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## Man Calls His Doctor to Discuss the Failing Economy

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## Man Calls His Doctor to Discuss the Failing Economy

*Krista Halverson*

Got your bill today. Which is why  
I called. Also, I can't sleep  
because my wife leaves the window open.

You know what she did  
last night? Ate a platter of shrimp, a whole  
arrangement we bought for a party.

Weird the way she ate them, too. Unbent  
them first, like it was a plate of curled  
fingers, then bit them at the middle, those big ones—

prawns, I think? Very firm,  
(ten bucks a pound). So maybe she's pregnant;  
I don't care. I bought this tablecloth.

For this party, you know? She says,  
*Linen*. Like I'm some kind of idiot. *I told you  
get something nice. Whoever heard of a polyester*

*tablecloth?* All I know is, it matched  
the divan and cost a lot. Last night, with that shrimp  
hanging out of her mouth she says she wants

to get fat for me. She's already fat, for crying out loud.  
And then we get a call the other night. Some guy  
she knew in high school. Says his brother's

gonna die of AIDS and will we give some money.  
Well, she says it was his fault  
he got it. Her mouth is all stuffed with those big, veiny

shrimp. This was supposed to be a big  
Italian bash. Baskets of grapes—napkin rings  
shaped like little gondolas. Forget about that bill.

It's in the mail. No way we're having this party.  
She says electrolysis for her mustache—before the guests get here.  
*Yeah, Cheryl.* As if I could let her go like that.