

Edgar

ETHEL (49)

Hard to believe, but Edgar and I have been married twenty-five years next week. Twenty-five years, can you believe it? If it wasn't that I'm stubbornner than your average mule, I wouldn't have given it ten.

See Edgar is no real prize in the looks department. Never was. My sister Rosie used to say he had a face only a mother could love... a mother with real bad eyesight, that is. His eyes are a little lopsided and his face is a little too long. When he smiles he almost looks like one of those Picasso paintings. The nicest thing you can say about his nose is that it makes his enormous ears look proportional.

Rosie always used to say a homely face covers a beautiful heart... Rosie never did know what she was talking about. When I first met Edgar, he was meaner than a snake at a shoe sale. When he was feeling ornery, he could freeze-dry coffee just by looking at it. And dumb? He could lose a game of tic-tac-toe with a sponge. Why every day for the last Twenty four years, he's returned mail to the post office because he said there was nobody in our household named 'Occupant'.