

How We Met

Monday readers share their tales of true romance

Winner: Not My Type

But there was an undeniable magic between us

By MEGAN EVANS

Nice earring, bud! These words came to mind when I first saw Terry. *And what's with the baseball cap?* He wasn't exactly a polished piece of work, but you never know what to expect when you meet someone face-to-face for the first time.

Like me, he was a writer. I advertised to meet others with my literary passion. Out of all the responses, his was the one that captured my attention. Like a modern Shakespeare, his words flowed like ink from the quills of long ago.



As I looked upon this contemporary word-smith, his notebooks overflowing from his dingy burlap shoulder bag, I couldn't help but wonder how someone like him could have written all the

beautiful poetry I read in my inbox a few hours before. Now, now—one cannot judge until you get to know someone. But this guy looked like a divorced bachelor, probably with kids, with no fashion sense or who simply excelled in being eccentric (as demonstrated by the feather earring etched in silver), going through a mid-life crisis, who only wanted to meet with me because I was 23 and he was 40. Terry bought me a vanilla latté and then delivered an array of literary gems from poetry to story ideas. As I listened to him speak of his life and experiences, I realized that my first impressions of him were correct for the most part—all but the last. He was not a man in crisis; he was a confident writer, who truly enjoyed what he did. His enthusiasm intrigued me and felt at ease as I reciprocated

the favour with several dusty examples taken from my sock drawer. He broke into hysterics as I embarked on a poetry rant. "You have a great sense of humor."

"Thanks," I replied. "So do you."

I finished the last mouthful of my latté. "Can I ask you something?"

"Sure."

"Why the earring?"

He blushed slightly. "I like it—it embarrasses my kids. They think I'm a freak, but I'm also cool."

I nodded. "Yeah, I think most parents like to embarrass their kids. My mom, for example, she used to drive me to school in a big, bright orange and yellow car. I used to make her drop me off a block away so no one would see me."

For the next four hours we chatted as though we'd known each other for years. It was nearly eleven when we parted company for the night. He walked me to my car and it was there that we shared our first kiss while his hand groped my posterior. A driver from a car passing by honked and yelled out, "Right on!"

"Does this mean you like me?" I inquired, laughing.

"I think I'm going to keep you," he nodded. We've been together now for three years. M

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