

Romance in a Relatively Small Space

A lovely short story by Critter

"We don't belong together," she said.

Critter took an excessive gulp before he choked on his Clamato con tequila. It was very hot outside where they sat and he suddenly regretted dating a Güera.

"I don't understand," he said. "Is it because I look at other women?"

"Yes."

"Oh," he said.

"You're an incredible lover, it's just that—hey, are you looking at me?"

Critter was not looking at the Güera. Critter was looking at another woman.

"You see, that's exactly what I'm talking about," she said. She crossed her arms. Her legs were crossed. Her foot jingled. She was mad, and her body was mad too.

Critter had just finished looking at the other woman when he said, "What did I do? I was looking at the seagulls on the beach. Holy frijoles, did you think I was looking at that woman? I bet she had some of those obnoxiously huge boobs. Yuck."

"They didn't look that big to me."

"So, you were looking at them too?"

The Güera stood and slapped Critter on the face. Then she grabbed her margarita and threw that on Critter's slapped face. She said, "Why can't you just love the person in front of you," and walked away.

Critter sat there with his wet margarita face looking at the seagulls on the beach. He didn't cry—because real men don't cry—but he thought about it. A waitress came by with a small cloth and began to wipe the table.

"It's none of my business," the waitress said, "But, that lady—whoever she was—she looked very pretty. Are you just gonna let her go?"

Critter stood up. He felt "la passion caliente" pumping in his little Critter heart. He tore off his shirt with one hand and stood there looking like a well-sculpted half-nude statue from ancient Greece. He stuck two fingers into his mouth and whistled. Just then his caballo blanco came galloping on the hot sand.

The waitress stood there with her heart pounding. Critter had just blown her mind.

As he mounted the horse the waitress reminded Critter about the check. Critter nodded and yelled "AGUILA" into the ocean air and an eagle flew down screeching from the clouds and left a stack of money on the table, along with a tip, which consisted of two tickets to a Celine Dion concert and a copy of Titanic 3D on Blu-ray. The waitress fainted.

The hooves of Critter's caballo blanco pounded the sand like thunder, and Critter's long Poty-like hair blew in the wind. Critter was going to get his woman. He was going to get his Güera.

But just then, Critter spotted his Güera with another man. They were kissing like the French—with tongue.

His heart shattered into a million pieces and he suddenly felt like he had swallowed a dyson vacuum and it was doing a most excellent job of sucking up the remains of his shattered love.

He got off the horse and a single tear fell from his eye. He didn't care if anyone saw him crying, besides, his tears were beautiful. They looked like diamonds from heaven.

Critter was tempted to punch this man in his manly bits, but the last time Critter had acted upon his jealousy he had thrown a puppy clear through a man's stomach, and he swore he'd never act upon his jealousy again.

So, instead, he just stood there as the sun began to set and the people on the beach towed off and headed home, and all that was left was Critter and the sandy footprints and the sound of the ocean. And as he stood there he remembered something his father had told him. He'd said:

Critter, love is a single page of words that touch the heart. It will bring your life happiness, but when you've come to the end of that page, all you can do is reread that love once more. You cannot live in that page forever. You must move on to the next—write a new love story.

Critter had not understood a word of this, but he really wished he had thrown a puppy right at the testicles of the man who kissed his Güera.