

# About Being Stabbed in the Forehead

By Dave Olson

## His Part:

I'm lying in bed and my wife is stabbing me in the forehead. My skull is hard and bony so she uses a rigid dagger and a mallet to chisel it through. This is a peculiar way to die but I am coming to grips with it. I figure it's good to accept and come to grips with things, so I am focusing and channeling my energy.

I yelled at first but now I am into steps three and four, repression and denial. I don't think I'll make it to overt anguish, I hope not anyhow.

I think about her going back to her gimpy lover and his inadequate, deformed penis. This alone keeps my mind off this inconvenient pain. Apparently he has a big belly and a tattoo of her name on his flabby bicep. That is a daring and brash thing for him to do on account of her being my wife. I almost

respect his boldness.

My two-bit, bitch-whore of a slut queen wife is sweating now, thick glossy lines coming down from behind her ears, and she continues to lunge at me with the mallet. She looks undignified and sloppy so I recommend a better implement. If this continues on much longer, someone is liable to walk in on this dismal sight, my wife's breasts flopping around like canteens and my lined brow being split symmetrically and inefficiently. I wouldn't want that to happen.

I was hoping to make a handsome, respectable corpse with all my push-ups and good tan but this will be hard for them to hide. She should have busted my ass with a sledgehammer instead, crushing my liver, kidneys, spleen, pancreas, etc., messy I'm sure, but it can be covered up in a casket.

I continue to concentrate, to focus and channel the pain away, I read about this in a book somewhere. Visualize, it said. I visualize her greasy lover bending her over his bed frame and trying to dig out his sorry tool amongst the rolls of fat and then trying to move it all out of the way so he can slide his crusty stump into my wife's worn twat.

I see them getting all perspirated and her lover trying to keep it in, losing his breath, ejaculating a piddly amount prematurely on the floor, and the two of them lying together, trying to tell each other it was enjoyable and saying they're

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attractive and my wife saying those stupid things about true love and china patterns and things she says were her idea. He's probably saying something about football and his brother-in-law and getting her all wound up and submissive like she wants.

If nothing else, I was a tactful and skillful lover. I never had much else to do with my time. There are worse reputations to leave behind.

The interesting thing about being murdered (and the subsequent dying) is that it isn't too big a hassle. It is intrusive and annoying, but sort of a relief and if nothing else, more interesting than small talk or just thinking and wondering about dying. It's far more active and romantic, especially if it's as blissfully and stupidly poetic as being murdered in the name of love or something. If you visualize enough, the pains become enjoyable, to a point.

I tell my wife to chisel harder, I'm curious to see the gray, bloody, wormy looking mess that should spill, ooze or spew out. Then I tell her I humped her mother. I really do use the word "hump."

Her Part:

He has a motorhome. It's big and silver like a toaster and he calls it the Space Shuttle and laughs. I sit in the passenger seat (co-pilot) and take care of the drinks in the round

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holes in the console. It is a long, involved vehicle and extends back a long ways and has mostly all the appliances you would find at home. He calls it modular and I call it something else.

It's parked under the fluorescent lights, under the gas station canopy. The gas station is one of those new ones that is white and sells food in cellophane wrappers inside. White isn't a good color for gas stations, they're supposed to be sort of royal blue with grease spots and yellow emblems here and there.

There is plenty of toilet paper in the bathroom, also stiff, crinkly seat protectors. Gas stations bathrooms are sometimes confusing. Some of them have room for several people and some of them are definitely for only one person but sometimes you can't tell. It can be embarrassing or just awkward. They should put up signs. No one would mind. This one has four stalls, a counter with two sinks with water you have to push to keep on, and there are blowers to dry your hands. I fix my hair how he likes it the best. The mirror isn't real glass; it's shiny, polished metal.

We are driving a long ways tonight. My lover is paying the gas station attendant with new bills and looks nervous and edgy like he always does on the drives home. He probably needs his back rubbed. He says we will be home in two and a half hours.

We play the alphabet game with road signs and license plates.

Your Part:

You are greasy, tired and more surprised than you should be or want to be. She tells you it happened, he's surely dead and probably rigor mortising, it's all over now, all is fine, and aren't you happy? You get that concerned look on your face that always unnerves her. It unnerves you. You try to explain to her that there are repercussions - it is a bigger issue than petty theft. He is, after-all, dead. Right? She seems serious.

She is vacuous. She says, "I know, I know." She looks like a cow tonight you think. She does sometimes, other times however, when the light hits her a certain way, she could be pretty. Tonight she is only a cow. The big brown eyes and elongated jaw. Her skin is rough and smells like lotions. She probably needs to eat better. She is not fat or thin but just fleshy and boring and now she is sweaty and wild-eyed.

She has a bottom she likes slapped and she squeals when she thinks you meant it that way, or else just looks at you with those stupid eyes. There is really nothing inside, you're almost positive, there couldn't be. Her hair is tied up like you told her you liked it, it's frayed and crazy from physical exertion, a rigorous stabbing will do that. She probably thinks

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she is wild and conniving, a crafty murderess. You scratch the tattoo of her name on your arm again and look at her, squinting your eyes. You hear the story again. Of his struggle and turmoil and her forcefulness and prowess. Apparently, you would have been proud.

You focus and think hard. You hope for an erection or an idea or the nerve to do something adamant. She's not worth having to wake up next to her and look at her face and have her tell you excitedly, she loves you. She's not worth dying for, not worth running for, not worth lying for. Maybe she would just go away, get bored of you, there's nothing more you can tell her to do, you're scared to tell her anything. She might do it. You didn't ask her to kill him, you just agreed to her idea. She said it, she volunteered it. There are, after, legal means of accomplishing things. You just agreed to it, maybe to humor her. You think the novelty has worn off. You're sweating and pacing now.

She's lying in bed, trying a seductive pose. You fancy yourself as a skillful lover if nothing else. This must have been the start of the problems. You thrust into her, she pants and you ejaculate on the floor and later ask her, in your kindest, gentlest voice if she would maybe just kill you. You try to focus, to hear what she says.

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