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Searching for the Perfect Martini

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Searching for the Perfect Martini

Timothy Nunes

Jack lightly splashed vermouth over the glittering frozen forms and carefully drained back off every cooperative drop. He then reached for a bottle of his best 'bathtub gin', bought from a 'speakeasy' that'd been closed down for some months, and slowly poured.



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Janet sauntered through the room like a lithe cat, dressed only in her 'step-ins', empty glass held forth in mute salute. Disappointment shone in her eyes, followed by fatalistic acceptance. Jack's eyes flicked momentarily past her supple hips as she left the room, then focused back on his holy work.

Gently, almost caressingly, he picked up and covered the sacred flask. Through the cool metal he could sense the magical contents, the gentle dance of the players, bobbing and swirling slowly in liquid choreography. He lovingly moved, tilted, and swished, restraining his lustful desire to quicken, to shake, to bruise. After a moment or two, the time of rebirth had arrived.

The glass-receiving vessel was prepared, valiant olive at guard, and liquid life slowly poured in. The lift, the subtle swirl, the taste... PAH! The now defiled glass and flask smashed against the bricks of the fireplace.

Janet peered around the doorjamb, a single perfect, naked breast visible, saw the clear trickle from the fireplace to the carpet, sighed deeply, and retreated.

The shape of each crystal cube was examined closely and then gently placed within. After but a few entries came the lightest splash, the meticulous draining, additional cubes, and then the pour of the gin. This time Jack rocked the contents lovingly, like a father would a newborn babe.

The glass was prepared, the soldier at ready... the light splash, the sip... Ahhhhhhhhh... Perfection! He drained the contents and poured again.

Janet, having heard his sigh of satisfaction, quickly re-entered the room, and Jack now had the opportunity to focus, or at least try to focus, on the sway of her supple body as she approached. Why did her skin suddenly appear so oddly crimson, he wondered?

Seeing her glass held forth expectantly, he began to pour but paused to examine his own hand. He'd never noticed the many bones in his hand before, nor the amazing number of dark paths, rivers, and deltas that littered the fleshy plain.



Janet impatiently jiggled her glass, so he continued to pour, until something in her eyes caused him to pause once again. Curiosity, followed by... Alarm? Why would she be alarmed?? Then his skin fell off and he collapsed into a pile at her feet.

Janet sighed once again, stepped somewhat impatiently over her husband's remains, and resumed poring. It was going to be another one of those days, she supposed.

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