

# High Definitions

by Larry Strattnr

“What the hell does profligate mean?!” He shouted after she called him profligate.

“Profligate is what it means! It means you; the primary meaning, the wasteful, extravagant one!”

“Where do you get off calling me profligate you hoyden? And that's the primary hoyden definition! You dump all over me and if I show the slightest inclination to do something on my own, I'm all of a sudden profligate?!”

“Well. You are.” She said, the fire in her voice suddenly losing its fierceness. She turned away from him and walked into the little dining room with its ornate table and chairs; breakfast showing her grandmother's china; Desert Rose. Not expensive china. Not inexpensive. Mostly practical, like their lives. A struggle to be better. A struggle not to be worse. She touched the table top, ran her fingers over the smooth wood to the Irish Lace center doily. *Why can't we be less dramatic and excitable in these ludicrous outbursts? Yes. I lose my grip on occasion and yes, do things without thinking of him, but for god sakes we married late. Does he just expect I'll get less self-directed and he'll be my burley, hulking, super hero protector? I'll be vassal to his liege overnight? If ever. The world is so over that male dominance thing. Just because I'm a little squirrely once in a while is no reason to buy a sixty two inch, high definition, flat screen without even asking me, for god sakes. Maybe I should have been more careful in my choice of words and not said profligate. I know when he gets pissed at me he looks at other women. I know it. I see him thinking, wondering if they would be different. I hope we can get over this crap sometime real soon.*

He watched her as she stood silently by the table; *she was such a magnificent goddamn handful. All the shit that she had done had made her irresistible to him. She still was. But she was nuts. It was the classic Moth / Light bulb thing. It sure looks good from a distance but get up close and Zap! It was OK for her to go down to the cliffs and hang glide with those X Game idiots without even telling him, maybe kill herself, but it wasn't all right for him to buy a goddamn TV for Christ's sake? What's wrong with this fucking picture?* He ran his fingers through his hair. She hadn't moved. *I can't stand this shit. This has got to stop. Maybe I can get better at this, let her run, let her be whoever she is. I guess that's what I signed up for. Whatever.*

“Babe?” He said tentatively. She gave him what they called her “side look,” only moving her eyes and not fully turning her head to him. The high color was going out of her cheeks, going from red back to normal. “I got a new Blu-ray disk of Dirty Dancing. Why don't we relax a little and watch Dirty Dancing? It'll be great on this TV.” *It was her favorite movie. They'd watched Dirty dancing about a thousand times together. Dirty Dancing was OK but it was getting to where he couldn't stand Dirty Dancing. Nevertheless.* She smiled her High Definition smile at him; and he knew this round had just been judged a draw.

