

Chosen as “free writing” without a prompt:

Who Would Have Thought?

by Stephen Klein

Sometimes, late at night, when he should be sleeping, he lies awake in the dark and looks at her and thinks, “a girl like her with a guy like me... who would have thought?”

When he first saw her he got all flustered and asked her if he could take her photo, and she said yes, and as he looked through his camera he said to himself “she’s the one.”

Instantly he knew that there would be no one but her.

She was 150 miles away in Pennsylvania, but no matter. One day she no longer had to pick him up at the bus station because he had spent \$500 that he didn’t exactly have to buy an old Chevrolet. He pulled up to her house and she came out and said, “You drove that car all the way out here?” Yes, he said and opened the passenger door and bowed and swept his arm to the opening and said, “Entre vous, Madame.” And she slid into her seat and he gently closed her door. Once he was inside and behind the wheel, the setting sun was in her eyes and he suggested that she pull her sun visor down, and she did, and the entire roof liner came down and enveloped her. And still she stayed with him.

Now after almost 30 years, and a lot can happen in almost 30 years, she still stays with him. And sometimes, late at night, when he should be sleeping, he lies awake in the dark and looks at her and thinks, “a girl like her with a guy like me...who would have thought?”