

FROM "AN UPWARD INFLECTED GRUNT"

A STORY BY JASON NAMEY

A few weeks after her second miscarriage, my wife spied me and our CPA in a suspicious but not compromising position outside a motel. Things looked to be ending, but then my wife underwent a crisis of sorts. Now she is a Doberman Pinscher. That has a way of complicating things.

The crises began when she said gravity cheated on us.

"Which means exactly what?" I asked.

"Great," she said, "take their side again."

The kind of crises where she woke up at four a.m. to accuse me of being an automaton. The doctor said eat more potassium and check back in six months to a year. I thought that warranted a second opinion.

The Emergency Room was booked past Christmas so I made an appointment with the Witch Doctor who lives, like us, in the dirt road deep woods.

"If she drinks this, she will be cured," the Witch Doctor said, stirring fish-heads.

"After many agonizing weeks?"

"Almost instantaneously."

"A couple bedridden days or so?"

"Mere seconds."

I turned to my wife. She was busy having an affair with the broomstick.

"Honey. Behave."

I gave her a cupful and she turned into a Doberman.

"How pretty," the Witch Doctor said. "Are you two planning on having kids? Don't answer. I shouldn't have asked."

My wife sniffed around the cabin and pulled a rope out from under the couch and brought it to me. I ignored her.

"What kind of food does she eat?"

"Rotisserie chicken," the Witch Doctor said. She handed me a tiny bottle. "If you ever want to start a family, drink this and you will have the penis of a dog."

I love her I do, but the next day I call my lawyer. I can tell he's reclined with the phone cord wrapped twice around his finger. He asks did I give her the potion while she was in unsound mind and I say um, yes. He says I hope you like your chair because you have no ground to stand on, boss-man...