

## Comic Woman #2

I ate them. That's right. I ate the divorce papers, Charles. I ate them with ketchup. And they were good...gooooood. You probably want me to get serious about our divorce. The thing is you always called our marriage a joke. So let's use logic here: If A we never had a serious marriage then B we can't have a serious divorce. No. We can't. The whole thing's a farce, Charles – a farce that tastes good with ketchup.

I mean, wasn't it last week, your dad asked you the reason you walked down that aisle with me, and you said "for the exercise." Ha, ha. That's funny. You're a funny guy, Charles. I'm laughing, not crying. Ha, ha. I'm laughing because you're about to give up on a woman who is infinitely lovable.

For instance: Paul. He has loved me since the eighth grade. Sure, he's a little creepy, but he reeeeeeally loves me. He's made one hundred twenty seven passes at me, proposed forty seven times, and sent me over two hundred original love sonnets. He sees something in me, Charles. And he writes it down, in metered verse!

And that's not something you just find everyday. Someone who really loves everything about who you are as a person. Paul may be insane, but I value his feelings for me.

From [Goodbye Charles](#) by Gabriel Davis