

I loved Saturday's. Especially summer ones. I would sit in a usual spot beside a window, read a newspaper, get my dose of caffeine. Once this guy came in. I'm not sure why he distracted me at first. He didn't particularly stand out. You know, fairly tall, slightly pudgy, I guess. He had this... quiet quality. Wasn't' clumsy, loud... like most men. He ordered his coffee with a small polite voice. Smiles often. A nice smile. He looked at me... I had this flash of nerves. He smiled... I... man... I went to smile back and... my mouth was dry... and... my top lip stuck to my teeth. I gave him this crooked smile. Then of course I licked my lips... not in any seductive way. Must have looked stupid cause I felt stupid. He quickly looked away. I like to think it was because he didn't want to embarrass me, he could've turned to laugh. I guess. But he didn't seem the type. He sat across the shop. Facing me. I don't remember reading the rest of the paper. I constantly snuck glances at him. I held up the paper as if to read it intently... but really was peeking over it... watching him. Damn... I was getting infatuated. For the first time in years. Since... high school. When I met Max. Big, strong, athletic Max. He was on the football team. Thick head of raven hair... I lost my virginity to him... oh... did I say that? Oh my gosh... am I red? I can't imagine where he is now... well... anyway. I watched this man across the shop for a long time. I felt... giddy. Warm. He caught my eye a few times and smiled. I just hid behind the paper. He read the paper too. But didn't hide. He did the crosswords. I like a man who has such patience and quietness. Contrasting... to... John. Loud, rude... often drunk John. Those Saturday mornings were the only reprieve from him as he slept off his Friday binge. John is a good man... do I

believe that? He really was only kind when away from a drink. My gosh what was wrong with me. Why am I defending him? It's my own fault that I stayed with him for so long. I became complacent, stuck, wanted safety at any cost. I... just didn't think... he wasn't... no... he was violent at times. Especially after he was laid off at the plant. No wonder the kids left as soon as they did, moved far away... rarely visited. I had no out... no money of my own... John saw to that. He controlled everything. But... I couldn't take it... I had heard of such stories... on TV. A husband chasing down a wife... to take her back. Battered women. But... I was blinded by... the son of a bitch... he... I didn't it would be me... I didn't think I'd become such a number.