

It was the third night of our honeymoon in Buenos Aires and we were gliding arm in arm down Juan B. Justo on our way to a steak joint, when the screeching cab came out of nowhere and knocked you out of your pumps. I actually found one of the pumps on top of a smart car, an impressive distance away from where you were lying. One of your arms was bent the wrong way, you had blood leaking from your ears as if a washer in your head had rattled loose.

"Honey?" I said, brushing the hair from your cool forehead.

"Honey, do you need to go to the hospital?"

I took your lack of reply a tentative yes.

Of course that rascalion cab driver who'd hit you was long gone, and there were no other cabs along the dark street. So I did the only thing I could think of: I gathered you in my arms and carried you all the way to the hospital, which happens to be on the other side of Buenos Aires. But I'd been working out, so I wasn't worried. When we got to the hospital, and English-speaking doctor said I probably shouldn't have have moved you, it could have broken your spine or caused more bleeding. But what was I supposed to do? Watch your brains spill out from your ears all night?

In the hospital waiting room I watched My Big Fat Greek Wedding two and a half times before a nurse told me you needed surgery.

"I kind of figured that," I said.

They took me to the back so I could see you. You were still unconscious. I overheard some of the doctors arguing about who would perform the surgery. It seemed that the regular surgeon was on vacation, and those who remained didn't have the slightest clue about operating. Do you remember that acting class I took? In preparation for my role as the Doctor, I read one or two a few medical books, Surgery for Dummies, that sort of thing. So I approached the quarreling doctors.

"Excuse me gentlemen," I said, "perhaps I might be of service."

They were so delighted to let me perform the surgery, they were practically throwing scalpels at me. After scrubbing in, I removed the top of your head and patched up your leaky brain. Then I opened your chest cavity and sewed up everything that was leaking, which was just about everything. As I was about to put you back together, one of the doctors pointed at a trail of white blobs upon your liver, saying, "This woman has cancer!"

I raised a finger and the agitated doctors fell silent. Then with a few deft strokes I removed the liver cancer and a few parts around it, just to be sure. Once you were all stitched up, a champaign cork popped and we all had a toast to you, the most beautiful bride in the world.

And that's why you're here in this godforsaken hospital.

They said I should keep talking to you because it helps to keep your mind together. They said you'd have a hard time remembering things after the accident. But you won't forget anything, will you? You have a mind like a steel trap. You'll wake up any day now and

you'll remember I lied about how much I'd had to drink. You'll remember it was me who drove us into that tree. You'll remember to blame me for why you're really here.

So.

Why don't I start over?

It was the third night of our honeymoon in Paris and we were gliding arm in arm down along the Seine on our way to a jazz club, when a giant shark flew up from the water and snatched you right out of your pumps.