

# The Woman Travelling With Me Talks to Her Husband

Linda M. Hasselstrom

Hi honey! How nice to hear from you.  
We're fine; the roads are clear; not much traffic.  
No, the bandages aren't in the storage room;  
they're in the bathroom, in the medicine chest.  
What did you do? Your jackknife? Do you think  
you ought to have a tetanus shot?  
OK, well, you take care now; call anytime.

Hello again—how's your cut? You found the Band-Aids?  
Where's the hamburger? Look in the freezer. I'll wait.  
OK, push that top basket to the left and look straight  
down; got it? Good. What are you making?  
Did you eat that roast I left for you? In the refrigerator.  
On the second shelf. You could slice it cold  
for sandwiches, or heat it with the potatoes and vegetables.  
The potatoes and vegetables that are in the container  
beside the roast. There's a sandwich mix too—in that  
plastic container that says "Sandwich Mix" on it.  
There's macaroni and cheese in the refrigerator freezer.  
All you have to do is thaw it out and heat it up.  
In the microwave. OK, well, enjoy your sloppy joes.  
Just look in the fridge; I left notes how to fix everything.

Hello again! The tomato soup? It's in my storage room in the basement. On the second shelf there's a row of all kinds of soup and there's plenty of tomato. What's the matter? Oh, good, you had the pizza. No—you mean you didn't eat it? I forgot to tell you to take the plastic wrap off? It melted in the oven? That's why you made sloppy joes. That cheese in the can? It's by your chair. In the living room. In front of the TV. OK, talk to you later.