

A World of Hurt

by Jack Swenson

Cat fight. I rush outside and swinging my trusty broom I charge the rolling yowling ball of black fur. The deck is slick with rainwater. Suddenly I am airborne. I land flat on my back. I roll over and see to my horror that the middle finger of my right hand is pumping blood like a Saudi oil well.

My wife stands by laughing her head off. Then she sees the blood and she starts to cry. She takes me into the house and patches me up. She's a nurse and she knows how to do these things.

After she's through applying the compression bandage, I go outside and visit the scene of the crime. The deck is greasy from days and days of El Nino rains. The cats are nowhere to be seen. The bloody broom is lying there, the picture of innocence. I must have squished my finger beneath it when I fell.

I go back in the house and do a damage assessment. My finger doesn't hurt. My tailbone does. So does my pride.

