

But She Means Well

by Jerry Ratch

My wife said she'd only be gone 10 minutes. 10 minutes. She left me with the 2 boxes we couldn't fit into the car, and went home to unload the 5 others. She'd be back in 10 minutes.

I got a call after half an hour, she was on her way back to get me. I was sitting outside a Starbucks in E'ville with my feet up on the boxes, drinking a Frappuccino. 10 minutes, she said. 10 minutes!

