

Cross-stitch

by Matt Potter

Home sweet hoe, it said in red stitching.

Her ancestors weren't great spellers but who cares when it's worth a bucket of money.

Took it to the framers after I found it in her old girl's shed. "Need this framed yesterday," I said, thumping the counter. Two hours later had a massive gold frame with flowers and shit all over it. Scratched it up a bit so made it look old and the auction bloke fell for it.

"It's not spelled right," I said. In case he didn't know.

"The mistake gives it its value," he said.

"Well, the wife's family weren't too bright in the upstairs department, if you know what I mean."

Took it home, banged a nail in the wall and stuck it up.

Janice's jaw dropped when I told her how much we could get for it. "Enough to never work again and get a nice new pair of these," I said, squeezing her tits.

And the wife said the same that night when she got home from shotput practice.

But Janice didn't want to wait. "When am I gonna get my new tits?" she said.

Booked tickets to Bali and got Janice a perm. Told 'em at work I wouldn't be in Monday.

Went to grab it from the wall but only the frame was there, and a note.

Sold the cross-stitch and have run off with Barb my shotput coach. We're somewhere on the Great Ocean Road, ya miserable fuck!

Went to work Monday.

