

Girlfriend is just a little bit creepy

When my wife went off on business trips or to conferences, she slept with various guys she met. That was part of her recreational attitude toward romance. She had advised me about this behavior before we married. So for a while I lived with it.

At some point, however, I decided to engage in a little of the same.

So I started an affair with my fitness trainer. Jordan was a sweet little anorexic blonde who liked me, and thought I was a great catch, since she saw me as a wealthy Palo Alto tech guy. Although most of the money came from my wife, Jordan was more or less correct in her assessment.

But after our affair had gone on for several months, Jordan started pressing me to divorce Carla. She said she wanted to marry me and have a family.

Women and marriage

What is it with women and marriage? It's like they're wired for this marriage thing, which doesn't make much sense, since I know of only a few happy marriages, many unhappy ones, and a bunch that seem to be merely accommodations.

I'm doing a poll. When I meet people, and develop friendship or intimacy, I ask the older married ones about their views on that institution. Most say that if they were doing it again, they would not get married.

A Deadly Secret

Homicide in Palo Alto



A fictional serial by John Angell Grant

So where does that leave us?

And what is this thing in the wiring of women that they feel they have to get married? Jordan was like that — an animal in a frenzy. She wanted to marry and have a family.

“I’ve already had two families,” I told her. “I’m not sure I’m up for a third.” I thought that was a funny line.

Jordan wasn’t amused. She looked offended. “You mean you don’t want to marry me?” she said.

“It’s not that,” I said. “It’s just that I’ve ... been there and done that. The marriage thing.”

A tense moment

She glared at me. I felt like I was in the jungle being stared down by a panther. Some primal sensibility had engaged the id part of her brain. I was glad she didn’t have claws.

I was also thinking, for sure, that it was now time to end the relationship with Jordan.

A few weeks earlier, when the two of us took a weekend in Carmel, I went out for a run. When I came back and found that the credit cards in my wallet were rearranged in a different order, I realized that Jordan had gone through my wallet. That made me uneasy, like I was being stalked.

Then another time, when I came back to my car from a quick errand, she was going through my glove compartment. When she saw me, she closed it quickly. Again, it was a little creepy.

And finally, on a third occasion, one night as I was looking out a window of Carla’s and my house in the Palo Alto hills, I thought I saw Jordan standing in our yard, in the dark, peeping in. When she saw me, she stepped behind a tree.

I wasn’t 100% sure at that time exactly what I’d seen, but combined with the episodes of the wallet and glove compartment, I was inclined to believe that Jordan was stalking me. It was threatening.

So I thought to myself, “Marcel, it’s time to end this affair.” When I said that to Jordan, she started shouting at me, that I was a selfish person who thought only of myself. She threw my iPad at me.

Women. What are you going to do?

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