

Love in the Time of
Gravity

Pamela was laying on her back on a bench. "What are you doing?" asked Edgar.

"I am laying on my back on this bench," Pamela said.

"Oh," said Edgar. "Why are you doing that?"

"Because it creates the illusion," Pamela explained, "that I am very thin. As long as I lay on my back on this bench, gravity and I are very good friends. That is why I do not get up."

Edgar thought this over and, finally grasping the gravity of the situation, laid down on his back on a patch of grass beside the bench.

"I am suddenly very attractive," Edgar exclaimed. "This is fantastic," he added. Secretly he thought, "If I lay here long enough perhaps I will get married."

"I would love to see you but I cannot get up," Pamela said. "I am stuck on this bench. But perhaps you could send a picture to my mobile device?"

"Yes, of course." Edgar sept* into action and Pamela was soon ogling his photo on the very small screen of her cellular telephone.

"Oh Edgar, if only I could stand I would take you to dinner."

"Stand! Stand! I am stuck here on the grass."

"Oh, Edgar, what are you doing?" The very small picture was now caressing Pamela's neck and occasionally grazing her chest while she giggled as if unsure of the situation.

"Get up! I'm just here!"

"Oh, Edgar," she moaned, pulling the very small photo to her mouth. "What has come over us?"

"I'm down here!" Edgar began dialling her number to demand attention. "Here!"

"Oh my," Pamela gasped, the photo suddenly acting of its own accord. "Who put you on vibrate?"

This situation continued until the photo inexplicably turned off without hope for revival. Pamela, frustrated, continued laying on the bench but pouted silently, aggressively avoiding conversation with her now-defunct lover. Edgar, still laying in the grass and realizing his hopes of passionate embrace had faded with the light of Pamela's cell phone, continued refusing to stand and began rolling home.

*Sept (v.): Leaping while remaining seated, as in "I sept into action."