



### Entry 3: Old Songs

*Old song, old dance, it all means something more now that the time is right.*

I dropped by her folk's place this afternoon to pick her up for a night out. It was too much like old times, with a lot of effort put into making it like old times, but something was definitely different now. On walking through the door I got a group hug. Her mom had freshly baked our favorite pastry and was conscientious about making sure we got off to our date on time. Her Dad insisted on a game of catch, but was getting rather stiff when it came to catching my still pathetic throws. What was really different, was how he went out of his way to call me son. I was asked a whole lot of questions about the art business, a lot less about what kind of artwork I actually did. He didn't seem worried about Kitty and I getting into trouble anymore, nor how late we came back. I got the feeling, if he could've, he would have handed his daughter over to me naked and said enjoy.

Kitty held my hand through it all, save the game of catch - during which she stood in front of the picture window, behind her dad, ready to play shortstop. After a bunch of advice on what to visit while in town and a long series of "have funs," Kitty and I headed to my rental car. She went out of her way to make sure she picked up an iPod and an audio cable as we left the foyer.

"Let's go to Greeley's," she said, pointing across town.

"The karaoke bar place?" I asked.

"Hey, I need to know its really you."

Needless to say, I knew what was in store, and I started to reminisce over our old routines from drama club and choir. What one of the old songs was it going to be? There were so many, and I had

Kit and Kitty in Love – Intimate Life Flash Fiction Series by W.C. Fielstra

not sung any of them since high school, they only brought back memories of my lost love - but since last night, that was OK again.

It was early and the place was far from full. The stage area was empty and the mic available. Most of the guests were just settling into happy hour. We asked if we could use the stage, the bartender nodded, and said the input instructions sheet was pasted on the back of the left side speaker.

He asked if we were any good. Kitty said we won the high school talent show twelve years ago. With that, the bartender seemed a little relieved we would not drive off too many customers. He flipped on a light switch as Kitty and I mounted the stage. Looking over the instructions, she took out her iPod and began to flip through her collection.

I only knew what song we won the competition with, over a decade ago. I had been trying to run the lyrics and the steps through my head on the drive over. As she plugged in the iPod, I asked if she could at last tell me what I was expected to sing.

“You know very well, we did it perfect twelve years ago and now you have to sing the whole routine starting on the second the refrain - just like we did it then.”

She turned up the volume, tapped on the mic, and said “Testing, one, two, three. Hey everyone, welcome! My boyfriend and I just wanted drop by to do an old show tune from *Top Hat* for you all.”

It was the first time she ever called me her boyfriend in public, it had always been “friend” with a hesitant “boy” qualifier. The change in rank drowned my emotions like an ant before a bursting dam, this, combined with my building stage fright, sent a rush of adrenaline through me. I recalled, in detail, a dance routine we did a over a decade earlier, when we were juniors, performing before a board crowd of parents and siblings, in the high school auditorium.

Kitty hit play on the iPod and, when the down beat came, she sang, “Heaven,” in a rich and piercing soprano. She wasn’t a girl anymore. Two notes followed, and I recalled our whole Irving Berlin based duet as she sang, “I’m in heaven, and my heart beat so that I can hardly speak, as I seem to find the happiness I seek, as we’re off together dancing cheek to cheek.”

Kitty and I loved the old songs, the timeless stuff from a century ago. She grabbed up my arm, and I took up position before her, leaving her other hand free for holding the mic.

We began the half steps, she following Ginger. I took my lead direct from Fred’s inspiration, but our routine was a full duet we worked up for singing together - the emphasis on together. We didn’t need to worry about working between fixed cameras. She sang on while I opened and closed our stance.

I picked up the mic on the second refrain and my voice brought forth a deep, “Heaven, I’m in Heaven,” even I could tell I wasn’t a boy anymore. I did the whole second refrain and looked out at the

Kit and Kitty in Love – Intimate Life Flash Fiction Series by W.C. Fielstra

crowd as I spun Kitty below my arm. It wasn't much of a crowd, but we had 'em already.

We split the mic for the climbing mountains and fishing in a creek parts, then stood back looking into each others eyes, our inside hands raised to the curtain, the outside low to the audience with the shared mic.

Kitty then took up, "Dance with me, I want my arms about you,"

I took her up in my arms and half twirled her about me, then, wary of the heavy audio cord wrapping about us, took to unwinding us in the opposite direction. I returned to join with her on the last refrain, "and our heart beats so that we can hardly speak, and we seem to find the happiness we seek, when we're out together dancing cheek to cheek."

We left the mic on a speaker and danced the repeat like Fred and Ginger. The music faded and the little crowd gathered around broke into applause. Next up, came *Moonlight Serenade*, by the Glen Miller Band.

We looked at each other and came in close for a slow foxtrot. She put her head on my shoulder, "It is you, it is really you after all this time, but this time all grown up. This time I'm not dreaming again. I swear, I've lived this dream a thousand times since I said goodbye. It's like being unstuck in time, sometimes you're in a tux, I in a gown. The next dream, and we're both in uniform. What are you?"

"I'm Kit."

"Yeah, your Kit. You're so Kit," she sighed. "You did something to me, gave me something I could never cast away." She shook her head, "I admit it, I tried so hard to forget you, but it never worked. Every guy I met wasn't you. I couldn't stop remembering you, college was coming and there had to be something more to life than just you." She dropped her shoulders and her eyes widened as she continued, "Then, I slowly came to realize that wasn't true, you were everything, you were nothing less than me." She paused for a while as we danced, placing her head on my shoulder once more, "After I sent you away, all I did was miss you. All I came to want was skinny, awkward, tender, and sentimental you." She then stepped back and looked me over once more, "I come back and look what happened! I get the awkward, sentimental, and loving parts wish list, but you've turned into a hunk as a bonus! What did you do in college, join every team?"

"Just the sailing team - they had us push a lot of weights."

Another couple joined us on the stage and began to sway to the sound of the old orchestra.

I took a deep breath and tried to say, "Kitty, I never stopped...." I choked up with a bad memory, "Ah, I never stopped lov...."

Kit and Kitty in Love – Intimate Life Flash Fiction Series by W.C. Fielstra

“Hey, it’s OK, you can say it now. Now it’s all I want to hear, I won’t run away anymore.” She stepped back from our embrace, dropped her head, smirked, and shrugged, “Now, I’ll only run after you.”

I bucked up my courage and said the four letter word I couldn’t before. “I love you Kitty, I never stopped loving you..... there hasn’t been anyone else. Honest, no one else wanted anything to do with me, it hurt so much for so long, but something about that makes me so glad now. This isn’t a dream is it?”

“No it’s real, and I love you too, and I don’t think I was ever able to stop. You’re Kit, but all grown up. I am Kitty, and as of last night, I feel all grown up too. It’s like something that was supposed to be but couldn’t is at last coming to be.”

“How did this happen? Its not like we had a traditional round of meeting, dating, getting to know each other’s quirks, we just kind of grew into each other.”

“Maybe it’s the way its supposed to be naturally. We grew up together and became part of one another, its not really separable, where you begin and I end, and *vice versa*.”

“Some sort of a weird melding, why you always know what I’m thinking,” I observed.

When we’re together, I often feel like we don’t have to talk. I know, at this moment, all you can think is, “I love this girl and where did she get this compilation of our old sappy songs.”

“Yeah right, you made it just for this possibility, didn’t you?”

“I started to bring the old collection together a few months ago on the chance we’d hit it off again yesterday. I just felt it was destined to happen.”

The iPod churned out one sentimental old love song after another as we danced. More couples came onto the dance floor and began to shuffle about with one another. At the other end of the hall, the bartender looked miffed at the growing crowd on the floor, none of whom seemed interested in drinks.

“Yeah, we just grew into one another, I guess that was why it was so scary back then,” she said with a shudder.

“Most couples meet and have to somehow merge after they’ve grown. They remember dates, outings, embarrassing moments, can you remember the order of everything we did growing up together?” I asked.

“No, it’s like a string of things I can’t separate in time anymore. It’s like it all came in some deluge and there it was in the end, us, and I threw it all away wanting to find out if there was something more, only to find it was really all I ever wanted - for the first time in my life I got scared and nearly

finished us.”

“Darling - I can call you that now, right?”

“It’s what I would like you to call me now,” she replied.

Its like we know where this thing came from and where its going - fast, but I want to remember, really experience it, maybe we need to linger and enjoy the feeling.

“You mean like date? How do we do that when I know what and how you think?” she paused. “But, we don’t know everything we’ve experienced apart.”

“Maybe we don’t want to know all that,” I added. “I imagine, in time, we will know anyway and, really, it doesn’t matter, nothing in ten years of loneliness has got me to stop wanting you. I’ve dreamt about a hundred things I’ve wanted to do with you, thousands of big and little moments I wanted to share with no one else but you.”

“It’s like picking up where we left off, both now knowing and wanting where this thing between us should have headed years ago.”

“Yeah,” I sighed contentedly. “Kitty, I want us to make some real memories, not just to remember my dreams of you, my pining for you over the last decade, to have some time with you as the real boyfriend-girlfriend we always needed to be.”

“What do we do?”

We paused and looked deep into each others eyes.

“Your thinking what I’m thinking aren’t you?” I asked.

“Of course,” she said.

“Oh god, it’s going to be really hard to keep our hands off each other.” I returned.

“Don’t worry about the hands!” she chuckled. She stopped and the expression on her face surrendered to impulse. Then she kissed me! We kissed then and there, her tongue working into my mouth and meeting mine for the first time. Our waltzing embrace was soon turning into foreplay as we both remembered where we were.

“Oh my, this is going to be so hard!” she exclaimed, bowing her chin and planting her head deep into my shoulder, a little surprised by herself.

“Uh yeah, exactly,” I said, panting with an embarrassed tone.

She looked down - “Oh my that was way too literal!” she gasped and giggled.

Kit and Kitty in Love – Intimate Life Flash Fiction Series by W.C. Fielstra

"Um, let's dance real close a little while longer and maybe change the subject so we can get out of here with a little shred of modesty intact. So, for the memories, nice and easy?"

She groaned, "Oh OK! Your on, I've waited this long! Let's slow down and visit all the stops. You really are my sentimental Kit! I come here dreaming about picking up right where I left off with the love of my life and you ask to go slow after ten lost years! All the other foxes I've been with would have wanted is to drive me to a hotel and slip me between the sheets!"

"I guess that's what I regretted most about the day you left, but I honestly don't care, I just want you for all the tomorrows."

"Why did that impulsive little girl ever leave you?" A tear welled in her eye.

"Hey now, I don't want to know. We have a pact?"

"Yeah, but for only as long as the other can take it - and that might not be too long," she added.

"You're on - only a while, we're going to have to do some major sorting in the coming months."

"Should I come to New York or do you want to come to Santa Monica?" she asked.

"Let's feel that one out, but I sure miss the West. Say, how many sappy songs are on that iPod of yours?"

"It could go the rest of the night. So you say we need to - date?"

"Yeah," I said.

"How do we do that? I mean, most of a date is not knowing the outcome. With us, it's like all the stress of the unknown is suddenly gone, all the judgement past. It's like play dating."

"Exactly, that'll be the fun part. What do people do on dates now anyway?" I asked. "Do they even go out to dinner anymore?"

"Sounds pathetically old fashioned, cliché, and classic enough to start," she replied.

"How about we try to do it right, one of those black tie and gown places with soft light, a table for two, and a *maitre d'* in a white tux?" I asked.

"How about the club out by the golf course, it used to be formal night there," she said.

"Only problem is, I don't have a tux."

"My formal gowns are back in my apartment in Santa Monica. Hey! Some of the shops are still open, let's grab something impulsive off the rack and dress to go."

Kit and Kitty in Love – Intimate Life Flash Fiction Series by W.C. Fielstra

“You could wear what you wore last night?”

“Last night!” she gasped, “Two nights in a row!”

“I’m sorry, I lost my head, we’ll go dress shopping, it’ll be fun. What do we do about this crowd and your iPod?”

“Leave it, there's plenty on it to dance to and how could we break this up this scene?”

The floor was becoming dotted with more swaying couples as another love song queued up from her collection.

“Maybe we can ask the bartender to keep it and come back by to get it later,” I suggested.

We made arrangements. The bartender was miffed at his drop in tips, but the kitchen was clipping along at capacity and he couldn't complain. I left a couple of twenties on the bar and all seemed to be well.