

## Wilderness House Literary Review 18/2

Zvi A. Sesling  
**One Night Stand**

WHEN HE DIED SHE SOLD THE HOUSE they had lived in for twenty-two years with everything in it including their three-year-old poodle Kvetch.

She placed all the money in a Fidelity Money Market account and rented a small one bedroom apartment on the north side of the city not too far from her former residence. She went to Gempel's Furniture and bought in order, a kitchen table with four chairs, a small sofa, a recliner, a dining room table with four chairs, a dresser and mirror, a queen-size bed and one night stand.

To be honest she looked into the mirrors at Gempel's and admitted to herself she was angry, angry at Henry for dying of cancer after only twenty-three of marriage. So here she was at forty-five having to start over. But, as she looked into the mirror she noted she still considered herself attractive and she had eaten less in the six months since his death and thus, unlike other widows she knew who put on weight like a spayed dog, she was thin.

Gempel's told her the purchase would arrived in separate deliveries over three days, and true to their word the kitchen set, bed, dresser and mirror arrived on Tuesday. Two heavy dark skinned men delivered and put it all together and placed them where she directed. She tipped them generously and the next day when the dining room set arrived it was the same two men and they thanked her again for the large tip.

On the third day when the Gempel's truck arrived she was surprised that only one man made the delivery. He seemed almost six feet tall and well built. She admired his biceps and good build under his T-shirt. He was dark, *tanned was a better word*, she thought, *probably Italian or Sicilian, probably not Greek and definitely not Arabic*. She noted it was almost five-thirty. The other delivery men had made their deliveries around two in the afternoon and here it was almost dinner time. Maybe it was because there were only three items left to deliver.

She watched as he lifted the recliner off the back of the truck with ease and carried it in as if it was a light toy. He returned to the truck for the night stand.

She decided to speak to him, "You make it look easy carrying those things."

'It is.. They're not that heavy. Where would you like it," he said as he brought the night stand in.

"Well, first could you put the recliner facing the sofa?" She asked.

Without a word he put the night stand down and moved the recliner.

"What's your name?"

"Nicholas, but everyone calls me Nick."

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"Well Nick you are a strong man."

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"Thank you."

She followed him into the bedroom and nodded approval when he placed it on the left side near the headboard.

"It's kind of late for a delivery, isn't it?"

"Had a few other stops, but I'm glad it's done so I can stop at a diner and grab a meal. Then he asked, "Why did you only get one night stand, most have two?"

"To be honest, I'm alone. Maybe someday there will be two of them." Then, suddenly she had a notion, "Oh, you know I roasted a chicken and potatoes. Would you like to join me? I'd rather have company because I'm still not used to eating alone. My husband died six months ago and I ... " Her voice trailed off and she lowered her head.

"I'm sorry, that's rough for a young lady like you."

She lifted her head and smiled. "Forty-five. I am forty-five. Still have some good years ahead though."

"Yah, I'd say so. Look at me, fifty-one and still doing the work of twenty-five-year-old boys."

"You're amazing."

She served dinner and they made small talk about work.

He said, he'd been with Gempel's twenty-six years and enjoyed the physical labor.

She told him she had never had children and had been with three different advertising agencies.

Together they finished two bottles of Willamette Valley Pinot Noir and then a few shots of Glenlivet 21 Scotch.

In the morning as Nick was leaving she asked his last name.

"Leonidis," he answered, threw her a kiss and went out the front door.

She stood in front of the mirror over the dresser and brushed her hair and thought, *Greek after all, not bad for a one night stand.*