One Night Stand

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One Night Stand

Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"It started out, as many romances do, with but a glance. The eyes hesitate as they fall upon a sight they wish to explore deeper, and certainly for a longer period of time. That's the trouble with a glance, it's so brief. However, it is that fleeting moment that inspires one further. The cover, if you will, being as appealing and attractive as it is, entices one closer from across the store. Time was the torture as I waited for the second edition to the trilogy I began. Much like their love affair—something that ended mysteriously months ago, only leaving the parties involved the knowledge there was more to come."

Cover Page Footnote

This prose is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1989/iss1/15
One Night Stand

By Derrick Van Grol

It started out, as many romances do, with but a glance. The eyes hesitate as they fall upon a sight they wish to explore deeper, and certainly for a longer period of time. That’s the trouble with a glance, it’s so brief. However, it is that fleeting moment that inspires one further. The cover, if you will, being as appealing and attractive as it is, entices one closer from across the store. Time was the torture as I waited for the second edition to the trilogy I began. Much like their love affair—something that ended mysteriously months ago, only leaving the parties involved the knowledge there was more to come.

One approaches the other and greetings are exchanged, the flirting begins. A faint smile finally appears and the eyes grow more intent and interested. Soon they leave the store together to find peace and privacy, to be alone to explore. Anticipation envelopes the car as it accelerates its speed down the dark city streets. She glances in the side view mirror at herself, fixes her hair. He puts the engine in fifth. Finally in an outlying suburb the automobile pulls into a driveway and the engine stops. Quickly the couple enters the house, leaving the door unlocked as they go hurriedly inside.

The pages are opened and the characters revealed to the reader. He offers her a drink that she used to prefer, and she accepts for only that he remembered. The jacket is carefully removed. “Why did you leave me?”; “Why are you back?” The plot is old, I know, but the characters keep me company.

Seduction does not apply when both people are willing, when inner conflict is ignored or distracted. So is the sign of a poor written novel, when the climax is too abrupt for the reader. The jacket is returned politely over the shoulders of the book, and a kiss on the cheek says goodbye. As she watches the car’s taillights fade in her window, I close the book and set it on my single night stand.
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By Derrick Van Gro

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