

Emma

[silverflower403@gmail.com](mailto:silverflower403@gmail.com)

2/3/17

### Valentine's Day Surprise!

"That was the worst date ever." I groaned as I walked into my apartment. I threw off my heels and rubbed at my eye makeup. My Valentine's Day was officially ruined. "Note to self" I muttered, "never go on a blind date again." "That's what you said last time" a voice from my living room echoed. "OH MY GOSH" I yelled and jumped out of the doorway and to my surprise I saw the weirdest looking guy sitting on my couch. For one thing he was really short and wearing a white toga thing that looked Greek and he was carrying a harp. Panicking at the sight of a stranger in my apartment, I threw my heels at him one bounced off his harp and the other one aimed true to his chest. "Oww" he yelled, "Good grief Nora," "Calm down." "How do you know my name?" I demanded but I trailed off when I saw the huge pink wings sticking out of his back and all I could do was try not to tip over! "Well" he said "now that you're quiet I can introduce myself properly." "My name is Cupid, but you can call me Clyde for short." "Cupid" I snorted in derision despite the irony of the situation. "Ok dude you are obviously confused," "so how about you just get out of my apartment and leave me alone." He simply shook his head and calmly stated "no you are the one confused Nora Burnett," "age 23 female daughter of Brent and Carly Burnett, sister of Bryson Burnett and sister in law to his wife Ansley Burnett" "and their two children your niece and nephew Kyler and Kirsten". "You are single lonely and confused." I stared open mouthed. "Are you a stalker" I said finally? "No, well sort of it is my job." "And let me tell you what you are a job Miss

Burnett.” He started flapping his fake pink wings and he kind of looked like an oversize tooth fairy. “Don’t even think about that” he snapped. “I am not an oversize tooth fairy.” His feet left the floor and I blinked and rubbed my eyes. “Trick wires” I said “very clever.” “Could trick wires do this he said?” And all of a sudden the world folded in half and I was spinning all around until all was very still. Next thing I know I’m sitting on the ground of my elementary school back in Iowa. “Hello”.... “Clyde cupid is anyone out there.” “I looked out and saw my third grade self-sitting on the ground near a tree holding a handmade valentine.” My dirty blonde hair neatly braided and my pink glasses reflecting my little excited face. As a boy in my class ran near me I heard my little self call out “Jared”, “hey Jared.” “I made something for you.” Little me smiled but I was frowning remembering what came next. He put it in his pocket without even looking at it said “thanks uh Nellie” and ran off and kissed Lori Potter under the basketball hoop. My little heart was crushed and I watched myself run off and hide in the girls bathroom. I felt a tear on my cheek. “Boy number one” Clyde remarked “failed.” I jumped back startled. “Of course”, he continued “most times the first one isn’t the right one but we’ll look at another one.” “Clyde” I shouted, “Wait!” This time we were sitting on the bleachers of my middle school at the annual Valentine's day dance and I watched myself sit near the punch bowl a complete wall flower, as I stared at Luke Snow the guy I liked more than anyone in my little 8<sup>th</sup> grade world. He walked over to get some punch and I hurried and offered him a cup but in my excitement I tripped and the punch fell on me and my beautiful dress. Everyone looked at me and laughed and I was left once again watching the boy of my dreams walk off into the crowd laughing at my eagerness. Another tear

was rolling down my cheek. "He was awful" Clyde said rolling his eyes "I don't know what I we were thinking at the time" he said trailing off when he saw my face. It went on and on like this boy after boy I didn't go to homecoming no prom for me I just disappeared into the background and whenever I did like someone I never got past the first date. "Are you finished" I asked shakily "Not quite" Clyde said sadly looking at me handing me a pink tissue. "One last stop." This time I braced myself for the folding sensation and we were left standing outside the movie theater where I had gone with my blind date this evening. "Oh no" I said pulling away please not this. "Just watch" Clyde said pulling my arm. I watched myself walk into the movie theater way overdressed for a simple movie and the guy his name was Steven was just wearing holey jeans and a polo. Already awkward then he made me buy my own ticket and didn't offer to help me hold our drinks or popcorn. Then after the rom com movie we went to dinner where all he did was look at his phone and I'm pretty sure he was texting about the lame time he was having. Then at the end of the night he took me out to my car and tried to hug me. I turned away and he ended up falling into the car instead. He looked angry so I jumped in my car and drove away. Clyde sighed, "I was getting desperate there wasn't I." "You were getting desperate" I scoffed. "I was the one who agreed to go out with my Boss's' nephew." Clyde just shook his head "all aboard for Nora's living room." When we got back to the living room I was a wreck. "I really am a hopeless case" I blubbered. "Aww Nora" Clyde sighed putting his hand on my shoulder. "Don't touch me" I said slapping his hand away. "Oww." Clyde said ""Nora", "Nora" he said shaking his head. "You've got it all wrong." "Huh you wanna tell me what that is

fairy boy.” “For the last time” Clyde said “I am not a fairy!” “Ok Clyde” I said with as much sass as I could muster “tell me what’s wrong with me.” “Tell me, now.” “Ah Nora what’s wrong with you is what’s wrong with all of us.” “It is” I said brightening. “Yeah but not me I’m kind of the polar opposite of what’s wrong with you.” “Yeah and what exactly are you again.” “UGH for the last time Nora burnett I am Cupid god of love eons and eons of ages old.” “Oh so are you looking for retirement?” “RETIREMENT!” He screamed his face turning a strange shade of purple. “Excuse you but I will not retire I am just as spry as I was in the old days.” “But I might be forced into your whatever you call it”... “Retirement” I suggested helpfully, “yes that.” “If I don’t take care of you.” “Me?” “Yes you.” “The most difficult person I’ve ever had to match with someone.” “Oh well that’s too bad sir, I said trying to remain respectful ish because I am not getting married anytime soon no siree did you not just see all that!” “ We all know I can’t do relationships so goodbye goodnight and have fun at your retirement party.” “At that I pushed him out the door and slammed it shut. “AND DON’T COME BACK!” I yelled. Clyde shook his head and muttered something I couldn’t hear and disappeared with a wink. That’s when I woke up lying on my couch still wearing my dress from the night before. “Oh my gosh” I said It was all a dream! I started dancing around my living room until I turned around. I knew it was too good to be true. There was Clyde standing in the doorway. “Knock Knock” he said wearing a gleaming pink suit with white handkerchief. “Oh traded in the toga did you” I sneered. “Oh this old thing he said modestly, I just wanted to be a little more inconspicuous for today.” “Yeah I retorted so inconspicuous.” “Wait why?” “Come on” he said grabbing my hand “let’s go for a walk in the park.” “No

way” I said looking down at my rumpled clothes and ruined hair “I just slept in these clothes!” “Oh I can fix that” Clyde said snapping his fingers. “Oh yeah what you’re a fairy godmother too?” Then I looked in the mirror. I was wearing a chic white sweater with hearts form fitting jeans and red boots. “You couldn’t resist the red could you” I laughed touching my hair which had been crimped and beautiful styled. And my makeup I actually looked good. “Let’s go fairy godmother” I said pulling Clyde. “Oh so now you want to go to the park.” “Yeah yeah tell it to the judge.” I smiled back as I saw a guy down the street smile at me. When we got to the park I sat down on a nearby bench “Ok Fairy, fix me what’s wrong with me.” I paused “I’m waiting.” “Alright let’s review the date last night” he said pulling a clipboard out of his jacket pocket. “What happened first?” “Ok well I was overdressed”, “yep” he groaned “major mistake” I glared at him. “Ok I said understood I need some fashion lessons but let’s not get hasty.” “Moving on, because girl that dress was ugly.” Glaring again I continued. “Well the movie was awful and I tried to talk to him but he didn’t say a word. “Bad communication got it.” “Oh and I forgot I paid for everything!” “Why one earth would you do that he asked, shocked!” “Well he didn’t offer.” “Oh sweetie he said head in hands, I’ve got a lot of work to do.” “Alright enough frowning I’ll get wrinkles.” “First and foremost chivalry darling chivalry.” “I’m not a darling and why should I need chivalry.” He sighed, “Let me review,” “chivalry isn’t that a woman can’t do something it’s letting a man show his respect to the woman.” “Respect” I said “yeah right.” “No it’s true” Clyde said “let me demonstrate.” “When we walked out of your apartment I tried to hold the door for you.” “Oh yeah,” “you did” I said, thinking back. “It wasn’t that you couldn’t hold the door for yourself it’s just that I wanted

to show that I respect you.” “OH yeah I agreed that’s true.” “But regular guys don’t do that.” “Oh yeah” he said. As we watched the man I saw earlier open the car door for a beautiful lady. “Take that he said smiling” “ok but he did that because she’s beautiful,” I paused “without your help.” “No” he said “she’s beautiful because she’s in love.”

“Confidence is Radiance my dear.” With that we began our daily lessons in confidence, inner beauty and love. A week later we were sitting on our usual bench when a guy appeared. “Welcome to your very first trial run” Clyde said in my ear. “Oh my goodness, I’m not ready” I squeaked. “You totally are” he said pushing me forwards and right into the guy. “Ahh I’m so sorry” I said nervously. Looking back to the bench. But Clyde was gone. “Oh it’s no problem” the guy said I looked down at the ground my glasses were laying there. “Here, let me” he picked them up and handed them to me. Remembering Clyde’s advice “A smile is always a conversation starter” I smiled “Thanks so much!” “Yeah, no problem” he said “Um what’s your name” “Nora” I smiled again. Keep smiling Nora don’t say anything weird I thought to myself. “Nora, he repeated that’s a pretty name” “Thanks” I said, “though I didn’t really have anything to do with choosing it” Oh dear too much snark I wondered??? Clyde had repeatedly chastised me for my overdose of snarkiness but to my relief the guy just laughed. “Yeah I guess not” just then Clyde appeared in the background under the nearby maple tree with a big thumbs up. “Keep it going” he mouthed discreetly. “Uh so what’s your name I asked?” “Well I didn’t have anything to do with choosing it either” he smiled, he had a nice smile. “It’s Bartholomew Maverick Jones the 4th” “oh wow” I said. “Yeah” he grimaced. “But most people just call me Barton.” “Barton it is” I said smiling. “Yeah” Barton smiled. “Um this

is weird but do you wanna go grab something to eat?" "Sure I said," "that's not weird at all." I smiled and we walked over to the nearby coffee shop. When we got there he opened the door for me and I remembered to thank him and I went through the door. We talked and I remembered to let him talk to. I looked over to the wifi corner and the guy with the laptop looked strangely familiar when all of a sudden his face morphed into Clyde's "good job pipsqueak", He smiled I gave a start, "hey everything ok" he asked, "Yeah just fine" I smiled "I thought I recognized someone." "oh yeah, he said I totally do that all the time." We got eachothers phone numbers and I went home feeling lighter than air. I walked through the door and this time was not at all surprised to see Clyde sitting on my couch. "Oh Clyde I said!" "I can't believe it I had a successful first date!" "Thanks Clyde." After that Barton and I texted a lot and he even asked me out again. This time to a fun movie and dinner. We went to plays, walks in the park and of course chats in our favorite coffee shop. And on every date I would see less and less of Clyde until eventually I stopped seeing him at all. The day Barton asked me to marry him was the best day of my life. My wedding day came and as I was adjusting my veil I heard a knock on the door. Come in I smiled. "Hey kid" a familiar voice said. "Clyde, I said astonished" What are you doing here?" "Well" he said "I've just come to see another job well done and I'm Cupid for crying out loud how could I avoid the wedding of my two favorite people." "You know Barton too" I said! "Oh yes darling, who do you think helped him to pull off that proposal we had it in the works for a month!" "Aww really" I said "he is so sweet." "Yes he is" Clyde laughed "and you are to." "And I take back what I said last Valentines," Cupid said "you are not the hardest person I've ever had to find a match

for.

“Oh you’re just saying that” I smiled in spite of myself. “No I’m serious, “Barton was a whole lot harder” well here’s my card he handed me a mesmerizingly magic looking pink heart with the name Claude B Cupid Love mister #1 home ancient Greece. “Well I’ll miss you Mr. Oversize tooth fairy” I said. “Yeah, yeah” he smiled. “Catch you later kid” he winked and then he disappeared. And in his place was Barton standing in the doorway. “Wait” he said “you knew about Cupid too he said confused.” “Oh yeah,” I said “I just didn’t know you did.” “Well” he laughed “I think we’ve got a crowd out there waiting for us.” I think we’ve got a crowd waiting for us out there. “You’re right,” “but I just wanted to tell you,” “Happy Valentines day.”