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A Love Story

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Greg Yakle is an undecided freshman at UNI. He says he usually only writes when he has to, and credits "inspiration" with this piece. Of "A Love Story", Greg says "That's how I'd like a love affair to be."



A LOVE STORY

"I love you dearly." Frank said in a tone of inescapable seriousness, "Will you be mine, forever!" "Cartwheel on the gomp, Matey," replied Polly as she seductively shot a wad of Redman into a nearby spittoon. As they sat there in the warm glow of the hearth, Frank knew his dreams would come true. Polly, feeling a wave of hot desire, clutched at Frank's hip waiters and suddenly heaved them into the flames. She knelt before him and their eyes met. Together they spoke those words of true love and unyielding devotion: Gospark on yon Wildebeast! In a fit of ecstasy Frank threw Polly to the ceiling.

He sat down exhausted but happy, and began thinking of that fateful day they met. It seemed like yesterday. Frank was stalking the wily Okra in the dismal Albion wine cellars, when he first spotted her. She was simply combing her long golden locks but at the same time savagely throwing innocent chunks of cheddar cheese at the damp cellar walls. He drew her attention and they talked all afternoon of plastic bags and why marines always get drunk.

From then on he saw her as often as possible. She made him feel alive again and provided an escape from his former wife, Doris. Doris was not that bad, except she had the beauty of an 86 year old loaf of rye bread and the mind of a bottle of cod liver oil. Polly was by no means an easy woman to woo. She had many male friends, her principle suitors being Dr. Colic's stableboy, Maynard and the town dwarf, Bapster Quim. Winning her was a difficult task, for Maynard's head was as flat as a 5-year old chick. He'd received this blessing while juggling anvils as a child. To add to Frank's troubles, Bapster had the unbelievable talent for stuffing skinned turkeys into his mouth while singing Scottish folk hymns. Yes sir, it hadn't been easy but now Polly and Frank were to be wed.

Frank was awakened from his daydreams by a hard right to the jaw. He pulled himself up slowly from the floor and looked longingly into Polly's left arm. In a wave of insurmountable passion they ran to each other. Bringing Polly towards his heaving chest, Frank tore off her wig and threw it to his Great Dane, Baggish. As the gentle creature proceeded to savagely shred the hairpiece like a Ronco juicer, Frank burst into tears. "I'm sorry my love, I just lost my head." "Caggle, Caggle, Gurg" was all she could say.

