

Shelli Margolin-Mayer

Pikachu's Patchouli

-HER-

“Danny, I get it. You need me to change? I can do that. I was actually just thinking that my blue highlights were kinda boring. Plus, they're fading. Temporary anyway.”

Danny just glared at me. His eyes then went soft and he looked down, shuffling his feet.

I pushed away any silly tears and said, “Really! I can change. I'm all about change.”

Reaching for the chain-link gate, I said, “Let's go up and have sex. I'll let you do that thing!”

Then I paused for dramatic effect but mostly because Danny never actually asked for anything *interesting* during sex. He was sweet that way, wasn't much of a conversationalist. He probably just liked hearing me talk. I had that effect on men.

But Danny just shuffled his feet more vigorously. So, I seductively toyed with the gate that led to his second-floor walkup, waving it to and fro.

I could have sworn he was going to propose; before. Why else would he have taken me to meet his mother?

I wasn't going to let Danny leave me so soon. He's polite and kind, if not a little reserved for my tastes. But I thought I could get used to him. I had a sense for these things. After all, these had been the most intense three days of my life.

-HIM-

I shuffled my feet outside my apartment. At first, out of frustration then out of pity for myself, my mother, and the one-night-stand that would not leave.

I told her my name was Dan or Daniel, but never Danny. No one called me Danny, damn it.

It had been three days of being polite. Three days of disjointed dialogue with this gal who called herself Pikachu. And, yes, three days of sex.

Josh from the office had offered me Ecstasy on Friday. I had been scared to try it in college, but I'm a newly divorced thirty-four-year-old now.

Josh and I had gone over to the bar for another drink after a tragic Mexican chain-restaurant dinner. I popped the X with a Cadillac margarita. The next thing I knew, or at least cared to remember, this woman with blue streaks in her hair was going to town on me in my bed.

She looked older than me at first. But after the Ecstasy wore off, I probably had ten years on her.

I took her to breakfast because that's what one should do. And, it was a way to finally get her out of my apartment. When I got back from the gym, she was sitting in front of the gate to my building. She said she left her toe ring on my toilet.

I suspected that it was bullshit and that she was batshit. But I let her in, stating that I needed to leave again; go see my mother. How she talked her way into my car...?

I didn't know what else to do so I drove to my mom's house. Mom was so helpful with my divorce. Maybe because the divorce was my mom's idea? I guess I was hoping Mom could get me out of this mess too.

On the short drive Pikachu, she wouldn't tell me her real name, Pikachu talked non-stop about what a good lover I was and how our auras aligned with her last angel reading. Then there was that god-awful patchouli that she repeatedly sprayed on herself while we drove.

I asked her if she would be so kind to stay in the car. I'd only be a moment then I'd drive her home. She said she wasn't *that* nervous and was on the porch hugging my bewildered mother before I entered the front yard.

That's when it happened. Mom sneezed.

Pikachu said, “It’s my perfume! I knew it was too strong when I made it and, well, when I’m nervous. Plus, I’m ovulating. The combination is overpowering. Bathroom through the green door?”

The next sound we heard was the shower. I had barely finished subtly explaining the situation to my Islamic mother when Pikachu burst into the living room wearing my mom’s wedding dress. Her once blue streaks now dripping off her wet head onto the gown.

“You had quite a rack back in the day, huh?” Pikachu said. “Don’t worry I can fix this.” With two hands Pikachu deftly ripped away the conservative lace above the bodice. Blue dye ran from her exposed neck and shoulders into hollow cleavage. “See, it’s much more modern this way. Now we don’t have to pay for a tailor. I’ll just stuff my bra.”

My mom began to wail and was pointing her evil eye charm at Pikachu. I was already bouncing my head against the steering wheel by the time Pikachu ran naked from the house, waving her clothes in the air.

We drove in silence. I was numb. That’s the only reason I can think of as to why I drove back to my apartment building. But there was no way I was going to let her back in.

I shuffled my feet. These had been the most intense three days of my life. Although, Pikachu did say she let me do that thing.