

Wrong

The first thing he did wrong was to slap Lucy hard across her face, her ticklish hair flying up his nose as he did so. The second was to whimper, “I don’t know why I did that,” his words strangled slightly by a sneeze.

Lucy answered by lifting her heels high, then barking into his face till he fled.

The third thing he did wrong was to return. Lucy opened the door to her 1779 colonial, holding a chamber pot from the period, which she’d found in the basement while restoring the house. Its contents landed nicely on his Versace Medusa crest embroidered shirt, \$423 plus tax. Better yet, she hadn’t drunk enough before she’d peed into it, so her urine was strong-smelling and a particularly virulent yellow.

The fourth thing he did wrong was to ring the bell at the neighbor’s home, asking “May I borrow a towel to dry myself off?” After looking up into the clear sky to check for rain, she slammed the door in his face. The door’s humiliating gust caused his shirt to stick even more closely to his chest. But suddenly the comforting image of Lucy’s sliding kitchen door popped into his mind. Just last week, before their nasty coitus atop the kitchen island, it had resisted their attempt to lock it.

So slide it open he did. He stepped inside, certain Lucy would still be at home, sorry for what she’d done. But this fifth mistake cost him his life, when Lucy leapt from the kitchen island, landing her cast iron skillet firmly on his crown. At only \$19.95 plus tax, it did the trick.