

## **BRUISER**

**By Eleanor Southers**

Sure, I know SHE calls me the Bruiser but I find it kinda flattering. After all, I did play football in High School and I would have loved that name then. Although I don't have my same high school physique, I can still rush 20 yards and beat my ten year old son. I do have trouble with my oldest daughter, however.

I worry a lot. SHE wouldn't know it, but I worry that my belly is growing, that my hair is thinning, that my "passion" is not so immediate and that we will never have world peace, no matter what the beauty contestants say.

I was a big kid but I also felt stupid most of the time. I know they call those the "troubled years" but I hated only being loved for my own being by my mother. I read an article that told you to study the newspaper for entertaining and interesting conversation topics. Using this technique, I once read the Sunday paper and took notes, especially the Sports Page. On Monday, I walked up to lovely Madeline at school and said "What about those Indians? Did you ever believe they could do it?" Madeline giving me a strange look, put her foot on my shoe, stepped really hard and said "How do you think they get baby Indians?" and turned on her heel which was still on my foot and marched off.

It took three days for my instep to heal, but I decided after that I'd better look for a better approach. I went to my mother and asked how do you talk to women?

Mother said that we could role play. So mother was Madeleine (I didn't tell her that) and I started out with "Hi" since I figured the Indians didn't go over and then I was stuck.

Mother looked at me and gestured with her hand to start talking. I suddenly remembered that the article also said that you should say something nice about the person. So I blurted "I have always liked your overbite. Everybody else has perfect teeth but you have almost buck teeth !" I was on a roll so I continued with "I bet you could open a pop bottle top with those teeth."

Now, my mother, who I know loves my very being, turned bright red and looked around for what I thought was a kitchen knife. I figured I hadn't said the right thing and ran from the room straight up the stairs, locked my door and waited for the banging downstairs to stop.

I guess at some point I must have learned how to talk to girls because I did meet HER and ask HER to marry me and she did. SHE is really a beautiful person but someone I still don't understand. It seems like SHE wants something but can't explain what it is to me.

I have consulted with my CPA friends at work and they seem to think that women can't be understood. The problem is that I am left with not knowing if I really could give HER whatever SHE wants but can't tell me what it is. I tried asking her to retell HER dreams in hopes that they would give me some clue. Now I get the dream report every morning while I'm shaving. Unfortunately, none of these has led to a clue about whatever she feels is missing. I think the only way I'm going to get HER to stop the "dream report" is to tell HER what I tried to do and that it didn't work.

Good Idea! Maybe I should try that right now. We are about to go upstairs to bed. So, I march up the stairs, undress and ready myself in bed, pretending to read *CPA TODAY*.

SHE comes up and after another 15 minutes of swishing, flushing and drawer slamming, she emerges, slathering lotion all over her. SHE jumps into bed beside me and puts HER ice cold hand on my thigh. This, of course, immediately shrivels whatever might have been growing, and I yell and hop out of bed. I then filled my trusty boyhood donkey shaped hot water bottle, and snuggled it.

I gently stroke her face and I say “Honey, I had been looking for some very important information to come out of your dreams but since I haven’t been getting the information I need, you can stop telling me your dreams”.

SHE bolts upright in bed and screams “What do you mean, INFORMATION?” “Well,” I go on “You couldn’t tell me what you were missing and I thought maybe your dreams could tell me”. It was then she opened the cork on my donkey hot water bottle and poured the water down my pajama bottoms. We then had to undergo the Boundaries Lecture while I wiped off and changed the sheets.

I snuggled into the covers after refilling my donkey hot water bottle and hold it against my heart. This, however, creates a thumping that I can hear being echoed through the water in the bottle. I begin to count them. I tried to remember how many heart beats you are supposed to have a minute. I gently nudge HER and say very softly “How many

heart beats is normal in one minute?” Half asleep she tells me 180. Wow, I start to count them and when I get to 207, I am sure I have gone over one minute. This necessitates my getting up for my watch which has a second hand. I need to check this possible serious condition NOW.

Then, I started to count again. I only got to 60 when the minute was up! My heart was not beating nearly fast enough. Maybe a little exercise could help. I bound out of bed and did 25 pushups. Again, I listened through my donkey water bottle to my heart beats. This time it was 85 per minute. Still no where near 180 but I was getting there.

By this time, SHE was awake and I told her about my situation. SHE asked where I got the fact that your heart should beat 180 beats a minute. I said SHE told me that, just a few minutes ago. SHE made another grab for my water bottle.

From this I guessed I had been mistaken about the beats and crawled back in bed. SHE rubbed my back to calm me. Soon she began to rubbing me all over. I was even successful in kissing her lips through all of the Lancome's night revitalizing cream. This was heavenly and I keep working my way down to that glorious place where all mankind springs forth from. Soon, she had a wonderful reaction.

Later, I had an equal reaction while I clutched my donkey hot water bottle and lay back on the pillow. As I was reaching the moon and was stepping into the same place that Neil Armstrong and most other men had gone, I began to count my heart beats through my hot water bottle. I was in good shape. 100 per minute. I whispered this to my donkey hot water bottle. His glass eye shown with perfect understanding and we slept.

The End

