

Singles Cruise

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I. Marge

I'd assumed that Eleanor, Ellie and I had something special. Yes, I know that to assume is to make an ass of you and me. But our love was different, totally different from my past relationships. Ellie'd even been the one to tell me that. And then, from out of the blue, she'd said she was going on this cruise.

Without me? Didn't she have to have a roommate?

Her name was Naomi. How did she meet this Naomi?

She hadn't met her yet. The cruise organizers arranged for the two to share a cabin. You said, she seems nice.

How do you know she seems nice? You spoke to her. You've been planning this for some time.

I can come, too. Not a good idea, you said. You wanted to meet other people. Just for a change, nothing serious.

But it was supposed to be you and I forever. We were even going to go to Rhode Island and get married there.

Not Rhode Island, Connecticut. What difference does it make?

You said you didn't want to argue. You never wanted to argue. We'd never had to argue before. Before you met this Naomi.

You haven't met Naomi. But you expect to meet all sorts of different people on this cruise. A singles cruise.

You changed your mind. You think I should go. Not necessarily on this cruise, but on some other one. I should get out and meet people, not just sit at home and feel sorry for myself.

But wasn't that what we both just wanted to do, sit at home and be together!