

There's Always One

You wouldn't believe this but yesterday when we landed at LAX I—

—You realized you hadn't put your phone on 'airplane mode'? Jon asked.

Uh—

And contemplated whether or not to confess?

Confess?

That you had unknowingly put all those passenger's lives at risk?

No.

Oh. Well, go on.

Ok, well upon touching down in sunny *Los Angeleez*, I—

You still had ten minutes left in your movie?

What?

I hate that. Jon said. How are we supposed to deplane without seeing the end? Going bust on a 2 hour investment!

Jon—

What am I going to rent this movie when I get home? For the last ten minutes?"

Jon if you'd let me—

"And are they really going to kill Iron Man? Or am I going to miss the part where Tony Stark comes back and surprises Pepper in the kitchen? Like, "Well, honey, the team pitched in for a new heart and while they were at it they threw in this throbbing iron co—"

JON!

—"*combat shield*. Just like Captain Amer—"... Why are you looking at me like that? Jesus Christ.

Cheese and Rice is right, I'm the *worst* at telling stories, huh? Jon said.

You know, Jon, I always imagined you would be a better *listener*.

Well our imagination... as you know, it traipses about. What was I talking about, anyway?

I was attempting to tell you about the *thing*, that happened when I landed—

—when you landed at LAX, yes, yes. Well, get on with it already.

Ok. Well, you wouldn't believe this but, I was taking a little longer than the other passengers to gather my things—

Oh I believe that.

—and as I was conspicuously stuffing the airplane blanket into my backpack, I looked up to see the *prettiest* girl passing me in the aisle—

I believe that, Jon said. There is always one pretty girl on every flight that fate never sits you next to.

Yes, but—

—without fail. Even when you're flying to fucking— Dayton. Always one.

But Jon... this girl... was beautiful, I mean, she was *beautiful*... and she not only looked at me as she passed, but smiled.

She smiled? Jon asked.

That's what I'm trying to tell you.

At you?

This guy.

Wow, Jon said. She must be new to L.A.

Well— Or— ... yeah.

-Cookie