Anniversary Dinner at Denny's

by Matt DeVirgiliis

Maureen slipped her best dress over her head, zipped the back as far as it would go, and closed the remaining gap with a safety pin. “You're just as handsome as the first day we met, Clark,” she said to her husband as he used sink water and a tissue to dull stains in his only black suit; his only suit.

“Those were the days. Weren't they?” he asked.

Maureen nodded and finished getting ready. The room at the Hillside Motel wasn't large, but it would do for a while.

Dressed for celebration, they left the motel complex and walked down the shoulder of Route 9. There was no sidewalk, so Maureen and Clark strode single-file and as close to the curb as possible. Traffic was heavy, but the sun was bright.

A mile down the road, they found Denny's. It was only four in the afternoon so there was no wait and the couple sat right away. “Get whatever you want, darling. Get two dinners if you desire. This is our night,” said Clark.

They ordered dinner and an appetizer.

Full and sluggish, Maureen and Clark lumbered back to the motel and enjoyed the rest of the night.

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/matt-devirgiliis/anniversary-dinner-at-dennys»*
Copyright © 2010 Matt DeVirgiliis. All rights reserved.