



Relationship Advice

by Crying in His Beer Philly

I first saw him sitting there at the bar all alone. He was handsome: clean cut, sporting a turtle neck and blazer, looking very much like the all-American boy. I would soon find out that wasn't the case at all.

The year was 1978. Happy Days was the top-rated show on television, the Bee Gees were the world's biggest-selling band, and I was a coed at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor. A Chi Omega, no less. Tonight was a special night: the night of the Big Game, the Rose Bowl for our University of Michigan Wolverines. So I went down to the bar to meet my friends and watch the game.

That's when I met him, while waiting for my friends to arrive. He seemed harmless enough. Normal, just like any other guy. It was only a few minutes after I sat down next to him that he started talking to me. And boy, did he have a lot to get off his chest.

The conversation was about women, as it often is. About his girlfriend. That's all he talked about: his girlfriend. Genevieve. Georgina. George-Anne. Something like that. So much, the better. We were in a bar, after all.

"We had a fight," he said.

"Over what?" I asked him.

He was almost crying, but still looked like a man all the same. As far as I was concerned, seeing him all sensitive like that made him even more attractive.

"I don't know," he said. "Doesn't really matter. All I know is that we were driving down the road and suddenly she wants out of the car. So she opens the door at 60 MPH and there she goes. I was able to pull over just in time so she didn't hurt herself."

"Wow," I said. "Then what happened?"

"Then she goes screaming down the road like some kind of crazy woman. Stops the first car she sees and gets in."

"No way."

"God only knows who was driving that car. Could have been some kind of mad man."

"Could have been," I said. "What was she so angry about?"

"Oh," he said, starting to blush, "I guess it all started when I asked her if I could do her makeup."

"Do her makeup?"

"Yeah, you know; like put on her lipstick, eyeliner, blush."

"But isn't that a queer's job?"

"Hey," he said, "I'm no queer!" And when he said it, just for an instant, he looked like a different man altogether. I gave him the benefit of the doubt, though. If I was a man, I wouldn't want to be called a queer either.

"Sorry," I told him.

"No problem," he said. "I was the captain of the football team back in high school, you know" he said.

"Awesome," I said.

"But maybe you're right?" he said.

"About what?"

"About the whole makeup thing. I don't know; maybe she thought it wasn't *manly* enough."

"Oh, come on," I said. "It's 1978."

"Right," he said. "That's what I told her."

"Is that all?" I asked him.

"Well," he said, blushing again. "Can I be candid?"

"Of course," I told him.

"I like making love outside."

"Outside?"

"Yeah, you know; like in the great outdoors. And I don't mean the backyard; I mean out in the wilderness; under the stars like up on Taylor Mountain."

"Sounds romantic."

"Right," he said. "You get it."

"Just watch out for the bears," I told him.

"Right," he said, but he didn't get the joke.

"And not only do I like doing it outdoors," he said, "I like to, you know..."

"No, what?"

"Well, when we're home I like a little role playing: like I'm a burglar and she's the helpless housewife."

"Sounds innocent enough," I said.

"I like to get on top and hold her down," he said.

"Show her who's the man."

"Exactly," he said. "Then, I like to tie her up and even suffocate her a little."

"Okay," I said.

"Nothing permanent," he said. "It's just role playing."

"Right."

"Sometimes," he said, "I like pretending that I'm a cop."

"Women love cops."

"I've got a badge and handcuffs and all that. It's just like the real thing," he said.

I wasn't so sure how I felt about this guy anymore, but he sure was getting into the whole being candid thing. A little too much so, in fact. He was beginning to sweat. His eyes started turning a darker color and all of a sudden he didn't look so much like the boy next door.

"But Janice, she's just not in to all that."

"Who's Janice?" I asked him.

"My girlfriend," he told me.

"I thought you said your girlfriend's name was *George-Anne*."

"Right," he said, "*George-Anne*."

"So what wound up happening to her?" I asked him.

"Happening to her?" he said.

"Yeah, after she jumped out of the car, got into another car with a stranger."

"Oh, right. Can you believe it: she wound up having me arrested."

"Arrested?"

"Yeah," he said. "Me, a law student, arrested like some common thug."

"What were the charges?" I asked him.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "Some chicken-shit beef. I beat it easy. Walked right out of that place and now here I am."

"Indeed," I said, "here you are."

He smiled.

"You want a little piece of relationship advice?" I asked him.

"Go for it," he said.

"Forget all about her. Get yourself a new girl. She's yesterday's news."

"Done," he said, and I could tell he was feeling better already.

"So," I asked him, "you say you're a law student. You go here to UM?"

"No," he said. "I go to law school at the University of Utah."

"Utah?" I said. "My, you're a long way from home."

"Yes," he said. "I just stopped in to see an old friend. Michigan is playing my alma matter tonight in the Rose Bowl."

"You went to UW?"

"That's right," he said.

"So you're from Washington state?"

"Seattle," he said. "Tacoma, to be exact."

"Well," I told him. "We're going to be the pants off of your Huskies tonight."

"No way," he said, and we both laughed.

"Say," he told me, "would you like to come outside for a minute?"

"For what?" I asked him.

"Oh, nothing much," he said. "I just have some books I thought you might like to take a look at."

"Books?" I said. "But the game is just about to start."

"Right," he said. "Never mind."

"Oh, well," I told him. "I've got to go. My friends are here."

"Okay," he said, and he looked so sad, like a lost puppy.

"Cheer up," I told him. "Things will get better."

"You're right," he said. "In fact, I've decided to move on down to Florida. The Sunshine State. What sorority did you say you were in?"

"I didn't," I told him.

"Oh," he said, "with someone as pretty as yourself, I just assumed."

"Well, thank you," I told him. "I'm a Chi Omega."

"A Chi O'," he said. "Perfect. My girlfriend is a Theta."

As I started walking away, that's when he said to me, "Hey, I didn't even get your name."

"Carrie Anne," I told him.

"Nice to meet you, Carrie Anne," he said to me. "My name is Ted."

Next day I heard there was a fight in the bar involving some guy named Ted from UW. Two weeks later, I saw it all unfold on TV from Tallahassee, Florida: two Chi Omegas bludgeoned to death; two others holding on to dear life. And to think: I gave him relationship advice.

I sure am glad I didn't go check out those books he was telling me about. What an asshole.

Relationship Advice is the latest in the Flashbytes series from worst-selling author T Philly Loyd. It's the fourth and last in the special Ted Bundy 30th anniversary series. It's based on the night Bundy spent at a bar in Ann Arbor, Michigan, this after having escaped from prison in Colorado.

What are Flashbytes? Catering to today's ADD masses, Flashbytes are complete stories in 5 minutes or less.

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About the author



T Philly Loyd loves fat chicks and cheap beer, though not necessarily in that order. He has worked for Forbes and McGraw Hill, both times running for his life as if waking up from a nightmare. His dream is to one day move to Hollywood, take up serial killing, and walk away with a Razzie. Until then, he lives with his mom in Dumbass, Texas. <http://PhilipLoyd.com>