

Dating is not easy, in particular first dates, and sometimes things don't work out all that well. However, in retrospect, first dates can be seen as a trial by fire or something else again, as this story will explain . . .

The First Date

A number of years ago Geraldine was trying to lose a few pounds so she was staying away from carbs. That's when she met her future husband, Rob. On their first date he liked her, and she liked him. Things were looking great.

Anyway, Rob picked up Geraldine in his brand-new Mustang Cobra. His attempt to win her over with a hot car totally worked. She was not shallow, but she had spent most of her twenties being the driver on dates because she didn't want her hair to frizz in their non-air-conditioned jalopies. She welcomed Rob's fancy new car with open arms.

They arrived at the restaurant and Rob was ordering food that Geraldine hadn't allowed herself to eat for some time. She didn't want to be "*that girl*," so she ate, drank, and oh, was she merry. Later, they shopped a bit, and Rob surprised her by buying an

expensive pair of shoes that he caught her eyeing. Was this love or what?

That's when it happened. Gas strikes in two different ways, uncontrollable flatulence or sharp, shooting pains that feel a lot like hot poker. Geraldine was hit by the latter, she thought she was dying. Trying not to make a big deal out of it, she told Rob she wasn't feeling well and needed to head home.

On the way home he tried to hold her hand and ask lots of questions, but Geraldine wasn't having any of it. The pain was so bad it felt like she was being stabbed with a bunch of forks.

Then she realized she had a ghastly fart building. Now she was in trouble, big trouble. The more she held it in, the more the pain shot through her stomach and down her legs. Geraldine was even having to raise herself off the seat, gripping on to the door and the dashboard.

"Seriously, you need to hurry, I'm in a lot of pain," she managed to say through gritted teeth.

"Wow, it's that bad? What's wrong? Do I need to take you to a hospital?" asked Rob.

Geraldine was thinking how do you tell a man you just started dating that the reason you're writhing in pain is because you have to fart?

Well, she could either tell him, or let the fart speak for itself. There was nothing she could do. As good as she was with sphincter control, this was out of her hands. Slowly, it seeped out. The more she tried to stop it, the more it forced its way through the door.

However, to her pleasant surprise, there was no sound. Geraldine sat silently, sweat accumulating above her upper lip. Ok, maybe she got away with it. Maybe she was home free. Then it hit her. Not an idea, but a cloud, a horrific fart cloud. Not in an "Am I smelling something?" sort of way but more like "Is something dead and rotting in the trunk of the Mustang Cobra and am I in hell?" sort of way.

Suddenly, she panicked. "Roll down the windows!" she screamed. Yes, she literally screamed like she was in a horror movie.

"What? Why?" Rob asked, starting to freak out because Geraldine was freaking out.

"I can't roll down the window, unlock it! UNLOCK IT!" she screamed again.

“What’s going on? Rob yelled back to her, “Why are you . . .” then it hit him. She could see it in his eyes. Was it surprise? Horror? Water started to accumulate at the base of his eyelids, “Ohhh, I CAN TASTE IT!” he screamed.

“Roll down the windows” she screamed again. Then the farts started to ooze out uncontrollably. She scratched and clawed at the window like she was being kidnapped. Rob, unable to see either by fart cloud or panic, kept turning on the windshield wipers instead of unlocking the windows.

It was chaos. They were acting like they were under siege by gun fire. They were under siege alright, just not by gun fire.

Finally, Rob was able to hit the correct control and he rolled down the windows. They both gulped in fresh air. Geraldine was horrified, yet happy to be alive, then remembered she just farted on the man of her dreams, then she wished she was dead.

They sat silently for the rest of the way home. Although the shooting pains had subsided, she now desperately needed to use the bathroom, in an urgent, explosive kind of way.

Rob pulled up to Geraldine's apartment and before he could come to a stop she had already jumped out, "Ok, thanks for dinner, sorry about the fart, love the shoes!" she said and ran into her apartment like she was running from the cops.

She burst through the door and ran straight for the bathroom, where she was finally able to unleash and make noises that no one should ever, ever, hear coming from another person.

Then she heard Rob's voice. Right outside her bathroom door.

"Geraldine, you left your shoes in my car and your front door was open. Where do you want me to put them?"

"Get away from the door!" she screamed like Regan from The Exorcist.

"Okay, I'm sorry. Are you okay Geraldine?" asked Rob.

She said "I'm fine, just leave the shoes there. I'll call you later okay?"

"Are you sure you're Okay?" he asked again.

“I’m fine Geraldine shouted, just get away from the door!”

“This man, thinks Geraldine, I mean, I really like him, but he can’t take a freakin’ hint!”

Finally, she hears the front door close, and the Mustang Cobra starts and zooms away. She thought that was the last she’d ever hear from Rob. She didn’t think it was possible to ever see him again after he screamed, that he can taste her fart after only knowing her for less than 48 hours.

But, to Geraldine’s surprise, she did. And they have been happily married for over 20 years. As they say, all’s well that ends well.