

Cowboy

By Suzy Hopkins

He was gorgeous: Tall and tan with grey hair under his expensive looking Stetson hat. His shoulders were broad under his fitted western style plaid shirt. His snug jeans showed narrow hips and just touched the custom made cowboy boots.

I must have been staring at him because he turned towards me and I blushed. He strode off and I said to myself, "Oh, my."

We crossed paths several more times in the art gallery at the huge stock show. He seemed to be following me.

I ate my lunch outside at one of the picnic tables sitting facing the wonderful winter sun. Sure enough, he was coming over to my table grinning. I gave him a smile. He sat down and I prepared to be charmed by him. He said, "The battery in my phone died. Could I use your cell phone?" in a whiney high pitched voice that came as a shock. He continued, "I need to call my mother. We've gotten separated in the large crowds." *His mother?* To tell the truth, I knew he was too good to be true.