

SETH

Angie Dickinson

*{aka}
{Wife Beater}*

{A Work Of Fiction}

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WARNING
LANGUAGE
SEX
VIOLENCE
TOBACCO
AND POSSIBLY
DRUG USE

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#S#E#T#H#

Stacey!

Stacey!

I'm glad I caught up with you. Can we talk?

No. Don't go jumping to conclusions. It's not what you think. He never hit me... he didn't have to.

What? No. Sorry. Can we just talk... in my car. I'd appreciate it.

###

Look. No. It's not that.

NO! Just let me talk.

Yes, the bruises are from him. But no, not really. Just let me tell you. OK. I just need someone... to tell. So, just let me tell you.

You know back at the beginning of the semester when we had to go to those groups -- seven groups in seven days?

Yes, I had a swollen lip, then too.

Just let me tell you. I don't need your judgment. Just be a good friend and listen.

It was during that seven groups in seven days. I like the meeting hall down by Sixth. Ever been there?

It's behind the Regency, right downtown. Try it sometime. I like it. It's laid back. Nobody bothers you. They got some pretty good coffee and the doors are always open even if there's not a meeting. And all they ask is that you stay awake and don't show up too drunk.

Yeah, I tried that place, but it was too stuffy. I like the Regency one better. It's where I do all my group work now. But anyhow, this was back at the beginning of the semester and I'm laying low. I'm off to the side, minding my own business, trying

to be invisible. You know about that, right?

Just being invisible. And some guy is going at the podium and it's a nice story... And then, He comes in.

Yeah, the one.

No.

Look, it's not his fault. I did this.

Just let me explain.

His name is Seth. I mean, I didn't know that then. But he told me. Or rather, Helen did. Look, I'm jumping ahead.

He walked in the room and all of a sudden he filled my world. I mean, I couldn't look away. OK. I wasn't looking at him. But you know, I couldn't look away.

Oh, he's good looking, gorgeous. But I'd be lying if I said that was what I saw in that first moment. It was danger. It was my first boyfriend all over again -- the one that broke my ribs.

Paul. He was packing his bags. He was going to leave me. Forever, he said. So, I tried to stop him, get in his way, unpack his bags, show him that I loved him. And he just slapped me... and when I got up... again... and again. I was just laying there balling. And then, when he started kicking me, I didn't have the will to move.

Five ribs, that's how many he broke. It hurt to breathe. I thought I was going to die. And when this Seth character walks in the door I relived it all. I gasped. I started shaking.

He didn't look like Paul. Paul liked his army jacket. Seth was all black and silver. He looked like a rock star. He looked like Satan.

I just wanted to leave. But I couldn't -- not in the middle. So I sat and watched and he smiled and laughed. He circulated the room, doing his high-fives and handshakes. Hello world, I'm here.

Yeah. That's what I thought: a showboat. Half the room loved him, half the room hated him. And me, I just hoped he never got around to noticing me.

But he had, he must have. When it was over, I bee-lined for the exit, and right there behind me was Helen, his girl, his lackey.

Like a yapping dog, she was all, “Hello. Haven’t seen you here before. My names Helen.” And I’m trying to get through, but you know I can’t, she won’t let me...

I wasn’t going to push her over. She was being friendly. It was almost like she was saying: Save Me! Help Me!

Well... so... I was projecting.

I didn’t want her problems. If she decided to date an asshole, that was her problem...

And then, I can remember his grip. She had just said, “Oh, you can’t go,” or something like that. And he just grabbed onto my arm. I about jumped out of my skin. I didn’t need to turn around. I didn’t need to look at him. I knew who it was. And he just agreed with Helen, “You can’t go.” I took it like a command. What was I going to do?

You weren’t there. I was scared, alone...

You’re right. I was the perfect captive to take hostage. He led me back inside and sat down next to me. His hand resting on my leg. It felt like shackles. Ted used to do that. He’d just hold me. Hand around the neck, squeeze my hand till it cut off the circulation. Seth just put his hand on my leg. It was just as effective.

“You’ll like this next one. I always find her talks... very inspirational.”

I don’t need to tell you the details. Some lady was doing her fifth step again, probably for the hundredth time. She’d gone low, whoring, and the string of men, the broken bones, the horror stories. And Seth is whispering in my ear. *That was a mistake. She should have done this. She should have done that.* I could see his point of view.

Say what you want. I could see his point of view. Towards the end when he said, “Can’t blame the guy, I feel like hitting her, myself.” And I did. I just wanted to walk up, take the microphone out of her hands, and slap her.

No. You don’t understand. It was like I could see myself being him, the power, the glory -- just walking over to her and

slapping her down, kicking her sniveling ass, telling her to, “Shut the fuck up, you whiny little bitch.” I could hear them all saying it: Ted, Paul, Kevin. And I could hear my voice joining them. It wasn’t Seth’s. It wasn’t his sitting next to me. He never raised his voice. I had to get out of there.

I went for the doors. He didn’t stop me. His hand just moved away. I can’t remember if it was before or after I moved.

Yeah, maybe I was just doing what he wanted.

Helen had gone to get coffee for him. Oh, and she was like a little rodent. I mean, she was nice, and sweet, and beautiful. Oh my god, she was beautiful. It was like he poured his charm and deceit through her and it just came out as a magical glow. To be his little bitch, it was all she wanted.

He sent her after me. Outside, a block away, she’s running, getting in front of me -- terrified. A half spilled cup of coffee in her hands and she’s like, “You can’t go!” with the “because what will happen to me then” part implied. And I can hear Seth’s boots on the sidewalk behind me catching up. And I knew she was right. I couldn’t go.

He was so cool, though. “My coffee,” he said like that was the only reason he came out, as he took the cup out of Helen’s hands; and then, to me as he wrapped his arm around me like a cage, “You seem shook up. Let me walk you to your car.”

Oh, yeah he was evil. I mean, it was like the Devil himself...

You know, it doesn’t end there. It’s not like that’s it.

He walked me to my car -- nice, gentlemanly. He asked me if I was going to be alright. Offered to drive me home, offered to have Helen drive me home. I mean, it was like he cared. But I was still scared.

Not him, though. “We’re going to go drinking.” And then, shaking his head as if suddenly remembering that he’d just stepped out of an AA meeting, he said, “Dancing. Come with.”

It wasn’t would you like to. It was an order... that he was confident I was going to obey. So, he just walks away, leaving me and Helen to stare at each other for a moment. And then, when it’s

clear I'm not going to do anything or go anywhere... 'cause my mind's gone.

I admit it. I was shaking. Helen said we should exchange numbers and while I'm searching in my bag for something to write on, she grabs my phone, punches in her number, and calls herself.

What could be easier? While I'm still recovering, she's walking away. And before she's even out of sight, walking hard to catch up with Seth, my phone is ringing and I've got a call from: SETH's HELEN.

"I thought about punching in TROY for Helen of Troy, but Seth might get jealous," I could hear her say as she fell into Seth's arms two blocks away. And then, him saying, and then, her saying, "Tuesday. We'll get together Tuesday. Work on your hair."

I knew what she was talking about. Like how I'm dressed now. Ted taught me that one. Beat it into me -- hard. Never look good for another man. Everything that I'd ever learned about lipstick or eye shadow, I'd forgot with Ted. He taught me how to tangle my hair, wrinkle my clothes, wear plaid, and just disappear behind nothing -- until even he forgot there was anything there.

So, she's on the phone, saying "Tuesday."

"I got a class Tuesday."

And she talks it over. I can hear them. And then, she says, "Wednesday?"

And I'm like, "OK."

And she's all, "Great! Girls night out! I'll pick you up at six."

###

It's not about resolve.

Look he never hit me.

He never hit me. Never punched me. Never kicked me, spit on me, degraded me, insulted me, or even raised his voice at me...

Don't you see, he never had too.

###

You hungry? Thirsty?

Nah, me neither.

Roll down the window. You still smoke, right?

###

That first week I saw Helen twice. She came over to my place and went through my stuff, helped me fix my hair, put it in braids, and worked on the make-up.

No. I never wear it to school or work. It's just for Seth... and the clothes. They're... they're for him. I feel good in them. I feel alive. But I only wear them when Seth is around. That's what we did the second time: hit the mall and the secondhand stores. Got some tight jeans, wild lipstick. When Friday night rolled around, I looked good.

We went to the city -- dive bars, head joints, the hippy part of town. It was fun. He was fun. He knew everybody. Everybody knew him. And they were all glad to see him. And just watching Helen be with him was a joy. I must have looked the same way.

Midnight, whatever, we headed back. Helen driving, me and Seth in the back seat. He was going over my outfit from the top down. *Repeat this. Don't do this. Change this. Alter that.* But mostly, he liked it. Helen had done a good job -- except for the shoes.

No, it's not always something.

OK. Maybe it is. I knew it was a set-up. But Helen had told me it would be a set-up. "Just wear the sandals. He's not going to like them anyway," she'd told me. "But I want him to like it," I countered.

What do you want me to say. We'd only met the once. But I knew. I knew he knew. I mean, that's why I knew.

Skip it...

Don't psychoanalyze me.

Please. Just don't. I wanted to dress for him. I wanted him to be pleased. I wanted him to look at me and smile. And he did -- that entire car ride back.

And then, he got to the shoes.

Just let me tell you.

I mean, he was nice. "We need to get you some boots," he said, as he slid the sandals off and caressed my toes, while instructing Helen where to drive. "Right," here. "Left," there. I don't even know if she knew where we were going.

It was somewhere up in the hills. He had her park by a vacant lot and we all got out. "Don't put your shoes on." He didn't like them. Suddenly, I didn't like them.

OK. Bullshit.

You're right. I exaggerated.

Sorry. Can we just move on?

It was late at night: two, three in the morning. But a gorgeous night. The moon was out. A warm gentle breeze was blowing. And the sky was so clear. You could see the city lights, the bridges, everything.

We went down a path. I went slow. My feet hurt. But this was like a test -- barefoot down the path, over broken bottles, in the dark of the night...

Yeah. And your only protector a madman. I agree.

We dropped down a bit. But before the hill gave away completely and turned into a cliff, there was a cyclone fence. He walked me over there, tossed Helen a pack of smokes. And she just stood to the side and watched -- us, the lights, the birds and bats flying by in the night.

If he was a vampire...

Well, it crossed my mind.

Or if he was going to throw me over the edge...

Yeah. You're right. He just wanted to scare me. I was scared; but then, not. It was like I knew he could toss me over the side. But that he wouldn't. We stood there: me in his arms, staring off at the city. And then, after a few cigarettes, Helen came over

and gave him one. We shared it as...

I knew what Helen was doing: the pants, the buckles. And I knew it would be my turn. I wasn't surprised. Pushing against me, pushing against the fence. I remember it all: his breath, his hands, the scent of pine, sycamore, and eucalyptus. He wasn't in a hurry. He never was. He took his time.

And then, after that first part, after an hour or whatever, he turned me around and on my knees I repeated the performance and now all I could smell was him as he filled my senses. I'm not going to say I enjoyed it. It wasn't painful, not at first. But after fifteen, twenty, thirty minutes: my joints ached, my back hurt, and my face...

Kevin broke my jaw. My last boyfriend, one morning before work. I burnt the toast or something, was breathing his air, you know how it is. I was in the kitchen working on breakfast, not fast enough, not good enough, and he just punched me. Broke my jaw. I didn't know what to do.

Eight hours later he came home from work. "What the fuck are you still doing here?" That's when I understood, he didn't expect me to stay. He didn't want me to stay.

I vowed never to let a man hit me again.

I... I... I didn't break that vow.

Seth never hit me. Not once.

I was on my knees, because that's where I wanted to be...

My bloody feet was a penance...

I thought you'd understand. The swollen lip, the bruises, that was me -- loving Seth.

Don't give me that.

Don't judge. Just listen.

It was near dawn when we... not him, when we were through. He sent Helen back up for my shoes. But then, like he had just remembered, he said, "Oh, yeah. But we don't like those shoes." So, he carried me up, drove me home, carried me up the stairs, all the way up to my apartment, and tucked me in...

I guess, I never thought of that. He did probably get himself

a key that way. It doesn't matter. I would have given him one.

He left me all tucked in, blankets to my chin, sunlight streaming through the window, topping it all off with a kiss -- a soft, sweet, and gentle kiss. "Next Friday at Six."

It was all set. He said it. It was law. Thy will be done.

Don't tell me you never felt that way.

I saw Helen a couple of times again. Same old stuff, girl stuff, shopping, talking, giggling. I found it hard to believe she wasn't jealous...

But then, yeah. I'd rub my hands against my face, feel the bruise from where he'd pinched, from where I'd pinched. "Just tell me how hard is too hard." It's a cruel thing.

No, that wasn't the worst. Friday night rolled around and they were late. At 7:30 Helen called and said they'd be there in a few minutes. They didn't show up till ten o'clock.

But his kiss hello, it was worth the wait. And I would have dropped to my knees right then and there if he hadn't stopped me.

"You still need boots. Helen."

And then, she's filling me in on the details, giving me the keys to his car, and handing me an envelope -- taped shut.

"I borrowed a couple of CD's," Seth explained.

"The boots are already paid for," Helen added. "Just make the run."

"We'll wait here."

CDs?

I'll be in denial.

I know it wasn't drugs. It was just a game. They played games. I mean, that whole first month she was wearing this schoolgirl outfit -- like any schoolgirl ever went to school looking like that. But she'd have the algebra book out, pretend to do homework...

She wasn't in high school. She's a dental hygienist. It was a game. She's pretending she's an airline stewardess these days. But I didn't know all this at the time.

I was looking at the package. It could have contained

anything, but looking back... Seth knew the guy. The package probably contained two CDs just like he said... and a couple of hundred dollar bills to cover the boots.

It was just a game... but I didn't know. I mean, it was more than a game. It was a test. I took it. I jumped. If Seth had given me a bag a dope and told me to deliver it, I don't think I would have refused him...

Listen. You don't know him. You haven't met him.

I went to the city, got the boots. Check these out. They are so nice and comfortable.

Those are silver studs... some kind of magic protection thing. I trust Seth. If he says you have to walk on silver studs pounded into the heel of your shoe, then that's what you have to do.

You're right. Sorry. It's what, I have to do.

He even had the guy give me a little silver locket. I'm sure he did. People just do what he says... and the guy gave me this locket...

Small sure. But it's the thought. Helen doesn't know about it...

You're right, she probably does have one of her own.

It doesn't matter. When I came back, they were making out and watching movies on my couch. Seth didn't even acknowledge my presence. He just put up his hand.

Yeah, I'd seen that hand before. So, I shut up. I sat down, close but far, here but there, and he and Helen continued what they were doing -- half undressed watching the movie.

He had me light him a cigarette when it was over. Stood me up looked me over and said, "I can't tell with all that other crap. Just the boots."

And so then, I was naked -- except for the boots.

"A cowboy hat? What do you think, Helen?"

And she's all coy, doesn't want to say the wrong thing, make the wrong response, "I'd like to see it on her first."

So, he takes off his hat and crowns me, "You look good."

And Helen is right there behind him, “She does.”

And I did. I looked good. I looked fine.

He carried me back to my room. Somebody had been in there: a rose on the pillow, the sheets tucked in. And he just lays me down and makes love to me... and I mean love. None of this electricity stuff -- the world just stopped. I couldn't talk. I couldn't think. And his face is filling my world.

He was like god. Only he wasn't like god, he was the Devil. I mean, if the Devil wanted to seduce you, wanted you to sell him your soul, he'd look like Seth did in that minute.

And then, he's off me, standing, and Helen is handing him his hat back. Only as he's putting it back on, he sort of acts indecisive, like a movie star would, taking it off, putting it on, acting like he doesn't know. But he does. “Right. This is your hat now. But you don't mind if I borrow it.”

And Helen is right behind him, echoing the thought, “This is yours now, but you don't mind if I borrow it.” And Seth is just arching his back and reaching for the sky. And Helen isn't in a position to do much talking for a while.

###

Two women... It's not so bad. I'd been there before.

Ted... Ted...

Paid for them I guess. Like I was going to tell him what he could or couldn't do.

I'm out of smokes, do you...

Thanks. I got more at my apartment, we could.

Nobody's there.

You're not going to get shanghaied or ambushed.

Nobody's there.

I'm not...

I was just...

OK.

OK.

Relax. We'll just stay here. I'll bring you a pack next week.
I wouldn't do that to you. I like you.
I'm not into other women. I'm not even into other guys
anymore. I'm into Seth.

###

They stayed with me that second night -- all of us twisted together in my small, tiny, twin-bed. We got up late -- noon or so -- and although I offered to make breakfast, Seth declined. He said, they needed to get home. That we needed to get home.

That was the first time I saw where they lived. It was nothing like what I'd imagined. No posters. No chains. No goth this. No red velvet glow in the dark posters. No nothing, really. It was cheery. It was modern. It was Victorian.

Gram was watching TV when we showed up. Gram was always watching TV. Helen will tell you Gram is her grandmother. But I don't believe it. I don't know how they got to be living with Gram -- probably Seth; and then, Helen. But somehow, they did.

Seth told me my job was to turn off the TV for Gram when we went inside. It was a strange request. But I would have done stranger.

Just listen.

We walk in and Gram is watching TV -- one of her game shows. And I'm trying to figure out how to turn it off. And Seth is saying hello to her, just hugging her and loving her like he was her grandchild or something. And then, Helen does the same thing. And by the time it's my turn, I'm still trying to turn the stupid TV off.

One little thing and I was blowing it. Well, Gram came to my rescue, just hit the button, lickity-split. And then, she's all like, "Who's this?"

"Angie's going to join our party," Seth explained from where he was holding the cat. And let me tell you about Grunge. This cat loves Seth, lives for Seth. We all do. I mean, Gram doesn't care

about anything but her shows and Seth. He's there and she's all ears. He leaves the room and she's searching for the remote. So Seth takes it away from her for the duration.

"How about some tea?" But it's not a question. It never is with Seth.

"I can get it," Gram offers. But Seth won't have it. And he's in the kitchen putting together a tray, while the three of us -- well four with Grunge -- get to know each other. It's a weird mix.

Fifteen minutes later, Seth comes carrying this silver service. Gram has my hands wrapped in knitting yarn. And Helen is playing with Grunge. One big happy family.

And it is.

Really.

I mean, I don't know what Gram gets out of it. Love, I guess. But cats don't lie. Grunge loves Seth, lives for Seth, comes running every time he walks in the door, mourns his passing. It's eerie. It's weird. It's the effect Seth has on everybody.

Fine, I'm not being very discerning or discriminating. I'm just saying. It's not like how you'd... like what I would expect. We just spent the afternoon having tea, talking, laughing, listening to Gram telling stories about her late husband. It was good clean wholesome fun.

And then, Seth flipped on the TV and left the room. Gram went back into her game show world. Grunge curled up into a ball and went to sleep. And Helen took my hand and led me back into the bedroom.

Seth had taken over the master sweet. It's not surprising.

I'm not saying he's a saint.

He stilled scared me.

No, not anymore.

No, I'm not being delusional. Let me just tell you.

We went back. He had Helen draw a bath. And then, he sent the two of us out for a beer. Helen to show me how. But how hard is getting a beer. Still, Gram had to be thanked. Not that she seemed to care.

“Whatever, honey. There’s vodka in the freezer, as well.”
She would have bought Seth dope if he asked her too. I mean, I don’t think he paid rent. He made a list and she bought everything on it: beer, vodka, steak, whatever.

She didn't care about the money... or never seemed to. But you had to be sure to give her a kiss on the cheek with a sweet as molasses, “Thank you, Gram,” or there would be hell to pay.

And then, we’re back in the room and the three of us are taking a bath in this amazing tub. Oh, delightful...

I’m not selling myself.

It’s just a bathtub. But it’s nice.

Look. I won’t tell you about the freaky stuff.

Oh, like you’ve never done anything.

Look, I don’t mean it like that. I’m just saying, sure he pushes me, takes me to the edge, sees what I’m willing to do...

And yeah, the next day I’m doing it...

But I want to.

Look, I want to.

You know, you should appreciate this. We do the communal bath thing this one night, right? And then Seth is sitting on the bed. And I’m sitting in front of him, lying in his arms. And Helen is strutting around, stripping or something. I don’t know, I’m not paying attention to her. I’m in Seth’s arms. And soon, she’s in front of us on the bed, and Seth’s wiggled out between my legs. And she starts to go down...

Look, I’m just trying to...

She stops, right. He slides back...

OK, so you saw it coming. It wasn’t a surprise to me either. But she doesn’t stop what she is doing. And now, it’s my turn... only she’s doing to me, what she was doing to Seth. It’s like she never stopped...

No.

You’re making it pedestrian...

She didn’t stop. She never stopped. She was working on Seth. And Seth was letting her. And I'd just somehow gotten into

the middle of it.

It's not important...

The thing is... I became Seth. Like an extension of him. It was like when that chick at AA was telling her story and I just wanted to slap her. Helen was my bitch.

Oh, yeah. Bitch. It's the right word. I found myself grabbing a handful of hair, steadying her head by holding onto her throat, I could feel Seth reaching through me...

So, I abdicated control. So what? It was spiritual. It was magical. I floated. I was in a cocoon surrounded my Seth and Helen. He told me what to do. I transmitted the desire on to her. And then, she did it, passing his pleasure back through me.

I've never cum like that. Never.

But it didn't change my being scared.

Oh, you know what I mean. Waiting for the other boot to drop. Waiting for the hammer to fall. Did I forget to thank Gram? Was I nice enough to Helen? Am I forgetting to bring something home?

No! He never beat me. He never hit me. He never even yelled at me. But that didn't change things. I mean, my god. Every guy I'd ever gone out with had hit me, beaten me, yelled at me, called me names, and left me brokenhearted and crying.

I was so scared. I mean, it was so good, and not like ordinary good, but so-so good.

I couldn't concentrate. I became a total wreck. That F I got on the midterm, that wasn't Seth's fault. He made me study, sat me down, told me to study, hung out with Gram so the TV wouldn't be blaring. But I couldn't study.

What if I flunked? What if I didn't get an A? All I could think of was his anger. And then, when I knew he wouldn't be angry, just disappointed, that was even worse.

Finally, I couldn't take it anymore. Everything was falling to pieces. I was just waiting for Seth to be mean, to hit me, to throw me out...

I finally confessed my fear to Helen. And of course, she told

him.

He kicked me out. “You want to know what happens? This.” And he just left, closed the door. Oh, I knocked, I opened the door. You know me. Maybe you don’t. I wasn’t going to give up. I ran to his knees and his hand caught my throat.

It was me though. He was just standing there, holding out his hand, and I just ran into it. He’s just holding it and I’m just pressing against it...

No. He wasn’t choking me. He was ignoring me. I didn’t exist. I was like a little kid that you keep from punching you by holding onto it’s head. Only what I wanted to do was hug him and love him...

When I finally collapsed in tears, he simply left. No boot to the groin, no insult, no words. He just left. Helen followed him. And even Grunge left the room. Then it was just Gram and me. And although she looked at me sort of sorry like, there wasn’t that much pity there. “If you’re here in an hour I’m calling the police” was all she said. And then, the TV was blaring, and I was out of her world.

###

You’re being too harsh on him.

It wasn’t his fault.

It wasn’t his fault.

Look, he was just teaching me a lesson.

No, not like that.

How do you talk to a cat?

I know I’m not a cat.

Look, you got to say things in a way that the other will understand. I mean, don’t you understand? Up on the hill, against the fence, that wasn’t for him. That was for me. I like being pushed. If I didn’t like it, would I end up with the kind of bastards I’ve dated my entire life?

Seth isn’t a bastard.

He's not a bastard.

Look, maybe this was a bad idea. I didn't see him for a week... then two. At which point, Helen called and told me to hang in there... as three became four. And then, he was at my door, in my house, and in my arms.

"Seth! Seth!"

"That's what happens. That's the shoe. That's the drop," he explained as he spit back the words I'd used with Helen. "That's the worst. But it only has to happen if you want it to."

"I don't," I assured him. And I would have done anything for him in that moment. Anything.

But what he wanted was for me to move in with him. Sell my shit, get rid of my apartment, and move in with him.

Oh, I'm doing it.

Listen, you don't know.

If you had told me before I'd gone to that meeting long ago that I would have found the love of my life in an ex-con, I never would have believed you.

Yes...

Beating up his ex-wife...

He's changed.

Look, he's changed.

Fine, whatever.

I should have known.

Look, don't you at least want to see for yourself?

I'm not saying that.

You could help me move. Check him out.

Or not. You could tell me how crazy I am. But you got to at least see for yourself first.

Come on. Help me move, as a friend. Besides, I'm going to be getting rid of a lot of stuff...

You could come over Wednesday. I mean, I've got some nice clothes, something might fit. And you can have whatever you want. I don't have much in the way of shoes. But I could work on your hair. We could make it a regular girl's night.

What do you say?
As a personal favor to me?

#####

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2020-09-22

I'm quite pleased and see no need to make any changes. But it's been ten years. And lots of things can fall away in that amount of time.

So, as follows are my original Editing Notes from back in 2009:

Coffee, eager to get more
Black, tattoo, silver banded cowboy hat, silver rings
Freaky love - leave empty
Keep boots on - I'd show you... but
When come back, no vengeance, no revenge

-- *Used to denote conversations*
-- *Please*
-- *I'm just saying*
But not text/narrative transfers

I hope you have enjoyed, Brett