

A problem solved

There are many odd and peculiar things in this world. There is a fish in South America that comes out of the water and climbs trees. You come across huge caves whose stalactites and stalagmites form enchanting shapes. You have those Indian fakirs who amaze and astound by sitting on a bed of nails. There are flying squirrels and flying fish and bearded women. We have geysers so calibrated that we can tell time by their eruptions. There are still women in this world who bind their feet, or their heads, or their lips. We have plants that eat insects and human beings who eat human beings. There are fish in the sea never seen by man, a possibility of a Loch Ness Monster, and huge lizards that go back to antiquity. Yes, there are many odd and peculiar things in this world.

But the most peculiar, the oddest, has to be my wife.

Why in the hell couldn't I have married a normal woman? Why did I pick a mate who insists on getting up at six o'clock in the morning and doing exercises? She gets out of bed, puts on her pink leotards, and goes flopping all over the bedroom floor. All the time she is flopping she is screaming, "ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR." It is to this

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incredible display of insanity that I climb from my bed to start the day.

Each night my wife covers her body with a mud pack. Not her face, mind you, but her entire body. She claims that the mud pack invigorates her skin, tones her muscles, and brightens her teeth. Romance has simply flown from my existence as I refuse to instigate debauched proceedings with a mud ball.

She paid fifty dollars for an ounce of perfume she swears comes from the tip of elephant tusks. She splashes this violent concoction on her body and claims that no man can resist its magic. My two male neighbors (who walked passed her) have died, I am sickly, and every single person in her office signed a

petition that would banish her, and her perfume, to Siberia.

I could just cry when I think how wonderful marriage can be. Women are pretty normal. They please their husbands with their charm and companionship. They do their housework, raise their children, and add zest and interest to their marriage.

But the more I think about it (and this has me worried) maybe

my wife isn't the only peculiar wife running around loose. I wonder if all wives are like this? There is this fellow at work who says his wife just learned how to make ham and cheese omelets and she is so proud of herself that she refuses to make anything else. She makes omelets for breakfast, lunch, dinner, and snacks. The husband is beginning to cackle and his cholesterol level is the highest in the world.

By golly, I am starting to feel sorry for all married men. No wonder we are dropping off like flies from heart attacks. But, just maybe, I have the solution. Maybe I have found the only way to insure husbands a certain degree of longevity. The only way to keep our wives from turning us into blithering, raving maniacs.

Why don't we treat our wives exactly like we treat our cars?

And trade them in every three years.