

.....Janine Fettkratz was sitting in the Hurricane Bar, Key West, Florida, looking unhappily through her dark glasses at her glass of Bluna. Her glasses were so dark that her Bluna looked like coffee, and she was sure her heart looked like that too. She was sad. Suddenly, a man appeared on her right side, and she heard him speak..."A woman who likes Bluna shouldn't look so sad, why my Grandmother drank it every day, and she was the happiest woman in the world. In fact, she ended up marrying a circus acrobat and now owns General Motors.".....Janine turned and gave this man a good look. She noticed that he looked just like Ernest Hemmingway, except a bit uglier. He had an odd smile that seemed to cut right through her sadness and make it blow away like a bad poof of bus exhaust....."Yes", she said, her voice surprising herself with its happy tone, "I always try to drink Bluna when im sad, it reminds me of better days....how kind of you to try to cheer me up, Mister....ah what might your name be?.....He sat down and smiled at her with a warm smile. She noticed that his front teeth were missing. "What happened to your teeth?" she said, wondering what made her say such a thing. "Oh, I lost em in a poker game," he replied, seeminly not at all offended. "I tried to buy em back later from a pawnshop, but I discovered somebody had glued little pink lambs to each of em, so I left em there. You know, lambs on your teeth would make you look like a sissy, dont you think?.....She felt her stomach take a funny little lurch, like when an airplane hits an air pocket. "Of course, no self respecting man should have lambs on his teeth."she wondered what was happening to her, it was almost like another person inside her, a stranger, was furnishing her words. She said, softly:" I wonder if you would consider getting married, to me, I mean?".....she felt like she had just jumped up and yelled "Fuck" in church. she felt frozen with horror.....He looked at her with a gentle look, and then took out a set of lesenbrille, put them on, leaned towards her, and gently kissed her on the tip of her nose....."Yes," he said, "You are the one for me, but, Im not letting us get married untill I eat my fill of Conch Fritters, right now..... And so, they were married years later, after two thousand conch fritters, three ocean trips, partnership in a conch fritterfabrik, eight million laughs, and a partridge in a pear tree. They lived happily ever after, and did not have a single fight.*****liebe, Mr D.