

Why do I put up with this woman?

by Walter Bjorkman

I treat her like a godamn queen and this is what I get. After three days of constant puking, pain in the abdomen and the chills, when the fever broke out, I stop watching that Chelsea lady - she got a lotta freaks on that show, to motor her over to the Mayo Clinic even though we live in Eu Claire, which is in Wisconsin. A good seventy miles too. I mean I was gonna even go down today and try to get that unemployment extended again, it'll have to wait as usual.

She doesn't even know who wears the Adam's apple in this house. I even started eating that crappy cardboard bran shit her and her looney vegan friends carry around like they'd rather starve than have a Nathan's like I made her do oh, three-four days ago. And when I have to retch I ask her to hurry get me a barf bag, she asks for an emesis basin. Whadafuck is that? Sounds like a formation in the Mojave. Even googled it - thing 's not even used for throwin' up, but for cleaning out wounds and to catch the water and blood. And I guess if you gotta pee real bad, but it better not be after a night of tall boys out with the boys, which I do most nights.

So now I guess she'll sulk, sheesh last time when I went to the Packers on our anniversary - I mean I had to, I was the green capital P and the guys were counting on me and I was on national TV and all, it must've been fifteen days she was pissed. Now, I gotta makeup and she'll crinkle that little nose. Then I'll eat tofu and sulk. Wonder if I can mold it to look like a dog.

I mean I don't know why I put up with her - she hardly even makes enough to keep me in smokes, much less fix that 72 'Chevy that's been in the yard for nearly ten years now.

