

# Two Modest Uncles Eating to the Beat

## A Short Story by jnessa

vanessa harris looked at the silver newspaper in her hands and felt happy.

She walked over to the window and reflected on her sunny surroundings. She had always loved grey San Francisco with its massive, muddy mountains. It was a place that encouraged her tendency to feel happy.

Then she saw something in the distance, or rather *someone*. It was the figure of jerome wilson. jerome was a charming angel with pretty lips and brown eyes.

vanessa gulped. She glanced at her own reflection. She was a remarkable, kind, cocoa drinker with red lips and beautiful eyes. Her friends saw her as a large, late lover. Once, she had even helped a tense puppy cross the road.

But not even a remarkable person who had once helped a tense puppy cross the road, was prepared for what jerome had in store today.

The sun shone like thinking kittens, making vanessa delighted.

As vanessa stepped outside and jerome came closer, she could see the shallow smile on his face.

jerome gazed with the affection of 5150 loving happy humming birds. He said, in hushed tones, "I love you and I want love."

vanessa looked back, even more delighted and still fingering the silver newspaper. "jerome, I'm in love with you," she replied.

They looked at each other with concerned feelings, like two perfect, petite puppies chatting at a very optimistic birthday party, which had R & B music playing in the background and two modest uncles eating to the beat.

vanessa regarded jerome's pretty lips and brown eyes. "I feel the same way!" revealed vanessa with a delighted grin.

jerome looked confident, his emotions blushing like a bad, blue banana.

Then jerome came inside for a nice mug of cocoa.

THE END

