

“There’s Someone for Everyone.”

True love does exist.

I’ve lived every day in devotion to my high school sweetheart, my shining star, the light of my life, my one and only, the girl – **NO**, the *woman* - of my wildest dreams: Tiffany. To the darkest depths of hell with the doubters of true love! They are simply envious of those the Universe chose to bind the souls of. I grew more entranced by my Tiffany every day; I could not imagine a future without her in my life. That is why I chose to propose to her before we graduated.

I will admit that I had not been the most *attentive* boyfriend; engagement rings are incredibly costly. This fact held especially true when shopping for a woman of my Tiffany’s pedigree. After cashiering at the local Dollar Tree for a year, I had finally hoarded enough cash to purchase an engagement ring worthy enough to wrap around my Tiffany’s precious finger. With the help of a loan, my meager budget of \$2,500 transformed into \$5,000.

My noble sacrifices were not unnoticed by my sweet Tiffany; in fact, my Tiffany had often complained about the lack of time I had allotted to her in my schedule. I hoped that when she sees the ring, she would be able to forget my temporary lack of attentiveness. Thankfully, while I was bagging groceries, my Tiffany found quite the hobby in hiking the East Texas forest trails around her property that her family had blazed for generations.

After my final day at the Dollar Tree, I drove directly to Jared’s. There, I cut a deal with the clerk and managed to purchase a beautiful 14 carat white gold engagement ring. As I swiped my debit card, I imagined my Tiffany’s face when I got down on one knee. I quickly hopped into

my red Ford Ranger and turned the keys. My engine teased me. It would not start fully, but only halfway.

“Looks like yer havin’ some battery troubles young man,” a deep voice with southern drawl commented from the sidewalk of the strip mall. I looked to the cowboy with a pleading face, and he nodded. Near instantly, another pickup truck pulled to my the left and towered over my little Ranger. The cowboy produced a pair of jumper cables, and we managed to start my car. I thanked him vigorously and told him where I was headed. He nodded along to my story, but as I began to get into my truck to drive off, he offered me some unneeded advice:

“Son, if that there car trouble wasn’t tha Universe tellin’ ya not tah go through with that engagement of yours, then I will. A spry young lad such as yourself should be havin’ a good time, not devotin’ yer life tah one woman. It took me 30 long, miserable years tah realize that.”

He looked not at me, but through me as he told me this gem. I nodded at him and smiled as if it were the first I had heard that advice. I was tired of hearing the same thing repeatedly! I believed that Tiffany and I were soulmates: that meant nothing could ever separate us. He spat his chewing tobacco onto the ground as I drove off.

At sunset I arrived at Tiffany’s house and honked my horn. I shut my car off and watched her prance out of the woods.

“Howdy *mi amor!*” I yelled as I stepped out of my truck. She smelled awful, but I imagined sharing my last name with her: Tiffany Garcia. What a magnificent thought.

“I have something to ask-“

“No, I want to show you something first” she said, abruptly cutting my question off.

“Follow me.”

As she led me into the woods, the rancid aroma became stronger. It smelled like the forest was the bathroom of 20 Great Danes and that no rain, person, or animal had ever attempted to clean it up. Before I got the courage to ask about the smell, my Tiffany was snatched up by a quick, dark figure around 8 feet in height which took my Tiffany deeper into the woods. I stumbled backwards, landing on my ass yelling after her. This was surely the Universe testing the bond her and I shared. I would perform a heroic gesture then propose to my love I thought.

The 5 minutes that followed were terrifying. I could hear the beast’s grunts and my Tiffany’s cries through the trees, and I followed them to the best of my ability. Finally, I found what seemed to be a camp and hid behind a tree. The cries of my Tiffany grew louder and emboldened me to reveal myself. I was sure that the Universe itself would grant me the power to slay the unnatural beast if it were to save my soul mate.

I jumped out from behind my hiding spot and yelled my lover’s name, expecting a lightning bolt to come down from the heavens and smite the beast in support of our love. What I saw, however, was more surprising than Heavenly intervention. I saw my Tiffany in Bigfoot’s embrace.

Bigfoot turned to me and smirked. I threw up while running to my truck. I hopped in, turned the keys, and nothing happened. Bigfoot’s devilish chortle approached me, and I felt my truck lean forwards. Bigfoot and Tiffany had begun a passionate love-making session on the hood of my truck, and I was forced, through my torrents of tears, to watch and listen. I couldn’t

keep my eyes off the passion shared between Bigfoot and Tiffany. As I wondered what the old cowboy would say to me if we ever met again, I realized that true love did exist- just not between Tiffany and me.

When the new couple decided to retire to the woods, Tiffany offered me one final message:

“I’m sorry Jason, but you know what they always say about big feet....”