

# The Blind Date (From Hell)

By Gark

## Chapter 1: Back Yard Brawl

### John's Story

It was the blind date from hell, although it didn't seem that way at first. A couple that I've known for a long time had been urging me to meet another friend of theirs, Robin, for some time. They'd tell me what a great match we'd make. To hear them tell it, Robin was 'outgoing, had a great personality and was very good-looking'. Well, two out of three usually ain't bad, but in this case it was the kiss of death. This is how things went.

Steve and Sarah finally managed to set up Robin and me on a date. It was early fall, and we planned to go to the Timberwolves home opener versus the Lakers. We'd meet at Steve and Sarah's house Friday night for cocktails before the game and get to know each other. Then we'd all go to the game together. I'm not much of a sports fan, but it all seemed pretty tame, so I agreed. I mean, how bad could it be?

Instead, Steve and Sarah were called out of town on a family emergency, leaving Robin and me on our own. I picked Robin up at her house to go out for a drink before the game. She was drop-dead gorgeous - long, straight blond hair, a pretty face, and deep blue eyes - classic Norwegian descent. However, Robin was a couple of inches taller than me, maybe about 5-foot 9, and she was wearing heels. So, we looked a bit odd together. And I didn't like the way Robin looked down on me. I could see from the start that she regarded me poorly.

I left my car at Robin's and we took a taxi downtown. We arrived at the bar and I immediately felt out of place. Everyone was a lot more outgoing than me, and they were all dressed better than me. I went almost everywhere in bluejeans, including work. Robin told me with some disdain that she

### Robin's Story

The blind date was doomed to failure right from the start. Steve and Sarah had cancelled at the last minute, so now I was stuck on this blind date all by myself. Plus, we were going to a basketball game, perhaps the last thing on my list of interesting things to do. I should say that I enjoy participating in athletics, but I have no interest in watching overpaid pro athletes.

So, I was already in a foul mood when John showed up at my door. He was only somewhat like Steve and Sarah had described him - 'handsome, outgoing and very nice'. I mean outgoing is great, but I don't consider 'very nice' to be much of an attribute. As for the handsome part, John was pretty good looking - for a short, wimpy guy. He was probably a few inches shorter than me, and I just didn't want to deal with him.

My mood was so foul that I decided I would look down on John from 'up above' as much as I could. He might as well suffer through the date, too.

The only smart thing John did was to not drive his car downtown, and take a taxi instead. We walked into a bar not far from the Target Center, where the game would be played. I was in full bitch mode now and I would make him pay for going out with me.

We sat down and ordered our drinks. I made sure to order something expensive. John had a beer - definitely no class! Plus he was only wearing bluejeans and a flannel shirt, while I had on a nice pair of black stirrup slacks and a white, satin blouse. To make matters worse, John told me he was an engineer. I was out with a nice, short, geek dressed in casual clothes. It couldn't get any worse than this.

worked as a marketing assistant at a large company down the way. As Dilbert would say, they're a 'squadron of idiots'. How could things be worse?

And then things were a lot worse. Robin started calling me 'Little John'. I hadn't been called that since High School. I thought I was done putting up with that horrible nickname. No one in college had called me that name, so I had thought those days were behind me.

Robin could really dish it out in the bitch department. There was no way I could keep up with all the little barbs and arguments she threw my way. I hadn't had any practice at this, something she must have had in abundance. It was pure hell!

Thank God it was time to go to the game. At least it would be loud there and hard to have a conversation. I was determined to drink beer, eat snacks and ignore Robin the best I could.

After a couple of beers, I noticed that Robin was keeping up with me. I knew that engineers could drink a lot of beer, but could marketers? I kept the beers coming, and Robin managed to keep up, seeming a little less high-strung as time went on.

Finally, the game was over and it appeared that the date was nearly done. Thank goodness we were finally in the taxicab heading back to Robin's house. Now if she'd only keep her mouth shut.

===== 01 =====

[Start on Robin's side first, and then alternate reading, side to side. Spoken text is in blue.]

"Sure, you're plenty good looking, but that's all you've got going for you. You've got the personality of a pitbull and the common sense of a squirrel. Do you always make fun of your dates by calling them names?"

I was determined to make him suffer. I finally hit on calling him 'Little John', and I could tell I was right on target. John's reaction was immediate as I saw his face contort, but he was 'too nice' to say anything back. John was probably a wimp, too, afraid to offend me. I decided to continue calling him Little John throughout the evening.

John was nearly defenseless in the verbal arts. He rarely had anything to add to my witty conversation, so I began to treat him even worse. By game time, I had reduced John to the wimp that he truly was. I could see he was relieved to leave the bar and go to the game.

The game was loud and the fans were obnoxious. Plus, I was reduced to drinking beer, but at least it would numb the reality of being with John.

John seemed to be drinking lots of beer. I was determined to keep up with him. Every time John ordered a beer, I ordered one, too. I wouldn't let this loser beat me at anything! Besides, they started tasting better after a while, and the beer-man was kind of cute.

At last we were in the taxicab heading home and I could finally ditch this loser. I was definitely feeling the beer, and was still feeling 'bitchy', to boot. So, I decided to take the last few minutes of the date to torture John some more.

===== 01 =====

I laid it on thick. "Well Little John, how did you like our blind date? You know, you should be thankful. It isn't often a guy like you gets to go out with a good looking woman like me."

I couldn't believe it. He should have been happy just to be seen with me. The dim-witted clod! "You have the brains of an earthworm,

Talk about arrogant. This woman was so into herself that she couldn't see straight. I breathed a sigh of relief as the cab pulled into Robin's driveway at the front of her house. I flipped a couple of twenty's to the driver for the speedy ride and got out of the cab with Robin. Failing to think of one last barb to throw at her, I tried something else. "You should be kind to me. After all, remember what Little John did to Robin on the log."

"Right! Maybe you're not so dimwitted after all."

"Not really, just having some fun with our names."

I can't believe she pushed me like that! "Who's threatening who now? I certainly won't back down from the likes of you!" I shoved her back, and she nearly fell.

"Anything you say." I wasn't too keen on fighting a woman, but this bitch had it coming. Maybe she was taller than me, but she certainly didn't look that strong. We walked around the side of the house, glaring at each other every few paces. We dropped our jackets on the fencepost as we went through the gate to the back yard.

===== 02 =====

Robin was wearing a pair of black slacks and a white, satin blouse - not exactly good clothes for a fight on a cool fall night. I was glad I was wearing bluejeans and a flannel shirt.

Robin didn't seem too worried about fighting. She seemed plenty confident and ready to go. I wondered if she had done this before. I knew that I hadn't. Or, maybe she was just feeling the buzz from all those beers we had at the

and the looks to match!"

"You mean like Little John beating Robin Hood on the log and knocking him into the water?"

"So now you're threatening me. Is that it?"

"And now you're backing down. You really are a sorry wimp." I gave him a shove for good measure, the liquor adding to my temper.

"OK then. Let's go to my back yard and settle this." I'd sure teach him a thing or two, and rewrite the story of Robin & Little John along the way.

===== 02 =====

The night was dark, with only a sliver of a moon showing. The few streetlights nearby were along the main street and didn't shine into my back yard. That was fine. No one would be able to see us fighting. And, no one would be around to keep me from pummeling this jerk into the next millennium.

I gave no thought to the fact that I had never been in a fight before. Sure, I'd had pillow

game.

I should have been paying more attention instead of thinking so much. Before I knew what was happening, Robin landed a roundhouse punch right to my belly. "Ooommmppphhh!!!" I felt the air rush out, and I doubled over a little, waiting for what came next. Luckily, she didn't punch that hard.

===== 03 =====

"And, no kicking or scratching, either."

===== 04 =====

Robin just couldn't let up on the verbal abuse. I was still hopping mad from the sneak attack, so I lunged at Robin, tackling her at the waist, knocking her backwards onto the grass. I didn't want to box with her - I didn't like the idea of hitting a woman. Besides, her reach was greater than mine and she'd probably wipe me out. I was better off wrestling around with her in the grass.

I landed on top of Robin and quickly moved to control her. I sat on top of her, straddling her waist and holding her arms down. Robin lay there for a second, dazed or something, and then she started fighting like a hellcat.

But there was no way she was going to get free, or at least, that was what I thought. Robin thrashed around a lot, but couldn't manage anything effective. I felt like the fight would be over before it had gotten very far at all.

I just sat there, feeling pretty good about sitting on top of this bitch from hell. That was when Robin looped one of her legs around my chest, knocking me backwards and off of her. I was pretty surprised and figured she'd jump me any second. Instead, she was standing up, waiting for me to stand up, too.

Robin motioned me forward with a hand gesture, showing her complete disregard for me. I should never have let her up.

fight with some of my old boyfriends, but nothing like this. I really wanted to whack this guy good.

I struck first, before John was ready, right to his stomach. He must have been plenty surprised, and worried that I was gonna beat the crap out of him.

===== 03 =====

"Before we go much further, how about these rules? No hitting above the shoulders or below the waist."

"Fine. Let's go, Little John."

===== 04 =====

This guy would be no contest. I had nothing to worry about. I'd just keep him at arm's length and punch him 'til he quit.

'Aaarrggghhh!!!' was all I could think as Little John rushed forward and tackled me to the ground. This wasn't supposed to happen! How dare him knock me to the ground? My white, satin blouse probably had grass stains all over it! Now I was really mad!!

But John was on top of me, holding me down. This was completely unacceptable! I bucked and rolled, trying to get free. If I could get loose, I'd just punch the living daylights out of him.

But John had me down good, sitting on my waist, holding my arms down. I tried to overpower him, but he was too strong while in this position. Maybe I'd have to fight him down here in the grass for a while. I tried rolling again, but with no luck. Then, I started thinking like a fighter, planning my next move.

I lifted both of my legs and managed to hook one of them around the front of John. I knocked him flat on his back before he knew what hit him and jumped up to my feet to resume the fight.

I knew I had him now. I would just pummel Little John until he gave in. I'd use my longer

I moved forward, knowing Robin had the advantage. She landed a couple of quick punches, and I was reeling. Luckily, she wasn't a strong puncher, or I'd be toast by now. But, I just couldn't bring myself to punch a woman, even now in this situation. I had no chance unless I could get Robin down in the grass again.

A plan began to form in my mind. There was a big tree behind me a few steps, so I backed towards it. Robin continued to rain blows to my midsection without me returning any of them. I blocked them the best I could. My back was now against the tree and Robin continued to punch away at my belly. I was in a bad position, and soon she would have me helpless. On the other hand, Robin was getting overconfident, feeling victory was soon at hand.

The time was now right for my plan. Robin went for a high shot to my shoulder, so I ducked. All she hit was the tree. She yelped out and grabbed her injured hand for a better look. I took a quick look and saw there was no major damage, probably just soreness.

So, I grabbed Robin around the waist and knocked her down onto the grass again. I tried to get on top of her again, but she rolled me off quickly. We rolled around face-to-face, back and forth for quite a while, neither of us gaining the advantage for very long.

We finally arrived at the edge of a small hill, still rolling around. I spotted a dirty looking puddle at the bottom and figured 'what the heck'. I grabbed onto Robin for dear life and propelled us down the hill, rolling all the way - me on top, then her on top, then me on top, etc.

We finally landed in what I thought was a water puddle, but to my surprise, it was pure mud with little water. We rolled right into the mud, rolling over each other a few times for good measure. What a sight we must have been!

arms to whack him, and he wouldn't be able to reach me. I motioned him forward.

I landed a punch to John's shoulder and then another to his stomach. He doubled over some, and started backing up a little. I had him on the run! Little John was heading toward the big oak tree. I could trap him there and pummel away!

I gave John another couple of body blows and could see that this wimp wouldn't be able to take much more. He had his back against the tree. I quickly landed a few more blows; he wasn't even very good at blocking my punches. Little John hadn't even managed to hit me back! What a total loser!

I punched away, but suddenly John ducked down and my fist hit the tree.

"Ooouuccchh!!!" I took a quick look at my hand, and it seemed OK - just kind of red with a few scratches. Unfortunately, as I was checking my hand, John again tackled me and we landed in the grass.

I was determined to do better this time. John tried to sit on me again, but I rolled us over before he could do it. Neither of us was very good at wrestling, because all we managed to do was just roll around. And, it was nearly impossible to land a punch this way.

Little John and I rolled around, back and forth, and I was actually starting to have fun. I actually enjoyed his closeness as we battled. Maybe John wasn't so bad. Fighting would probably be a lot better indoors and out of the grass. My clothes were ruined, but so what! Little did I realize what else was to come.

We were at the top of the small hill in my backyard, still struggling for position. There was a perennial mud puddle at the bottom of the hill. Surely John wouldn't ... And then he did. Before I knew it, we were rolling down the hill, a tangled mess of arms and legs. I tried desperately to get away, but John held on tight.

Unfortunately, Robin landed on top of me. As she sat up, Robin couldn't help noticing her condition, covered from head to toe with mud. She actually smiled a little bit. However, I took the opportunity to roll her onto her back and hold her down. We rolled around some more, enjoying the muck.

Finally I rolled Robin over to the grassy area again and jumped on top of her. I held her down and knew she wouldn't get loose again. I had to watch out for her legs, so she wouldn't flip me off again. I moved forward on her body and was now sitting on her chest. Robin felt pretty well endowed, at least as far as I could tell.

But what a mess she was. Robin's face was streaked with mud; her once-blond hair was now mud-brown. Her clothes were a mess, too, from head to toe. I probably looked no better.

I chuckled to myself. This was quite an equalizer. Neither one of us looked better than the other, plus, she hadn't said much the whole time. Maybe Robin wasn't so bad.

I had to get that thought out of my mind, and get some retribution for tonight's verbal abuse. Robin certainly deserved it. I felt the need to rub it in, and give her a nickname.

===== 05 =====

"You might as well give up, Robin Hood. You'll never get loose from this hold."

"Not until you apologize for your behavior tonight and promise to never call me 'Little John' again."

"So be it. Although right now you should be noticing that this is a cold, wet night. And, I don't mind sitting here until I hear the right words from you. It's fine with me to sit here until daylight, if that's what it takes. Maybe

Suddenly, there was mud everywhere. I was a slimy mess! But so was John, and that made me happy. He looked just as bad as me. Now I understood why people like mud wrestling. It was fun! I was on top of John for the moment, but he quickly rolled me over. We were a slippery, oozy mess, but that was OK. We rolled around some more, but I was getting kind of cold and tired.

John rolled us onto the grass and I put up only a little resistance. Then he sat up on top of me, straddling my stomach with his legs. I tried to hook him with my leg again, but he was ready this time. John moved forward and now was sitting right on top of my breasts! Unbelievable arrogance!

But it wasn't so bad. I mean it didn't hurt any. And, I got a good chance to see the damage I had inflicted on him. John was a total mess, but he seemed pretty happy with himself for having me trapped. It's funny, but John actually looked kind of good with mud all over him. Maybe he wasn't so bad.

John had me down and I knew I wouldn't be able to get loose. And, losing wasn't as bad as I had thought. Certainly, he would be a gracious winner. After all, John was a 'nice guy'. But then he had to open his mouth and ruin the moment.

===== 05 =====

Aaarrggghh!!! He would have to call me that name. Holding my temper in check, I replied, "You're probably right. I give up. Now let me loose."

"Never! It'll be a cold day in hell before I apologize to you, **Little John!**"

your neighbors will notice us by then and want to watch."

She started to struggle some more, but Robin would not be getting free. She just lay there, trapped beneath me, staring daggers up at me.

"And, what about my nickname?"

"OK. Sounds fine to me, although a bit insincere. But, I'll let you up anyway."

===== 06 =====

I released her. Robin was fuming and stomped off into the house without another word. I stumbled back to my car, cold and tired, the effects of the alcohol now completely gone. I was totally oblivious to the mud all over me and just sat down in my car with a thud. At least I'd have a safe ride home.

And, I had something to look forward to - never having to see Robin again. Although, a small part of me did kind of like her, especially covered with mud.

===== 07 =====

**The End, for now....**

Now I was really mad, but what could I do?. He should have just let me up. I was actually starting to like him. But no, he had to rub it in. I struggled some more, but couldn't get free. I would have to apologize.

"I'm sorry for the way I acted tonight." I said acidly.

"I promise not to call you Little John ever again."

===== 06 =====

I was really pissed. First, I was almost liking this guy, and now I'm hating him again. If he had only left well enough alone and not made me apologize. And then the Robin Hood nickname!

I stomped off in disgust, glad that I would never see John again. I opened the back door and stepped inside, leaving a trail of mud behind me. I headed straight for the shower and was a little surprised at having thoughts of revenge. Perhaps I **would** see Little John again...

===== 07 =====

**The End, for now....**