

# Her Side of the Story

*by* Deborah Oster Pannell

I can't even tell you when it all started to come apart, but I do know that they're just nervous tics, responses to stress. We all go through it.

The fact is I wouldn't even be bringing up any of this if it wasn't for the fact of the... incident...

Shit, I know I wasn't paying attention. That kind of rubs a bunch of salt into it, ya know?

Yes, I was warned, and oh of course, I remember, it was by you. You've always looked out for me, there's no doubt about that. It's just... oh shit, I don't know how to say this... I don't want to sleep with you anymore.

Don't look at me like that. You had to see this coming. You've been torturing me for months with your on again off again bullshit. And you were always the one who said this was gonna be a transitional thing, and that I didn't know what I wanted and that whoever got involved with me now was gonna get hurt. Well, you should have followed your own advice.

Yes, I know she was all the way on the side of the road, but she was dressed entirely in black, for God's sake. How could I see her??

I keep telling you, there WAS no moon out!

You have no idea what I've been going through. Of course I'm a wreck. I don't even know who I'm looking at in the mirror anymore. But you haven't been making it any easier.

Oh really. Tell me how you've tried.

That's laughable. I'm laughing now.

Well I'm sorry, my mind is made up, and I want you to leave. No, there's no more room for discussion. I've already decided on my next steps, and they don't involve you. I know that sounds cold, but you haven't left me any choice.

The lawyers? Are you kidding me?? I rue the day I called them into this. I should have just thrown myself on the mercy of the court. I would have made out much better.

The only good thing is that I won't have to listen to your silence anymore. I've developed all these nervous tics. I can't concentrate on anything.

Of course I'm not blaming you. I take full responsibility for my actions. I was the one who hit her, for Christ's sake.

Actually, I think 30 days is a gift. I'm just so lucky she didn't die. And that leg will be good as new in a few months...

Yes, that's all I'm taking with me. What else do I need for God's sake? Do me a favor. Be gone by the time I get back, OK? A month is plenty of time. We'll talk about the rest later...

