

Prince Charming

by Kevin Myrick

"Would you please open the window?" Marcy brushed the gray hairs from her eyes, which watered from the second-hand smoke. All she wanted was fresh air.

The window slowly lowered and the chilled autumn air hit her face like a splash of water. She laughed at the memory of the time she woke her brother with a ice water bath. "What's so funny?"

"My brother, you should meet him. You'd like him a lot."

George said nothing, and the moment was gone. It seemed at every turn of the evening George was missing their moments together. Maybe he thought she was too old. She should have dyed her hair.

Then he slid his free hand up her skirt along her thigh. His hand was like a cold, coarse stone against her velvet thigh. She didn't like men with rough hands. She brushed his advance away and pushed her skirt back down.

They could have heard a pin drop in the car for the rest of the ride to her house, where she looked at him one last time and found nothing admirable, nothing memorable about him. She was glad they didn't share too many memories. She would quickly forget he ever existed.

Marcy stood cold on her sidewalk and watched the tail lights disappear behind her. Her guard dropped when she finally walked through the door and asked anyone who was listening through her tears where she could find her prince charming?

