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Literary page

Too Sweet to be True

by Lisa Hart

B ob was a short man. Being a rather composed sort of fellow, he failed to let his lack of stature take him down a peg or two. This was really quite a pity, for it made him all the more susceptible to Alice's spell.

Alice was what one would call daringly attractive. Not one feature could be picked out as being particularly outstanding, and yet when put together with the others... the result was somewhat of a visual oasis. Whenever Bob saw her, he was reminded of a sleek river of velvety chocolate, dark and flowing. This mental image always flustered him, for chocolate was his one weakness and he was hard pressed to control this obsession. Little wonder he was so fond of Alice!

Alas, Bob's object of affection was simply indifferent to him. She whirled by him in a psychedelic frenzy each morning on the way to her desk, and scarcely noticed his presence. He was truly smitten, but she failed to notice how his heart shone red with admiration whenever she drifted by. Determined to change this faulty situation, Bob devised a strategic plan of attack that would ensure her attention being directed towards him.

"Blue Moon Tuesday" began with a packet of blue cheese being delivered to Alice. The enclosed card stated: Alice, your beauty is such as to make the moon turn to blue cheese.

Signed, Confident Next came "Inside Out Wednesday" and a gift of a pair of individual-toes socks. all turned inside out. Again the note exclaimed about her beauty, stating: My heart's turned inside out every time I

look at you.

Signed, Confident

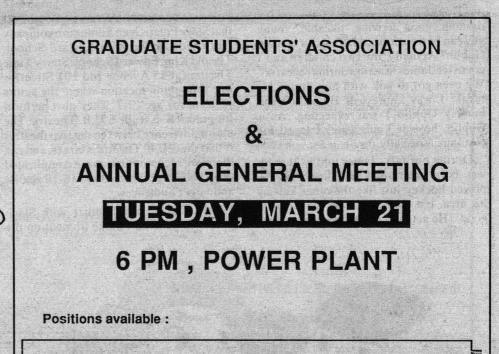
Alice's curiosity was fully piqued by this time and she flew around the office, demanding to know who had started the romantic warfare. Bob let her dangle for a few days before sending her a luscious letter intimating a secret tryst in a secluded

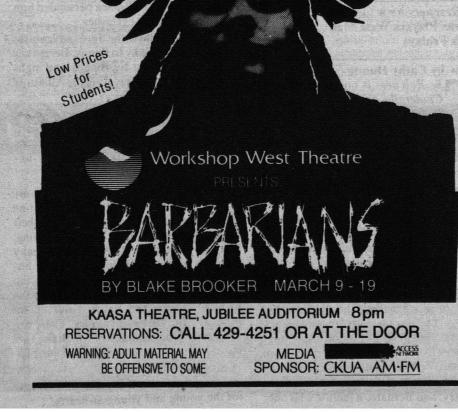
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cabin up North. His offer contained such an implicit challenge that Alice could not bear to refuse.

Bob picked Alice up after work the following week and they drove silently to the cave-like cabin set among the Northern pines. Things were tense at first but conversation soon flowed and both uncoiled from their previous protective stances. The night glided on as Bob and Alice reveled in discovering common interests and goals. It seemed like a match between two goldfish, alright.

Then came the moment when Bob knew he could resist no longer. He had to touch her, just to see if she felt as smooth as she looked. He reached over and looked deeply into the drowning depths of her eyes, then put his hand over hers. A glance at Alice assured him that she was as moved by the





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