

The Perfect Partner

How does one define 'perfect'? Perhaps the stereotypical glossy magazine cover is the answer, or is it the 'smart, funny and pretty' persona that is widely portrayed by television. But, to speculate, one person's perfect partner is not necessarily that of another's. When it comes to 'perfect' you can only be definite about your own ideal partner. Most young individuals have not yet encountered their 'soul mates', but quite frequently have envisaged what they believe would be 'perfect'.

As for me? Let's see...

Let's, for no particular reason (yeah, right), call her 'Mariah'. (As in Mariah Carey).

My 'soul mate' would be that special some one who is like me. (That, by the way, isn't saying I'm special, despite the fact that I am.) She would be constantly happy, but not annoyingly giggly. She would possess the angelic ability to illuminate even the darkest of rooms, if not for everyone, just for me, while the unearthly talent of lifting the dense shadow of a bad day wouldn't go a miss. Like me, she could be easily annoyed by certain things: dumb questions, people unnecessarily getting in the way, and sheer stupidity. An intolerance of these things matches us perfectly. Of course, this irritability should not be to the extent that she becomes annoying herself. How ironic would that be? If we were both annoyed by the same things, neither of us would commit the offences in question, so we would relate to each other well. Furthermore, we all know mood swings are unavoidable, but I would hope she is strong enough to control her natural emotions with the ability to refrain from throwing our finest china at me in a frantic moment of uncontrollable rage. Obviously, I would support her in her hour of need, but unnecessary stress is... erm... stressful.

A person's body language speaks worlds about them. Mariah's should not say 'Hey look at me, I am the sex goddess, I have a severe attitude problem' (said in a very pompous way), but indeed 'I am strong, confident and mature'. She should stand with a commanding presence perhaps with one arm slightly elevated: the look of a born leader, an independent woman. In addition, an occasional hair flick wouldn't go a miss, but not one that's followed by an eye-lash flicker that says 'I'm easy', but one that says 'I'm confident'. There's nothing worse than a notoriously sheepish girl that wouldn't say baa to a goose. (No pun intended, honestly).

My perfect partner would be interested in the things that I am: mainly classical music and the piano. The perfect moment would be me sitting at a grand piano playing Oleta Adams' 'Get Here', while she's on top. (Of the piano, silly. I know what you were thinking). We proceed to sing in perfect unison while staring deeply into each other's lustful eyes, glimmering with affection and warmth. The piano is a Steinway & Sons Model D in polished ebony encircled in deep, luscious red surroundings – wall paper, draperies and a crystal chandelier. Suddenly, and almost inevitably, the piano is silenced and we discontinue our singing in absolute togetherness. We peer deeply into each other's souls and realise 'We're in love'.

Wow! I'm sure by now my audience (that would be you) is clutching desperately on to a tissue, sobbing your heart out. I mean, that was deep. I was almost in tears myself whilst gently tapping the accepting keys with my unremitting fingers. Oh lord, I did it again. I'm possessed! Anywho... (Sorry, I know nobody says anywho. I've been watching too much Coronation Street.) Anyway (that's better), forgive my digression.

Mariah would also enjoy Shakespeare, and, together, we would write Shakespearean-style literature. For example, a scene where I am mourning the death of my beloved, we would write things such as the following. Don't be fooled, I wrote this myself. (By the way, I have used the name Elizabeth here as it Just more fitting for the era.)

“As I lay thine eyes upon thee, as the moon shineth forth beyond thee, thy breath is truly, truly taken. But as one comes into one's own, peer forth, and let thou not be afraid of what is the inevitable. Because thy candle shall't be snuffed, and the fire of sheer existence itself shall draw its final breath. O merciful one, why must thou take what is not yet to be extinguished? Observe thy youthful complexion of the flesh, once a warming hue, now the lifeless white of the early morning mist.

Surrounded by the finest marble, even riches of the gods cannot bring thy happiness. For thou shall't be gone, but thy memory lives on, forever more, forever more. 'Twas not for mine eyes, but the perpetrator shall pay for all eternity in the depths of the known below. And how oft when men are in the presence of death have they been merry? Bring'st to me the reason: Let it not be the sheer stupidity of whom shall we not speak, nor sacrificial for that that is of unimportant inferiority, but for whatever happiness or good it shall bring. Despite wanton revenge, one's own fire cannot continue to burn with the suffocation of such tragedy, and so along side my Elizabeth, my strength and my weakness, I too, shall die.”

Deep, huh? Anyway, our love for the arts should also extend to classical music (as stated earlier). Of course her interest would indeed be a positive thing, but our relationship would obviously not be based solely upon this acquired taste of ingenious music. I mean... that's just wrong. (By the way, please note that 'pianissimo' is the Italian equivalent of 'very quiet', while 'fortissimo' means 'very loud'). Nevertheless, another one of those 'perfect' moments would be set in a large ellipse-shaped auditorium. Only the finest of Russian ivory silk, accompanied by true African leather are used throughout. The venue would be entirely vacant, except for me and my queen. Again, the European crystal chandeliers drape from the ceilings while the concert pianist Vladimir Ashkenazy rehearses for this evening's recital. Completely unaware of our presence, he rehearses a romantic Nocturne: Opus 9, No. 2 in E flat, by Frédéric Chopin. Intently, we listen, and as our private show reaches bar twenty-six and becomes 'pianissimo', we turn to each other, both enchanted by each other's dazzling evening dress, and kiss. Gradually, the Nocturne crescendos to 'fortissimo', yet maintains its romanticism, becoming powerful – almost inspiring. The boundless magic within us as one and the power of the playing all at once come together, and the intensity and passion of the eternal moment befall immortalised by everlasting love.

Ok, let's calm down. Wait for a second... (One...two...), and we're now calm. Let me take moment to discuss Mariah's physicality and aesthetics. Firstly, please note that I am not the type of chauvinistic, shallow, phoney, one-dimensional male that would claim to not even give a second glance to a woman who is larger than most. **I AM NOT THAT SUPERFICIAL.** However, it's quite obvious that I wouldn't at all complain of a beautifully curvacious figure upon thy Mariah. To describe, we will start at the bottom (no, I mean the legs not the bum) and work up. 'Ideal' would be beautifully defined with a rigid muscle structure. In addition, she should not have knobbly knees or bowed legs

that resemble that of John Wayne as he's always on horseback. Now we will move on to the significant rear. It should be nicely rounded with a firm seat. It should be smooth to the touch like a peach, soft and supple. It should be... the butt of the century. Her abdomen would be flat, a great contrast to the exterior of the admirable thorax. Additionally, her mountainous chest would be of a significant size, but not too big. The breasts should be firm, but not falsely hard, whilst still retaining a divine softness. And finally, she should have two of them. Anyway, I could write a novel on the breasts alone, but I won't because I'm afraid you'll give me a grade 'X'... as in 'X-rated'!

Now, I'll discuss the aesthetic wonders of the most pampered part of one's anatomy that is witnessed every day by the outside world—the face. Like the rest of her anatomical form, it should be slender with defined cheek bones. I don't mind mild spots as long as they don't become visible from the moon; and her nose should not be out of proportion from her defined cheeks. It doesn't matter what colour her eyes are, providing they're not radical purple, but they should be happy, accepting and a place where the very base of your existence could get lost. Sheer beauty and captivation is essential. As for her hair, I simply have no preference whatsoever. She could have blue hair with pink twinkies, red hair with green glitter or just... brown. My only request is that she takes pride in herself. This also applies to the possibility of Mariah being fat. It's no problem as long as she makes herself look as good as she possibly can. Again, this is not superficiality on my behalf, but indeed the mark of a good worker on her behalf. I believe pride in one's own appearance essential in order to succeed in this cruel and unforgiving world.

Femininity is compulsory. She must be positively certain of her sexual category: Female, FEMALE, **FEMALE**. I refuse to have a woman that is more male than I am. She should walk, dress, look, write and speak like a woman.

Speaking of speech, she should speak with no formality to me whatsoever. Even at friendly gatherings she should maintain a definite colloquialism, but retain the ability to speak more formally at more formal affairs. I simply don't care of what dialect she is, or of her social or ethnic background. She should just fit my criteria.

Although unmentioned as yet, part of my criteria includes a certain level of intelligence. Ideally she would be as intelligent as me, but the aptitude of learning and common knowledge is vital. Deep and meaningful conversation is fundamentally crucial to a lasting relationship. I quote '...there's no better base for a relationship than sex, money or an alliance between kingdoms.' I agree with this in no manner at all. Your life long partner should be your best friend as well as your crutch and sexual companion. My best friend should have a certain degree of intellect. Another perfect moment: We're in the front room of my newly bought mansion (this is in the future, by the way). The light is low and the music soft. Surrounded by burgundy décor and red velvet, we're engaged in deep and meaningful conversation about the lack of romanticism in the modern world I happen to mention how fortunate we are to have retained our romanticism and inevitably, she slowly leads upstairs and... You aren't getting anymore of that. You have to be over eighteen to read the rest of such obscenities, and if you are – tough luck!

To conclude, my 'Perfect Partner' should: be intelligent, proud & interesting, like classical music, the piano & romanticism, be curvaceous, witty & slim, and finally, she should smell like cherries. Other than that she can be and do anything she wishes.

I'm sure Dr. Frasier Crane's psycho-analysis of this piece of writing would conclude that I am an eccentric romantic, who wants independency, sovereignty and individualism to be my 'Perfect Partner'.

By Ashley M. Dickson.