

Zwarovski Crystals

by Dianne McKnight-Warren

It was 14:24 official eBay time. Louise had spent hours looking at over 30,000 items under “Elvis Memorabilia” and there it was: the Elvis doll dressed in the white jumpsuit, the one with the red and black Zwarovski crystals, the one she needed for the voodoo she had planned for her husband the Evil Elvis stripper. How he loved to say “Zwarovski crystals,” his Transylvanian accent deep in his throat, like they were something special instead of just stupid rhinestones.

She'd always thought the “Evil Elvis” thing was a bad idea. Sure, he had to come up with the money for her therapy, after all he was the reason she was crazy. Small clubs were one thing but now he strutted across wide stages singing Elvis standards like Dracula, thrusting his pelvis around as more and more of it came into view. She hated him, while the women, oh, they adored him. They had gone to his head, she was sure, and it had to stop.

When the doll arrived he was working, prancing under a hot dust-bearing spotlight, perhaps still wearing his white jumpsuit. With a gleaming needle she jabbed away at the doll's lower back. Without his pelvic thrusts he wouldn't have an act and things could be like they were at the beginning, when he stayed home nights bringing her drinks and rubbing her feet with almond oil.

But minutes later he collapsed, falling to the stage in a sweaty, hairy heap, clutching his chest.

