

The Seven Year Itch

by Johnsienoel

I wasn't sure what to do when Paul showed up with our seventh wedding anniversary present. It's not every day that a girl like me gets greeted with a hairy beast that orgles and spits when excited. Didn't help none that it only had one eye. Poor little ole bugger. Nary gets no lovin from me at tal. All matted, shriveled and scrawny. But boy did it grow when stroked a bit and showered with some lovin. I just always had to handle with care, due to the hives and all. Kinda hard to love when you get all sickly at the sight of it. Paul? He's a trooper. He always asking why my eyes is cryin. Then he kisses me and cleans up after the thing. Said he thought it would be a good money maker.

I didn't have the heart to tell him I secretly pined for a tri-color copper bracelet that would ease the arthur-rite-tis in my cankles, instead. You know? My feet done never been the same since I've been laid up. Might go and get my hair done so I can get rid of this zipper butt, lesbo cut sitting on my forehead. Wanna look my best when I present. Even bought me some new Wranglers and a Kathy Lee sweatshirt. The checkout gal said blue's my color. So I runned with it. Yeah, that copper thing. I also heard that wearing it on your wrist was good for weeding out the ole gullet. Makes the shit run through like a new set of copper pipes. Wouldn't hurt me none to loose a few. Since we are going to be showing soon, and all. Thanks! I know, right? A surprise to us too at our ages. But we were having such fun playing with the thing. It was bound to happen sooner or later.

Like my new sneaks? Do ya? I see you oggling 'em. Had to go up a size just to get my foot in 'em though. You know, with the swelling and all thanks to Paul's anniversary gift. That dad burn things done grown so huge with all the loving and stroking Paul's been laying on. It now weighs a ton. Smashed my foot when it hit the floor in our

room the other night. Well of course it sleeps with us. It's weird, aint' it? But we worked that Cali King waterbed into our double wide somehow so there is plenty'o room without getting all tangled up in each other's legs.

Any hoo! So, yep? Me and Paul's gonna take old Petra...we named it...to the Spring Bling Show. Gotta show off our newest member.

I never forget the dag-gom day that ole coot Paul showed up on the stoop with it, smiling smugly at his creativity with his plaid shirt busting at the seams. He was just so dad burn happy he had something, finally had something, huge for our anniversary. I gotta say, it was love at first sight all over again. Petra's our baby and the best we can do since we cain't have no chilrun. I just didn't have the heart to tell him I am allergic to wool.

