

Wilderness House Literary Review 21/3

Heather Glover

Typical Married Conversation

"What're you looking for?"

"The Halloween things!"

"Well where did you put them last?"

"You know how you put things in a 'safe place' so you'll remember where they are later?"

"....Oh."

"Yeah."

"Care to elaborate on what you're looking for then?"

"The lights, the window clings, the pumpkin thingys..."

"Jack-o-lanturns?"

"Yeah, those thingys. Let's check downstairs."

We both head down into the crawl space to search, only just catching sight of our cat sneaking into the room as well.

"Quick, get her!"

"Too late, she's already in here. Maybe go out and bribe her with a treat or something."

As he heads out of the room, I turn and after a moment of moving boxes find exactly what I was looking for. Happily dragging my finds out, I go to close the door and see the cat racing up the stairs like her tail is on fire. Raising an eyebrow at my husband nonchalantly strolling up while Erza gallops around upstairs like a horse, I realize what he did.

"Catnip?"

"Yep."

"So now she's all wound up."

"Mhmm."

I watch as she rushes down the stairs again like a kamikaze on steroids. "At least now I know why she's lost her sanity."

"Oh no, she learned that from you since you lost yours years ago."

"Yeah, about the time I met your weird ass. How ironic."

"Hey, you said yes."

Damnit, he's got me there. In fact I technically said it twice, one when he proposed and again when my dumb ass showed up at the alter.

"Just help me get these upstairs please."

"Where are you going to put it all?"

"The window clings will go on the window--"

"Well DUH. I knew that."

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"You asked."

"I meant the rest of the stuff."

"If you'd let me *finish* instead of being a sass you would've known. Now you'll just have to find-"

Suddenly both our eyes fall on a small object flying through the air, followed by a stalking cat that somehow went from 'stampeding elephant' to 'silent ninja'. She's got skill, I'll give her that.

"What the hell was that?"

"A hair band."

"Oh. She really got some distance on that one."

"Alright, well I'll let you get to decorating since that's your thing and I'll just get in the way."

"Wait, you know what would be great?"

"I'm not helping you because you just yell when I do things not your way."

"Because you do them haphazardly!"

"See?!"

"Just, can you please go get my moon? It'll look nice behind the black kitty."

Turning to the box I hear him moving and assume he's going to grab the moon. However, when I turn back around I find his pants around his ankles and two pale, dimpled cheeks staring at me. As my husband breaks out into hysterical laughter, I can't help but let out a pained sigh while questioning every decision I've made since I was eighteen.

"I GOT THE MOON!!"