

After a week of watching my wife and son eat, sleep and in general just live their lives I thought I was going to go insane. At one point I asked myself if I'd entered some kind of weird hell where I'd spend the rest of my days doing the same thing over and over like in that movie *Groundhog Day*. Then I remembered that I have legs, semi-transparent ones but legs none-the-less, and I could go anywhere I wanted as long as I was willing to walk there. I started by going up to the fifth floor to pay Mrs. Caparrzo a visit. Lorraine's a mother of three in her late thirties who lost her husband on 9/11. Gabe was one of the many firefighters who lost their lives that day. I respected him a lot. But not enough to divert my eyes while his widow got into the shower. I have even more respect for him now. His wife is one hot MILF and if I were still alive I think I just might make a run at her. Don't get me wrong. I love my wife dearly. But she hasn't aged well. And a man has needs. Regardless, nothing can or will ever happen between me and Lorraine since I'm dead and she's alive.

Believe it or not, a man can only gawk at a beautiful naked woman for so long before it gets old. I've never understood those guys who could spend hours at the strip club watching the endless carousel of women dancing to 80's hair band music. Again, don't get me wrong. I've attended my fair share of gentlemen's clubs. But after the rotation of dancers has come full circle, it's kind of like watching reruns of a television show you used to be mildly interested in.

So after I'd grown tiresome of drooling over Mrs. Caparrzo's smoking hot body, even after giving birth to three kids mind you, I went back to my apartment. I'd always had contempt for women who used that as an excuse to let their bodies go. It's like a man arguing that since he passed a kidney stone, he was allowed to eat anything he wanted and abandon exercise completely.

Anyhow, I went back to our apartment to see if anything exciting was happening. Honestly, in the last week the most exciting thing that happened at my house was watching my wife beat a roach to death with her slipper. When I walked through the door (literally) I found my wife sitting on the couch crying. She held a photograph in her lap. I went over and sat down on the couch next to her wishing I could somehow comfort her. I know it's hard losing someone you love, but you have to somehow move past the grief and get on with living. She looked so vulnerable and sad as she sat there sobbing and holding that picture. It was face down in her lap so I couldn't see what the photograph was. Maybe it was that day we took Dominick to Coney Island and had our picture taken in front of the *Wonder Wheel*. Or maybe the time we vacationed in South Beach. We had thousands of photographs so it could have been one of many. Maria let out one last sigh and wiped the tears from her cheeks. She brought the photo up to eye level and I could finally see what Maria wept over.

Rage built up inside me like I haven't felt years. The last time I was that mad I almost murdered our neighbor Roscoe who lives alone in the apartment across the hall. Well, almost alone. He has a dog named Michael. Who the hell names their dog Michael? Anyways, Michael is a four pound Yorkshire Terrier. The only thing not small about that mutt is its bark. When that dog gets wound up about something it doesn't quit for hours. And Roscoe does nothing about it. The morning I almost committed first degree homicide was one of those times. Michael started yapping away four a.m. and now it five-thirty. I went banging on Roscoe's door which stirred Michael up even more. Roscoe never answered but if he did I swear I would have beat him to death with my shoe.

What wound me up this time was the photograph my wife held. It was a picture of my brother Joe.