

## **THE PARTY**

by Chris Moore

Have you ever been at a party, dance, or at the mall when you saw a certain someone that you definitely wanted to get to know better? But, you didn't know how to approach this person and make the first move? This was the dilemma that my grandmother found herself in years ago when she first laid eyes on my grandfather.

Bill Beaulieu (pronounced bowl-your) was a handsome Frenchman from Quebec. As he strolled into the office where my grandmother worked, all of the women in the room had their eyes on his six-foot something frame, black hair, and dark eyes. He approached my grandmother's desk and asked, "Is Mr. Smith in?" She was very self-conscious as she looked into his eyes. "Yes," she stammered. "Is he expecting you?"

"I believe so," replied Bill.

"May I tell him who is here?" asked my grandmother.

"Yes. Tell him that Bill Beaulieu is here."

Pushing the intercom button my grandmother said, "Mr. Smith, a Mr. Beaulieu is here to meet with you."

"Great!" said the voice on the other line. "Send him in."

"Mr. Beaulieu, Mr. Smith will see you now. Go right through that door," directed my grandmother.

As he made his way to Mr. Smith's office, all eyes followed him. When the door closed behind him, the secretaries started talking about him and how cute he was. They wondered if he was married, etc.

For several days, Bill met with Mr. Smith, coming predictably into the office in the mornings. Grandmother knew that she would have to move quickly if she had any chance at all of meeting this gentleman on a more personal level before the other ladies in the office did. She devised a plan. She was going to invite him to a party that she was going to give. The only twist in the plan was the fact that he would be the only one invited to the party!

The next morning my grandmother made sure that she looked her very best. The door to the office opened and in stepped the handsome Frenchman. He approached her desk and asked the usual, "Is Mr. Smith in?" As she looked into those gorgeous dark

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eyes, her courage melted. She knew that she had to go through with it--It was now or never. Taking a deep breath she said, "Mr. Beaulieu, I was wondering if you would like to come to a party that I am giving on Friday." He looked down at her and smiled. "I would love to," he replied.

They exchanged addresses, telephone numbers, etc., and he then went into Mr. Smith's office. The other ladies in the office were so upset. "That's not fair!" exclaimed one secretary. Grandmother couldn't believe what she had done. She also couldn't believe that he had accepted. She was ecstatic!

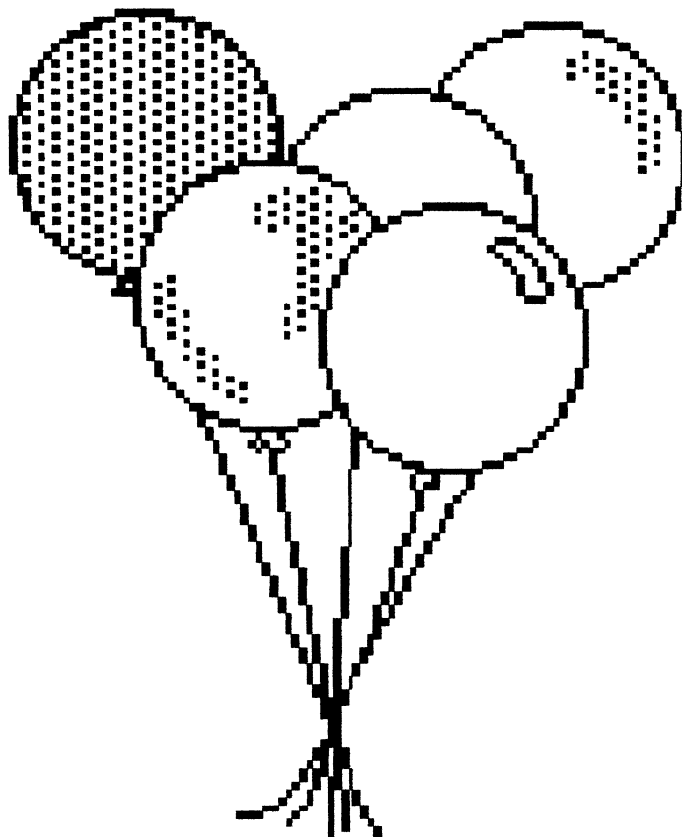
Friday, the big evening came. Bill rang the doorbell. Grandmother opened the door. He stepped inside and noticed that no one was there.

"Am I too early or too late?" he asked.

"Oh!" said grandma, "All of the other guests canceled and I lost your phone number. I have all of this food. Won't you please stay?"

"I would love to!" he replied.

And the rest is history!



### WANT TO BUY A CORVETTE?

Three college girls felt sure their romantic lives had come to a complete standstill--they were not interested in the boys in their social circle as more than friends. Sitting around watching videos one night, Susan spoke up.

"What can we do to meet some interesting guys?" The others suggested dragging State Street, blind dates, or hanging out at the mall. All the ideas met with either, "The kind of guys we would like to meet wouldn't be there," or "That would be too risky," or "All the guys there are Geeks."

"Well then, what are we going to do? Die of old age before we have an interesting date?" volunteered Stephanie. "We need a new approach to meet some guys that are exciting and interested in the things we like."

"What do we like that cool guys like?" asked Kelli. "I want a guy that likes sports, the symphony, and hot cars."

"Good luck, or better still, why not place an add in the personals?" answered Susan.

"Wait a minute! You've given me a great idea!" Kelli cried. "Let's place an advertisement to sell a bright red, loaded Corvette--one with all the options. We'll have lots of guys calling that have good taste in cars, and enough money to afford one--this is a great idea!"

"Aren't you forgetting one minor detail? We don't have a Corvette to sell?" said Susan.

"That doesn't matter," Kelli explained. "We'll take all the calls and invite the guys over to look at it, and when they get here explain that we just sold it a few minutes ago. Then we'll invite them to stay for a soda!" She continued, "That way we can get to know them a little and decide if we'd like to see them again."

The girls did place the ad and as they anticipated, they had many calls on the Corvette. Some of the gentlemen who came to see the car saw through their little plan and were not too amused. Others were more fun loving and the girls made some new friends.

