

A Practical Coupling.

Oscar had always been one of those rather silent guys. Even through high school he'd pretty much just stayed to himself. It wasn't because he didn't like to be around people, because he did. He just never had much to really say that would draw people to notice him enough to engage in a meaningful conversation.

He was however a very observant person. He could pick up on the slightest things and somehow understand more about what was actually going on than some of the people close to the person from which he was observing. Like he had for the waitress that was serving customers at the dinner he liked to go to every few days.

Just by going there he'd noticed that she was quick to smile and spoke in one of those soft southern accents that soothed people. She didn't have a southern drawl or anything like a southern bell, but she had the hint of southern comfort way of speaking. She kept to her tasks and though she had a cell phone in her back pocket. He'd never seen her pull it out. Not even when he'd seen her out back having a smoke on break.

He'd understood that she had good work ethics, which told him she was the loyal and honest kind of woman. She'd be apt to be more direct and honest than misleading or secretive. Oh sure he figured she had secrets but she didn't strike him as the kind of woman that would be malicious of her secrecy.

His thoughts of her were scattered suddenly when she sat down in front of him. Took a drink

of her soda after setting her apron on the chair next to her. "It is so nice to have someone I can be comfortable around." She said as their gazes met.

Surprised but rather satisfied with the honesty of her words and simple nature of her joining him on her break. He smiled. "Yeah. It's nice to just be myself and not have to put on pretense of some kind to break the ice." He said. "You know anything about cell phones, by chance? My touch screen isn't always working and I don't want to get suckered into a contract in order to get a new one." He told her.

She nodded. "My brother is a tech guru. So he's always babbling on about the latest tech pieces. We could go to his store and he'd be able to tell you the kind of phone best suited for you?" She said.

Oscar nodded to her. "I'd like that, Sarah." He said, testing her name again. He'd known her name for a while now, she wore the tag on her shirt. "When would you like to meet up and go?"

She sighed. "Well I was supposed to pull a double shift to cover for someone but they ended up coming in anyway. I have the rest of the night off and so I figured I'd see what you were up to. So yeah we could go now if you wanted?"

He smiled, gave a shallow nod and rose to his feet. He extended a hand to her in a mildly regal manner. "Then let us set off in a journey towards the technological world of cellular devices, and may your knowledge bestow me the ideal steed of communication."

She laughed softly and took his hand in an equally regal gesture. She even gave him a partial curtsy in response. He brushed a kiss upon the ring he'd noticed on her right hand. It was a stylized ring of a popular show featuring regal knights, brave adventurers, and scandalous court isens.

He learned that she was just as observant as he was. She liked to be around people but felt no need to engage under false pretenses, just like him. The two of them understood each other in ways that people rarely do. With very little conversation over the times he'd come into her restaurant, they'd grown to identify the little things about one another. So that when the time finally came that they could spend more time together, it was already comfortable.

The practical nature of Oscar and Sarah was the foundation for which their love could grow. Their story is not one of great romance, instant attraction of some great conquest. It was their own story, and it is one that holds as strong today, as it did thirty years before.