

# THE NEW MAN

## By Elizabeth C. Myers

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### ***Cast: One female***

So I'm dating this new guy. I was out with a friend of mine at the local bookstore, cause. . . ya' know, a Girl's Night Out in Jersey can actually consist of going to the bookstore and sitting on big cushy couches and drinking yummy little java based beverages. FABulous. . . ya' gotta love the new millennium. So anyway, my friend Lisette, this adorably feisty little Cuban lady, elbows me so hard I almost spill my sickly sweet double-fat-free caffeinated delight and says in her best inner city Latino Jersey girl accent "Hey girl, dun look now. . . but choo seem to have somebuddy's big blues on you."

So OF COURSE I look, 'cause there isn't a human female in the WORLD that can be told NOT to look and actually won't. . . and sure enough, there was this guy peeking around the corner of the travel section where I had just been. Funny though, I hadn't even noticed him while I was there the first time. An how I missed that cutie is completely beyond me.

I had found this great book on Tuscany. . . 'cause for some reason, out of the clear blue easy, I now have this unnatural fascination with Italy. Don't really know why. . . I guess it must be the romance, or how old the country is. . . my roommate's best-friend's grandmother is always going on about the OLD country. I suppose I finally got off my duff long enough to want to know exactly how old that place was.

So anyways. . .

Oh yea. . . so I catch his eye and kinda smile at him and then I look back to my book and mumble under my breath to Lisette "Well, now what the heck am I supposed to do?" And LOUDLY, she's all like, "DUH. . . get up and go back and get another freakin' book on Italy. Whateryou, Forest Gump or somethin' all of a sudden?". . .

Nice. Not mortified or anything, because I'm pretty positive that Mr. BookStacks heard the whole thing. And I'm all like "Hey! Excuse me for not knowing the proper decorum for The Drive By Flirting in The Travel Section of the local bookstore!!"

My pout only lasted for about 3 seconds before I was smoothing my skirt and getting up to go back to that travel section where this total stranger

had just been eyeing me up and down. I would actually have to FAKE finding another book on Italy, because, ya' know, I had already READ the one I had picked up and sat down with all of ten loooooong minutes ago, when he had first seen me there. ***(Yeah, that's not obvious or anything.)***

So, of course. I did the standard slow perusal of the shelves and then the shy, "Excuse me" and reached over him for a book. So, A) thank goodness he was by the Italy books and B) good thing he took the cue because it was all I could do to not laugh at how ridiculous the whole thing was. And he almost killed me when he said, "Italy, huh? Thinking about traveling?" But he had this voice that was just deep and smooth as honey, so I was able to squelch the giggle. After a few more slight pleasantries, we got to talking about Italy and ten minutes later he ended up asking me for my phone number. Two days later he called, we met for dinner, and we talked. . . and we like each other. Then we went dancing. . . and we kissed.

Oh, and it was such a good kiss.

Then we started calling each other and are starting to really get to know each other. . . and now what? It's been a few weeks and we have so much fun together and he is probably thinking about nothing but the fact that we do have fun together.

But me? Oh no, no, no. . . there are some women who are genetically cursed with the inability to just enjoy getting to know a new man. And LUCKY-LUCKY me, I'm one of 'em. Once we get to this point in a new relationship, especially when we aren't really sure whether or not it can actually be considered a relationship. . . well, this is where certain female minds start racing! We start thinking, "Okay there, girlie, I like this guy. . . so what's the game plan?" Oh, yes, do not be fooled, dear men, despite our attempt at coy demeanor, we form plans. Elaborate, multi-colored, covering all the walls in our mental apartments kinda plans. Unfortunately, this plan doesn't focus on one or two things. . . our plans center around about a hundred different things at once. Some of us can't just decide to treat the new man right and just "go with the flow" as they say. Some of us can't just decide to be ourselves and be okay with that.

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