

# A Letter to the Girl I May or May Not Have Slept With Last Night

*by* John Woodington

Dear Loren,

Or was it Lucy? Hell if I can remember, and not that you can blame me, what with all those appletinis you kept pushing at me. I would have stopped long before I did if it weren't for you, and so it's not really my fault I can't remember your name. Are names really that important, though, especially at this stage in our relationship?

There were a few things for which I would like to apologize:

Firstly, for passing out at such an inopportune moment. Entirely out of my control, I assure you. Though you probably knew that. You're a smart girl, if I remember correctly.

Secondly, for passing out in such an inopportune location, namely on your left leg, and for the swelling and bruising in said leg which my unconscious body subsequently caused. I do apologize for that. You have great legs, or at least a great left leg. I only remember that I felt comfortable in the last waking moments, and I credit that to your wonderful leg. If there's anything I can do to ease the bruising on your thigh... a massage perhaps? Tonight? Or some other time. Or not, I wouldn't blame you. I blame myself entirely.

Then again, can I really be blamed? Look at the circumstantial evidence: you wore that skirt, which can hardly be called a skirt. More like a very wide plaid belt. And that perfume — surely you must have bathed in it moments before arriving at the party. A too-tight halter top, a ponytail. You never really gave me a chance.

And what drew you to me, Laura? Or was it Lacey? Probably my accent, which has a penchant for attracting a looser variety of women. Not that I would describe you as loose. No, not at all. But seriously. How long had we known each other before we were

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upstairs? Two hours? Three? Let's not kid ourselves. I haven't seen the inside of a gym since before the millennium, and my habitual two-Danish-and-coffee breakfast has left me soft. So soft, in fact, that if you baked me in an oven, I might come out quite a tasty loaf.

See, Lisa? I can be funny. Maybe it was my great humor that latched you to me last night. I wouldn't blame you. Humor is one of those great human adhesives. So maybe now you are stuck to me? Hmm?

Of course, not in the way I was "stuck" on your left leg last night. But you know what I mean, don't you, dear Lana? You're a smart girl, I'm quite sure of it now.

Cordially to you, Lovely

Your Briton Beau

Or not

It's up to you, really

But could you let me know by tomorrow night?

There's a party on West 5th Street

And I want to know if I'm attached at that time or not

As it may influence my actions and overall demeanor

Jonathon Wesley

