MY LIFE WITH BRADLEY COOPER

by Danielle Davies

Chapter 1: Muah

Before there was Jennifer Lawrence or Jessica Biel or Jennifer Garner, long before them in fact, it was me.

You know those moments that you know are going to be pivotal as soon as they happen? You know that whatever occurs within that time—time that seems to be frozen in some space/time continuum—you will forever be changed? Maybe they're good moments, like the first meeting with someone destined to be your soulmate, the first cry of a newborn baby, or the moment you were asked, "Will you marry me?" Or maybe they were bad—the cracking of the gunshot that took away your ability to walk, the doctor telling you that the baby couldn't survive, or when you've caught someone in an irreparable lie. They're the moments that define us.

And you know, you just *know*, right from the start, that there is now a clear point in your life where you can describe yourself as *before* and *after*.

This wasn't one of those moments. Oh, it was pivotal. And life changing. I just didn't know it then.

It was the moment where I was locking lips, my arms thrown around his neck, kissing Bradley Cooper.

It was a Friday night, and I can remember vividly that I was wearing a black J.Crew bathing suit with, in what I can only describe as a fashion disaster, a yellow sarong type skirt on top. It was

cold. Much too cold to be dressed in so little. On my way to meet him I had covered up in a jacket and jeans, with my favorite blue wool hat pulled over my ears. I was wearing my favorite Estée Lauder lipstick and smelling like the brand's 'Sunflowers' perfume (probably because they were sold together). The cold was just as bad for him...he was in board shorts, I remember, but I can't recall if he was wearing a shirt or not. How could I not know this, my friends have asked. Because I was busy staring into those crystal blue eyes. We were freezing, but there, for those few moments when his lips were on mine, surrounded by beach chairs and a bright light, it was warmer. The air tingled with energy. This kiss, it was unexpected. But in a way, I had been preparing for it my whole life.

It happened again the next day.

And the day after that.

Each time it was the same. The cold and then the warmth. The air loaded with anticipation. My arms around his neck with his hair grazing my hands.

It was perfect.

And each time, almost immediately afterwards, the audience roared.