

PALO ALTO ODYSSEY

Maybe Christi's right about marriage

CHRISTI had met her fiancé at the Rosewood Hotel bar in Menlo Park, a posh resort in the hills. The place was famous as a hangout where nerdy tech guys with limited social skills went to try and meet women who were looking for wealthy husbands.

This is part 10 of a 24-part fictionalized serial appearing in the Daily Post, written by John Angell Grant with illustrations by Steve Curl. To read previous chapters, go to www.johngangellgrant.com.

After all, the divorce rate in California was more than 50%, and climbing. So what did young California kids following their hearts know about marriage?

gle, dating frequently, until she met a nice man who was an actor in a local theater company.

They were together for a few years until he told her he was gay; and really didn't feel like he could be true to himself in a physical relationship with a woman.

Since then, Miranda had tried on-line dating, and been fixed up occasionally by friends; but at this point in her life she seemed to be meeting older men down on their luck who were looking for a rescue boat. She didn't want to be a rescue boat. So what did she know about men?

Maybe Christi had a point — marry the guy for his enormous wealth, especially if he's vanilla and not likely to bother her much.

More tomorrow.

“Should I marry him?” Christi had asked Miranda. The fact that Christi had doubts was not a strong recommendation to Miranda.

“The only part that's missing is the romance,” said Christi. “Otherwise, he's a fine person.”

Miranda thought about her own romantic track record, in which she'd followed her heart. The track record wasn't that good. Her youthful marriage had lasted three years, until her husband had an affair with a co-worker, and left Miranda to marry this new infatuation.

Miranda then went a few years sin-

India, and her husband Arjun, were in a marriage of more than 30 years, that had been arranged by their parents. The two seemed happy; had a family and good careers; and were successful.

Miranda, now that the blood of her youth had cooled, reflected that parents of good will might know better than their child would, who would make a good spouse for that child. Shrewd parents could see the long view.

Christi admitted to her Aunt Miranda that she did not love Jared; but that a billion dollar marriage was an opportunity not to pass up.



CHRISTI

“How important is love,” said Christi, “in the grand scheme of things? Your Indian friends didn't love each other when they were married. They'd hardly met.”

Miranda's friend Navya, from