

One Night Stand in Laguna Beach

by Jerry Ratch

One time in Laguna Beach I remember sleeping with a girl I met at this café, the Jolly Roger, when we went back to my apartment and had unprotected sex. She said she was on the pill, but you never know. It was just that one time, and she did seem desperate to have me come inside her. Then she wanted no more contact. Very strange. As though it were the perfect timing for ovulation maybe?

I remember going up to her house where she had a room in the hills, it was late at night a couple of days after that encounter, and ringing the doorbell over and over. No one answered, so I went around behind the house and saw the curtains blowing in a wide-open sliding glass door, and a television set glowing its blue light. I knocked and knocked. No one answered. I stood there for quite some time. I tried knocking again. But no one answered. I remember the smell of night-blooming jasmine and orange blossoms, which were ever-present around Laguna. And the warm summer breeze ruffling through my hair as I stood there.

I don't know what I was expecting. I guess she'd already gotten what she'd come after.

