

Well! Just a Shoe Salesperson

By Mike Lib

I was cool, calm and collective as I sat on the gold silk settee, in my living room. My fingers were intertwined and looped around my right knee as I watched and listened to Jennifer. Her veins were popping out of her neck and she was yelling at the top of her lungs. *“Loser, loser you are a f—king loser.”* I should have suspected that Jennifer was a little upset. When I arrived home all of my belonging were thrown and scattered across the hallway in front of our apartment.

“Loser, loser,” she yelled again. I do hate these retrospective arguments it causes me to do a lot of self-analysis, it makes my head hurt. First of all how could I be considered a loser, I was the head salesperson two years in a row in Macy’s women shoe department. Women you just can’t figure them out. I wonder if this is just the prelude to Kissy-Kissy-Make-Up.

Why is she still yelling? Her scarlet red face matches the scarlet red pumps that she is wearing. Of course those were the red pumps I bought her, they make her look sexy. Hum she looks sexy in those tight jeans I wonder if I can interest her in a little ____ “Yes Jen dear I’m listening to you, I’m listening to every word your saying.

Meek, or was that weak. She is always calling me weak, spineless, just because I wont, send food back in a restaurant. Wait was that cheap, I untwined my fingers and raised my hand with my finger pointing in the air to make a point. “Jen dear, I’m not cheap I brought you those lovely red pumps.” Well I don’t care what she says those red pumps cost me a day’s salary with my Macy’s discount.

“I’ve had it I want a divorce you... you... shoe salesman.”

“Well, well well,” I stutter as I rose from the settee. I could not believe it after all these years she resents me being the head salesperson in Macy’s shoe department. I’m so out of here, shoe salesman my ass.

I was placing my stuff in the car when I asked Jen if she was in the mood for Kissy-Kissy-Make-Up. Ouch, I placed the red pumps on the dashboard and rub the bump on the back of my head. I drove away thinking that in retrospect I should have told her the good news before all of the yelling. After all I did quit my position at Macy’s today and was considering buying my own shoe store especially since I won the Mega Lottery today. I picked up the red pumps off of the dashboard wondering if I could find someone to fill them and play Kissy-Kissy-Make-Up with.