

## **A Meeting In The Clouds**

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Being an average looking guy, I'm not one who's used to love connections at random places with the opposite sex. However, do not get me wrong, I've had a few connections in my day.

But looking back upon them, there are but a few who have clicked. And yet, the ones that haunt me the most are always the could have beens.

Among my set of could have beens, my pick would be Portia.

Wow, what a name! Portia.

Ever since Shakespeare first pictured her as the brilliant yet loyal lover of the Merchant of Venice, I had fallen in love with that name.

And as such, it was written in the stars or somewhere else for us to meet among them.

I was soaring 12,000 feet above ground with a wide smile. Do not let my lips give you away though. They are not smiling in anticipation of the destination as I sit on this airplane.

But, I can't hold in my happiness when I sit next to the amazingly pretty brunette.

She had brown eyes with soft cheeks. She was wearing a red shrug that matched her rosy face.

She was the girl next door who you want to move in to the house next to hers-yours.

"Hi, I'm Portia," was what she said to me as I introduced myself.

Oh that voice. It was to die for.

We connected instantly. We both had the same interests. We loved the same books.

Heck, we even hated the same artists, and nothing brings together two souls than the hatred for a fellow human being.

It was like I was in heaven among the clouds right next to her. Suddenly, my long 23 hour flight seemed too short for me as I did not want this journey with her to end.

The beverages went in one after the other as we talked and talked for hours while we sipped them uncontrollably completely lost in the conversation.

But, reality kicked in and my bladder started to warn me.

I gently excused myself from the company of this astonishing woman and strutted towards the lavatory as stylishly as a man with a full bladder could.

To my irritation, it was occupied. I waited patiently turning my back towards Portia so that she didn't have to see the difficulty in my face.

Finally, the lights on top of the door turned green and out walked a big and hairy man with a bushy beard.

He looked at me with fearsome eyes as he walked away with a slight expression of disgust.

I did not comprehend his emotion then. But soon, I did.

As I opened the door and walked in, I can honestly swear that never, not even in Hitler's gas chambers would a human being's nostrils have endured such horror and suffocation than in that lavatory.

But, I had a job to do, and I did mine as quickly as I could.

I had to get out of there or else I felt like I would die soon.

I opened the lavatory door and I could almost see the light, when I was pulled back down again.

Portia waited there next in line with a wide smile on her face as she saw me peeking out of the marginally opened door.

I couldn't go back in and I cannot let her go in either. I was in a hairy situation.

But I closed my eyes, bowed my head down and walked towards my seat without looking her in the eye.

I sat down with a heavy heart awaiting for her reaction, with my glass half full.

Like me, she too exited the lavatory quickly, but as she walked over to our seats, her face had a look of anger. She sat down beside me and avoided eye contact.

I had to say something. But what does a guy say in situations like this. Needless to say, we did not speak for the remainder of the flight. In the middle I tried to say something like, "You know there was another g...." but I broke off in mid-sentence as even I didn't find that believable or explainable even though it was the truth.

She left the plane immediately upon landing. I bid an awkward goodbye to which she laughingly replied, "Smell you later."

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