

Perspective

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The night before their wedding, they explained how they met the old fashioned way.

In a singles bar.

"Hello, Mars," she said

"Hello, Venus," he said.

They both took a sip from their glasses.

"I usually sit at a table back over there, but they all were filled tonight," she said.

"I usually sit at a back table myself, but on the other side of the room." he said.

They both took another sip.

"How old do you think I am?" she said.

"Late 30's, but you're gorgeous. You work at it."

"It's hard work"

"How old do you think I am?" he said.

"Late 40's, but you're strong. You work at it."

"I'm a gym rat."

They both smiled and took another sip.

"I'm insecure about my looks," she said.

"How come?"

"Typical female. Every time I pass a mirror, all I see is gravity at work, thunder thighs, bubble buns, and lily breasts."

"I'm not insecure about my looks," he said.

"How come?"

"Typical male. Every time I pass a mirror, I suck in my gut, flex my arms, and shout, 'I'm still the big dog on the block.'"

They both winced and took another sip.

"I believe in God." she said.

"So do I," he said.

"Every time I think of God," she said, "I'm still in third grade, sweating and shaking outside the principal's office, waiting to be punished."

"Every time I think of God," he said, "I see a lonely kid whose only friends are the ants he keeps as pets, closed inside a glass tank with a heavy top, just enough air to breathe. He likes to watch his ants moving their dirt around."

They both took a final sip and motioned for the bartender.

"Another draft. Bad for my figure," she said.

"Another wine. Good for my heart," he said.

"What's your favorite joke?" she said.



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"A 90 year old man is walking around a lake, when he sees a cute little frog hopping toward him. As he looks down, the frog says, 'I'm really a beautiful woman, and I'll be your woman forever, if you kiss me.'

"The 90 year old man bends over, gently picks up the frog, and stares at it. The frog shouts, 'Didn't you hear me? I'm really a rich woman, and all my millions will be yours forever, if you kiss me.'

"The 90 year old man opens a jacket pocket, tenderly sets the frog down inside it, and resumes walking around the lake. A muffled scream comes from deep within that pocket. 'If you kiss me, I'll be beautiful and rich again, ready to do anything you want, any time you want. Don't you like that idea?'

"'Sure,' says the 90 year old man, 'I like that idea but, at my age, I'm better off with a talking frog.'"

They both chuckled.

"What's your favorite joke?" he said.

"The female version of the frog story. The 90 year old man sees the cute little frog and hopes she really is a beautiful and rich woman under a spell. He keeps kissing the frog, more and more passionately, but he gets no response.

"Finally, he dumps the frog back down on the ground and stomps away. A female voice trails after him: 'I really am a wealthy and gorgeous woman, but I'm not into old guys who have the hots for frogs.'"

They both laughed and turned toward their newly filled glasses.

She downed her draft.

He downed his wine.

"Maybe, this is one time I'll fall off a bar stool and be sober," she said.

"Maybe, this is one time I'll stay on a bar stool and enjoy talking," he said.

They leaned closer to each other and began to whisper.