



VISION QUEST

An eye exam arouses our beauty adventuress's interest in the aesthetics, science, and emotions of how we see. And yes, boys do make passes at girls who wear glasses. *By Holly Millea*

There are few certainties in life, but that I will get into trouble with my oldest friend, Jules, is one of them. In junior high alone, we were caught smoking, drinking, driving without a license, and reading aloud pages 23 and 24 of *The Godfather*, howling over Sonny Corleone's sexual encounter with a bridesmaid—a passage that still manages to be hotter, and more hilarious, than all *Fifty Shades of Grey*.

But we're older and wiser now, with serious concerns, which for Jules includes my love life. She arrives at my Manhattan apartment from Minneapolis, drops her bag, opens my computer, and calls up a popular dating website, which requires us to register an e-mail address and create a user name. Naturally, I enter my 70-year-old friend and neighbor Grace's e-mail and the user name...*sugartits*. Cackling like

monkeys, we hit enter. Wouldn't you know it—*sugartits* is already taken! The website offers suggestions: *happysugartits* or *funnsugartits*. We click *funnsugartits*, and we're in! But no sooner are we in than we're out, because all the men in my age group are looking for women in their daughters' age group. So gross.

We head down to the East Village for lunch, first popping into a trendy eyeglasses boutique. Entering the small, postapocalyptic-themed space, Jules and I feel like two Upper East Side aliens. But before I can say "We come in peace with a Gilt City discount coupon," we're enveloped by the warm, welcoming vibe of the hipster staff, not one of whom is too cool to school us in the importance of an annual eye exam. Did you know that diabetes, hypertension, lupus, lymphoma, leukemia, and multiple sclerosis can all be detected early with an eye checkup? True dat!

After stepping into the back for my appointment with the on-site optometrist, I return to the front with my pupils still dilated and begin trying on frames, turning to Jules for yays or nays. "Try these," says a Brooklyn accent. I take a pair of Ditas from a strong hand attached to a tattooed arm, connected to a muscular shoulder, leading to a silver-chained neck, topped by a shaved head with pierced ears, an angular face, cleft chin, blue eyes, full lips—just my type, albeit suddenly.

"Yay!" says Jules. "Those are the ones!" How did he know?

"It's my job," he says, smiling. "Changing lives one pair of glasses at a time."

I'll bet that line has worked a thousand times before. Make it a thousand and one. I turn to Jules and mouth the words *so cute*. As I pay for the specs, he hands me his card: "I own the store. Call if you want to have coffee sometime." Sure...Nick. Yeah, I will. "I'm sorry," Jules interjects. "Before she goes out with you, I need to Xerox your driver's license." He happily hands it over and says, "NYC born and bred."

His license is current, but my interest expires when I see the DOB: He's too young. Hey, it was fun while it lasted.

Jules and I skip off to lunch, when *ding!*—a text arrives. "Hi, hotstuff!!!! It was great helping you and hanging today. When can I take you to dinner?????" My jaw drops.

"You went to get your coat in back, and I gave him your number," Jules confesses. "I told him to call you because you'd *never* call him." She laughs. "He said, 'I get it. We're gonna do this old-school.' Holly, just have dinner with the guy."

But I'm nearly old enough to be his mother! Jules rolls her eyes and says, "Only in a third-world country." I text: "Next Thursday?" *Ding!* "Thursday I'm



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