

The Reluctant Husband

The car door just wouldn't open. 'Just Perfect!', she whispered under her breath. She looked up into a crystal blue sky and invoked any gods, that there be, to help her get through this day without a homicide. There was only so much a woman could take. There was only so much energy in the tank to deal with any bullsh*t. She had had it, as it were.

Carmella Franks, or Carmella Lawson as she was now known, had just left the lawyers offices where she signed the divorce agreement. Why in the whole wide world she had ever taken up with that no good, lazy ass, selfish son of a living and breathing mixed breed mangy lady dog was way beyond her right now. She was so livid her eyes were bulging in her head. The summer heat did nothing to help the situation. She could just scream.

And so, she did. Loud and long. The other folks in the parking lot turned to see what was going on. They got a good look at a crazy woman letting off some steam. One lady turned to her friend and remarked, "Probably just got a divorce." Her friend laughed. They had known the pain very well.

Carmella swung her purse at the door. The door cracked open.

Carmella had given her husband, Joey, the best years of her life and what she had for it was a measly check for \$3543. That was the sum total of their wealth in over 18 years of marriage. It seemed such a waste of time. She had given the marriage everything she had but she just couldn't make it work. Or make HIM work, for that matter. Joey was a loathsome down right dog of a man to her now. If she never ever in her blessed cage free life ever saw him again, she would count herself as the happiest of women. In fact, if she never ever saw another man at all, she would consider her fate to have been one of complete and utter victory.

The car door dilemma solved; Carmella drove home to her little farmhouse near Hudson's creek. She stopped at the liquor store for a couple of bottles of red, and heck why not a couple more of white. She had a notion she might just drink up the entire \$3543 but decided that some of it might come in handy later.

Her pig, Dalton, met her at the door. Carmella loved Dalton. He was the only constant in her life. He gave her unconditional love and asked for nothing in return except table scraps and maybe the occasional musk melon. Maybe some corn with that and a cabbage or two. Heck if there was any expired bread that would be nice as well. Dalton loved to eat, as most pigs do, I guess.

Carmella opened the first bottle and poured a 24-ounce big gulp plastic cup full. She moseyed off to the front porch and sat in her favorite chair. The sun was setting over the hill beyond her house. She sat and fumed.

She went back to the kitchen to refill her cup and brought another bottle back with her to prevent her stewing from being interrupted by trips to the kitchen. She fumed and sat and drank. And fumed. When she was done, she did it all over again. And then a thought entered her alcohol addled brain. It was an idea of genius. An idea so beautiful she marveled that no one had ever had the idea before. It seemed perfect in its symmetry. The idea had merit. She began to design a plan.

She, being through with all men for all time, decided that what she had wanted in the first place was a companion. She wanted someone to share her life with, someone to be there in her ups and downs. Someone to be a soul mate. Someone to love and to be loved by that someone.

She didn't necessarily need a physical relationship. She had a mechanical device in her bedroom side table that was very efficient in that area. No, what she needed was more of a spiritual nature. If not spiritual, then emotional/psychological. It was then, from this, that the idea sprouted.

Who was her best friend? Who had always been there for her? Who would never leave her? The answer was obvious. It was Dalton all along! Dalton was her friend. He loved her like no mere man could. Dalton would be her soulmate. Dalton would be her husband!

The next day, after some serious hangover therapies, Carmella got to work. She brought out some of Joey's old clothes he had left and dragged her sewing machine out from under the coffee table in the living room. She piled the stuff up high on the dining room table and began her work.

Dalton would need to look stylish. She had always wanted a stylish husband. A bon vivant. A lady's man, that she had corralled. A Dalton already had the taste for good food, he just needed the clothes to match.

She would make him a set of clothes for every occasion. He needed lounging wear and evening wear. He needed work clothes (he would have to work, every husband needed a job), he needed pajamas. She decided to go semi-formal on the street clothes. She wanted Dalton to look trendy, not stuffy. A jeans jacket and a scarf would do nicely for those trips to the coffee shop.

Working well into the night, Carmella finally stood to admire her work. The clothes looked perfect. Now for Dalton to try them on.

Carmella used the old horse trough outside for cleaning things like her hands after gardening. Or sometimes she had some jeans that were especially muddy, and she would give them a rinse out there before throwing them in the laundry inside the house. Today Dalton would use the trough. Carmella wanted him clean if he was going to live in the house.

Now Dalton was unimpressed with clean things. His greatest pleasures came from rolling in mud and rooting up the ground looking for edibles. Dalton knew that Carmella wanted him to get in the trough, but he really didn't see the point.

Carmella was insistent, though. She grabbed poor Dalton by the front legs and threw them over the rim of the trough. Having the front legs situated, she grabbed his hind quarters and levered the squirming hog into the trough. The clean wa-

ter in the trough turned a dark brown almost immediately. Carmella picked up a scrub brush and vigorously scoured her poor new husband from snout to tail.

The wrestling match in the trough now complete, Carmella wrapped her prize in a beach towel and brought him into the house. Dalton resisted the going inside part. He had spent his life outside, roaming where he wanted inside the fenced area. The house seemed rather closed in and it triggered his porcine claustrophobia.

The happy couple made the journey, however, with Carmella carrying Dalton over the threshold. The next task was the clothes part. Dalton eyed the pile of clothes on the dining room table. Nothing good could come from that, he estimated. Dalton made a run for the kitchen. Carmella would prevent his escape by a strategic plopping of a dining table chair in the path to freedom.

The wrestling continued. Pig and woman were matched in an epic struggle for clothing dominance. The pig squealed his displeasure as the lady remonstrated him for behaving so badly. Every marriage had its fights, and this was their second one already in one day. In time the woman won, as is usually the case, and Dalton stood on all fours clothed in skinny jeans and a form fitting top made of silk. The ensemble was completed with a fedora and red pattern bandana.

The struggle to get even this outfit on Dalton left Carmella satisfied that maybe he could sleep in it tonight. Just this once. She was dying to see him in the pajamas she had made. They were flannel cut in a Ralph Lauren Soho type fit. Dalton would look quite the connoisseur of haute couture in those.

The days went by and Dalton and Carmella lived in harmony in their little honeymoon cabin in the woods. Well it was like on a farmette and near some trees, but let's just go with the woods thing. In either case, Carmella felt a joy that had been missing in her life. She had the companion she always wanted. She was happy.

Dalton, on the other hand ... er ... hoof, wasn't as happy. The woman kept dressing him up in these restrictive pieces of cloth. He was used to running free and untethered, as it were, and the clothing thing, he really did not get. He was constantly on the lookout for a way to break free of his jailer, but Carmella was ever vigilant at keeping the doors closed.

But not the windows.

One hot and humid night, Carmella opened all the downstairs windows to try and get a cross breeze going. The air in the house was stale and stifling. Dalton saw his chance. Using his prodigious snout, Dalton edged a coffee table next to the front window that led out to the front porch. When he had it properly positioned, he jumped on the coffee table, then out of the window and down on the porch. The entire operation took seconds. Before he could tell if Carmella had heard, he was off and running down the dirt road that connected the farm to the outside world. He did not stop until miles down the road at the Harper farm.

Carmella, having prepared for bed, had not noticed her darling husband's escape from their love nest domicile. She looked all around the house for the pig but could not find a clue. It was then she saw the coffee table. It had little pig like prints on it.

Carmella started feeling that old rage welling up inside her. She was feeling like she felt when she divorced that good for nothin' Joey. Could she have been abandoned by two men in the same year? The thought made her head ache and her hands tremble. She vowed this would not go unpunished.

Carmella was up early the next day with a dog collar and leash, hunting for Dalton. She checked each bush and fence line from her house to the Harper farm. When she reached the Harper compound, she was met by Bob Harper.

"You lookin' for Dalton?" Bob spit some chewing tobacco out of his mouth and put his thumbs inside the straps of his overalls.

"You seen him?" Carmella's face was fixed in a stone cold stare of absolute focus and resolution.

"Come with me."

Bob led Carmella down to the pig sty and there neck deep in mud was her Dalton, with two of Bob Harpers sows. The betrayal was too much for poor Carmella. Gritting her teeth, she barked at Bob.

"Help me get him out."

↔

The next day, Carmella answered her front door. It was her girlfriend, Hilary. Carmella invited her in and escorted her to the kitchen. The smell of frying meat and potatoes wafted through the air.

"Hungry?"

“Sure!” Hilary took a seat at the kitchen table. “But what I really came for was to meet your new guy? Is this Dalton dude around?”

“Oh, he’s around.” Carmella got two plates down from the cabinet. She placed one in front of Hilary.

“One chop or two?”

“Two please.” Hilary salivated at the feast to come. “How is your new beau then? Is he cute?”

“I ended it with him, the cheatin’ scum.” Carmella placed two chops on Hilary’s plate. “He was a good provider, though. He could literally bring home the bacon.”

The women ate in silence. Carmella was the first to talk.

“Men are such pigs!”

To comment on or review this story follow the link below.

[https://www.facebook.com/permalink.php?story_fbid=pfbid0219rAj6Wycz6uF763soZMjvB7anPJVxxRx43MzhvR9GLSAkN6nsxsoVbmT7eeYgUl&id=100016888565856&__cft__\[0\]=AZUHZA9ZDxXsZ5pvpLLEcoE-6T52-LPRAi3T5s27oaEYZUEuFKDLs5e9FcxGGA_9fzyv5GdP6Alt dy-EPkJ1ojp6xyw1ePzbhUeSEJiqLOA82A&__tn__=%2CO%2CP-R](https://www.facebook.com/permalink.php?story_fbid=pfbid0219rAj6Wycz6uF763soZMjvB7anPJVxxRx43MzhvR9GLSAkN6nsxsoVbmT7eeYgUl&id=100016888565856&__cft__[0]=AZUHZA9ZDxXsZ5pvpLLEcoE-6T52-LPRAi3T5s27oaEYZUEuFKDLs5e9FcxGGA_9fzyv5GdP6Alt dy-EPkJ1ojp6xyw1ePzbhUeSEJiqLOA82A&__tn__=%2CO%2CP-R)