

the wedding, but that didn't mean anything. I wished I had a scorecard to refer to.

Yes, my plan was crazy. But if I made sure to break their relationship up and to give him a push towards Mom, I was confident it could still be made to work out. It might mean having to live in the past for a few years to make sure everything stays on course, but even that would be worth it to serve the greater good in the end if needed.

Sunday morning finally arrived and I caught up with my father.

"How'd the date end?"

"Fine," he replied, with the return of his beaming grin indicating it was likely much more than fine.

"That's great!"

"Why are you so interested? It seems to be more than just a silly little bet."

"I might have more of a vested interest than that, but mainly I'm just looking out for you," I replied, which wasn't a total lie. "Are you seeing her again?"

"But of course. I kinda like her in some bizarre, forced upon way. It won't last though. Awab will see to that."

"Awab?"

"You've never heard of AWAB, Mr. LBDG? It stands for All Women Are Bitches."

Dad grinned at his acronym. I couldn't believe that those words had just come out of his mouth.

Prophet 15



THE COURTSHIP OF MY FATHER AND NELSON'S MOTHER continued for a few more dates over the course of the next week. I kept a low profile so as not to seem like a lonely pervert who needed to live vicariously through my stud friend. Checking in on Mom and discovering more revelations of her revolution helped me bide my time. I also watched quite a few high school football practices at the field behind Dad's house, studying the players for any sign of a future superstar. Unfortunately it seemed that this small town just didn't breed them.

It was at this field that I eventually met up with my father again. I was lying on the sidelines (no danger of being hit by a ball for me) when he came running up and kicked me.

"I've been looking all over for you. Aren't you cold? It's freezing out here."

He tightened up his jacket and put his arms around himself. I'd been so worried about avoiding crowds and keeping my feet on the ground that my immunity from temperatures had slipped my mind. It was October after all, and one single day where Dad could mow the lawn shirtless and flexing did not constitute a heat wave.