As many of y’all know, I have long joked with VickiMints about her visiting The Varsity. For those of you that don’t know, The Varsity (link) is a must-visit fast food restaurant in Atlanta. The food isn’t all that great, but it’s still a must-visit attraction.

Anyway, yes, I have pestered Vicki about it for years now. It started, I believe, when the site was talking about fast food one time, and I mentioned The Varsity. Vicki mentioned she always wanted to visit it, and I said I would treat her to it. What followed was years of me responding to various food related posts of her by saying something like “When are you coming down for some The Varsity?” She actually pointed out how funny it is that I would phrase it as “some The Varsity.” The “The” is important. It’s part of a brand name. Like The Beatles. Or The Who. Or The 984.

As said, this went on for years. Cless even made a joke about it once. (Link) Finally, though, she granted my wish. She came down to Atlanta. To try some The Varsity. And here is how it happened.

She stayed at the W in Atlanta. There’s one just a few blocks away from The Varsity. They’re really nice. I drove downtown and parked somewhere nearby at around 6:30 (gotta try and avoid rush hour traffic). It was close enough to walk. Upon entering the lobby, I was stunned. The W is fucking nice. I took the elevator up to the seventh floor and found the room number she gave me. My heart was pounding. I was about to meet VickiMints! I composed myself outside her door and knocked.

No answer. Knocked again.

Still no answer. Has she left?

Just as I was about to give one last knock, the door opened. And there she stood. Five foot six. Curly hair. Piercing green eyes. A hint of lavender touched my nose. She looked at me and smiled. “Vicki?” She nodded. I think she was a little nervous about going to The Varsity. I know I was the first time I went. She let me inside. She was wearing a purple square neck top (how appropriate, eh?) and a pair of jeans.

We chatted for a bit. Asked her how her drive was. Other various little things of that nature. The small talk that occurs when internet strangers meet for the first time. Those of you that have done it know what I’m talking about.

At about seven, I asked if she wanted to go. She said she was a bit peckish. So off we went, down the elevator, out the lobby, and down the street. Like I said, it’s an easy walk. Plus, after many hours in the car, it does good to walk around.

We made our way to The Varsity, and I could see her eyes widen in surprise. The place is kinda huge. Long lines. Multi-tiered. What’ll ya have?! What’ll ya have?!

“What’s good?”

“Not much, actually. However, I like their chili cheese dogs, chili burgers, and sometimes fries. I’ve heard their onion rings and frosted orange are good.” She ordered a burger, some onion rings, and frosted orange. We made our way among the huddling masses yearning to be fed to an empty booth.

I watched as she took her first bite. After all, after years of joking about this, I had to watch. She bit in, and a slight smile came to her face. “Like it?”

“You’re right. It’s not that good.” We laughed. “It’s not bad though.”

“Worth the years of jokes?” She rolled her eyes. “I guess not.” We laughed again.

Various talk went on for the rest of the meal. When we finished, it was decided she should go back to her apartment. As I opened the door and led her out, my hand went to the small of her back. She looked back and smiled. We made our way back up the street to her apartment side by side. Laughing, talking, enjoying ourselves. I opened the lobby door, and this time her hand brushed against mine.

“So, what’ll you be up to for the rest of your stay in The ATL?”

“Various touristy stuff. Maybe go to Stone Mountain. (Link) I heard the old women salute when ‘Dixie’ is played.”

“Oh they do. Well, I’m sure you’re tired from your drive, so I’ll let you get some rest.”

“Oh, no. Come on up. I’m not tired yet.”

“You sure? Okay.” We made our way back up to the fifth floor to her room. Let me tell you. The rooms are swanky. I sat down on the sofa and she on it too. Talk went on as usual. Lavender was still in the air. She scooted over next to me. More lavender.

“What are you doing?”

“Just getting closer.” Smile.

I put my arm around her. She laid her head on my shoulder. I lifted her chin and looked into those green eyes. “Vicki…” She smiled again. I slowly leaned in. I could feel her warm, sweet breath. Closer… Closer…

And then I woke up.