

Victory

by Jack Swenson

"I'd walk a mile for a Camel," I said. She sipped her tea, gave me the finger. I had quit smoking; she had not.

I went into the kitchen and opened the refrigerator. Yuk. Not much for a man to eat. Fifteen varieties of yogurt. Some humus. Lots and lots of crisp lettuce. I fingered a can of beer, put it back. I was hungry.

I stood in the doorway and yelled my wife's name. No answer.

I found her in the bathroom, putting on her slip. She wiggled her ass, and I felt my stomach sink, the blood rise into my face. I fiddled with the buttons on my shirt.

"Where are you going?" I asked. "Out," she said. I told her there was nothing in the house to eat.

As soon as she left, I sat down at the computer. Booted up. Read my e-mail, then looked at pictures of bare-naked ladies. I went nice and slow. I ran my eyeballs over a lovely blonde, her hair in single thick braid. Why was that so sexy? I hummed the Campbell soup song. Mmmm, good.

The phone rang. I picked up the receiver. "What?" I said.

"When you get a break, don't forget to pick up the ice for the party," she said.

I smirked. "Yes, dear," I said. I hung up the phone. I sniffed the air. It smelled like victory.

