

Seven Stages of Human Love (An anti-bathetic account - from the ridiculous to the sublime)

By John R. M. Gledhill

Stage 1: Case 1: Mere and sheer Attraction: Jeremy and Clair

Jeremy and Clair work at *Johnson&Hodges* – a subsidiary of a crudely disguised huge tobacco concern pretending to specialise bio products – even bio tobacco – Jeremy is neither handsome nor ugly, but, more importantly for the ladies, he is a rising assistant sales manager on 102,000 pounds a year – Clair is an amazingly beautiful blond secretary – she connects Jeremy to head office at the reception lounge – their eyes suddenly meet – their eyes also connect (but without any help from telecommunications) – there is a blinding flash (without any help of from flash photography) – bed – 17 days later – Clair could not help noticing that Jeremy’s feet smell like the Stilton blue cheese you had forgotten about at the back of the fridge six months ago – Clair’s hysterical, hyena-like laugh is so high-pitched it could shatter half of the windows at Buckingham Palace – it’s all over now Stilton blue –

Stage 2: Case 2: Infatuation: Mark and Iris

Mark was a minor millionaire hedge-fund consultant in a bank whose name cannot be mentioned owing to ongoing legal proceedings leading to liquidation – he possessed four essential ‘S’s – sensible, super-intelligent, sociable and successful – Iris served at Mark’s second favourite wine bar ‘Bubbles’ named after Bubbly, the upper class slang word for champagne - Iris had more than the four essential ‘B’s – besides being bright and beautiful she was as bubbly as her bar and she was also beautifully beddable – wonderful wedding – also very bubbly – four-week Jamaican honeymoon in five star double plus hotel with its own one-mile stretch of private beach – they had a cosy little villa in Kent within easy reach of London – Suddenly a terrible crash – the so-called black Wednesday latish afternoon crash – Mark is not only broke, but is in debt – deep debt – and so, Iris goes off with Jake – not a builder as the gossips would have it, but the owner of a small, but very safe building firm – Mark’s maniacally snobbish mother-in-law sits aloft on her high horse – I told you, Mark, - you should never have married someone from Huddersfield –

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