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by XXXX

I have dinner with people. This is what I do. I sit down with them, and we have conversation over food and drink.

That evening, my friend and I were at a McDonalds'. It was late in the evening, and we got together after she sent me a text message she meant to send to someone else.

I got a burger. She got fries.

I said: "How are you?"

She looked up from smearing ketchup on a napkin and said: "I think I found the one."

We spoke of finding the one all the time.

When you are young, you think you find the one, then you find out that there's the one, and then there's the other one, and then between these two there is the handsome one, the athletic one, the smart one, the rich one. Eventually you realize there are many ones. That one, this one...

"What one?" I said. "French one? Sexy one?"

"No," she said. "*The* one."

"*The* one?" I said. I laughed. "Was he standing by an elf in a unicorn forest?"

"He was playing guitar for a band in a bar," she said. "My friend introduced us. I think he's the one."

"You think that for everyone," I said. "Then you realize he's just another one."

We chewed.

"The guitarist one," I said, streaming a hand across the air like a banner.

"He's so handsome and caring," she said. "He makes me feel ok." She sighed and said: "How do we find the one?"

"One by one," I said. "I guess."

"Why does it have to be this way?"

"You're unhappy?" I said. "Welcome to Earth."

We didn't speak until we had to go.

