

The M or the M

By Molly Hegman

Do you remember a time in your life when it seemed as though you were living a dream life? This is that time in my life. I had moved to Dayton, Ohio, had a job, met another young teacher and moved into an apartment. Kathy, my roommate, was more social than I and had been in town longer. She knew where to go to meet people so I tagged along. We joined the Dayton Ski Club. She was from Colorado and had been skiing most of her life. I had never seen a pair of skies ... only in movies. The Ski Club had a Halloween party. It was there that I met Ken and his new maroon Mustang convertible. He was smart, funny and a good dancer and he didn't seem to mind that I was dressed in a black hooded sweatshirt with cat's ears, black sweatpants with a tail, and a cat mask. He invited me to a party that was coming up soon. The party was at a farm that belonged to a friend of his. My girlfriends were also invited. Ken had to meet us there as he was taking classes at the University of Cincinnati and would be a little late.

When we arrived at the farm my friend Nancy, who had just moved back into town, turned to me with funny look on her face. We were greeted by three young men with whom she had gone to grade school. I didn't go to school with them so I was happy to meet them. They kept us company while I waited and watched for Ken. After a while Paul and Fred found other dance partners but Ben stayed by my side and talked. After a few hours I decided that I had been stood up. I began to pay more attention to what Ben was saying. We talked and danced until late. My friends left earlier so Ben drove me home. Instead of riding home in a new Mustang convertible I was riding in a tiny old Metropolitan with a rusted-out floor under my feet!

The next day I heard from Ken; he had been in an accident and his car was out of commission. For a while I was dating the Mustang and the Metropolitan. I was on top of the world ... they were both great guys but what was I going to do? It was a difficult decision but the Metropolitan won my heart. After much persuasion Ben and I became engaged.

During the summer of our engagement Ben decided that he needed a new car. I had gone to Pensacola for the summer to make plans for our wedding so I didn't know about the new car. When I returned at the end of the summer he surprised me. After our wedding we drove off to begin our new life in ... you guessed it ... our new maroon Mustang Convertible! Would you believe that I actually missed the Metropolitan?