

E-Harmony Connection

#54421

by Meg Tuite

We met at the Corrale. The adrenaline was rising with Zefron's hair that puffed like a pastry every time he swept it up with his hand. I ordered Cuervo and a pina colada chaser. I was in an island disaster kind of mood.

He asked hot questions.

He was volatile, vacuous, a smile crumbled around his lips.

"Who would you rail it for, Gumby or Pokey?"

I took a swig of Cuervo.

"Pokey. No question. Got a bad rap. Gumby's everywhere. Just because he's politically green?"

Zefron ordered another Kahlua. Things were plummeting in the right direction.

"If you were a whirling dervish, which way would you twirl?"

"I'd whip myself all the way back beyond infancy." I felt something move down there, where it counts.

"Ever had a Mickey Mouse watch?"

I sighed, nodded. Zefron lifted his arm: vintage.

He grunted crackerjack love my way, flicked his tongue. Time to quit the Corrale.

E-Harmony to the 10th degree.

Green, phallic creatures were plastered all over this fruitcake's lemon Smart car. Zefron threw me up against the vehicle, submerged me in the gorge of his pharynx.

I pried myself away. "Why?"

Zefron's eyes swung both ways. "Opposites attract. Gumby-loving groupies collude, but to crave the likes of Pokey? Exquisite."

We were destined by chemistry and plastic figurines to give it a go. Zefron opened the door to his flaming Gumby mobile. I stuffed myself in, couldn't wait to see what radioactive wallpaper Zefron had glowing in his pad.

