

MADDY FRANK

THE MAN SITTING TO MY LEFT

I am sitting next to a man at my cousin's wedding. He tells me that he teaches law at Cornell, which is objectively impressive, especially considering that he is only 32. He is tall and speaks with a slight southern lilt. He has long hair, but not in the hot, Harry Styles way, just in an unfortunate way. He is flirting with me, relentlessly.

I am sitting next to this man because my cousin told me, while she was putting together the seating chart, that she wanted me to sit next to the other young, cool people. I was flattered, at the time.

But this man, the one who is sitting next to me, is not my type. I really wish he was, and maybe I could trick my brain into believing so, if the man to *his* left, who is not sitting next to me, was not, in fact, my *actual* type. I keep getting distracted.

I am also distracted by the woman sitting to my right. I met her when I was ten. She joined us for a family vacation. I knew she was cool because when her swimsuit top fell off and I covered my eyes, she rolled hers and said, "They're just boobs," which was the coolest thing anyone had ever said to me. But now she is too drunk and arguing with her boyfriend, who is sitting to her right. And sometimes to her left. They keep switching places.

The man sitting next to me is trying to hold my attention with a stream of facts. He went to undergrad with the groom at the University of Alabama. He went to law school at Northwestern. And then, as previously stated, he went to Cornell. He keeps mentioning Cornell.