

Love Stories

by Jake Barnes

Watch and Wait

My wife wants me to get an MRI and I don't because I don't see what good it would do. I know I've got Alzheimer's, or rather a condition that sometimes precedes it called MCI. That means Mild Cognitive Impairment.

The gal I talked to on the memory loss hotline said that sometimes it doesn't get worse. She told me to eat right and be sure to get my walking in.

Well, if it gets worse it gets worse. If it doesn't, so much the better. So what I plan to do is watch and wait. I've got an appointment to see my shrink next Wednesday. She's pretty sharp. Not bad looking, either. Not that that matters at my age.

Wedding Bells

My current bride and I have been married for twenty years. We got married in the County Clerk's office at Lake Tahoe. We had a view out the window of a parking lot and the Bijou Moonlight Laundromat. As the clerk read the words, a young couple came in. After I had kissed the bride, the clerk told the young folks that they were next. The boy turned red. "I just stopped by to get a fishing license!" he said. The girl gave him a dirty look.

Love Stories

My first love was a woman of principle. Never deny your man was her motto. She would do it at the drop of a hat. Any time, any place. I still remember the girl's name. Flora. Lovely young woman. Generous. If she had a thing, and you wanted it, you could have it and welcome.

In high school I was in love with a tiny girl with a face like a mink. She wore glasses, too. In college we had a few steamy sessions, but we never went all the way. She liked older men. Artists. Later on she was friendly with a famous poet who killed himself by jumping off a

bridge. My friend Tom had his way with her once. Tom was a musician; he was getting his PhD in psychology. She liked his beard, he said. After he shaved it off, she was no longer interested.

