

Goodbye

by Jack Swenson

She had me cornered in her apartment. I had brought the papers for her to sign. Uh-uh, she said. She had changed her mind. She wasn't mad anymore. "Come here," she said, stepping out of her dress. "I've changed. No more Miss Goody Two Shoes. Men have needs; I know that now. I'll show you." With that she unhooked and removed her bra. She stepped out of her panties. She spread her arms wide. "Take me!" she sang.

I ran for the door. No way, I thought. Nine years of this shit is enough. What's done is done.

She tackled me from behind and brought me down face first in the hallway. "Ow," I said. I reached out a hand and tried to grasp the door knob, but I was a couple of feet short. She started tearing at my clothes. I somehow managed to roll over on my back and grasp her wrists. "Deedee" I yelled. "No!"

"I'll show you!" she said. "I'll make you sorry you started up with Lorna." I told her to shut up about Lorna. I was already sorry about that. Women. Traitors, every single one of them. They give you the come on, then drop you. Marry one, and she spends the wedding night locked in the bathroom.

I crawled toward the door, pulled myself up, with Deedee hanging onto my belt. I freed myself. I opened the door and skedaddled. As I drove away, I looked in the rear-view mirror, and there was my soon-to-be ex wife standing on the sidewalk butt naked, waving. Already I missed her. I missed Lorna, too.

