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This story is called "Veggie Tales"

This day in particular was a very odd day for me. It was during a work day at Big Y in Spfld. A new Cashier was working the front that I had never seen before, (she was very pretty.) I finished up bagging for my boy Dee and ever so nonchalantly headed over to the Area the new cashier was posted up. I said hello after reading her name-tag (which was Tammy). We talked some small talk for awhile and I eventually proposed that maybe we could share our break together. She agreed that it was a good idea. I asked Tammy if she smoked cig's, and she answered that she does. I took the opportunity to ask if she would like a treat from the Bakery. (she told me it wasn't necessary that I spend anything on her.) I insisted and she settled for a chocolate chip muffin. (which BTW is my favorite.) Then before I made my way back to her aisle, I stopped at the check-out where they sell the cig's. I bought her a pack of Marb Reds, she was pleased, we had our break outside seated at the Bus stop where we smoked and talked about our plans for after work. Tammy told me that she didn't have anything planned for the evening. I took that as a good sign, and asked her if she'd like to join me for dinner. She smile at me and said she'd love to. Work eventually ended and we drove around in her car debating where we would go to eat, I suggested Boston Market in East Longmeadow, which she agreed could be an OK spot to eat. In the Driveway of the Boston Market my friend's Dad was just exiting the market, we exchanged pleasantries and moved on. Well, the first thing that struck me as odd was the fact that I ordered chicken with all the fixings, I left her with the choice to pick w/e she wanted B/c I was covering her (Duh! I asked her to dinner.) The part that struck me as odd was that she only ordered a salad with a desert of a slice of pie, when we sat down in our booth to eat I brought up the fact that she hadn't ordered any chicken in a place that specializes in chicken, she flat out told me that she was a vegetarian, I was like (omg! I'm sorry, I had no idea) she was like "don't be silly, you had no way of knowing, and I'm still having a great time!" After we finished eating and dumping our trash we left into the parking lot to get to her car. As we got in, she reached behind her seat and pulled out a Binder filled with CD's. Tammy told me I could pick w/e I wanted to listen to, I picked a Midlanson CD. "The Topeshow", All of her music was pretty much hard Rock or death metal. Tammy asked me where I would like to go next and I told her I'd like to shop around at Circuit City on Boston Road so I could pick a movie out together that we then could watch at her place. While inside, whenever I noticed her picking up a movie or CD (w/e), I'd offer to buy it. I bought the first season of the Chappelle's show for her and a CD she liked. At the check-out desk/counter, she was like "you don't have to pay for those, I'll feel bad." I told her not to worry about it, B/c I wanted to do something nice for her. Soon after we left, as we exited the Circuit City parking lot, Tammy mentioned that she needed to pick up some replacement strings for her guitar. I told her that it was fine seeing that we were like 2 seconds away from the guitar store. I ended up paying for the strings, which she was pleased about, we finally decided that it was as good a time as any to head back to her place. (who at the time she shared with her grandmother who worked 3rd shift at the Post office.) To get to her place we had to head down Parker St., take a left down Allen, then finally taking another left at the four way stop down Wilbraham road Towards Monson. It was dark by now... not to far ahead of us an SUV was driving at a slow pace. Next thing I know, I remember seeing a deer jet right into the path of the SUV as it clipped it. She totally freaked out. "OMG! you Bastard, what the Hell, you ran straight up to the driver's side window her car to the side of the road, got out the car, and saying that "you need to help us find it B/c it was hurt" (LOL) I remember questioning myself about what the hell have I gotten myself into with this girl. After about a few minutes of ranting and raving she got back in the car crying saying "I needed to go to the nearest house and ask for a flash light, I got out of her car, and semi-reluctantly made my way across the 1st house's lawn. The elderly woman who answered my knock was more than glad to let me use her flash light. (saying it was nice that atleast some of the younger generation care's about nature.) when I caught back up to Tammy I handed her the flashlight and reiterated (in a mock way) what the home owner had to say about us searching for the woods for awhile "but" found nothing, though tears were spilling down her ~~cheek~~ cheek, we walked back to its owner, and we headed back on our way to Tammy's house. (quiet ride). When we pulled in to her driveway she gave me the rundown on the do's and don'ts of the place. (No smoking in the house, only throw cig butts to one side of the steps, shoe's off in the house, keep doors that separate one side of the house to the other closed due to cats that don't get along for maybe it was allergies, I'm not really sure which it was.) I entered into her house through the front door which opened into the living room, in which she then led me to the room to the right which was her room. I took a seat on the foot of her bed, when she came into the room she was embarrassed I guess B/c she thought her room was a mess, she asked me if I could stand up for a second so she could make her bed. Instead I took a seat on the floor next to the end of the bed, as she bent down to tuck in the sheets. 3 buttons on her blouse popped open and her cleavage was right in my face. In my head I was like "John (Yeeeahhhhh) OKKK! whkkkaaaTTT!") she acted as if it were an accident "oh, I'm sorry" she pulled me back up onto the bed and told me that I had to be OK with something before "we" ever go anywhere in a relationship she handed me a solid black satanic Bible and asked me to read a certain passage in particular, one of satan's commandments "satan loves adultery and satan loves sex" or something damn close to that. (I'm dumb as a rock) Next she played a little music on her guitar for me, then we watched the movies I bought her. (I'm dumb as a rock) Next she played a little music on her guitar for me, then we watched the movies I bought her. (I'm dumb as a rock) Next she played a little music on her guitar for me, then we watched the movies I bought her. (I'm dumb as a rock)