

January - February 2016

Amanda Hawkins

The Games We Play (like we have a choice in the matter)

THE GAMES WE PLAY



You've been a naughty boy, Marc. How long has it been since you let me out? Three whole months? Tsk, tsk. That simply isn't good enough.

Now that you're all dolled up, we're going to play a little game, you and I. It's called "being a real girl". The rules are simple. I tell you what to do... and you do it. Got that? You're not allowed to ask questions.

Let me see. What would a real girl do if she looked this sweet? Oh, I know. There's a cute little wine bar down the block. Go there, order a glass of the house Chardonnay and pretend you're waiting for a date. Play with your phone and keep checking the time. When you finish the first glass, order another.

After awhile, pretend like you've been stood up. Look sad and lonely, like it was a boy you really cared about and you thought he was different.

This part of the game is called "baiting the trap", which has a double meaning. Eventually, some guy will come over and try to score. Let him buy you a drink. Laugh at his jokes, no matter how bad they are. When he asks you back to his place, you go. These lips deserve to be kissed, don't you think?

By the way, when you pack your purse to go out, don't bother taking your keys. You won't need them tonight. Tomorrow, you can have a nice chat with the building manager to explain who you are.

And next time, don't wait so long to take me out of the closet. There are worse places to score than wine bars, you know. Think... country and western.

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