

## Blind Date

© 2018 By Tom Jolly

“Hello,” said the man, in a sarcastic, acerbic, scornfully disdainful tone of voice normally reserved for bellhops in cheap hotels that were too low-class to actually have a bellhop, with thread-bare carpets, peeling paint, and suspicious musty odors that probably came from black mold inside the walls, or from the cheap perfume of prostitutes with their rotten meth-teeth and sagging breasts and lipstick that was never on straight, trying to turn tricks with the sleazebags that roomed there, and maybe even the scuzzy bellhops. That tone of voice.

Realizing this, Martha stood up, tossed a five-dollar bill on the table to cover her ice tea, and left the restaurant without saying a word to her third blind date of the week.