

# JE T'AIME... MAYBE?



April Lily Heise



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*This is a novelized memoir. All content is entirely based on reality, but is written in a storybook fashion because my life in Paris has slowly become an eccentric romance novel with its own set of princes and foes.*

*All names, and a handful of situations, have been altered in order to protect the reputations and identities of some of these rogue Romeos.*

*Bisous, Lily*





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## A SEDUCTIVE SPRINGTIME IN PARIS

ANTOINE [04/20/08 1:29 PM]

Bonjour! I will be in Montmartre all day!  
It would be a pleasure to say hello in the  
garden and to enjoy your sweet and  
charming female presence.

“CLOSE YOUR EYES. Relax...” purred a smooth voice into my ear, its owner’s lips gently grazing my cheek in the process. A fingertip delicately trailed down my left arm. Another hand airily traveled up my right, stopping for a moment to explore the delicate pocket of my elbow. Yet another breezed across my knee en route to my ankle while its twin gradually glided above it, then teasingly retreated once it had reached the boundary of my skirt.

“Take in the mutual pleasures of our radiant energies,” he said in a hushed tone. My lips couldn’t resist curling into a secret smile, however, my rational, panic-stricken mind could only keep asking: What the heck am I doing?! Or rather... What were they doing? I thought I’d agreed to a simple ‘walk in the park’??

“That’s right. We’re here to serve your every desire,” was his genie-like promise. A gentle gust of wind danced through the branches of the nearby trees, cuing a soft symphony of rustling leaves. This ethereal sonata only heightened the serene atmosphere.

I took a deep breath and slowly released my clenched eyelids. Their silky caresses continued over my face, arms and legs, some swooping daringly below my neck. One, two... now three pairs of sensual fingertips...

Oh la la! What had I gotten myself into this time?!





## *APRIL SHOWERS BRING...?*

FROM: MARIO

Friday, April 4 2008 4:35 PM

Hi Lily,

Kinda strange receiving an email from me, right? Things have changed on my end. I started working again early February, in Nanterre, so not as interesting as Nigeria, but I'm happy to be keeping busy.

I have also broken up with my girlfriend. It was not as simple as that, but I am OK about it. I should be as it was my decision.

I wanted to give you a call to discuss a few things with you, is that okay? I thought I'd ask via email as that is less of a shocker after so many months. Alternatively we can meet for a coffee.

Mario

“DON'T WASTE a second on that deadbeat!” howled Naughty, slamming down her glass on the table.

“A coffee? He owes you nothing less than dinner,” scoffed Pussycat, reaching for the bottle of champagne.

“In a Michelin-starred restaurant,” added The Countess, extending her empty glass towards Pussycat for a refill.

“Or if you *do* agree to see him, suggest rendezvousing near the Seine... so you can accidentally knock him into the river! That’s the only place he belongs!” Naughty was getting really heated up. Hopefully some more bubbly would put out the flames sparked by mentioning Mario, the cause of the broken heart I’d been trying to mend over the last four months.

“Getting together... I mean, meeting up, might be therapeutic?” I timidly put forward.

“Or painfully reopen old wounds,” warned Pussycat; Naughty and The Countess nodding silently in agreement. The girls were most certainly right and I should have guessed they wouldn’t approve of me having anything at all to do with the sly Dutchman again.

I sighed and sought solace from effervescent Paris, a blurred twinkle shimmering on the other side of my glass, newly refilled with Domaine de Valentin champagne. Those lights dazzled with potential answers—or potential mischief—depending on your perspective. What was the opinion of the City of Love and Temptation on troublesome Mario?

*Mario.* He was the last in the disastrous series of bad boy stories that had put an end to my failed ‘quest’ to find a nice, light summer fling. A summer that turned into three years, much longer than even an Indian summer should last. From a guy whose girlfriend showed up on his doorstep with his baby to a lovesick military man who bombarded me with nonstop, passionate text messages and from an exciting encounter with a jet fighter pilot to trying to fight off a

mistress-hunting married older man, these dozen or so romantic disasters eventually led me to Mario, a handsome Dutch-Canadian. I'd thought destiny had sent him as the fearless hero who would finally unlock the infernal chains constricting my heart. Sadly, he only starred as the antagonist in the grande finale of my cursed Greek-style romantic tragedy.

In all fairness, Mario wasn't the real problem. I was the only one to blame for attracting crazier upon crazier dating misadventures over time. I was letting myself aimlessly float along the River of Dead-End Relationships, taking little if no control over my makeshift raft. On many occasions, and with the wise advice of my best Parisian gal friends, I could have steered into safer waterways. Nevertheless, I rarely did. Sometimes we need to survive the storm or make our own way through the labyrinth in order to learn our lessons, just like those Greek heroes. At the end, as the chorus sung its resounding final notes, I'd come to the realization I would have to change my mindset and my behavior if I truly wanted to attract a serious relationship rather than the casual crap or absurdities I'd been luring in. Albeit occasionally very fun and/or funny, these stories were getting me nowhere on the love front. I might have been ready to alter my line of thinking; all the same, I still had to contend with the fervent amorous energy of Paris, which was often a powerful force to be reckoned with.

Indeed, much more had happened in these last few months. This spring marked my seven-year anniversary of

living in Paris. How young and innocent I'd been back then, fresh out of university from small-town Canada, embarking for Paris—the city of my dreams. The French capital had completely won my heart during my semester abroad here the previous year and I couldn't help going in pursuit of this new love immediately after graduating. Once arrived, I quickly succeeded in getting a job teaching business English, for a school I later found out was run by Scientologists! I'd only intended to teach for a year, maximum eighteen months. It was supposed to be my gateway to residing here; after a teaching stint to get myself on my feet, I'd surely find the perfect cool job to apply my art degree to. Yet, upon discovering the news about the horrible cult my bosses belonged to, and that my work permit might be transferable to another company, I instantly started my job search. This professional quest took up virtually all my free time. That is, when I wasn't hanging out with my fabulous gang of girlfriends.

Despite the countless applications I sent in reply to interesting job ads, these never managed to get past the close-minded barricade most French employers had erected on the job front. Everyone in the French work world seemed to be thrown into a specific professional box according to one's degree (or one's first job), and as a result, you were condemned to rot in that particular career hell. Forever. I even tried to get in at a few of the companies I taught at; surely these students recognized my capabilities, having gotten to know me during our lessons. Nevertheless, for

them, I was just ‘an English teacher’ with an art degree from a distant university with an unpronounceable name they’d never heard of. I should have just given up and put that on a business card.

After a year and a half I managed to escape the clutches of the Scientologists (much to their dismay) and, by jumping through various Work Visa hoops, and compiling a forest-worth of paperwork for the préfecture, I was able to stay on in France. Over the years I did find some alternative work, but my main *baguette et beurre* was still teaching. I was getting older and with the passing years came a sentiment that sacrificing my career for the sake of merely being in my dream city was no longer enough. I eventually gave up on finding a traditional French job and, since the beginning of the year, I’d taken matters into my own hands. *Au revoir* to the present perfect, confusing prepositions and complicated idiomatic expressions: I was returning to tourism.

I’d worked in some art galleries and had been a museum guide as a student back in Canada, plus my first job in France was as a guide at an important Canadian WWI memorial. Then, while I was awaiting my Visa to work for the Scientologists, I donned the hat of tour director for traveling groups of high school students. At least tourism was a decent conduit for my passion for France, its history and culture and, in its own way, to art in general. Paris was a living museum after all.

Knowing of my desire to switch careers, Mademoiselle Sécrot, a travel writer and tour guide friend of mine, started

referring me to various guiding opportunities. As these were quickly picking up, I was able to gradually ease out of teaching, to the point where I only kept a few well-paid or interesting classes. The tours, in addition to the occasional translation project, could comfortably sustain me.

Now here we were in spring, the season that's meant for growth and bringing forth new things. The professional seeds I'd been planting were starting to blossom—so, could other areas of my life also begin to flourish? Romance was definitely blooming, but in someone else's garden. Our dear friend Special Kay, the pretty, enthusiastic Californian who'd been the fourth musketeer in our little Parisian expat quartet, was in love. She'd met her *homme parfait*, the best friend of the boyfriend of Cindy, another good friend of ours. After pining after her boss' evil son for many years, she was ready to move on to real love. It seemed like she'd found it and she was completely head over heels for her Frenchie. This was proof that meeting *Monsieur Parfait* in Paris was actually possible.

However, this also meant, at least for the time being, that we'd 'lost' her to the land of *amour*. Usually, when expats living abroad 'lose' their friends it's because they've moved back home. We hoped Kay would make her way out of her romantic vortex and still hang out with us from time to time—which she gradually did—though rarely without her beau. Therefore, we needed a new *fille* to join our little crew which included two other fellow Canadians: Naughty, a lively dance student from Toronto who was finishing up her

Master's at the *Conservatoire de Paris* and Pussycat, a spunky photographer from Montréal trying to break into the Parisian fashion scene.

In a way, it was fortuitous timing that I'd just met a big group of fun foreigners, thanks to volunteering for a local film festival—yet another of my job search ploys. The festival mightn't have lead to a job, but it did inadvertently lead to meeting The Countess. Well, she wasn't a real 'countess'; she was Irish and thus naturally anti-aristocracy, due to her country being dominated by authoritative British lords for centuries. She'd received her nickname because she simply radiated refinement and class, but had a heart of pure fun. She'd recently moved to Paris after living in Madrid for a number of years where she'd taught English and had been engaged to an important Spanish doctor. When the engagement fell through, she exchanged bourgeois parties in the Iberian capital for hobnobbing with top executives in Paris at her new killer job working for a large international banking group. Her long hours came with the reward of a private chauffeur service, business trips to exotic lands, and a salary to afford the best champagnes. As such, The Countess' apartment in the trendy Marais district with a view overlooking l'Hotel de Ville, the Paris City Hall, and the towers of Notre Dame Cathedral, replaced my smaller abode, in less central Montmartre, as our new hangout. However, as cool as her place was, perhaps I should have been concerned by spending too much time on her street: rue des Mauvais Garçons (Bad Boys Street).

That particular night we were celebrating her recent promotion. This had come with a substantial raise and two bottles of bubbly—le Domaine de Valentin, which was slowly ousting our go-to red wine, le Saint Amour, as our new favorite beverage of choice. I'd just popped the second of the two hoping this would distract the girls from the uncomfortable conversation about Mario that we were still in the thick of.

"Why is he writing to you now? He must want something besides just a 'coffee,' don't you think?" analyzed Naughty.

"He's probably afraid of running into us at the pub or other expat events," deducted Pussycat.

"He'd get a royal lynching, that's for sure!" declared The Countess.

I tended to agree with them. He obviously had some ulterior motive other than forgiveness. That is, unless he'd joined a church (Scientology?) and was compelled to redeem his sins.

"Well, only one way to find out... *right?*" I mused timidly, looking around the room for some support, only to find three sets of rolling eyes and shaking heads. There was no point in me trying to convince them. Since it didn't seem like they were going to budge, I certainly wasn't going to tell them the *whole* truth. I'd actually already replied to Mario... but they need not fear: he wasn't the only *garçon* I'd been receiving messages from...





Since spring had recently sprung, it was the perfect time to turn over a new leaf, what I truly hoped seeing Mario would thereafter allow me to do. Over these last few months, I'd managed to wean myself off thinking about him; now he only entered my thoughts once or twice a week. I'd already understood that nothing was meant to happen with him, but my heartbeat still quickened as I clicked into his email suggesting to speak by phone or meet up for a coffee.

The day after receiving his unexpected message, I sent him a short reply agreeing to a drink—coffee wasn't going to cut it! I'd need a glass of wine to calm my nerves if I was going to see him in person. Later that day, as I was getting out of the *métro*, my phone buzzed with a missed call from him. *Yikes!* I'd only just accepted to see him, but I wasn't prepared to actually 'speak' to him yet. I needed to ease into the idea, and digital communication seemed the best avenue, plus I had to try to maintain the upper hand and keep a cool tone, something I was normally incapable of doing with my chipper voice and upbeat attitude. My optimism and kindness were the source of much of the trouble I found myself in. So I replied by text message, offering up a day for us to meet.

MARIO [04/08/08 3:16 PM]  
OK see you tomorrow  
outside the metro at 6:00 pm.

In our text message exchange, we settled on rendezvousing outside *métro* Blanche, a few blocks from my place. It was his idea to meet, therefore he should be the one making more of

an effort by coming to my neck of the woods. Still, I didn't want to be too close to home, in case he actually did have other... intentions.

Spring is usually a glorious time in Paris with balmy sunny days brightening up spirits after a long, grey and rainy winter. This spring was no exception and I could already sense the improved attitude of the Parisians. I normally would have been equally thrilled by the wonderful weather, however, on that particular day I feared it would be counterproductive to my intention of coming across as chilly and reserved towards Mario.

I purposely went down to meet him a few minutes late. He deserved to wait, even for just a short time. There he was, as cute as ever. I reminded myself of my pledge to let neither his good looks nor his Dutch accent have any effect on me. After a quick *bise* cheek-kiss greeting, we went in search of the nearest sun-soaked terrace, as it was simply too nice to sit inside. This happened to be one of our old haunts: O'Hooligans. It was probably the first time I'd been to this Irish pub-dance club before midnight, where the girls and I had spent many an evening dancing until dawn while fending off (or inviting in) flirtatious boys.

After a few sips from our glasses of wine, he cut straight to the chase of why he wanted to see me. Pussycat had guessed it right.

As he was starting to get back on the dating scene, he pretty much wanted to make sure I wouldn't cause him any trouble. I wish he hadn't brought it up so early in our

conversation; he'd caught me completely off guard and I couldn't do much besides stammer a few vague promises I wouldn't do anything embarrassing if I ran into him and a would-be conquest. Any proper chastising would have to wait until later.

We moved on to other topics and the thick tension from when we first met up began to dissipate with our friendlier chatter. The emptying of wine glasses gave way to an awkward 'What are we going to do now?' moment. He suggested dinner, and I agreed. While it wouldn't be the Michelin-starred meal The Countess affirmed I merited from him, it seemed too depressing to just go home, plus I hadn't gotten everything off my chest. We went up to nearby rue des Abbesses, lined with lively cafés, and found another table *en terrasse*. Here, tensions eased even more (I was miserable at playing tough!) and the fluidity of our conversation became as smooth as the Burgundy in our glasses.

"So, coming back to Paris after the Christmas holidays I was on the same flight as your friend, the one with short dark hair..." Mario started rather cheerfully, digging into his steak-frites.

"Naughty."

"Yep, that's the one. I wasn't sure if I should say Hi."

"It's a good thing you didn't because she probably would have punched you."

A verbal blow, though much lighter than the physical one Naughty probably would have administered.

"I guess I would have deserved it," he resigned.

That was just the invitation I needed to bring up the matter of his poor behavior—the few glasses of wine I'd already consumed had strengthened my courage. Calm but critical, I tore him apart for having repeatedly cheated on his girlfriend (with me and possibly others), leaving out the personal damage done to me by leading me on and stamping on my heart. Once my onslaught was over, he shamefully acknowledged his wrongdoing and claimed that when he found his real soul mate, he'd give her his 200% and more *blah, blah, blah*.

Even if his declarations proved mere empty promises, it felt good to confront him and not let him off scot-free. I didn't get complete justice (he didn't end up at the bottom of the Seine like the sentence Naughty had judged appropriate for his love crimes). Actually, the most useful part of seeing him was my coming to the realization that we had quite different values, underscoring the fact we were just not a good match.

Perhaps it really wasn't fate that had propelled us together, but the passions of Paris. The romantic power of the City of *Amour*—teasing and tantalizing, seductive and sultry—often won over reason. It wasn't just its picture-perfect cityscape; there truly was a vivacious amorous ardor underlying so much of what happened here. However, on this very night, it would not dominate. I could now shed myself of the alluring Dutchman and move on.

Move on... *to whom?*

Mario deftly steered the subject away from his misdemeanors by asking me if I was seeing anyone. I highly doubted he had any other hidden motives behind his question and I especially didn't want to look like the pathetic loser in all of this either, so told him there were a few prospects on my horizon. This wasn't a fib either: the romantic wheels of Paris were turning in other directions that week as well...

JACQUES [04/09/08 5:42 PM]  
Hello Boss! I'm coming to town  
next week, how about dinner?

*Sigh!* The very next day after Mario had sent me his first email, I received an SMS from the other problematic love interest from the end of last year: Jacques, an international man of mystery, or rather *husband* of mystery! He had a very intriguing profile, though I wondered where his collection of wives was currently hiding. Had they gone into hibernation for the winter?

Another blast from the past. What about that *new* leaf? How could I move on when these old autumn leaves kept blowing onto my path, obscuring my vision and casting a shadow on my new prospects?

No big surprise from Jacques. He was doing his usual breeze into and, almost as soon, out of town magic act. I wasn't really sure I wanted to see him. Winter hadn't been completely icy cold. I'd actually been tempted by Jacques'

dinner invitations a couple of times; however, the last time I'd accepted, over our meal he started on with these world domination conspiracy theories... not at all appetizing conversation nor romantic prospects. Besides that, he still wasn't very clear about his mysterious ex-or-not wife/wives. This shadiness made me trust him—and want to date him seriously—even less.

Maybe I could just pretend I hadn't received his text message? My finger hovered above the delete button, instead it clicked into my phone preferences where I changed my screensaver to a photo of a bright, spring garden full of vibrant flowers. I then turned my focus towards attracting the right person into my life. Some positive visualization could help draw some new amorous energy in my direction. At the very least, it couldn't hurt, right?

ANTOINE [04/20/08 1:29 PM]  
Bonjour! I will be in Montmartre all day!  
It would be a pleasure to say hello in the  
garden and to enjoy your sweet and  
charming female presence.

*Uh-oh!* I'd forgotten about the danger of putting out too many love vibes... it can really work!

Antoine was a Frenchman based in Madrid, when he wasn't galavanting around the world from Kiev to Caracas. We'd met a few years back at an international social mixer, and he would drop me the occasional text message when he was back in Paris. One would be hard up to find someone more charismatic, adventurous or with such a *puuuurrrrrfectly*

seductive voice. So why hadn't I been dating him instead of all of these problematic suitors over the years? Unfortunately, his sex appeal stopped at the amazingly titillating words he uttered. It wasn't that the mid-to-late thirty-something blond was unattractive. I just felt no romantic chemistry between us.

The last time he'd been in Paris, we grabbed a drink in my neighborhood and took what should have been a terribly romantic stroll through the dimly lit, narrow cobblestone streets of Montmartre. It was like the spirits of centuries of departed lovers floated through the area, compelling people to kiss. At one moment, I even thought he was going to try just that—but possibly sensing my unreceptiveness—he backed off.

At the time, my mind was likely all muddled up with one of the useless guys taking his turn at clouding my better romantic judgment. Sometimes our perspectives can change when our mindset does. Was the timing right now? Perhaps if we could spend a little more time to get to know each other, flames could spark? Sure, I'd hoped to turn over a 'new leaf,' that didn't necessarily mean it had to be with a new person as long as we hadn't already dated, did it?

Of romantic interest or not, I thoroughly enjoyed Antoine's delightful company. The sun was shining, and he'd proposed meeting right around the corner from my place. How could I say *non*? I wasn't expecting anything besides spending the afternoon in a lovely setting with interesting people.

Rounding the corner towards Sacré Coeur, the elaborate, white basilica crowning Montmartre, the 'Mountain of the Martyrs,' it was easy to spot Antoine lounging on the steps underneath the lacy church, avidly chatting with two unknown boys. Getting a little closer, I almost stopped dead in my tracks.

*Oh la la! Who was he with?* The first one looked like an average French guy, but the second... was the spitting image of Adrien Brody! I adored this offbeat actor; while I knew it was highly doubtful that it was actually him in the flesh and blood, I'd take this younger look-alike!

On weak knees, I wavered the remaining ten steps to reach them. In my stupor, I vaguely foresaw that the afternoon would be anything but an average sunny afternoon with friends... it might even involve more than one *sacred heart*. "Voilà! *La charmante demoiselle* has arrived," welcomed Antoine, spryly springing to his feet and bestowing me with a knightly bow.

After *bonjours* and *bises* were exchanged all around, the men filled me in on their afternoon mission. They were playing 'tourist for a day in Paris' by filming silly video sketches about getting to know the city—exactly the sort of quirky idea Antoine would come up with. Since they were all French, I gathered they were hoping I'd play the part of the unwitting foreign tourist. I'd happily accept the role as long as I would be starring alongside Adrien Brody!

*Action!*



“Isn’t Paris *magnifique*...” declared Adrien looking out at the impressive view of the city beheld from Sacré Coeur’s perch.

“Yes, it’s soooo... romantic!” I murmured, staring deep into Adrien’s beautiful brown eyes. Forget those grey rooftops! The romance could be right here!

Pretty soon the real tourists—snapping photos of that idyllic view or selfies with the mammoth white church—were getting distracted by our goofy antics and giving us funny looks. This just sent us into bigger fits of laughter, which caused an ever bigger disturbance. I took out an invisible film clapper and shouted ‘cut,’ suggesting we take a little break from our film-capades in the little park behind Sacré Coeur—we’d certainly make less of a ‘scene’ there. However, the change of setting didn’t put an end to our video: this shifted to fake interviews with ‘Mr. Brody’ (I obviously wasn’t the only one who’d noticed his resemblance to the famous actor). Soon enough our giggles forced us to call a wrap to all filming. We collapsed under the vine-laden arcade, which bordered one edge of the park, an even more romantic setting than in front of the basilica...

“Close your eyes. Relax...” Antoine purred into my ear once seated under the shady pergolas.

I innocently obeyed, not having the slightest idea what he might be up to. He possibly didn’t either, but he was quick on his feet... or in this case... his hands.

Before I could even fathom what was happening, delicate fingertips were softly tracing paths up and down any visible

patches of my skin, being clad in my usual skirt and top attire and with the weather being so nice, there was plenty of open terrain for them to travel on! There were definitely more fingertips than could all belong to Antoine—unless he'd magically turned into a many-handed Hindu god! One, two, three sets of seductive hands... and one pair certainly belonged to Adrien Brody!

*Oh la la! What had I gotten myself into this time?!*

The fairy-like fingertips continued their delicate and somewhat daring waltz until it was finally broken by a question:

“Mommy, what are they doing to her?” The voice could only be that of a young girl. My eyes sprung open and the spell was broken. Even though I couldn't see what they had been doing, I could easily envision how this could have looked to passers-by. The French did not shy away from public displays of affection; however, this was in an entirely different category, one which certainly must have had the saints and the sacred heart linked to the church, frowning down from heaven.

We all needed to cool down (in more ways than one), so we made our way to a neighborhood convenience store for ice creams, which I suggested we could eat back at my place. I made some ice tea to go with our *glaces*, hoping this would assist in the chilling process, but I shouldn't have been all that surprised when the caressing treatment began again.

Did these guys have something *more* in mind? I couldn't help thinking back to when I was a naïve twenty-two-year-

old backpacking around Spain (just before starting to my contract with the Scientologists) and these three Argentinians I'd met in Madrid tried to get me to have a foursome with them. Although they were unsuccessful, I'd only narrowly escaped that one. Ever since, I'd tried to be extra cautious about these sorts of 'group' situations, yet today I'd walked straight into it!

*I only wanted to meet ONE decent guy... Not THREE!*

Had this all been my fault for having sent out those love vibes last week? Was I putting too much out into the universe? Ask for love in Paris and thou shalt receive, though why can't it just be in the form thou hath had in mind?

In all truth I wasn't terribly fond of the third guy; he was the one getting a little too cheeky with the caresses and exuded a certain degree of sliminess. Just as I was thinking I would have to put a stop to their less-than-tame and now less-than-public displays of affection and what could evolve into them trying to film a B-grade erotic movie (was that what they'd really had in mind with their shooting in Montmartre? 'Red Light Lily?'), Antoine's cell chimed. Saved by the bell.

"*Ah, c'est vrai.* We have an appointment with Pierre at Place des Abbesses, and we're late," he reminded the third guy. The 'we' appeared to be just Antoine and Mr. Cheeky.

"I'll come back to pick up Adrien a little later," he promised and off the two of them fled, with Mr. Cheeky trying to find an excuse to get my number. *Non, ce n'est pas possible.* I was sure that he wasn't the answer to my dating

prayers... however, it had seemed that a God up in the sky *had* been listening! I was now alone with Adrien Brody! *Oh mon Dieu! Had my Messiah arrived?*

We were trying to be serious after Antoine and Mr. Cheeky left. He pulled out his phone and showed me the klezmer instrument he played (ah ha! He was indeed Jewish like the real Adrien... and cute *and* talented!). Then he showed me his photo on the European Jewish Student Association website, of which he was the Vice President (add smart and ambitious to the list!). Holy Moses!

Possibly distracted by his greatness, I didn't notice right away that he returned to caressing my arm, which turned into my thigh and my side... All this sensuality had gotten him a bit too excited. I wasn't going to find out if he was circumcised, at least not that exact day. I might never get the chance to kiss Adrien Brody again, but that's where I put on the brakes. After a while he had to run off to meet his brother, but he asked for my number. I was truly hoping he'd give me a call... well, when he got back from the American Jewish Congress he was attending the following week.

The next week came and went then another and another. Sadly, it seemed my true Messiah hadn't actually come. I'd have to keep on wandering, but the revitalizing and *new* romantic energy of spring had given me hope and helped turn over that new leaf after all.

Lily la Tigresse appeared to be back in business, and she was on the hunt for her true soul mate!