

I May be Dried Up -- But I can Make You Breakfast in the Morning

by Linda Seccaspina

First of all, let's get things straight. I am almost 61 years old and do not wear a size 4. Well, I never wore a size 4 so that's beside the point. But if you ask me about Humphrey Bogart or The Beatles, I know who they are. If you ask me about daily politics or other random subjects, I will have an opinion and can carry on a conversation. I won't cost you a week's pay nor will I embarrass you by consuming up the bar when we go out. I won't stare at my cell phone excessively and you can expect some really nice hand-holding. So with all these good points, why do some men and women insist on dating someone as old as their wrist watch?

Do some people get up and face something similar to a "wall of death" each morning? Is an extra boost needed to make them motivated for, let's say, another five or six days? Are men and women your age really that bad? Granted, people in my age group all seem to go to bed at around 10 pm every night so we might need a nudge or two if we nod off. Saturday night I got an eyeful of someone trying to keep up with a woman old enough to be his granddaughter.

Standing first in line at a very trendy sushi restaurant, an older and very much younger "young lady" waited behind us. My dinner partner and I looked right into each other's eyes and started to giggle under our breath. It did not take much to know that "someone" was taking on something bigger than he could chew.

She sat on the railing with her fawn-coloured cable knit tights and death-defying black knit mini skirt that seemed to be hiked up to her

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neck. She didn't have much of a top on under her pale jean jacket and she kept whining non-stop about how cold she was.

Her older date kept rambling on in a consecutive drone about this and that and she kept staring at her hot pink iPhone. Realizing that her 'date' was not about to do anything about the cold, she jumped down from the railing then stormed up the street as fast as her soiled beige Uggs could take her.

By now, all of this had taken on the shape of a soap opera drama and we were eager to find out what was going to happen next. The front doors suddenly open and the man, who was still alone finally, took a seat at the sushi bar.

By the time we got our entree of tempura, the young lady came back, threw her purse on the bar, and demanded he buy her a drink. My dinner partner by this time had caught on to what I had not. The gentleman's date was a bonafied, bought and paid for by the hour, escort. Or, as he suggested, this was an "all-nighter" for the said gentlemen.

Slapping myself silly that I had not caught on sooner, the young lady was now on her fourth glass of sake and sucking them down at the speed of a fine racehorse. Continually on her phone, probably reading the encyclopedia at the rate she was devouring it, her gentleman friend started to choke a bit.

Glancing at the wine list she ordered a drink at the same time he was coughing up a lung. Bored by the seventh drink and the clock had not even struck a half hour, she galloped to the bathroom and slammed the door.

Seeing there were no other patrons in there she could possibly offer a quickie to, we knew she was smoking something that would make

her time go a lot faster. He obviously was not getting his money's worth and she was just on 'idle'.

Strutting out as if she owned the world, she assumed her place at the bar and demanded yet another drink. He on the other hand was struggling to figure out how to use his iPhone. I thought for the money he was paying her, she could have at least included an iPhone instruction session.

Our dinner was over and we regretfully had to leave the restaurant. She leaves with enough shopping money for a few weeks. He, getting the rough end of the deal, has charged more money to his credit card at 19% plus cash withdrawal fees. So I ask myself - why couldn't he have found a nice woman his own age that might have given him a better deal for 80% less money?

Let's face it; we older women would like to think we are still everyone's fantasy but there isn't enough Botox in the world to bolt that fact to the wall. While we wear our comfortable shoes and our levitation bras, there are young ladies out there who don't need anything with Lycra content to hold everything up in place.

But gentlemen, unless you own the Trump Towers, how long are these young felines going to hang around? This is high maintenance stuff we are talking about. It seems as women age, their maintenance levels drop and they become like aged wine; older but more delicious with every sip.

I realize there is a Stanford study that says it's actually good for the survival of the species for older men to chase younger women. But if what I saw on Saturday night was an indication, your side of the species isn't going to be around that long. Good thing that gentleman had taken a photo; memories are always nice as I am sure she was just a Kodak oops... iPhone moment.

