

capslock /2/ an **eye** for a tooth

by Jean Teasdale

Now, I **may be** a little **overweight**, but you can be **certain** Rick is no Cary Grant **either**, and **I've never worn** anything that made fun of him. Okay, I **admit to owning** an "Old Fart's Wife" sweatshirt, but I **haven't worn it in the longest time**.

So **it goes without saying** I **gave** Rick **a piece of my mind** that evening. At first, he tried to **ignore** me **by watching** his sports bloopers **tape**, but he sure sat up and **took notice** when I **threatened to** leave him if he **didn't trash** those caps.

But **instead of seeing** the **error of his ways**, he started **whining about how** he **was always getting ridiculed** in my column and how his **buddies** were now **referring to him as** "Hubby Rick." So **wearing** the caps was his only **way to get back at** me. Okay, I **could see his point**.

So, in the interest **of keeping our marriage going**, I, Jean Teasdale, hereby **swear** on a stack of Bibles to **lay off** hubby Rick. I also **promise to** give Rick an opportunity to rebut in print any claims I make **that he feels are** incorrect. **In exchange**, Rick **agrees to** destroy any baseball caps I **consider offensive**.