

# Let's go boys. Can we do it?

How dare you challenge me? □ You should blog about that.

No problem, Piece of cake... piece of CRUMB cake! People just don't understand what is involved in this. This an art-form! My mind is a raging torrent, flooded with rivulets of thought cascading into a waterfall of creative alternatives.

Is there a point to this? Do you believe in love at first sight? Or have you ever, like, seen somebody? And you knew that, if only that person *\*really\** knew you, they would, well, they would of course dump the perfect model that they were with, and realize that YOU were the one that they wanted to, just, grow old with. So that's, like, a metaphor? Not if you pay attention.

So how does it happen, great love? Nobody knows... but what I can tell you is that it happens in the blink of an eye. One moment you're enjoying your life, and the next you're wondering how you ever lived without them. I don't know if that amounts to insanity. I had it great and perfect for a while. You know, I had a dream. And it was wonderful. Well, it was a million tiny little things that, when you added them all up, they meant we were suppose to be together... and I knew it. I knew it the very first time I touched her. It was like coming home... only to no home I'd ever known... I was just taking her hand to help her out of a car and I knew. It was like... magic. Who could ask for anything more?