

Grown men who live with their mothers

THE next day Miranda and Eddie sat outside Cafe Venetia on University Avenue, drinking a late morning latte, and picking up on their discussion of the merits and drawbacks of genetically engineered strawberries.

Jeremy the aspiring slacker filmmaker came ambling up the street on his way to work at the Aquarius.

“I just realized,” said Miranda to her two men friends, “That both of you live with your mothers.”

“Yes,” said Jeremy, “Without mom, I’d be screwed.”

“Without mom, I’d be dead,” added Eddie.

“So your moms are pretty important,” said Miranda.

“Yes they are,” said Eddie.

“Without your moms neither of you would be living here in Palo Alto,” said Miranda.

“And for you, Jeremy,” she continued, “Without your mom, you would not be following your dream of being a filmmaker.”

“So your two moms are keeping the

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two of you alive. Let’s hear it for the moms of Palo Alto,” said Miranda.

“I love you, mom,” said Eddie. “Thank you.” He paused and did a little prayer.

“Moms don’t get much credit,” said Miranda.

“No, they don’t,” said Eddie. “They do all that work; and people take it for granted.”

Where had Miranda heard that before — about the women doing the work and getting none of the credit?

“I wonder how many sons live with their moms in Palo Alto,” she mused to herself.

“Oh, there are lots of us, Miranda,” said Eddie, reading her mind. That startled Miranda. Sometimes Eddie did that — read her mind.

“If you had a son, Miranda,” said Eddie, “He’d be living with you.”



JEREMY

“That’s not going to happen,” said Miranda.

“How come you were never a mom,” Jeremy asked Miranda.

“I fell in love with a man, who came

to me one day and told me he was gay,” she replied.

“I was happy for him in a way; because I kind of knew it; but also my heart was broken.”

“He was the man I wanted to marry and have a life with. I would have loved to have children with him.”

“In fact,” she said, “I’m thinking of inviting him to come and live with me in Palo Alto. He would like this place. We could be the latest odd couple to take up residence in the Bay Area.”

“That sounds sweet,” said Jeremy.

“What’s his name?” asked Eddie, “Your true love.”

“Guy,” said Miranda.

“Cool,” said Jeremy. “A guy named Guy.”

“Yes,” said Miranda.

“Cool,” said Jeremy.

Miranda thought Guy would like Jeremy and Eddie.

More tomorrow.