

There was a time in my life when I thought I had it made. I know what you're thinking. A stinking cab driver living in a small apartment in central Brooklyn has it made? Hear me out.

I didn't always dislike my wife. After she gave birth to our son, Dominick, things were going better than I could ever remember. We'd just gotten into our apartment and to us it was a palace. We'd both come from large families who had to share a room with three or four siblings. So two adults living in a one bedroom apartment with an infant was like living in Madison Square Garden. Back then she was much sweeter and patient. Not like now. Maybe it was her maternal instinct. I don't know. But after a few years she changed back to the way is now and she will probably never be that person again.

I can remember the day I knew the honeymoon was over. It was a Sunday. My only day off. Maria stood in the doorway of our bedroom, nagging at me to get up. Dominick who was probably 3 or 4 at the time sat on the living room couch watching cartoons. I remember hearing him giggle at the parts he thought were funny.

"My motha was right about you Johnny." Being born and raised in Brooklyn, Maria had the thick accent of an Italian upbringing in one of the 5 boroughs of New York City.

"You said you'd do it, so get your ass out of bed and do it," Maria shrieked.

"God damnit, Maria. You know it's my only day off. Get off my ass!" I hollered.

As I lay in bed, I reconsidered my wedding vows. For better or worse. Could it get much worse? There was no going back to sleep now. Might as well get up and face the music.

"I don't care if The Pope declared today St. John's day in honor of your lazy ass. The sink ain't gonna unclog itself!"

I swung my legs over the edge of the bed and sat up, rubbing the sleep from my eyes. "Fine."

Satisfied with herself, Maria walked back toward the living room. "Bet your ass it's fine," she said.

I went to the bathroom and splashed cold water on my face and relieved myself. It seemed the bathroom had become my sanctuary. It was one of the few places I could go to be alone. I took a piss, washed my hands then went to the closet by the front door when I kept a small toolbox. I had a few screwdrivers, a tape measure, some pliers, as well as a large pipe wrench. I picked up the pipe wrench and closed the lid of the tool box.

*The wrench is plenty heavy*, a voice in my head suggested.

*Heavy enough for what?* my own voice replied.

*You know*, the voice told me. And I did.

She was sitting on the couch with her back to me. Dominick stood on her lap and looked at me. He smiled around the pacifier that he so loved to suck on. I smiled back.

"Who are you talking to, you moron?" she cackled.

"Just the voices in my head," I replied. It was true.

"Tell the voices you can't play right now because you have to FIX THE FUCKING SINK!"

Dominick started crying.

"Yes, dear," I said and went about the business of removing the sink trap. It was filled with disgusting pieces of rotting food and a sludge like substance that smelled so bad it almost made me throw up.

That was the day. The day I knew I'd made a mistake. But one I'd have to live with. I can't lie. Many times I thought about killing her. And now that I'm dead, I wish I had. Then I'd be the one still eating, sleeping and *living*. Wish I knew why I was still here.