

# Goody Two-Shoes

*by* Jake Barnes

She locked herself in the bathroom on our wedding night. That was my first clue that I had made a mistake.

The next morning we packed our bags in my VW Bug and rolled out of town into the Nevada desert. We were headed for the Land of Sky Blue Waters. Minnesota. That's where I was born and my parents still lived.

My parents held a party at their lake cottage for the newlyweds. I knew my mother would like my bride—they were birds of a feather—but I wasn't sure about my dad. She put on quite a show and charmed everybody, except an uncle and aunt who got there early by mistake. They were blotto before the food was on the table.

My bride, busy endearing herself to my family, tried to give my dad's brother, Uncle Ralph, a kiss on the cheek, and he jumped back like he had been bitten by a snake. Good Norwegian that he was, Ralph wasn't given to public displays of affection. A handshake and a “pleased to meetcha” was good enough.

That night in bed in one of the cottage's tiny bedrooms, I wanted to fool around, and my wife and I worked around into the sixty-nine position, and I did her, but she wouldn't do me. She didn't want to make any noise, she said, but I found out later to my chagrin that that wasn't the reason.

