

Coffee club meet the Flight Club



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After realizing Captain America and I were no longer flying solo, I decided it was time to take it to the next level: friend introduction. In the past, I've looked forward to this as much as a trip to the dentist. If only I had a mask full of nitrous to cope. It could no longer be avoided, however.

My friends started to seem suspicious of my unexplained absence a few nights a week and my late-night trips to Idaho. By Idaho, I mean Layton. In my world, anything north of the Capitol is considered Idaho. Typically, I don't date men outside of my 10-mile radius.

The girls and I met for coffee, where I broke the news. They expressed concern that I was dating a military man. It seemed so out of character.

I explained he wasn't a Natty Ice-guzzling, ball-itching twit. He drinks Pabst Blue Ribbon. They agreed there was hope.

It was decided we would all get together for a night of drinking and music at the Urban Lounge. He invited a fellow pilot to join the festivities. Secretly, I think he felt he needed a wingman. Punk rockers can be a scary.

Driving to the club, I expressed my concern to Captain America on keeping the flight club talk to a minimum. I was nervous. The last thing I needed was a riot on my hands.

He assured me there was more to him than jets. This worried me a bit; I certainly wasn't ready for his flight suit to be pushed into the back of his closet. It's true what they say about a man in uniform — afterburner hot!



The Dating Years

BY SARAH NIELSON
snielson@inthisweek.com

The whole second pilot thing also had me uneasy. I didn't think I had it in me to charm a second fighter pilot. The first one just happened to be dumb luck. I was positive his friend wouldn't be so willing to overlook my liberal ideals. I pictured something along the lines of the Salem Witch Trials with him chanting "Liberal" repeatedly.

It's rough finding common ground with punk rockers and military men.

Go figure.

My friends may not share similar interests with pilots, but everyone had beer in common. This was decidedly the theme of the evening. My flyboy kept buying and we kept drinking, making the night enjoyable for all parties, especially the new pilot. He drank so much he wasn't sober enough to make the drive across the border.

I graciously offered my couch to him. Oddly, when waking up in the middle of the night in search for water I found him sleeping soundly under my kitchen table. I wrote it off as unknown military behavior and didn't ask.

Some things I just don't want to know.

It was a successful union and I wasn't called out on my political views. I really didn't want to be forced into wearing the scarlet letter "L" on my chest identifying me as a Liberal. I can't imagine it would have gone well with my new jeans.

Find out more about Sarah's coffee club at
www.sarahbellum.org.

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