

Cerberus

By: Arthur Kunst

Part 1: The Fool

She was the woman of my dreams, or so I thought. I don't remember exactly ~~where we first met~~ how our first meeting went about, but she always tells me ~~about the time I~~ how I made a fool of myself in the classroom (that day). It was the first day of high school, I believe, and I ~~looked at~~ stared into her beautiful ~~blue~~ azure eyes, which reminded me of the sea surrounding the island of Capri.

Every day, I would walk into the room and hope to see her in her assigned seat. Sick days were always the worst for me. I'm such a (hopeless) romantic, but what can I do? She would sit there, with her long brunette hair and casual clothes. (She was unlike any other canine I have met at this school, or anywhere else.) I could feel a ~~concert~~ rock concert go off in my stomach every time I thought of her. (Even her smell throws me into a tizzy.)

At this point, you're probably asking, "Why not talk to her if you have such strong feelings for her (dummy)?"

Well, the answer ~~to that~~ is that I don't really know. I feel so nervous approaching her, streaming multiple thoughts of all the possibilities that could lead to disaster. No matter what approach I thought up, the ending would end in heartbreak. As a result, I have taken the safest ~~approach by~~ technique by not talking to her at all. Does that make sense? I guess not.

Wait, why am I telling you all this? You want to know how we got together, right? Well, it took some persuasion from a Rottweiler I knew, but he eventually hooked me up with her on a date to a local diner.

It was 6:00 PM and I could feel the nerves shake my body ~~like~~ as if an earthquake had hit this town. Anyway, where was I? Oh yes, the story. I felt a combination of both anxiety and arousal, either of which ~~stems~~ stemmed from thoughts I had regarding how the whole night will go down. Then, a soft ~~hand~~ paw touches my shoulder.

"Are you Eric?" she asks.

I nod my head, unable to respond. Oh great, I'm already fucking this up. What chance do I have with her after this now? I may as well piss my pants and run away, since I have already embarrassed myself in front of her.

"My name is Joan", she says with a soft voice.

I extend my clammy ~~hands~~ paw towards her, which shake along with my body, and she grasps it with strength. ~~"My name~~ I am Eric."

"It's nice to meet you Eric", she replies. "Want to go inside and grab a bite to eat? I could go for a nice, juicy steak."

"Sure thing", I oblige.

~~We~~I open the doors for her, as a true gentledog I suppose, while I try ~~suppressing~~ to suppress wagging my tail. I look around the diner. Tick tock, the clock states 6:05 PM. My belly rumbles in hunger. I could go for a steak, too. Wait, this isn't just an ordinary dinner. This is a date with the girl of my dreams *tick tock* the clock continues.

We sit down at a booth near the back, where I can smell the perfume emanating from her beautiful body. It smells of roses, like a garden I visited not too long ago. It was so beautiful, with ~~sunshine~~ the sun shining onto the plants, bringing out the greenery. I still remember eatin the grass when I felt sick, which helped me vomit it out. Wait, pleasant thoughts. Oh yes, the sprinklers turning on where I jumped around trying to catch the water drops drip drop falling onto the garden like a rain storm.

"Are you okay?" she asks.

"Yeah", I murmur, unable to ~~give~~ tell her my thoughts ~~when~~ after smelling her scent. "I think I'll grab water instead of pop. What do you think?"

"Does it matter?" she replies with a giggle. "Get whatever you feel like."

I'm screwing up again. What was I thinking? My stomach is growling like an angry dog, which may either be due to my growing appetite or my constant mistakes. Regardless, I should carry on as if nothing has happened.

"What will you two be having?" asks the waitress, a German Shepherd with a tag that says 'Margaret' (on her collar).

"I'll have the ~~New York steak~~ steak with fries and a ~~pop~~ glass of water please", states Joan.

"And how bout you honey?" queries the ~~waiter~~ waitress.

"I'll have what she's having", I answer.

She takes out menus and walks away towards the cashier. Tick tock the clock is now at 6:15 PM. Has it only been 10 minutes since we sat down? It has felt like an eternity. Oh God, she's staring right into my eyes. So beautiful.

"So", she says, "I heard from Rex that you are a cool dude to hang around."

"Rex said that?" I reply. "Heh, I guess so. I don't hang around with many people, but he's a cool Rottweiler. He pulled me out of slumps man times."

~~"Man times?"~~

~~"Sorry, this writing can be difficult sometimes when I'm thinking it on the fly."~~

~~"Oh."~~

"That's sweet of him", she says.

"Yeah", I state. "What's your favorite movie?"

“Where did that question come from? Ha ha!” she laughs.

Oh no, what have I done? Now she knows how much of an idiot I am. Oh man, how many times have I thought this? What do I say?

“Oh, I dunno”, I answer. “It just popped in my head.”

“Well”, she pauses, then continues, “*All Dogs Go to Heaven* is up on my list.”

“Same”, I reply ecstatically. “It teared me up as a pup, especially the scene when Charlie says goodbye.”

“Oh my God”, she yells. “I cried at that scene. You have no idea how much that scene affected me as a puppy.”

I think I do, but do I say that? Wow, didn’t think someone else felt the same about that movie. It holds such so much sentimental value to me growing up. I remember going by the TV and watching it while eating popcorn with my parents. Wait, why am I not telling her this?

“It holds so much sentimental value to me growing up. I remember going by the TV and watching it while eating popcorn with my parents.”

“Wow, did we have the same childhood or something? That’s what I did, too. Whether it be that movie or many other Disney movies.”

As we conversed on about our interests, the conversation moved from general stuff like movies and music to pet peeves and shared experiences with family and friends. Tick tock the clock is 7:10 PM, and our steak has already been ravaged by both of us. Woah, did time ever move so fast. The waitress Margaret comes forward and gives us the bill.

“Can we split it?” asks Joan.

“I could pay for both of us”, I reply.

“Nonsense”, she states. “Just because you’re the big boy doesn’t mean you have to pay for everything I get, too.”

“I guess so.”

Margaret brings us separate bills, each with a final prices that shows ‘\$28.15’ including tax. Adding 15% tip, that total comes to \$32.37. I take out a \$20, a \$10, two \$1 bills, ~~and~~ a quarter, ~~and~~ a dime, and two pennies. The math seems to check out, anyway. What to write next... Oh yes, ever since that fateful day, Joan and I continued dating eventually asking each other to become boyfriend and girlfriend. We have loved each other since then (and I have no issues wagging my tail in her presence).

It is kind of odd writing a love story that doesn’t involve much drama. Too much drama, and it likely means that the couple were not meant for each other or have problems of their own that makes a relationship unsustainable. Too little drama, and you don’t real have a story to worke with. Anyway, I’m rambling ~~down~~ now. Next part!