

The Proposal

By

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Delmar bent to his knees and looked warmly up with hope in his eyes. “Francine, will you...”

“OF COURSE I WILL AND IT’S ABOUT DAMNED TIME YOU ASKED. WE’LL BE MARRIED JUNE 13TH IN THE SERENITY BAPTIST CHURCH AND THE RECEPTION WILL BE AT THE MOOSE LODGE. WE’LL HONEYMOON AT THE MADISON HOUSE IN NEW ORLEANS THEN YOU CAN MOVE IN WITH MAMA AND ME.”

Mouth agape, Delmar still kneeling stared up, frozen by the arctic blast that had belted him like a Louisville slugger.

“WHAT ARE YOU STARING AT?” Francine scowled.

“... like... to... be... my... girlfriend?” Delmar softly finished.