

PALO ALTO ODYSSEY

Christie: ‘I think I can grow to love him’

MIRANDA was concerned about her niece, who was about to marry a man she didn’t love — a man who was enormously wealthy.

The two were sitting in downtown Palo Alto, at Coupa Cafe, having coffee. It was a sunny Tuesday afternoon.

The prospective husband, Jared, had dropped out of Stanford to create a tech startup that had become one of the biggest and wealthiest companies in the world.

“Do you love him,” Miranda asked her niece.

“Honestly,” said Christie, “No. But I think I can grow to love him. Like your two friends from India who are in a marriage arranged by their parents. They’ve been married 30 years and are

This is part 9 of a 24-part fictionalized serial appearing in the Daily Post, written by John Angell Grant. To read previous chapters, go to www.johngangellgrant.com.

happy. I’m hoping that can happen with me and Jared.”

“Besides,” she added, “How can I turn down \$11 billion? This is a once in a lifetime opportunity, Aunt Miranda. Realistically, young women like me have a shelf life. We are attractive and marriageable for a short period of time; and that is our time slot in which to make a good marriage. If I don’t make a good marriage within that time, then my opportunity passes.”

“What about your career?” said Mi-

randa. “I thought you wanted to travel and be a foreign correspondent.”

“I do,” said Christie. “But I can do that too. Either now, or later. It will work out. I just feel I have this one chance to get married to a super-rich guy; and if I don’t take the opportunity; it will pass.”

“How did you seduce him,” asked Miranda.

“It was easy,” said Christie. “Jared is out of it when it comes to women. Totally clueless. Just dress nicely; flirt with him; laugh at his jokes; you know, the mating game, the same things that women have been doing for years.”

“It’s not very feminist,” said Miranda.

“Come on, Aunt Miranda, it’s

totally feminist,” said Christie. “I’m helping myself to a big slice of the pie. And I feel I can take it. It wasn’t what I thought my life would be; but I’ve stumbled in to it; and so I’m going to take it.”

Christi continued. “Palo Alto is different than when you grew up here, Aunt Miranda. You’ve been away a long time. Things have changed. Look at University Avenue over there.” She pointed toward the busy street a half block away. “It’s no longer a sleepy little town with hardware stores and stationary stores. We live in a tough and difficult world.”

“So as grandma used to say,” Christi continued, “take the cookies when they’re passed. That’s what I’m going to do.”

More tomorrow.