

Lesson 5
READ THIS STORY #1, Basic

Colette

Colette was our new drum majorette. Every guy in the band hoped he could get a date with Colette, but she seemed aloof. No one was brave enough to ask her out except me.

Colette said she adored dining at The French Connection restaurant on Lafayette street. I was a bit nervous when I picked her up in the rented Corvette, but I was determined to impress her.

An arrogant waiter seated us at a corner table near the noisy kitchen. He acted as though I were a foreign invader intent on espionage.

I perused the menu while trying to appear nonchalant. It was written in French. I didn't know the difference between a crepe suzette and a brochette, but I did understand the prices. I couldn't afford dinner for two at this restaurant.

I tried to be masterful as I placed the order for two small tureens of potage. Colette expected the soup to be a prelude to dinner. When she learned that I considered it to be our only dish, she left the restaurant in a pique.

It was an expensive way to discover that Colette and I had nothing in common.