

## Butterfinger

Daniel paced up and down the living room floor. His mother watched him intently as he wore a trench in the carpet. She was so concerned for him. His first date and he paced like a nervous cat on the showroom floor of a rocking chair furniture store. He did not know the first thing about dating. His mother deliberately kept him isolated from girls. They were evil and fraught with problems. She did not want him to go and yet he was determined to break out of his adolescent captivity.

The hour had come. Daniel pulled his wrangler jeans up high on his waist with determination. He put on his best face but really only had the confidence of a blindman racing at Daytona. He trembled as he grabbed for the door handle of his dad's souped up Mazda 626. So what if the car was the envy of every kid in the neighborhood. That was the last thing Daniel had on his mind.

He pulled up to the corner of the block where Vivian Brown lived. Could it be? Could he really be going out with the hottest babe at Pomona High School? She could have any guy she wanted. How was it she said "yes" to Daniel for a date? What was it that she saw in a skinny little kid they all called "Slim"? It was not his money. It wasn't his upper body strength. It wasn't any intellectual achievement. What was it? He kept asking himself this perplexing question over and over again.

Finally he inched the car down the street to her house. All of a sudden his trembling turned to violent shaking. He could hardly put the car into park. The fear of seeing her up close, face to face drove him insane. What would happen if he stuttered, or, his hands began to sweat, or, he tripped as they headed back to the car? He had to do something; he could not see her in the fever pitch despondent condition in which he had worked himself up to. He grabbed the steering wheel and he slammed his head against it as hard as he could. For a second he blacked out. He felt numb and lightheaded. Ten seconds later he started to come to. His hands had stopped shaking and his heart had stopped pounding. He was calm, cool and collected. He was ready to see the "Viv".

Little did Daniel know that he had temporarily knocked out the whole right side of his brain - the side you need for rationale thinking. The left side had taken over completely - the side that revealed his coolness. He swaggered up to the front door and confidently knocked three times. The door slowly opened only to reveal the most beautiful girl in the world. Daniel gave her a slight smile and said, "What's a beautiful girl like you doing with a beautiful guy like me"? She smiled back and said, "You are such a clever boy".

Daniel put his arm around her waist and they strutted down the walkway. He let her in the car and then skipped around the front of the car to take the controls of the hottest car in Arvada. She was impressed at his gaiety and nimble appendages. Daniel punched the accelerator and her head snapped back against the headrest. He knew what she was thinking; "wow is this guy powerful".

As they approached the theatre Daniel started to become aware of his condition. Every once in a while he realized who he really was and in whose presence he really was. He felt the slightest tremor in his hands. A cold sweat came over him and his heart started to race ever so slowly. What can I do he thought. Should I bang my head again? No, no, I can't do that while she is in the car. What? What? What? Then it dawned on him. He knew exactly what to do.

He drove into the parking stall and put the car into park. Deep in thought of his new plan, he left the keys in the ignition and the car running as he opened his door and jumped out. As he rounded the back of the car he quickly slammed his head against the trunk of the car. The thud was deafening. The car's shocks bottomed out and the Mazda sprang up sharply on the rebound. Daniel was dazed but finally back to the "Mr. Cool" he so desperately needed to be. He walked to her door and calmly opened it. "Daniel, what was that horrible, loud noise?" Daniel just smiled and said, "Not to worry my little croissant. Probably some lousy car backfiring". Then with a chuckle, "They all can't have a car like mine."

She stood up out of the car as Daniel stood his ground just in front of her. Her lips were just inches away from his. He could smell her sweet cologne permeating the air around them as if it was pulling them closer and closer together. Daniel was ready to make the plunge when she came out of her cupid-inspired catatonic trance and to her senses, "Daniel, we had better hurry before the movie starts". Daniel retorted, "Yes, of course". Not thinking (with his right brain) he locked the door and scuttled her off to the front door of the movie house.

One hour later the telephone rings in the home of Christopher and Mavis Stevenson. It was the Westminster Police Department. The Questions started to come as if from an unemotional robot, "Is Mr. or Mrs. Stevenson there"? "Sir, do you own a 1987 White Mazda 626"? "Sir, do you know the whereabouts of your vehicle at this moment"? This was a little unnerving. Our first thought was something bad had happened to Daniel. I blurted out, tears filling my baby blue eyes, "Where's my boy. What terrible thing has happened to him"?

"Sir", came the answer with a hint of laughter, "He is just fine. Your car is parked in the Westminster Mall parking lot with the keys in the ignition, the car running and the doors locked". "Is that all", I screamed, "I can deal with that. We'll take care of it right away". I hung up the telephone and grabbed an extra set of keys for the Mazda. On the way to the parking lot I purchased a Butterfinger at the local convenience store.

We opened the door to the car and turned off the engine. We place the keys under the floor mat and carefully positioned the candy bar on the driver's side seat. We snickered at the sight of the Butterfinger for our absent-minded son.

When the movie was over, Daniel was back to his old self. He tripped as they were walking through the lobby of the theatre. He went to hold her hand. His hand was drenching wet with perspiration. Trying to make conversation, he said, "Gr, gre, great

mov, mov, movie". He stuttered like a cd disk player traveling 50 mph down a mile of railroad ties. This was terrible. This was his worst nightmare. Then he reached for his car keys. They were nowhere to be found! What else could go wrong? This could not be happening to him.

As they reached the car, he noticed that it was unlocked. Then he saw the Butterfinger. At that moment he knew someone had saved him from an even greater humiliation than his right brain going out of whack.

Walking in the front door of the house he saw his ever-faithful mother sitting in the same chair as when he left three hours earlier. Words cannot describe the tender feelings that welled up within his bosom as he realized her incredible concern and love for him. Throwing himself at her legs he wept like a baby. "Oh mother, my mother. Do you have any Tylenol, I have a horrible headache"!