

My Wife

by Jake Barnes

I email my wife at work and tell her to come home early because I have DSB and need help. Ha! she says in reply. My wife is no fun. She has no sense of humor at all. She badgers me because she says my memory is poor. It's not. I just don't bother to keep track of trivial things.

My wife thinks I should be committed. We go to the doctor, and she tells him I should have an MRI. My doc asks me a couple of questions, and I give him the correct answers. He tells my wife he can't order an MRI based on the evidence that he has of my mental condition.

I tell my wife that if I've got Alzheimer's, how come I can do tough crossword puzzles? I ask her who wins when we play Scrabble? Sometimes she does, but I win my share.

My wife is a dear. She's a great cook. She looks fabulous. She's younger than I am, so she's still working, and she makes a lot of money. But she watches me like a hawk. I write things down. I have no more room on the calendar in my office. My pockets are filled with reminder notes.

There's nothing wrong with my brain, I tell my wife. What's wrong with me, I got a pill for. You, now, I tell her, need a whole new change of attitude.

