
Dallas loved the tastes of foods that no one would want to kiss you after you ate them; hot peppers, pickles, pesto (she friggin' loved pesto), fresh onion, garlic and anchovies. Her period was heavy today and the cravings for such orally offensive delights were at their peak. She often wondered how her species thought themselves the dominant half when they used their menstrual cycle as an excuse to act the damn fool. Yes, she could feel the unease inside her, blood quite literally boiling within her churning womb. But it was just pain, and pain was something all living things had to contend with. From the moment she first flowered she decided her flow was not going to control her, at least when she got past the initial shock of it all. I mean seriously...how often do you wake up in a pool of your own blood? She chuckled a bit at the memory. She remembered that the first time she bled she was in the midst of an epic dream, battling an army of Blood Mages and Warlocks. In her dreams she could always use magic. With sword in hand (it's name was *Shadow Lancer*) she would twist and turn this way and that, slashing expertly with the bastard sword she wielded one handed with speed and grace while blasts of fire and ice leapt from her fingertips slaying foe after foe in a majestic dance of death. But then a vile Werebeast catches her unawares and before she can recover it rips at her insides, her bowels dripping from the creature's bloody maw as she thrusts her blade defiantly into the monster's bulging neck. It was her silent scream that woke her and when she felt the wetness beneath, saw the blood on her fingers, she thought the beast of her dreams had finished her. The cool sensation of reality settling into her mind calmed her nerves though.

In a past life Dallas attempted to utilize her hyperactive imagination as an actress, And by all accounts, she was a pretty damn good one as well. She found it easy to emote characters she related to personally. In a way, she never acted; just acted out. What drove her away was ironically the fake camaraderie of the 'business'. She got tired of being in an industry where it seemed you only existed if you were 'working'. Outside of that no one really wanted anything to do with you

...much like death

Emotional mercenaries. People feigning interest in her doings and whereabouts. She just couldn't trust anything anyone said. It pissed her off really. She knew she was in the business of playing make believe but seriously...couldn't people just be honest and real? Why care if you really don't? So she began to write about her true life experiences. Her peaks and valleys, sorrows and happinesses. But mostly her truth

The 'business' used to be about art. The evolution of humanity through expression and honesty with not just ourselves but others. Hearing a fire breathing gospel singer scream her soul out, a classical guitarist losing time and space between delicate finger plucks and the silence in between, a sculptor who reveals the underlying beauty of ugly stone through sheer force and pressure. all in all, she just lost her passion for it. Not for all of it, but she hated doing/auditioning for shows that theatres were just doing to make money. Might as well have a 'real' job if we're going to be money whores instead of believing in the audacity of original thought

She turned onto the street of her favorite deli. Passing by the store window she saw Linda the bakery lady's sad face through the colorful arrangement of pretty pink & fluffy pastries on display. An interesting picture in dichotomy.

The deli was not packed today and 'lex, Dallas' ever friendly deli guy, was cheerful and all smiles and already making her usual. She got her order, sat down and was quickly into two bites of her roast beef, pastrami, prosciutto, horseradish cheddar, pesto, mayo, black olives, lettuce (she disliked tomato), pickles, red onions, garlic, anchovy, roasted red peppers, basil, parsley sage rosemary and thyme with oregano on wheat large submarine sandwich. 'lex was an artist behind a deli apron and no one...NO ONE...in the city made a sandwich with such delicate care and affection (or maybe he just did for her because she knew he wanted to sleep with her, which she didn't mind because she shared the same sensation. She never minded that men lusted after her from time to time. That's what they do and she never begrudged them their natural behavior.

Besides, she loved the attention, though she would never let it show). Regardless, it was harmless, she knew she was never going to have sex with him

Maybe

His sandwich making abilities were too much to risk. Yes...it was that serious

It's the little things in life you have to dig around for and seek out. Like the pomegranate, where only the seeds are juicy and sweet, while the meat is sour and bitter

CRACK!!

The sound of bat to ball snapped Dallas back to the present. There was an afternoon game on the television in the deli. The hitter was making a manic dash to first while the outfielder dug around in the corner for the errant ball. Alex came from behind the counter and sat at Dallas' table saying

"Baseball is weird. If you do something well only 30% of the time in anything else in life you're considered a divine failure. But in baseball you just might be a hall of famer if you do it your entire career."

With a mouthful of sandwich goodness Dallas replied

"Sometimes that's what life is all about; even if you know that there's a high likelihood of failing you still have to get up there & try because there's a small chance you can do something amazing"

"that was insightful"

"you're sandwiches increase my intelligence tenfold"

"i thought the anchovies and prosciutto would have sent you into sodium shock"

"it just might, but the horseradish cheddar offsets the flavor quite nicely"

"you can cook can't you?"

"absolutely"

"you've never made me anything"

"stop, you stop right there"

"okay"

"I like your instincts though. You need to act before your brain has the chance to react & talk some sense into you"

"like resisting the urge to buy a baby platypus"

"say what now?"

"I've been fascinated with them since I was a kid. Always thought that the duck billed platypus is proof positive that the creator has a sense of humor"

"don't you just mean God?"

“I’m agnostic, but I believe in a creator, anyways, have you seen a baby platypus? It’s like the cutest thing ever”

“a baby anything is like the cutest thing ever”

“ok true, but a baby platypus is especially cute. I saw a video of one a few days ago online. Give me your phone, I’ll try to find it”

“I can look it up myself thank you very much”

“ah, naughty pictures?”

“no”

yes. One tends to have naughty pictures on their phone when they work at a maliciously depraved sports bar on raucous weekends. Alex said

“search for *baby platypus*”

“no need for *duck billed*?”

“do you know another kind of platypus?”

Dallas did as she was told while giving him the *thanks smartass* stare. The first video that popped up was one of a baby platypus in a pool. She tapped the image, up came the ever present hypnotic circular loading animation, feeling as if it were trying to bore a hole into her mind

what popped on screen was the creature gliding in a pool, swimming over to open hands with food, nibbling ravenously. Another set of curious fingers tickles it’s willing belly as it’s leg twitches with frenetic joy.

Alex was right, it was like the cutest thing ever

She resigned herself then and there that at some point in her life she had to pet a baby platypus. This went along on the same list that contained *train own dragon*