

Pillow

by Matt Potter

The man lying beside me — did I remember his name? — cradled the pillow, snoring.

Morning sun peppered his three-day growth.

And then, he broke the reverie: a guffaw, long and low and rolling. His eyes opened. "I was just dreaming about you," he said, sleepy-voiced. "What's for breakfast?"

"Breakfast is not included," I said, hospitality affronted.

I walked naked into the kitchen. Marie sat at the table, coffee cup in hand. She was as pretty as the day I had married her.

She set the cup down and pushed her blonde bob behind her ears as I pulled a chair out and sat opposite.

"When is this need for constant confirmation of your sexual attractiveness going to stop, Barry?" she said. "It's getting a bit lame."

"I'm not even forty yet," I snapped. "So it's got a way to go." I stood up. And there I had been thinking how pretty she still was!

"This is not the best environment to be bringing up children," she added. And paused. A smirk played on her lips. And her eyes sparked.

I rushed back into the bedroom. "Get dressed!" I said. "We're going out for breakfast — my shout. I'm going to be a father!"

I threw clothes at his startled face and jumped into my jeans.

Marie stood in the doorway. "Hey," she said. "I'm just thinking of getting a dog."

"Oh," said the man. And a guffaw, long and low and rolling, escaped his lips again.

