

10,000 VOLTS, SEVEN BLACK WIDOWS, ALL ADULTS
AND MY WIFE'S NEW RED PANTS

Saturday I killed seven black widows, all adults, while cleaning out my garage. They were hiding in the big box of baby toys.

It was therapeutic work. My hangover was gone by dinner time. My wife had hurt her back lifting boxes at work and that night when we went to bed she laid on her belly and pulled her panties halfway down and I rubbed Ben-Gay on her tailbone. That was a first for both of us.

Sunday we went to the planetarium where they were demonstrating the Tesla coil. A million volts of electricity surged from the huge thing, four-foot long arms of crackling, zapping energy arching like lightning against the chamber walls.

We stood fifteen feet away behind glass but the thing was so powerful there were 10,000 volts of electrical current in the air, flowing over our bodies and into the earth.

The tour guide asked for a volunteer to grab the end of a neon tube she held overhead but the crowd was mostly poor Mexicans and either they didn't understand English or they didn't believe her when she said that it was entirely harmless.

"You do it," urged my wife, so I did. I reached up and grabbed it and the neon tube glowed with 10,000 volts. How could you beat that? Seven black widows and 10,000 volts and I didn't feel a thing.

Later that evening we split a bottle of Cold Duck and I painted her fingernails and her toenails with red polish. Then I pinned up the cuffs of her new red jeans and she looked so damn good in them naturally I wanted her, but her back was still painful, so she sacked out while I stayed up and read a few pages in a biography of the life of Henry Miller and reflected on how it had been a better than average weekend.