

PALO ALTO ODYSSEY

Christi decides to get Botox

In the morning, while Christi was brushing her teeth, she noticed a tiny wrinkle between her brows. She freaked out.

“OMG,” she exclaimed, “I’m not even 25 years old, and it is time for Botox.” She called Skin Spirit and made a same-day appointment with therapist Melanie.

When Christi arrived at Skin Spirit, she was annoyed to find no parking spots amidst all the BMWs.

“I can’t believe so many women are having work done on their faces,” she thought.

Since Christi’s Tesla was a wide car, she sometimes had trouble squeezing it into what she called “anorexic Palo Alto parking spaces.” So grudgingly she

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drove to City Hall, parked in the garage underneath and walked two blocks back to the salon.

Christi checked in and went to the waiting room, where she was happy to see a collection of teas, chocolates and lemon-infused water.

She looked around at the middle-aged women waiting and thought, “I hope I never look like them.”

During her 20-minute wait, Christi reflected on her affair with Henry, the con-

tractor who was working on the three houses she and JJ had purchased in Old Palo Alto. She had misgivings about the affair, but reassured herself by saying, “It doesn’t mean anything. It has nothing to do with my marriage. The men all do it, so why can’t the women? I’m not going to be a second-class citizen. I am living in a new age and I am taking my freedom a step forward.”

Finally Melanie called Christi into her beautifully decorated treatment room. Melanie evaluated Christi’s face and said, “Why are you here? You are young and you are beautiful, and your complexion is perfect.”

“Are you joking?” said Christi. “Look at the wrinkles between my brows when I do this.” She scrunched her face. “And even when I don’t do that, I can see a fine line on my forehead. Look, right

here. I need Botox. The ads say that the earlier you start, the more likely you are to ward off looking like those middle-aged corpses out in your lobby.

Melanie, middle-aged herself, was taken aback, but agreed to go ahead with Christi’s Botox.

Melanie reflected on the youth culture in downtown Palo Alto. “All these young people think they are entitled to money, status and good looks forever,” she thought. “I’d like to see what Christi looks like thirty years from now.”

After completing her treatment, and complaining to Melanie about the pain of the Botox needle, Christi paid and walked back to her car, holding an ice balloon to her forehead.

More on Monday