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# Welcome to the Eighties

*by Brian Stokes*

He met her at the door, with a dozen daisies and a bottle of Asti. "You said that roses make you sneeze, right?" She tossed back her sun-streaked light brown curls to expose her dark brown eyes, a tiny nose that was slightly turned to the left because of the softball that broke it when she was playing catcher for the little league team, and a broad bedimpled passionate-lipped smile. Her head turned slightly sideways, one eyebrow raised. "Congrats! You win \$64,000!" she said with a musical chuckle in her voice.

"Did you decide what flick you want to see?" he drawled as he slipped off his sheepskin and suede jacket and shook off the evening's reminder that fall was becoming winter in a big hurry. "Yeah. I wanna see 'Julia Rapes a Madman' . . . It's a love story."

"Oh, and I bet it's playing at Julia's Home-Style theater, too." She playfully led him off to her bedroom, where she lazily peeled every stitch of his clothing off. He then opened the bottle and poured them both a tall tulip glass of the sweet effervescence. They hooked arms and sipped. "Hey, sweetheart, I got a surprise for ya," she said as she pulled two pair of shiny chrome plated handcuffs out of the dresser drawer. "Oh boy . . . You would have to get kinky on me . . ." "You'll like it. I promise," she whispered as she peeled back the hand-sewn quilt her grandmother made for her when Julia was in junior high school. He slowly and cautiously lay down on the soft mattress, and put his hands over his head up to the bars of the brass. She closed the handcuffs over his wrists and locked the other ends onto the bars. "I'm so lucky to have you . . . Some guys get all the breaks." She fed him a sip of wine and kissed her way down to his firm midsection. He gasped in surprise as her lips had been chilled by the wine, or so he thought. She got up and fished the car keys out of his coat and dashed downstairs to her waiting lover's arms. He sat up as far as he could, his voice frozen as he heard the door slam, and he watched Julia and his ex-wife jump into his slightly worn BMW coupe and disappear into the night. "Welcome to the Eighties," thought Winston.

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