

# You Have No Idea...

by Cindy Rae

Catherine entered her apartment, two hours into 1987.

Her father had hosted a party. She'd met someone.

"Tom Gunther," Charles had introduced. "My best client."

Tom had smiled a dentist-perfect smile, and said something dashing...Hadn't he? French champagne was deeply affecting Catherine's ability to remember.

She knew that Jenny wouldn't like him. "Too stiff," she'd say. Probably.

Catherine removed her shoes, knowing she needed sleep to erase the signs of too much partying. She had a feeling Tom Gunther would call, tomorrow.

Daddy liked him. That counted for something.

"Maybe this year... true love," she hiccupped, collapsing on the bed.