

New Year's Resolution

by Teresa Peipins

"Hey, come on and sit down," Jake motioned to her.

It was three in the morning and after way too many gins the last thing Melisa wanted to do on New Year's Eve was to chat with her ex-boyfriend. In fact if she had known he was going to be here, she probably wouldn't have come but her friends said, "No way, he doesn't even know Craig." Well, at least he didn't show up after one so Melisa was spared the midnight kiss.

"So what are you doing here?" She couldn't resist asking.

"We were working together and Craig wanted me to come. What's the matter?" He gave her one of those smiles that used to work on her. Lopsided or it just could have been she was drunk and feeling alone.

"I didn't expect to see you here, that's all."

"I never see you at all. How long has it been?"

"Since what?"

"I know, on line getting a coffee. That's the last time and you didn't see me."

"Thank God," was her thought. "I have a life you know."

Six months had passed since they broke up and the truth was she was still alone. Dating hadn't appealed much after they had been living together. Playing at grown-ups was what her mother called it. In the beginning it was great and then, well, then it just wasn't anymore.

"I still think about you. A lot. I miss you." Melisa let that slide and just stared at Jake. She didn't really want to get into but she could have said, "Well, you could have made more of an effort. Not gone out so much." But she just let him go on. "We were happy together, I mean really happy."

Through her haze Melisa tried to see if he meant what he was saying. "I don't know if you remember." She said.

Jake went on as if he hadn't heard. "Come on, you know we had some good moments."

“Sure.”

“I still love you but I want you to know I have moved on.” She nodded, surprised by the disclosure. “I met someone, Claire probably told you.”

Claire hadn't said a word to her. Melisa took a deep breath. “Just a one night thing. I met her out one night. Claire was there. I brought her home and then, we had breakfast together. We spent the day and went to a movie.” Melisa nodded, transfixed. “I wanted to tell you. The sex was good. I'll probably see her again but I don't want to get tied down with anyone.”

All words had left Melisa, all she could think was why are you telling me this.”

“You probably are meeting guys. You're pretty.” She didn't answer. “If you aren't you will soon enough. I feel like I'm ready to explore new things.”

“Yeah, “ Melisa frowned.

“You know I wanted to try a couples thing. I'd like to have sex with a transvestite.”

Melisa almost wanted to laugh. “Oh,” she said.

“Yes, I feel free.”

Melisa started to get up. “I have got to get home. I am trashed.”

“Do you need a ride?”

“No, no I can manage.” She was alert now as if she'd been sober for days. She found Maggie, in the dining room, chatting up a tall guy. “I've got to go. Coming?” Maggie got up. “I'll drive,” she said. The ride was silent, Maggie was tired and Melisa didn't feel like talking.

When Melisa got home, she undressed and crawled into bed and started to cry. She wasn't sure if it was the fact her ex had told her about a woman he'd slept with or that a guy she'd been with for two years wanted to have sex with a transvestite.

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