

My wife made me a pimento cheese sandwich, and as I ate she explained to me what would happen now that she'd sold me on eBay.

She told me a limousine would soon arrive to take me to my new owner, a woman who got rich in the stock market.

"You'll be her husband from now on," said my wife.

"Is she attractive?" I asked, taking another bite of my sandwich.

"What does that matter?"

"It doesn't much. As long as she's not an evil lunatic like my current wife."

Of course she didn't appreciate hearing that. She grabbed away my plate and the uneaten half of my sandwich.

"You could have divorced me like a regular person," I said.

"I needed the money," she shrugged.

"You could have poisoned me," I said.

"What kind of person do you think I am? That's illegal," she sniffed.

"And selling people isn't?"

"You're fetching me a considerable sum of money," she sang as she scrubbed the plate under the sink, "And I intend to buy myself a new husband who I'm not ashamed to be associated with."

"How do you know *he* won't sell *you*?"

"I've never met a man smarter than myself, dear."

I changed into my best suit. I hoped the rich woman was at least around my age. If she was a little older, I could get used to that. The 15 something years I'd spent with my wife had been utterly mirthless. We had no children. No extended family. No mutual friends we'd have to explain this new arrangement to. Thank goodness we'd have a clean break.

The phone rang. "Phone's ringing, dear succubus," I said, though not too loudly.

Strutting back into the kitchen, I found my wife sitting with her head in her hand, still on the phone.

"What's wrong, pumpkin. Someone die?" When she hung up she looked at me with all the sadness in the world in her eyes and said, "She's backing out. Deal's off."

We sat at the table, head in hands. Grief so filled me I was on the verge of tears.

"We could try again," she said at last.

"This is the worst thing that's ever happened to us," I said.

"It's a long process, though. It could take up to six months to sell you again."

We talked through many possible scenarios as to how we should proceed. It wasn't enough to divorce. Divorce implied being married in the past, and it occurred to both of us, as we sat there in the dim kitchen, that we had to disentangle ourselves from each other as completely as possible.

"Let's burn our marriage license," I said.

"Let's burn down our apartment," she said.

"Let's make a suicide pact," I said.

"That's something lovers do."

"Then let's kill each other."

"We'd have to do it at exactly the same time. But no, then it's basically a suicide pact."

We talked in circles for the rest of the night, and part of the way into the following morning, until at last, weary and exhausted, we staggered into our bed and slept like children.