



420 Minutes

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It was a whirlwind between us that ended too soon...

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The first time I meet you in a guitar store, strumming a Gibson Les Paul guitar I know you are the man I should be scared to get closer.

My eyes behind my digital camera focus on your face while you are listening to the sound of the guitar. A penguin tattoo on your left tattooed hand stops playing, and you lift your head up to look in my direction as if you know that I am looking from behind the lens. Your eyes smile while putting the guitar back on its rack and walk towards me.

I am thinking, I should leave right away for I know behind that bad boy image you project is a man that I can deeply fall in love and that can hurt me but my stupid mind is not functioning right, so are my feet.

You confidently stand right in front of me, complimenting my penguin tattoo on my right hand, inviting me for a coffee. You said tourist shouldn't be sightseeing at this very early morning that I should still be sleeping in bed.

We take our seat at the corner area of the cafe as you order coffee for us. The whole time I am contemplating on should I stay or should I go.

When the server gets back with our coffee, I am listening to your stories about the tourist who frequently visited the place that made me forget what I was considering and surprisingly laughing at the sarcastic jokes with you. The sun is setting down to the west, without us noticing the time, you asked me to have dinner with you. We decided to stay at the café to try their local specialty, so we can continue talking whatever comes to mind that we find funny the whole time. After dinner, you hold my hand and take me for a walk along the beach shore.

After four hundred twenty minutes I'm home back from my weekend vacation. Reading on my social media, a trending open letter to the public, my heart is beating fast as I read.

Dear Ms. Penguin,

Yesterday was the shortest 420 minutes of my life that I have spent a wonderful time with a girl like you is so precious rare. You are an intriguing creature. I want to deeply if you allow me the privilege of getting to know you better. You have made me feel young and alive, I am dreaming again.

I forgot to ask your name.

Yours,

Mr. Penguin