

RUGGA-TUGGA-RUMBLE-TUMBLE

It was a boxing party. One of those things sweet-talking publishers make writers attend. Budding writers in Russia had had it easy - "Off with Dostoevsky's head, soldiers!", "400 years for Tolstoi, soldiers!", and so ~~and~~ and so forth, soldiers. I'd like to see where they'd be if they had had to attend book-release functions.

I barely had the Russians out of my head when I spotted her across the room.

Rugga-Tugga-Rumble-Tumble.

This, I knew, was love.

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"So Richard, you're a writer?"

"Mm. Hmm."

"Written something famous?"

"Nope"

"Like the work?"

"Some"

"Always talk in monosyllables?"

"Only in the company of beautiful women."

"Ooh!" ~~that~~

And I knew the deal was sealed.

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[PART : 2]

"Seven years we've been married, Richard Perry,
and I still have to remind you to do
the dishes!"

"But that's just my point! I'm a writer!
I shouldn't HAVE to do the dishes!"

Did Chekhov do his dishes? Did Gorky?

Seven years of marriage had taught me about ~~the~~
real pain ~~of~~ and suffering. More than Tolstoy
experienced in a lifetime. A smelly rag hit my
face.

Rugga-Tugga - Rumble-Tumble.

Seven years had also taught me that a rumbling
stomach was usually just constipation.

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