

Except

Taking Applications ~ Adventures in Internet Dating

A novel by Lyn Noble

Winky-Blinky...

On date night, I did my best impersonation of a “grown, halfway cute, I’m going on a date” woman. I hid my nervousness since this guy seemed to be a good candidate on paper for “the one.” I was hoping and praying that he looked like his profile pictures and that he was actually 6’2” as he claimed to be. Being 5’10” in flats made this an important issue for me.

Ah, there he is. Tall, looks like his picture... cool! We gave each other a warm embrace and as we parted he winked at me. I blushed a little and thought, He likes what he sees. He took my hand. We entered the restaurant and were immediately seated. I was a little disappointed that he chose to sit across from me rather than next to me but... well, let me not get ahead of myself. Winky-Blinky sat down, smiled at me and winked again. Now I’m blushing ‘cause he must be feeling me. I smiled back and immediately looked down at the enormously large menu the waitress handed me. As I perused the menu and discussed the choices with my flirtatious male companion, he winked at me each time I looked up at him. I thought to myself, He’s trying to get the ‘cookie’ tonight. I smiled back thinking, That’s not happening on my watch... well, not tonight!

We continued to get to know each other and he continued to wink at me. Each time he winked, I felt shy and looked down. The waitress brought our meals. About two or three bites into the meal when we’re both chewing, I looked at him and noticed him wink. This time it was a little different because I didn’t look away. Then he winked again, and again, and yet again. There it was again. What’s going on?

