

Letter - May 19, 2003

My Lady,

19 May 2003

I'm back to normal now - or something in that direction anyway - the burglary is a thing of the past. However it is still interesting in several ways. There is something to be learned but I'm not sure what it is yet.

It's interesting that the burglars didn't break the window - they not only removed the glass, they put it back. There are nuances of the burglary business that escape me, but the security hole presented by windows does not. The ease with which the bad guys got through the window makes me wonder about the wisdom of locking the doors. Jason, down the street, told me that I should get bars put over my windows - I simply can't stand the idea, it's the bad guys I want behind bars, not me. And I love the windows - I love sitting and looking out - I love leaving them open and letting the breeze blow through - I guess I will just have to live with it.

Jason also told me a story about when he was robbed, he said that he felt violated. I've heard that before but must admit that I don't know what it means. I do know that I felt afraid - not afraid of the burglars, but afraid of me. I could feel the rage bubbling up inside me and feared that I couldn't keep it suppressed. I can live with a missing television but I'm not sure that I could live with some of the thoughts that were trying to surface. I'm proud that I held everything in check - at least my part of civilized behavior continues.

Oddly I don't seem to have much interest in cleaning up the mess. It's not a big mess, just some change and papers knocked off of the dresser - but for some reason I haven't picked it up yet. That's got to be symbolic of something but I can't decide what. No. That's stupid, I'm going to pick that stuff up as soon as I finish this letter.

Not in messes, but I do have an interest - I have a big interest in seeing you. It's getting late, we have to nail down some dates for our Miami trip. I'm flexible but the last part of June would be better. Of course NOW would be good too - I'm excited about this. It's not just a trip - it's a trip to see you - that would get any guy's blood pumping.

I got kissed by a pretty woman the other day - Marlene at the golf course. When I paid for my golf she gave me ten dollars too much change - I pointed it out to her and gave the ten back. As I turned to leave she grabbed me and

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Topic 110 Article 41 PAGE 2 May 19, 2003

planted a big one on me - then whispered something about honest men in my ear. Now of course this made the day of all the guys there (they don't have you and most have fantasies about this girl) - they teased us unmercifully. Marlene tried to explain, but it just wasn't working, she had to leave the room for a while. In spite of the teasing and crude remarks, I felt good. It reaffirmed my idea that there is a place for decency in this world. Nice guys do normally finish last, and their rewards are mostly internal - it really is nice to have one come from somewhere else. (Naturally, just to keep my day in perspective, I missed out on winning "the closest to the hole" pot by six inches.)

Now thinking back I have to wonder at a society where a girl is so overcome by a guy returning something that isn't his that she feels a uncontrollable urge to kiss him. Basically it saddens me - it shouldn't be so - but my dear, you can bet that when I see you there will be a big stack of ten dollar bills in my pocket - just in case it continues to work. I am thinking about you girl.

Love,
Wayne