

We Loved We Laughed We Cried

by Jack Swenson

My wife broke the news to me. She enjoyed it, too, I'm certain of that. It was a juicy piece of gossip.

A friend of ours, a Spanish teacher at the high school where my wife taught French, had run off with the history teacher. Their respective spouses never suspected a thing. My wife and I didn't see it coming, either, and my wife was the Senora's best friend.

"We'd better call Ken and see how he's doing," my wife said. My wife sounded positively bubbly. I knew why, too. It was vindication. It was a battle won, or at least no longer hers to lose. It was an item to cross off the list.

My wife spent the evening on the phone, tsk-asking with fellow-travelers far and wide.

After dinner, I went into the room we euphemistically called our family room and listened to jazz tunes and got drunk. I picked music to suit my mood. I played "Just Friends" over and over again.

At ten o'clock my wife poked her head through the door and asked me if I was coming to bed. "In a bit," I said. But I didn't go to bed that night until very late. Instead I sat there drinking bourbon and listening to music and having a great time feeling very, very sorry for myself.

