



Buffing the Buick

Chapter 1

The Divorce Diet

AS Ginger leaned back, her red hair touching the desk and her blue green eyes staring at the ceiling, she realized no one in her office cared one whit about her dilemma and none of them would solve it. To them she had become a hot looking middle aged woman, a cougar newly on the market, but their day dreams of a steamy romance were fueled by a lie. At 5'7" her once ample figure was now a trim 135 lbs, and her occasional low cut blouse gave office workers sneak previews of breasts cradled in cups of lace, that with the tops and almost the tips visible drove the men crazy. These same men thought she was losing weight to try and get back in the game after here bitter divorce. The lie. The women didn't care and the ones who thought about her at all could read the tells and knew that none of the men had a snowballs chance in Hell. The Truth. In between was a story of love on the American road. Back set love, stolen love, desire, hate. An American artist, Ed Kienholz, had caught it all in 'Back seat dodge 38' (http://www.artchive.com/artchive/K/kienholz/back_seat_dodge.jpg.html), two wireform figures entwined in the backseat of a Dodge with no car front, no story, just young passion presented for examination. The viewer was left to reflect on their own backseat experiences. That was what Ginger was after. The results of backseat love exposed and left for the viewer to project their own life into.

An office romance was only going to happen if it got her out of the current jam. Right now she needed a plot, dialog, anything that would get Ramone off her back. Or keep her from having to get on her back to keep Ramone at bay. How she had managed to get caught up in what she was now calling "the Divorce Diet" but Ramone was calling "Buffing The Buick", a book about divorce, was what occupied all her free time. Yeah, a book, this book, the one you are reading, is the one she was/is writing and she was desperate to stay ahead of her readers. As one of the first on line/in time books it had pitfalls. First of all it is written in real time. Every day the reader got

more material and because it had been sponsored by **WORK BREAK™**, it was designed to replace Judge Judy or Judge Alex as something employees did at lunch during the week. Unlike soap operas or reality TV this was a writer dancing on the tightrope of time with readers on the rope behind her jostling ever closer to the point of contact, the point where she typed.

Technology made it all possible for her to do this every day at sometime and stream it out weekly as you read it, don't ask me how, but right now writers block and time were converging and sweat was forming rivulets cascading down her cleavage, soaking the latest Victoria Secret purchase. The sweat running down her butt crack was definitely not on men's radar.

Still, the men in her office, clueless as usual dropped in and out of her cubicle trying to see what her latest bra left in view. Built by some French designer, this was to be the altar she had constructed to hold their attention. Of course it worked and she knew that some days they came and said prayers, hoping that maybe this day she had just accidentally forgotten to put one on. Boob socks, bras in the civilized world, all were elaborate bunting created to be seen in fantastic colors and materials celebrating the breasts or hiding their failures, all just so men would forget their mothers and move on. Doug a retired coworker told her the other day he would be buying more ice cream because the ice cream woman flashed him. I told him he was crazy but he swore he was going to buy more ice cream all week researching this. Doug was into technology and thought he could send pictures to the office for a second opinion. Most women might as well have saved their money and strapped the twins down with ace bandages but not Ginger. Some days she had used the girls to great effect and the whispered prayers of their devoted fans had been material for the book, but not today. As she leaned back staring at the ceiling, looking for a sign, the phone rang. At the same moment the computer screen ran out of time and went blank. She knew that she was beyond the hope stage and getting into the desperate stage.

Her phone display told her it was Jim. In his latest email, Jim, (her ex) had gone into great detail about his yard work and how he had dug up his last juniper and that this chain of events meant he still did not have the money to remodel his bathroom. All of which, at least to him, explained why he was not sending her any money for their daughter this month. To her way of thinking Jim had just discovered the secret of the dark matter in the universe. No one understood it, no one could explain it but reportedly it could swing galaxies around like a ball on the end of a long rope. Jim had moved out of their house months ago and his call this morning dragged her back into the middle of their divorce.

Sitting at her desk, she had been sneaking in another chapter on her online book and her mind had been focused on the days of Ralph and the summer of the Buick. This caused her to miss her timing on the joke he had just told, and so he was a little pissed off. None of which was helping him tell his story and his slow southern drawl wandered off into some story about how a rhododendron was like a bar maid.

Half listening, she wondered why that drawl and offbeat sense of humor had once been what attracted her. Drugs she thought, he had done a ton in college and then had followed up with some great ones while in the Air Force. They both had. In her mind's eye, she could just see him out on the flight line in Texas, the soft heat of a southern night sinking into the cockpit, with a slight smile on his lips and humming "come on baby light my fire" he would ram the throttles all the way to the firewall and streak down the runway. As the tires folded into the belly of the jet his brain was on afterburner climbing into the velvet night sky. Better than sex he would say and way better than a fight with his "old lady" she thought. In the last few years, sex for them

had become a form of fighting. But she had to admit it didn't start that way. She could still remember those hot humid nights in Texas when she was oh so much younger and her stomach was as hard and flat as a Texas runway and Jim would practice touch and goes that would have her trembling until she grabbed him and forced him into the hanger and then she too would go on afterburner. Oh God she thought, how long ago had that been and when did it stop. She couldn't remember an exact time that was different than the one before it but now it clearly was. He had been out of the service for years and did not fly planes or her anymore, and even though he no longer flew the sugar cube express, his brain wasn't on any wavelength she knew of. His connections of logic and analogy no longer worked for her. But hearing that dry, snide little chuckle brought it all back, the hot nights, the love, the fights and yet she
knew

he was not entirely on terra firma anymore.

There were articles she had read in the latest Discover magazine that explained the reason the universe expanded the way it did as opposed to the way Einstein said it should. Scientist said it was because of dark matter. Even though you couldn't see it, the unknown dark matter was exerting a pull on the outer stars and causing the universe to fly apart faster than it should. Jim was just like those stars, something was moving him out of her orbit and lately his exit was accelerating. He had passed Mars long ago and was now out past Pluto. All the familiar sayings they had shared were now alien intruders that made her uneasy and at times scared her. Each morning it was as if she woke up next to a stranger. Divorce was her solution but she had spent 3 years trying to figure out who she was and why she had had a relationship with a total idiot. And after that another 2 on why and where and when she had made one man a pivotal point in her life? Sure they were a part of life, but so were mothers, fathers and kids and dogs and you didn't see them warping your life and universe the way she had let this one man. If Einstein hadn't gotten gravity quite right she wasn't sure she could figure out a new unifying theory of the universe and rewrite the laws of physics. Not in a way that explained the new laws now running her own private universe. Not in a way that you the reader could use to chart your own course. But, she knew she had to because this book and her sanity depended on it.

Please send this to 35 friends and sign up for Chapter 2 and check back to see what happened to chapter 1 while you were actually working for the man.

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