

The Time I Wanted to Stab My Husband in the Thigh With a Fork

by Denise Kaplan

Let me start off by saying my husband is a saint. We've been together for seven years, married for three and in that time he hasn't once tried to strangle me. Seeing as though he's the first person in history to not have that feeling (so he says), he's a saint. And now that I am pregnant, he has only gotten sweeter (go ahead and roll your eyes at this, but I got the last good one, so deal with it) – he runs ahead to open doors (okay, he's only got to walk slightly faster than a crawl to get ahead of my slow ass nowadays, but still), he's returned stuff at Sephora for me after I was flagged by their computer for taking advantage of their liberal return policy (I cry just thinking about it), and he's so concerned with me overexerting myself that his most hated of chores, holding my purse in public, has become so commonplace, I've started choosing which bag to carry based on his outfit. Like I said, the man is a saint.

Alas, nobody's perfect and every once in awhile, he fucks up. He's allowed, he's human – albeit a better human than most, including me, which my mother reminds me of on a regular basis. Usually, when mere mortals screw up, it's no big deal, they just push on, but when it's done to, about, or within the presence of a crazy pregnant lady, be prepared to reap the whirlwind.

So what happened – did he smack me around? Call me fat? Leave me for a less crazy, less pregnant lady? Nope – worse. He failed to recognize the emotional bond I had with a plate.

One Sunday morning, my husband got up and cooked the two of us breakfast (like I said, fucking saint). Upon completion, he handed me a plate of delicious looking soyrizo and eggs. I don't know if it was the hunger or the hormones, but I looked at it and was immediately in love. Every joyous feeling I had ever had emerged and I was now having them for that dish. They say when you hold your child for the first time, you become overwhelmed with feelings of love. At that moment, I was feeling those emotions for my meal on that 10 1/2 inch sunflower colored Fiestaware dinner plate.

After fantasizing how it was going to be the most delicious meal I'd have all day (and with how much I've been eating lately, that's saying a lot), I put it down for half a second to get a drink and I turned back around just in time to see my husband pick up a plate and start eating. My plate. Not his. MINE. Were the make and model of the dish itself the same? Yes. Were they exactly identical in contents and portion size? Yes. Was his dish millimeters away from mine making his mistake a completely honest one? Yes, but it didn't matter – I had never felt so betrayed. I don't know if it was the smoke coming from my ears or the daggers shooting out of my eyes, but he immediately sensed something was wrong. Let me give you the play-by-play:

Husband: What's wrong?

Me: That's my plate.

Husband looks down at the plate in his hand and the identical one on the counter.

Husband: Oh, I'm sorry. (Hands it to me) Here.

Me: It's fine. (It's so not) (Angry exasperated sigh)

Husband: What can I do?

Me: Nothing.

I stare at his plate longingly and remembered a time when it was mine. Rage boils inside of me. I am a powder keg, my husband sees the hate in my eyes and stands there frozen I see him running through his options in his head – he decides to treat me like an overflowing toilet at a friend's dinner party – back away slowly out of the room, remain silent, and hope the problem will fix itself on its own. Under normal circumstances, this is a smart play on his part, but not today – I am pregnant, I am irrational, and like that stopped up john, I am about to fuck shit up for him.

How dare he? Did he just ignore my feelings? This is the man I love? The man whose child I am carrying? It's like he doesn't even know me! I should just leave him right now. Pack my things and go. What kind of mother would I be raising a child in a home with such a blatant disregard for feelings and people's emotional attachments to dinnerware?!

I feel my hands grip my plate so tightly I am afraid it will smash in my hands. Who cares if it does – this isn't the plate I love. The food on it, identical in every way but one – it's not mine. Mine is over there being manhandled by that beast who doesn't even get how special that plate is!

I take my crap ass plate with my second rate breakfast and throw it down on the counter. His face goes white, he knows he's made the wrong decision – possibly the worst decision he's ever made in his life.

Me: I wish I could let this go, but I just can't. I don't think you get the emotional bond I have with that plate and you just took it away like it was nothing.

He tries to hand me his (MY) plate.

Husband: Here, just take it. Please don't let this be our whole day.

Me: No, I'm going to eat this, this, slop off of this plate and pretend it's fine, but it's not.

I hear the words coming out of my face and I know they sound like the ramblings of a lunatic, but I'm hoping the passion in which I used to deliver them will overshadow the content. Nope. Lunatic.

I've gotten angry over stupid things before, but usually I'm able to mentally bitch slap my way back to reality before I've made such a big deal over it. But this shit was really stupid and I'd gone too far to go back.

Then it happened. The only thing that could make this situation worse – the tears. Out of nowhere I just started crying, no sobbing. My husband saw them start to squirt out of my squishy little pregnant face and if he was given a choice, he probably would have chosen a fork to the femur – because lately, once they've started there's no stopping them. I cried for the dish that was once mine. I cried because the man I love couldn't understand what I was feeling. But mostly I cried because I knew I was on the express rail to crazy town and I had no way of stopping the train.

What do you do at this point? I did the only thing I could do. I ran into the bedroom where I sat for 90 minutes. Why 90 minutes? Because that's how long it takes to watch two episodes of Star Trek: Deep Space Nine. My husband's reward surviving yet another outburst from his crazy pregnant wife.