

I met Adam as I walked up to my front door. He stepped out of the FedEx truck he drove and only tripped slightly as he approached my door, even though he was looking down at his feet the whole time. He held the package and the signing pad under his arm. I was going to make basil pesto to put in a jar.

I pulled out my keys and he noticed me. “Samantha?” he said with an uptick in his voice. I shook my head no, but took the package from his arms as I crossed over into the house.

“Samantha’s my roommate,” I said to him. “I’m Wynne.”

“Hi, Wynne,” he said. He stepped forward, as if to walk into my apartment.

I shut the door slightly. He abruptly stopped moving, offended that I wouldn’t allow him into the room. “Samantha is out right now,” I told him, which I immediately realized was stupid and unsafe to say considering he seemed to want to enter my apartment.

“Well, I’ll leave this for you then, Wynne. Could you sign here?” he asked as he stuck his arms out straight with the signing pad between his flat palms. He was goofily happy again, like a dog.

I took the package from him, smiled gently, signed the pad, and shut the door before he walked away. I wondered if I had been rude, but didn’t think so.

The next day around the same time Samatha’s package had been delivered, the doorbell was ringing furiously. I wiped my palms on my jeans and looked through the peephole. It was Adam. He was dressed in a blue button up and light colored jeans instead of the FedEx uniform. “For Wynne?” he said, with the same uptick in his voice, and then “Hey, we match,” as if he realized his joke was not that funny. And before I could decide whether this whole occurrence was creepy, I looked down at myself to notice that I, too, was wearing a light blue button up and light colored jeans.

“I guess so. Can I help you?” I said. I felt justified in my frankness.

His smile dropped, just a little bit. “Well, yesterday I just thought that you were so pretty and you know when you just get a feeling? I had that feeling and I thought maybe I could come back and ask you to dinner sometime with me?” So he rambled. That wasn’t particularly enjoyable, and so far he had only spoken one sentence to me that didn’t end like a question.

“I don’t even know your name,” I said.

“Adam,” he said and stuck out his hand in that same direct way as he did the package yesterday.

I shook his hand briefly and pulled away. “I’m Wynne,” I reminded him.

“I remember! So, when can we go out?” he asked.

I sighed. Despite myself, I said yes and we agreed to meet at Tacos Chukis on Broadway at six the next day.

When I told Samantha, she shuddered and said, “Be careful, woman.” I felt I had made a mistake and told her so and she said, “Well, you only live once,” but she said it non-ironically so I really did feel as if I had made a mistake.

But, the following day at six, I found myself arriving at the taco place. My stomach was sour and bubbling; I was nervous I’d be murdered before the night ended. I realized any attempts to keep him away from me were fruitless since he’d already memorized where I lived. I was just thankful he didn’t show up at my door to pick me up tonight, despite my protestations the previous day specifically to not do that.

When my eyes finally landed on Adam, he was waving frantically from across the restaurant. I wondered why he didn’t walk up to me if he had already seen me, but from what I knew of him, the waving thing seemed fitting.

“We don’t match today.” He grinned. “You look beautiful, by the way.”

I smiled tentatively and said thanks as we walked to the counter. I ordered two house tacos and a Pacifico beer with a lime wedge. Adam ordered the same and we decided to eat outside.

“Beer girl, are ya?” he said.

“Huh? Oh yeah, I guess I am.”

He laughed as if I had said something worth laughing at. I took a sip from my drink to try and ease the tension. He did the same, but grimaced after swallowing. I smiled then.

“So. What do you do?” he asked. I felt bad he was making all the conversation, but then remembered he had shown up at my door uninvited yesterday and thought I could probably report him to FedEx for that and didn’t feel so bad anymore.

“I’m a graphic designer. I freelance,” I said.

“I would tell you what I do, but I guess you already know!”

I smiled a little, not giving all the way over to a laugh. “I suppose. Do you do anything else?”

“I’m a sales intern at a healthcare company?” He did that uptick thing in his voice again. I counted. That was now eight or so sentences that ended with that uptick.

“Paid?” I asked.

“Huh?”

“Is the internship paid? It should be. It’s illegal if it’s not,” I said to him.

“Oh, oh yeah, it’s paid. Not much, but it’s something.”

I nodded, sipped my beer, ate a bite of my taco. I nodded some more, until I realized I probably looked weird nodding so much, and stopped.

He looked around, not picking up his beer again like I expected him to. He shrugged and smiled at me. “Do you enjoy your work?”

And so the evening went.

---

Adam didn't ask me out again at the end of the date, but he did get my number, so now he had another way to stalk me if he wanted to, I guess. And when the phone rang at 2:00 the following day, I picked it up without looking. My heart sank when I heard his voice.

“Hey!” he said brightly.

“Hi,” I answered.

“So, what's up?” he asked.

“I'm just working.”

“Oh, sorry to bother you then. I'll just get this over with quickly?”

I sighed quietly. The uptick. “Sure. What's up?”

“I wanted to ask if you wanted to go out again tonight.”

I hesitated. I could tell him I was busy with work, or had plans, or was just not feeling well. I sighed again.

“Sure.”