



"Sex, Alcohol, Politics, and a Puppy"

By

Verlow W. Jr.

Two Young women waited for their order. The café was bubbling with life. Sonia as always, had something to talk about. Everyone did, but she wasn't normal.

She could go on and on, about her job, her car, her boyfriend, her favorite soap, her neighbor, the city, the president, changing from one subject to another without warning.

To be with her, listen to her, pretend to hear her talk, one had to really like her. In fact, love her. And Mariana did. They had been friends since junior high, then college, and then the flower shop, which was doing pretty well financially. So why was Mariana looking so gloom? Was it because of something Sonia had said?

"I know, I know! But I just had to do it. The cats were making too much of a mess, I mean, even after that TV guy visited the house and all, and we did everything he told us to do..., those animals were in league with the devil.

"So I just put them in the car and drove them all the way to the farm and left them there. Dada said I shouldn't have taken them to the city in the first place, so he was happy. Mama not so much. Hey! Are you listening at all? You are quiet today. What's up?"

"I broke up with John..." Mariana said. She didn't sound hurt, or anything. She looked gloom, yet strangely satisfied.

"Oh..." Was all that Sonia managed to say.

Mariana put her hand on Sonia's forehead, to check if her friend was running a fever or something.

"That's it? I have sat here for what? Fifteen minutes? Listening to you talk about your cats, and finally when I say something important, all you can say is 'Oh?'"

She was going to say something more but was interrupted by the waiter bringing in the food. They stared at each other, Sonia slightly embarrassed, Mariana fuming.

"Hey, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to lash out at you like that." Mariana said all of a sudden, sitting back to lean on the chair, crossing her arms.

"It is just that, well, you know, I really thought he was the one. That we were going to get married, have children, grow old together." She lamented, seeing her friend nod in understanding.

"What the hell happened?" Sonia asked, reaching out to hold her hand.

"One day we were making love, trying all these positions from this Kama Sutra book he got us."

"I know! You were glowing all week as if you were radioactive or something." Sonia said.

"Then, he started talking about swingers, and brought home this strange couple for dinner..." Mariana stopped, watching her friend's reaction.

"Were they swingers?" Sonia asked, looking aroused.

"What do you think? Let us just say that I ended up drunk, we all did, and..."

"Noooo! You didn't?" Sonia interrupted her.

"Oh, I did. I did it. It was great actually, but..."

"But?"

"John likes men..."

"Oh!" Sonia sounded shocked, she was dumbfounded actually.

"He is bisexual, according to him." Mariana said. "I love him still, but..."

"But?" Sonia looked completely lost now.

"Him becoming a swinger all of a sudden, then he tells me he is bisexual..."

"Ok. I realize that you are shocked. I mean, who wouldn't be. You've lived with the guy for what? Two years? And one day you discover he is not the man you thought he was. Even I am shocked, I need a drink!"

"Almost four years, actually. It would have been four years today. We were supposed to celebrate our anniversary, and I expected him to propose. Or I would have, I mean, we were practically married!" She was fuming again, noticing that she had spoken too loud. People were staring.

“Ok. So, this is salvageable right? I mean, you love him, he loves you?”

“Yes!” Mariana told her.

“So what is the problem?”

“I can forgive him for keeping secrets from me, but I won’t marry someone who’s decided to vote for Donald Trump! Next thing I know, he is an alien from Mars. No! He had to go! Sorry!”

Sonia stared at her friend for sometime in disbelief. She really had nothing to say. Not to that. Especially because she was voting for Trump too, and had kept it a secret from her friend. In the end, it was all about sex, alcohol and politics.

Realizing that she was starving, she dug in. The salad looked good, tasted even better. But there was something nagging at the back of her head. Something she really had to ask her friend. She wondered if the moment was propitious.

Oh, what the hell? Maybe changing the subject would help!

“Did I tell you that I brought a puppy from the farm? Do you wanna see it? She asked, hopeful for a yes, “You should see how cute it is. It was running around and bla, bla, bla...”

Mariana rolled her eyes and shook her head in disbelief. Then she laughed.

Maybe she was being silly.

Maybe Sonia was right.

She should, would call John.

But first, she would go see Sonia’s puppy...