actually.

Several hours later, Judith was gone. She had left to meet her study buddies for a fine batch of studying, Steven found himself once again on his couch, except this time he was more appropriately dressed. He sat on his couch, head tilted back mouth gaping open, mind contemplating why he was here and what had just happened to him. Nothing came to his mind. Then something did.

"Shit." He said, realizing that he had skipped three exams today. Then he remembered that he had gotten to sleep with Judith (twice) and had spent some time with her. He rationalized that this outweighed his missing an art history exam or two.

