



What Are the Chances?

by [Kellie Powell](#)

Lindsay: I knew Chris a long time before we were dating. For years. And, he was in love with me all that time. He never said anything of course, he just suffered from it, quietly. I guess he was afraid of being rejected. But, I think he enjoyed the misery. You know artistic types, they don't enjoy anything as much as they enjoy brooding.

Anyway, one night, a whole group of friends were hanging out at my apartment. And Chris is a real quiet guy, he mostly just wandered around, taking pictures of everyone, but not really talking. Observing, rather than participating. You know that type of person? Who just seems like they don't fit in anywhere? He was a real wallflower.

I happened to get a little drunk that night. And this guy, this guy that I was sort of interested in - he wasn't the sharpest knife in the drawer, or the nicest for that matter, but he was good-looking and I was young - and he said that he was leaving... And I said that I would walk him out. We walked down the stairs to my apartment building, and he kissed me. And he asked me if I wanted to go sit in his car for a while, and listen to some music. And I realized that I had left my keys in the apartment. The door to the building would lock if I let it close. So I took off my shoe. And I left it in the door.

I don't know how long I was gone. But I guess, at some point, Chris came downstairs. And he saw my shoe... and me, nowhere to be seen. And Chris... what a weird guy... Instead of saying something to me about it... he took a picture.

(Pointing.) That's my shoe. Tonight is the first time I've seen this picture. I was married to him... but he never showed me this.

I guess he never really forgave me, for... the indiscretions of my youth. I never knew, all that time... that he loved me. I didn't know that I was hurting him. But he never forgave me, all the same. I think... I think he was happier when he was pining for me... than when I was actually his.

He expected me to be unfaithful... and I couldn't convince him that he was wrong. So finally, I proved to him that he was right.

He held onto this picture... this... evidence of my... questionable decision-making skills... for nine years. And then he built an entire exhibit around it. And then he invited me, to the opening tonight. He sent this invitation, it seemed like a kind of peace offering... ' but really... it was a message: "This is how I remember you. You're the girl who'd rather make out with a caveman than notice the intelligent, sweet guy who loves you. You were that girl in 1998, and you still are, because now you're with this other guy... and I'm better than him. And I'm better than you."