

Caught Between a Rock and a Hard Place

by Anne Voegle

Karen just had to blow off some steam. It was clear as the nose on her face that Bob's feelings for her had been put on the back burner for too long, and she was fighting mad. She flew the coop, and quick as a flash, made a bee-line for Kathy's house. Her best friend would give her a shoulder to lean on and make her see the bright side of all this. As Karen stomped through the small woods that was off the beaten track, thoughts of Bob, the bee in her bonnet, filled her mind.

"How could he have such a sudden change of heart?" she thought. "I can't make heads or tails of what is running through his head. Why does he feel our relationship is deadlier than a doornail?"

Meanwhile, Bob was close on the heels of Karen. He knew her blood was boiling, but he had to make her see the light. He wanted her to understand that he should bear the brunt of the blame. He had been burning the candle at both ends for too long now, and he just had too many irons in the fire.

"Karen!" Bob yelled. "Hold your horses!"

Karen stopped short, and, pacing like a caged tiger, waited for Bob to catch up.

"Bob," she said, "I'll admit I fell head over heels in love with you. And it cut like a knife when you put me on hold. I was a babe in the woods when I first laid eyes on you, and I waited on you hand and foot. But, a storm had been brewing between us for a long time, and it's time to face the music."

"What went wrong?" Bob asked. "Why couldn't we be like two kids in a candy store? I just had to finally put my foot down, before you got in over your head."

"As much as I hate to say it, you were starting to get my goat, and I'm happy as a lark to be washing my hands of your problems caused by that dog-eat-dog business world of yours," said Karen. "I know you work your fingers to the bone to make ends meet, so it's as clear as the light of day that you don't have time on your hands for me."

Bob was quiet as a mouse. He was dying to tell Karen that now they saw eye to eye, but he couldn't find the right words.

"What's wrong?" asked Karen. "Cat got your tongue?"

"I guess what I want to say," replied Bob, "is that I'm glad we buried the hatchet and can walk down life's road with no skeletons in the closet. Well, see you around."

"Yeah, Bob. Catch you on the rebound."