

Blind Date

by Michelle Dane

Mica reached out toward the door and located the ornate doorknocker, touching its bumps and bulges of cold steel. The handle was shaped like the mane of a lion so she knew, by touch alone, she had found it. She had not been to visit her friend Ginny for many months and was glad to have been invited. Knocking twice, she waited for an answer while loud music penetrated the door from inside. It sounded like Mozart but Mica couldn't be sure until the door was opened. The sounds washed over her as Ginny yelled, "Hey there, Mica," above the music.

"Hey to you, Ginny!" she yelled back. "How can you handle that so loud?"

Reaching out for Mica, Ginny guided her through the door. "If you give me your coat, I'll hang it up. Music down, half volume!" Ginny yelled at the sensor on the wall. Taking Mica's coat, she searched for the hand of the statue that doubled as a coat rack. She found its head and moved her hand down first to the shoulder and then to the hand where she hung the coat. "It helps me concentrate on my schoolwork, believe it or not... Come on into the kitchen and we can get a snack and start studying for that mid term in ethics." Ginny guided Mica into the kitchen and showed her to a chair asking, "What would you like to drink?" as she walked toward the refrigerator.

"A Coke would be fine, Ginny."

Blind Date
Michelle Weisblat-Dane

Ginny opened the refrigerator and felt around for a bottle. She felt the label on the bottle to make sure it was a Coke; she remembered that Mica despised Pepsi. Walking over to the wall, she grabbed the dolphin-shaped bottle opener. The tail stuck out far enough to wedge against the soda's top and then "pop" it open. She then repeated the "pop" process for herself and placed the Cokes on the table, putting one in front of Mica.

She turned around to the counter behind her and felt for the bowl of popcorn she had made earlier. The bowl was also fish shaped; the tail and head were the handles. Ginny placed the bowl in the middle of the table as Mica pulled out her thick schoolbooks and set them between them. Mica felt the fronts of the leather-bound books, searching for her ethics book. The first one she found had a 3-D raised image of a near naked woman holding a scale. She knew that was her law book; the one with a globe was geography.

"Here it is!" she exclaimed as she found the book with a cross. She opened it and ran her fingers across the dots, reading aloud until Ginny found hers. They continued reading, taking turns back and forth, discussing each issue.

The clock sounded out "4 o'clock".

"Oh, how late it's gotten. I guess we got enough studying done," said Ginny as she closed her book. "How would you like to go out to Clovers with me tonight? I've got a date for you."

Blind Date
Michelle Weisblat-Dane

“I don’t know.” Mica hesitated while putting her books away in her backpack. “Sure, why not? I need to go home and change, though. I’ll take an autocab and meet you out front.” Ginny showed Mica to the front door, got her coat and handed it to her.

“See you there,” Ginny said as Mica walked down the walkway and headed toward home.

Dressed in tight leather pants and sequined shirt, Mica got into the autocab waiting for her at the curb. “To Clovers,” she said to the vehicle, which pulled away and entered the traffic lanes. A short time later, the autocab pulled up in front of the nightclub and Mica got out. The smell of clover that circulated through the air purifiers, and gave the place its name, wafted from the entrance. “Ginny,” Mica yelled repeatedly. Ginny heard Mica yelling and grabbed John’s arm; John grabbed Ralph’s arm as Ginny pulled them towards Mica’s voice. They yelled back and forth until they finally found each other.

“Hi, Mica, this is John, my boyfriend,” she said placing John’s hand on Ginny’s shoulder. Ginny reached out for John’s shoulder.

“This is Ralph, my room mate,” John said as he removed his hand from Mica’s shoulder and replaced it with Ralph’s. Ralph touched Ginny’s shoulder, feeling the thin lace material with the studded sequins. It felt interesting. They exchanged pleasantries and

Blind Date
Michelle Weisblat-Dane

moved towards the entrance to Clovers. It was easy to find; they just had to follow the sound of the heavy bass beat that almost rattled their bones.

The volume of the music inside was so great it assaulted them. They had to talk to each other with their mouths almost pressed against each other's ear. The maitre d' helped them find a booth. The booth, with the table in the middle, was shaped like a teacup, much like the ride with the same name at Disneyland. Mica felt for the plastic stand containing the menu of drinks and appetizers. It was in the middle of the table at Clovers, and was shaped like a bulldog. They chatted and ordered a mixture of items. Ralph asked Mica if she would like to dance.

She yelled a yes, and suddenly found herself bumping her way to and onto the dance floor with Ralph's hand holding hers. They bumped and squeezed against each other and others as they moved to the fast-paced music. After about 20 minutes, Mica had had enough and led Ralph back to their table. Ginny and John were still on the dance floor. Ralph sat close to Mica so he could hear her. Their appetizer platter was already waiting for them on the table. The dish was shaped like an elephant with the dipping sauce at the end of the trunk. The smell of food, mixed with the smell of cigarettes and clover, weighed heavily, almost noxiously, in the air.

"May I touch your face?" asked Ralph. His curiosity as to her looks was killing him, so even though it wasn't polite to ask someone something so personal so soon, he did anyway. She leaned toward him, indicating her assent. Touching Mica, Ralph found her

Blind Date
Michelle Weisblat-Dane

face to be smooth and round, with a little ridge of cheekbone just under her eyes, and a small nose with just the slightest slope. Her eyes were set close together, and slightly slanted. Mica was still hesitant to touch his face. She didn't want to seem too friendly or eager, so it was a welcome interruption when Ginny and John returned to the table.

Mica reached for an appetizer and dipped it in the sauce. "That sauce is hot," yelled Mica, waving her hand in front of her mouth. She reached for her drink and knocked it over. The soda spilled all over Ralph's lap and he jumped up and back, almost going over the back of the booth. Ginny yelled for the waiter. Mica grabbed her napkin and tried to mop up the table and keep any more soda from dripping onto Ralph or the floor. She resisted the temptation to try to dry Ralph off. Ralph excused himself to the restroom.

By the time Ralph got back, the waiter had cleaned the table and replaced Mica's drink. "I'm so sorry," Mica apologized. The 4 of them sat talking for some time. Mica suddenly realized how late it had gotten. "I need to get going. I have mid-terms this week that I must study for if I'm to get any kind of a good grade," she said. She exchanged numbers with John putting his in her wrist-comp for easy retrieval. Excusing herself from the table, she used her wrist-comp to call for an autocab to meet her out front.

On her way home, Mica thought to herself about the wonderful evening she had had. Finding Ralph's number in her wrist-comp, she thought of calling him, but decided against it. Considering the mess she had made, she sat back and wondered if he would ever call her.