

Conversations

by Jake Barnes

Max told me that he had sex with the photographer's wife. I wasn't surprised. Max was a libertine. I asked him if Carl knew about it, and Max said, "Oh, sure." Max said the photographer wanted to watch, but his wife wouldn't let him. She wasn't into kinky stuff, she said.

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Some years ago I passed out one night and spent several hours in emergency. I had a procedure, and they could find nothing wrong with my arteries, but the doc found some funny cells in my blood, and I had to have another test. The cancer doc told me I was anemic. That won't kill me, will it? I asked. Maybe, the doctor said.

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I reminded my Mrs. of the day I ran outside in the rain with a broom to break up a cat fight and slipped on the rain-slick deck and almost killed myself. She laughed. I told her I didn't see what was so funny about that. She smirked and kept putting on her makeup. It was a weekday morning, and she had to go to work.

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I told my wife that what I wanted for our wedding anniversary was a hot rock massage, but I didn't want the girl to massage me, I wanted to massage the girl. I asked my wife what she thought of that. She frowned. That's not called a massage, she said; it's called prostitution.

