

Her Sunday Story

by Darby Larson

On a Sunday morning, a wife woke in bed next to her sleeping husband. She lay awake for five minutes. She stared at the ceiling. She reached for her phone to check her email. She got up and walked to the kitchen to make some coffee.

She looked out the kitchen window and saw a couple walking a small dog. Her phone buzzed. Her sister had texted her nonsense. She texted her sister back similar nonsense. She looked out the window again. The woman outside looked like Lucille Ball a little. The man looked like her husband a little.

The wife took a cup of coffee into the bedroom and set it on the bedside table next to her husband's phone because she knew her husband would smell it and then he would wake up.

The wife took her clothes off and turned on the water in the shower. While showering, she thought about how much she loved her husband and about all the little things she knew about him, how he was such a particular kind of man, unlike anyone she had ever met.

The husband was not in bed when the wife finished her shower. The wife picked up her phone. Her husband had texted her: thx for the coffee went to put gas in the car brb.

The wife dressed and started fixing her hair. As she fixed her hair she thought the same thought she had been thinking ever since they'd gotten married a few months ago: Maybe we should have kids.

Someone knocked at the front door. She opened the door. It was her husband. "Hi," the wife said. "Key doesn't work?"

"Hello ma'am," her husband said. "My name is Reginald Jaffy. I'm from the Department of Gas and Energy. I'm stopping by all the houses in the neighborhood to let people know there was a rupture in a gas line near here. The situation is under control, you don't need to be alarmed. I'm only telling you as a courtesy."

"Okay."

"Have a good morning."

Her husband turned and walked away. She watched her husband walk across the street and up the porch steps to her neighbor's front door and knock.

The wife walked outside slowly toward their neighbor's house where her husband was telling their neighbor Lance the same thing he had just told her. She said loudly, but not too loudly, "Paul?" When she got to the porch steps, she looked up and saw that the man on the porch and Lance were both her husband. She stifled a tiny scream. She closed her eyes. She turned around and walked toward her house. She stopped so a car could pass. The driver of the car was her husband.

Inside her house, she closed the door and locked it. She turned on the television. The newscaster was her husband. She changed the channel. Her husband interviewing her husband. She changed the channel. A baseball game. Her husband pitched to her husband who popped a fly ball which was caught by her husband. She changed the channel. A romantic movie. Her husband making passionate love to a French woman. She turned the television off.

The wife's sister texted her nonsense again. She texted her sister back three question marks. Then the wife called her sister. Her own husband answered. She hung up. She called her sister again. Her husband answered again. "Is Jane there? This is Jane's phone right?"

"Hi Nell, she's here. Hold on." She held on. "Hi Nell," her sister said. The wife didn't know how to begin explaining anything so she asked, "What were you trying to text me?" "I was texting you? Oh I see it now. This phone is stupid, sorry." "What is Paul doing at your house?" "What?" "Nothing. I gotta go, I'll talk to you later." "Ok, bye." "Bye."

Then the wife called her father. Her husband answered.

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Above is all of the story she wrote unfortunately. It was based on an uninteresting, ordinary Sunday fifteen years ago she spent with her now ex-husband after they'd been married only a few months. It wouldn't have been worth writing about. Something like this:

The husband and the wife had a nice day together. The husband watched a baseball game that afternoon and the woman read a little and did some knitting. The wife thought about when they would start having children. The husband drank a few beers to get his mind off the reports that were due at work tomorrow. The wife thought to herself how unusual it was that the day had been so uneventful, that most days are at least a little unpredictable even if only in the slightest ways, and that maybe she would try to remember this day forever. It was really the most pleasant Sunday they'd had together since they'd been married.

