

god

by Matt Potter

In bed late that night, Larry dribbling into his pillow beside me, I wrote two *new* headings on the pad: *Liabilities* on the left, including the fees for the twins' exclusive girls' school underneath. And *Assets* on the right. And included Larry's life insurance.

I hadn't meant to turn it into a Joan Crawford moment, but when he stood in the hallway weeping into his hands saying, "I've lost my job," I looked down at my Charles Jourdan pumps with the gold pom-poms and immediately went online and bought twenty Versace t-shirts.

Secondhand.

And after I hustled Cashmere and Chambré off to bed, fear in their eyes as they wondered at the strange noises coming from Larry in the toilet, I'd sunk against the 100% goose down pillows with the amazingly high thread count Egyptian cotton pillowslips and I'd started my *first* list.

Decant cheap wine into more expensive bottles, I'd written.

Buy cheaper cuts of venison.

Buy lots of lotto tickets.

The litany of tough decisions scrawled on.

Stencil Gucci on no-name jeans.

Buy cheap chocolate and scrape the name off.

I looked over and watching the saliva encrusting in the corner of Larry's mouth, my heart sank. I knew a breach of promise suit, charging we were not being kept in the manner to which we were accustomed, would not deliver the desired result.

So I tore up the first list and started the second.

eBay's been good to me. We'll see what it delivers this time.

