



I KNEW MY FLIRTING GAME WAS BAD, BUT MAYBE I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS THAT BAD. I SAW THIS CUTE GIRL AT THE MALL WITH HER FRIEND, LEANED IN AND SMILED, "YOU KNOW BABE, YOU'RE A PEACH."

SHE GAVE ME THIS LOOK LIKE I INTERRUPTED THEIR CONVERSATION, AND SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH MY EXPERTLY PLACED COMPLIMENT. NOW, IN HINDSIGHT, MAYBE IT WASN'T EXPERTLY PLACED. MAYBE I COULD HAVE READ THE ROOM A LITTLE BETTER AND SAID HI FIRST.

HER NERDY LOOKING FRIEND LAUGHED AMUSED WITH THE AWKWARDNESS. AT LEAST SHE LAUGHED UNTIL SHE LOOKED AT ME WITH GLOWING EYES AND SMIRKED, "NO, YOU'RE A PEACH."

THERE WAS THIS BLINDING LIGHT SURROUNDING ME AND I COULD NO LONGER HEAR THE GENERAL NOISE OF THE MALL. INSTEAD, THE FIRST THING I NOTICED WAS THE SOUND OF CARS. NO, GO-KARTS.

THE WORLD FADED BACK INTO VIEW AND I WAS STANDING AT A GO-KART TRACK. I STARTED TO NOTICE THAT I DIDN'T FEEL RIGHT. I COULD FEEL ALL THIS LONG, BLONDE HAIR AROUND MY FACE, SOME OF IT DOWN INTO MY VISION. MY CHEST FELT HEAVIER. MY ENTIRE CENTER OF BALANCE WAS OFF.

I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO DWELL ON IT, AS I NOTICE THERE WAS A GROUP OF CHILDREN ALL LOOKING UP AT ME. I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. THERE WAS A VOICE ON THE PA SYSTEM THAT SEEMED TO FILL ME IN VERY QUICKLY, "PRINCESS PEACH WILL NOW TELL THE BIRTHDAY GIRL AND HER FRIENDS THE RULES FOR THE GO-KART TRACK!"