

## Love at the Diner ©

By Connie J. Schlosberg

Over fifteen years ago, I met my husband at Perkins Restaurant after partying with a few girlfriends of mine from work. We walked into Perkins at about two in the morning and asked for seating for three. One of the guys behind us shouted, "Six!" We laughed and agreed to sit with them at the same booth. One guy, who ended up being my husband, sat on a bench with his head in his hands, obviously hung over from a night of drinking. I thought to myself what is wrong with this guy?

Perkins looked empty and dirty. She sat us in the corner over near a window facing the parking lot. My husband wore a dusty pink collared shirt. For some reason, this stands out in my mind. Everyone ordered some type of breakfast meal and I wanted French fries. Lots of them. I always enjoyed salty French fries with ketchup. We talked about the clubs we liked and how we prefer live bands to deejays. My husband said I looked like Charo and I found that to be amusing. My friend Stacey practiced nursing and she went on a tirade about the number of bloody motorcycle accident victims she helped in the emergency room at Lehigh Valley Hospital. My husband told us he had bought tickets to see Jamaican reggae singer, Peter Tosh. I love all different types of music. Our shared interest in music carried the rest of our conversation. We both enthused upon various rock guitarists; each one of us trying to challenge the other with

trivia questions. The bucked-tooth waitress cleaned up our dishes and she smelled like ammonia. We had a good laugh about it.

The two other guys exchanged phone numbers with my friends so I reciprocated with my husband. We walked outside into the dingy dark parking lot. A red Capri car brightened the lot with its metallic sheen. It belonged to my husband. He showed me the orange-red interior which clashed with the fire engine red exterior paint. The inside smelled of cigarettes. We all agreed to meet at a top 40 dance club the following Thursday for some fun. The rest is history.